

know my name?" I said, for I was in a strange parish.

"Father," she said, taking a little book out of her pocket, "do you remember being storm-bound one evening two years ago? It was a terrible storm, and you and your friend had to leave your automobile, and seek shelter in my father's farmhouse. He gave you a stormy welcome, too," she said, smiling, "but he did not mean it. You were wet through, and took off your coats to dry, and this little book fell out of your pocket. I found it after you had gone. Do you remember, now, and do you recognise the book?"

"Indeed I did. I remembered the young girl who admitted us from the heart of the storm that evening, and I recognised the book, a small *Imitation of Christ*, which was given me by a friend in the seminary. I prized it highly, and I had been greatly distressed when I found I had lost it. I had no idea where it was. I reached out for it eagerly.

"Of course I recognise it!" I said, opening the book, where sure enough my name was plainly written on the fly-leaf. No wonder she knew my name!

"And so you have had my book all this time," I said, smiling.

The girl flushed.

"Father, I began to read it, and it fascinated me. I always meant to return it to you some day. I read it over and over again, and each time I became more and more convinced that those doctrines were the doctrines of the true Church. This is why I came here to-day—to see if I could find you and ask you to give me more information about the Catholic Church."

"All this time we had stood talking on the steps of the rectory. 'Come in, my child,' I said, 'and I will introduce you to Father X—'. He will do all I could do for you, and more."

"We entered the rectory, and by good fortune just met the pastor. He took us into his study. Then I told him of the night of the storm, introduced Miss Wilton, and showed the little *Imitation of Christ* as the innocent cause of leading this chosen soul to the faith of Christ. He was quite interested, and said he would do all in his power to instruct and help her.

"I might as well tell you, Father," she said, "that I have left home, and I want to get a position here as a teacher. I have some money of my own, and a good enough education, and I think I can manage. When I told my father I was convinced that the Baptist Church was wanting, and that I was going to look into the Catholic Church, he raged, and fumed, and swore. Finally he ordered me out of the house, and told me never to darken the door again. You know what a temper he has, Father," she said to me. "Well, it hasn't improved much. I made up my mind I would go and try to learn what Catholics believe. I am staying with a friend here, and mother knows all about it, but she can do nothing. The boys are with father."

"There was a little catch in her voice as she mentioned these details, and I saw that the pastor was deeply touched. She was in good hands. I left her with him, presenting the book to her, although she wished to return it, and seemed distressed at my depriving myself of it. I told her it was a great pleasure to give her this little souvenir, and I would always be glad she had it. When I told her this she was satisfied. I left then, and the pastor promised to take care of her. This he did, for he took the trouble some weeks after to come up to see me and tell me of her progress.

"Without trouble she had secured a good position as teacher in the district school. She had come regularly for instructions, had been baptised, and had made her first Holy Communion. Her mother had come down to see her, and was surprised to find her so well and happy, and doing so nicely. She had secured a pleasant home with friends, and was quite independent. She was, in fact, a good Catholic, fervent and in earnest, and thanked God continually for His goodness in allowing that little book, the *Imitation of Christ*, which came to her out of the heart of the storm, to be her guide into the true fold. She never ceased praying for her dear

ones at home, all of whom, except her mother, had disowned her.

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"It was all true. Yet while Rachael went about her daily work with the heroism born of true conversion, and an enthusiasm that kept her gratitude to God glowing and fervent, when the day's toil was over there were hours of depression in her lonely room that tried her strength of soul to the utmost. How could she help missing the old happy hours at the homestead, the rough, tender love of that old father, the devotion of her two brothers, and the sense of security and protection from the cold indifference of the world? Do not all converts have such hours of pain? Rachael was not an exception, but God was with her. She prayed for strength, and it came. She prayed for those dear ones from whom she was exiled because she preferred her Lord, and with more and more love did she plead with Heaven for the reason that she felt the superabundance of light and peace flood her own heart. The years passed by. It seemed as if her prayer could not be heard. But the answer came, and again I was the happy medium of winning their souls to God.

"One afternoon I was riding leisurely along the same old road where our automobile met with such a storm the day my friend and I had gone to secure the bishop for Confirmation. Strange to say, although it was fully four years before, the whole scene came vividly before me. The storm, the darkness, the rain, the old farmhouse, the abuse of the farmer, the good meal, the conversion of Rachael—and I began to think of her fervent prayers for the conversion of her family. Surely, I thought, such prayers, and such a sacrifice will have their reward. I was passing the woods, beyond which I knew was the old house, when I saw a man, a farm hand, a man I did not remember having seen before—running towards me, waving his hat as a signal for me to stop. Of course, I did so. When he came up to me, although out of breath, he asked if I were not a priest.

"Certainly I am," I replied.

"Are you Father So-and-so?" he asked.

"Yes, that is my name," I answered.

"Well, Father, for pity's sake will you come over to see Mr. Wilton: the old man is sick, has been in bed for two weeks. He is so restless and cross that the wife and sons are worn out with him. They got the Baptist minister to come and see him, but before he left the old man lost patience with him, and he left in a temper. He began to mention your name—said he wished he could get to see you. It seems you came here one stormy night long ago, and he treated you badly. Am I right?"

"I remember," I said, smiling. "He was only talking for his ancestors. He really had nothing against me. We parted the best of friends. Of course I'll go to see him. Can the horse go through these woods?"

"I'll lead him," said the man. "I'm mighty much obliged to you for coming, and I know the missis will be, too. Just say you heard he was sick, and that you made a friendly call."

"It was only a few minutes when we found ourselves before the farmhouse. How well I remembered it! Mrs. Wilton came to the door, looking worn and pale. But her face lighted up when she saw me.

"You are welcome, indeed, Sir," she said. "My husband is very poorly, and besides he is so restless and worried like. We don't know what to do for him. The doctor says he'd get well, if he'd stop fretting. You see," she said in a whisper, "he has never been the same since Rachael left us."

"May I see him?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed. Why, he's been wishing you would come along. It seems you took him so kindly the night of the storm, that he never forgot you. He said any other man would have knocked him down for the way he abused you. He's sorry for it now."

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