


 "THE MASTER IS HERE AND CALLETH FOR THEE."
 

A TRUE STORY.


**S**EATED one late Autumn afternoon in my study, I was thinking out a sermon for the following Sunday, when I heard the door bell. My door being ajar, I heard the maid answering a refined female voice—

"Yes, the Father is at home. What name shall I give him?"

I did not hear the reply, but I was prepared when a knock came to my door.

"Come in!" I said.

"Father, a young lady wishes to see you. Her name is Miss Wildman."

"Very well—I'll be there," and I went to the modest little parlor of the parish-house, where a young woman arose and very courteously greeted me.

I had never seen her before, but her unmistakable air of breeding and her educated language told me at once she was a lady.

She began by apologizing for intruding. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, she said, a non-Catholic, an Englishwoman, with very few relatives in this country, and accidentally hearing that my maternal grandparents' name was "Wildman," she could not restrain the desire to speak to me, although she had never addressed a Catholic priest in her life before.

I could not repress a smile, although I perfectly understood her feelings; but I hastened to assure her that I had not the most remote knowledge of my English ancestors, my mother having died when I was very young, and my father was an American. Being born in this country I had almost forgotten my mother's maiden name, or whether I even had relatives in England.

She seemed infinitely surprised and declared it was not that way, across the ocean. Kith and kin were sought for and acknowledged to the last generation. As I could not