

place from one who needs it."—"Neither are you poor and with no one to take care of you!" cried the daughter. "For if you will only allow me, mother, I will spend the rest of my days in ministering to you. There may be some woman who has no repentant daughter to care for her, whose place you are taking."

'And then poor Mother Morton broke down and sobbed like a child. She had grown attached to the Sisters and the Home, and the thought of leaving was bitter. But love of her child and her sense of justice triumphed; and, after a little talk with her, I got her consent to allow me to write to her granddaughter. By the next train after receiving my letter, came the granddaughter and her husband; and such a scene this little office never witnessed as on that morning. I do not know which the young wife was more glad to see, her mother or her grandmother. They left that afternoon; but before they did so, wife and husband went down to the city and ordered a big treat for the old people. It is to take place to-morrow, and now you know the meaning of all those boxes and packages!

'But God was very good to Mother Morton's daughter,' finished Sister Pauline, nodding her head wisely. 'It isn't always we have a chance to make atonement to the loved one this side of the grave.'—
'Ave Maria.'

A GOOD SEED DROPPED WHILE TRAVELLING

It was a long journey, this trip from Chicago to Pittsburg, and although I was comfortably fixed in my Pullman, with Sunday newspapers and magazines, I would have preferred a berth and a night journey, when I could have slept all the way and wakened at my destination. The fates were against me, and I made a virtue of necessity. The train had started, and, after the first quarter of an hour, had got into the fixed, rapid swing of the Limited, and I looked aimlessly out of the window at the flying landscape and began a train of thought. Sitting close to the window, I had fastened a silk handkerchief lightly around my neck, which entirely concealed my Roman collar. Looking up after a few minutes, I met the eyes of a gentleman of about thirty-five, who occupied the chair in front of mine. He bowed, and I returned the salutation.

'A long journey before us, sir,' he said. 'The first stop of the train is in Pittsburg, I believe.'

'Oh, no,' I answered; 'there is a stop or two before that. But it is a long journey even to that point, which is my destination.'

'I am going straight on to New York, where I take the "Etruria" for Liverpool. I am a merchant, travelling in the interests of X—and Co. I am a member of the firm. My wife and children await me in New York.'

'I trust the journey and the voyage will be favorable. We hear of so many accidents of late.'

'Thank you. I hope our party will have none.'

Then there was a pause. 'Suppose we play a game of cards to pass the time.'

'I am sorry to say no, but I never played a game of cards in my life.'

He looked at me in surprise.

'Well, well, that is unusual. I am fond of the game. Suppose I show you some tricks at cards, simple tricks, of course, but amusing enough to while away the time.'

'I will be delighted,' I said. 'I enjoy these things very much, although I am not conversant with them. In fact, I have never had the time.'

He called the porter by a touch of the electric bell, and he soon had a portable table between us. Between the really amusing tricks and clever conversation an hour or two slipped by most pleasantly. Finally the table was removed and, turning our chairs together, we began to talk more confidentially.

'You are an observing man,' he said to me, 'a student and a thinker; I like to talk to you. I also have read a great deal. There is only one thing that puzzles me, so to speak; one thing I cannot swallow nor digest, and that is the doctrine of Roman Catholics.'

'Do you know much about it?'

'Hardly a thing, except the traditions of my childhood, which have grown with my growth. Our childhood seldom plays us false.'

'I don't agree with you in that, my friend. Anyhow, I am a Catholic—a Roman Catholic as you call it.'

He gave a start and looked squarely at me. I was smiling.

'You a Roman Catholic? I would never have thought so. I really beg your pardon.'

'And why would you never have thought so?'

'Well, because an intelligent man like you does not seem to belong to that priest-ridden sect.'

'But I am also a priest!'

He fairly stared at me. I was amused, for with all his assumption of extensive reading he evidently had never been in such company before.

'I beg a thousand pardons! A priest! Who would have believed it? A priest! I am glad it isn't one of those deluded monks that figure so largely in the Dark Ages,' he murmured.

'But I am also a monk; that is, a member of a religious Order, travelling from one monastery to another on business.'

He wheeled his chair around, then back again, his face betokening a profound amazement.

'A priest, a monk, and—a gentleman!'

'I hope so,' I said. 'And now, my friend, with out the slightest feeling of acrimony, let me tell you something. You have gone through life and have read, you say, a great deal. It may be so, but it is my turn to be amazed that a gentleman of your intelligence should have been satisfied with such a one-sided opinion of us as you seem to have. You have, pardon me, been unjust and narrow in your prejudices; you have not looked at the "other side." You say you know hardly anything of the Catholic faith, you never met a priest, and you consider monks a product of a period you call the "Dark Ages." I do not blame you entirely, but I say, in justice to your intelligence, to your manhood, why not look at the other side and weigh both in the balance? Read up the Catholic side from Catholic sources. Study the Church from her own point of view, as a matter of justice, and then write to me, or, better still, come and see me, and I will give you the very best hospitality of our monastery and introduce you to a dozen more monks, better men than I am.' And I gave him a card with my name and that of my college on it.

He listened without a word and accepted the card.

Very little more passed between us, and I began to say my office.

Not very long afterwards we approached Pittsburg. As we paused in Union Station I gave him my hand. He shook it warmly and gave me his card. I left the train, rushed over to an 'accommodation' that took me to my destination, and lost sight of him. Many a time after he came to my mind, and I always uttered a prayer that he might at last see the 'other side.' But years passed by, and I entirely forgot him.

It was seven years after that journey from Chicago that a stranger rang the electric bell at our door and asked the porter for Father—. He would not give his name.

I descended to the parlor. We looked closely at each other. Of course, I wore my habit.

'Are you Father—'

'I am, and you are Mr.—, of Chicago. We travelled once together.'

'How well you remember! I did not know you in your present garb. Yes, I am the man. Your patience and courtesy with me that day, when I almost insulted your faith, your priesthood, and your vocation, deeply impressed me—impressed me and irritated me, too, I must confess. And when I got to Europe I determined to study up the "other side," as you termed it, so as to prove by my own experience that I was right and you were wrong. I read Catholic books, visited Catholic churches and monasteries, and found, as is always the case with a conceited ignoramus, that I was wrong and you were right! I became a Catholic, and my wife and children, too. And as I always kept your card, I have come all this way to call on you and thank you for bringing me as you did to that "other side," where only the true faith is found.'

Needless to say, there was a joyful hour spent that day, and I was made blissfully happy by the conviction that Providence may make use, in His ineffable designs on souls, of even an impatient and unworthy traveller.—'Catholic Standard and Times.'

The afflicted all fly to it,
The suffering cry for it,
Sing praises high of it,
It can ensure
Protection from chills,
Chest troubles and ills,
Keep down doctors' bills—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.