

now to the left, and finally refused to go any farther. 'This looks suspicious' thought Father Nolton; he dismounted to investigate. Reaching the bridge he stooped over the edge and peered into the darkness below. 'John,' he called out; but, as before, no response. Just as he was turning, he espied at the opposite angle of the bridge evident marks of a struggle in the snow. Undoubtedly, Prince blinded by the storm, had fallen here and thrown John to the rocky bed below! Quick as lightning Father Nolton hurried across the bridge and was soon struggling down the rough bank. How his heart beat with expectation; he hoped to find his faithful John, but dreaded to see him dead. But what was that across the ice, against the rocky bank! Lo! there lay John silent in death. The wintry night had covered him with its pall of white. As Father Nolton raised the body, the moon passed from behind a cloud as if to view the sad spectacle below. Those eyes that greeted all with their genial brightness, were closed; the hands that were so often extended in charity were now cold and clenched in death. John had gone to his reward. After a hearty prayer, Father Nolton hastily prepared to remove the body. With considerable difficulty he bore John up the rugged bank; then, placing him across the horse, he took the reins, and the homeward march was begun. What a dreary trip for Father Nolton. Anxious thoughts weighed heavily upon his soul. He had lost a dear friend, a kind benefactor. How was he, moreover, to break the dreadful news to John's wife? Learn it she must, this very night: for evidently she was still awake and waiting for him. One consolation cheered the priest's heart: John had received Holy Communion just on the previous morning—the First Friday. These and similar thoughts, commingled with an occasional prayer, were the sole companions of Father Nolton, until at length he arrived weary and footsore at his little rectory.

Across the neighboring field, not far from the church, lay a little cottage. A young mother sat by the fireside telling her beads. On her lap an only child, a boy of four years, was sleeping peacefully. Presently the child awoke, and finding his mother alone, said in a whimpering tone: 'Where is papa?'

'Oh, darling, he is coming soon,' answered the mother. 'Shall I put you to bed? You can see papa in the morning, Julius.'

Just then someone was heard at the door stamping the snow from his feet. Instantly the child glided from his mother's embrace and went tripping to the door. Mrs. Gorman, following, opened, and there was Father Nolton. For a moment the woman stood perplexed. Then she exclaimed anxiously: 'Father, where is John?'

'John is all right where he is,' rejoined the priest as he entered the room.—'but he met with a mishap on his return.' After a series of ingenious answers and questions, Father Nolton at last broke the terrible news to her. The poor widow clutched her rosary to her bosom, and falling on her knees, wept bitterly. Little Julius stood at her side crying piteously and looking up at Father Nolton as if to reproach him for causing his mamma to cry. The priest consoled Mrs. Gorman with words of unction, such as only religion can prompt. Then she arose, saying: 'Father, I must see John to-night.' Throwing over her a heavy shawl, she took the child in her arms with the words: 'Come, darling, we shall go and see papa.'

We may easily imagine the scene that followed when the bereaved mother saw her own dear husband, her loyal and loving John, stretched out cold and lifeless. She cried—she spoke with him—she prayed. Then, raising the child in her arms, she said: 'See papa, Julius, kiss him, won't you?'—and the child's little tears dropped on his papa's pallid brow as he bent over. 'Father, I would like to pray in church for a few moments,' she said turning to Father Nolton. The permission was readily granted, and she passed out into the sanctuary. The few moments, however, proved to be long minutes, so Father Nolton stepped cautiously to the sacristy. There through the window he beheld by the faint glimmer of the sanctuary lamp the mother and the child kneeling before the Lord and Master of

life and death. Who can tell what passed between that stricken mother and her God? There in the little tabernacle was He Who had consoled the poor widow of Aaim; there was He Who cast His dying gaze from the cross upon His own dear Mother. Would He forsake the poor afflicted mother lying prostrate before Him now? The pious woman arose after some time, and as she entered the room where her husband lay, she exclaimed: 'Father, I am resigned. I have placed all in the hands of Almighty God. He will protect me and my child; may He also show mercy to my husband.' And out into the night she passed, along the path that John had so often trodden.

It was a glorious June morning. Many winters had moaned over the lonely grave of John Gorman. As many summers had matured his only child and adorned him with the flower of manhood. Time had wrought wonders in and around Father Nolton's parish. The modest little mining town had grown to a busy and flourishing city. An imposing Gothic structure had supplanted the quaint little frame church of yore. But what occasion had called forth this great display of banners? Why were the bells voicing their most powerful melodies and prolonging their jubilant strain on this bright summer morning? What celebration was this that attracted the faithful from all parts of the city towards the church? Let us enter the sacred edifice and see. The great tower clock strikes ten, and all eyes turn towards the altar. Amid the joyful peals of the organ, the little altar boys swarm into the sanctuary; the larger boys in their varied colored cassocks; the clergy: and there is good old Father Nolton, too, with his venerable grey locks—then follows the young celebrant—Father Julius Gorman. A mother's heart leaps for joy at sight of her only son vested for the first time in his priestly garb. 'Introibo ad altare Dei,' all present in the sanctuary answer—except the aged Father Nolton. The sentiments of joy and gratitude that flooded his heart, choked his voice and brought tears to his eyes. His long-cherished hope had at length been realised, his prayers heard, and the solemn promise he had made on that fatal night beside the body of John Gorman, was now fulfilled. He had protected the child, provided for an education, and finally led him to the crowning point of his life—to the foot of the altar as priest to the Most High.—C. B., O.F.M., in *The Franciscan Herald*.

THE BOYDEN SERVE

'I'm sorry, dear, but I don't see my way to it,' said Mr. Lane, shaking his head regretfully.

His iron health had been failing. Instead of going to his office each day, he was obliged to sit at home. His successful business had gone entirely into his partner's hands; nothing much was left to him except his family estate, which was not large.

He had called Frances into the study after breakfast to tell her something about his affairs. For her it meant that her course at the art school in the city was over. She would not be able to return in October and get her diploma in February. She would have no chance to enter Mr. Harrington's studio, the most coveted privilege of budding artists. Mr. Harrington took each year the two graduates of the school whose work was the best, and Frances had hitherto been a promising candidate. Her father little appreciated the bitterness of her disappointment as she kissed the top of his head and hurried from the room without letting him see her eyes.

When she got outside of the door, she sat down on the edge of the piazza and rocked to and fro in the effort to control her emotions. She would have felt better if she had cried, but she was stoical on principle.

Trying to make the best of the situation, she told herself that she needed only fifty dollars to complete the course, and that as it was now only June, she ought to be able to acquire it somehow before the autumn.

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