

I said nothing, but my thoughts were busy. He went on.

"Sometimes, after lunch, I pass through the Sacristy, making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Often I am tired, and want to go immediately to my room to rest. If the thought comes to me: Look out in the Church. I dare not 'down that thought' with the excuse, if any one is at that box; they have come out of hours and don't deserve to be heard. *I'm afraid to say that.* I go and look out in the Church, and invariably I see some one shrinking into a pew at the door of the Confessional. I go down and find a stray sheep, man or woman, who has not been to the Sacraments for ten, fifteen, twenty-five years. Ah! my daily prayer is: From the neglect of thy holy inspirations deliver me, O Lord! I never put them aside."

But, Father, do you think inspirations like that come to every one in the ministry?

"I certainly do, until the spirit of God is unheeded, and then, the opportunity to save souls is taken away and given to another. Never neglect a quick impulse to do a certain good thing that is in line with your work. Be habitually in humble readiness for God's work, and God's work will always come to you. It is lying around everywhere," and here the gentle old man smiled.

We were both silent, for a few minutes, when he suddenly started:

"Do you know I think somebody wants me now?"

"Hardly," I said, "at the unusual hour of 11:30 in the morning. Everyone is thinking of lunch time."

"I'll go and see," he simply said.

I was his guest, and I arose and followed him downstairs into the Sacristy, and as he walked down the aisle to his confessional, I saw a figure crouching in a pew. The priest entered the Confessional: the figure did the same. I knelt at the foot of the altar marvelling and praying that the inspirations of God might never find a closed door in my heart.

When I met him an hour afterward, at lunch, he said: "Write up that talk we had this morning, Father Alexander; I had another proof just now, that the voice of inspiration is ever with us priests, if we only follow its whisperings."