

a priest. How strange were not my thoughts and sentiments as I stood for the first time before a real minister of God. Little did I dream that God, in his love, had raised up in this his servant a true friend who was ready to assist me in my hour of need; a wise counselor who dispelled all my doubts and fears; a kind father who, with untiring patience, led me to the feet of our dear Savior. And now that he has passed to his re-

ward, I cherish his memory as that of a man after the heart of God.

Think not, kind reader, that my trials were now at an end. Ah no, the struggle had only begun. But it is my daily prayer that I may fight the good fight and persevere the faith to the end, and eventually receive the crown that the just Judge holds out to all that love and serve him. I have hoped in the Lord, and I know I shall not be confounded.

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### GOD WILL NOT BE MOCKED

The anniversary of the terrible Titanic disaster calls to mind a strange story which deserves more than a passing notice. While the new monster steamer was building in the shipyards of Belfast, Ireland, it was thought that it would pass through the greatest storms with absolute safety. Among the hundreds of workmen engaged in the construction of the ship, there were many devoid of all religion. Some of these men amused themselves by writing horrible blasphemies on the sides of the new ship. They went so far as to call upon God to sink it if he could, by writing: "Even Christ can not sink this ship." These blasphemies were covered indeed when the ship was painted, but they afterwards again became visible and legible. A Catholic officer of the Titanic who saw the blasphemous words, wrote to his parents, "I am convinced that this ship will never reach America on account of the shocking blasphemies which are written on its hull." His parents who live in Dublin, still preserve this letter as a remembrance of their son. We know how the foreboding of this officer was realized. The scoffers, indeed, believed that their blasphemies would cross the ocean year after year, a standing insult to the Almighty. But lo! as they were expecting to hear of its safe arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, there came the crushing news that the ocean colossus had sunk. A collision with an iceberg had sufficed to send the proud ship with the blasphemous inscriptions to the bottom of the sea.