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THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.)

"Sacrifice?—What?—'All.'—What, all?—How? Then I began to think, and, as it were, to listen. I listened to the voice within me, and this was what it said: 'You are not true to yourself. You have been seeking to strike a clever balance between God and the world—to satisfy your conscience and your high aspirations by doing good works, and to please yourself by doing them in a way that should cost you as little as possible. Hypocrite! choose between God and mammon. Let it be all God, or all mammon. You want to make a great name, to lead the Catholic body, to lead the country, to restore the prestige of your family, to be the Great Duke as well as the New Duke. You think you are indifferent to things like these, and you are not indifferent. You think the world has no hold on you, and its hold is tightening day by day. There is but one remedy—Sacrifice. And if you would save this soul, it is by Sacrifice you must save it. Give all for all, 'Sell all and give to the poor,' give all. Wealth, reputation, ease, time, pleasure, freedom, lay them all down, renounce them, abjure them, and forever!"

"I hardly knew what it was I fielt myself so powerfully urged to do, save that it was an absolute surrender of everything to which I could cling on the side of nature—if by such an act I could win the soul that was hanging in such a terrible peril. Nor could I hesitate, my heart answered for me; it accepted all, it sacrified all; and, taking out the little brass crucifix which my father had held on his ocath-bed, and which has never left me, I promised, with all the earnestness of my soul, to give it all. Then there came a moment of profound interior stillness; I felt my offering had been accepted.

"I can tell yon but little of the next two days. I "Sacrifice ?-What?-'All.'-What, all ?-How

"I can tell you but little of the next two days. I saw and heard nothing of Werner; but on the evening of the second day I went to a reception at the English Embassy. It could not be helped. Every English visitor of distinction was there, and a good many foreigners. There was a great crowd; and as I was making my way among the uniforms and ladies' trains, thinking in my soul what disgusting trash it all was, I saw coming to meet me some familiar faces. There are some people, Jack, whom you are sure to meet everywhere. On the top of the Righi, at an English archery meeting, at the upper cataracts of the Nile, there they are, as sure as life, and to this class belong the Exboroughs. There she was, 'Lady Ex,' on the arm of Count Gallipot, the Hungarian Charge d'Affaires, and Lady Florinda, under escort of Mr. Eustace de Something or other, a young diplomat of 'rising expectations.'" accepted.
"I can tell you but little of the next two days. I

Something or other, a young diplomat of 'rising expectations.'"

"I say, Grant, you're getting rather fierce—are you sure of the names?"

"Well, if it wasn't Gallipot, it was something like it; you know what I mean. No help for it. We met, and then followed recognitions, and exclamations of surprise, and delight, and regret that we hadn't met before, only the Exes had been to the Baths of Carrara, for the last fortnight, and were only just back, and hadn't heard of my arrival. 'And had I heard Beppo, the new tenor? And oh! how shockingly dreadful about poor Mr. Werner, wasn't it? Such a delightful person. Really I'm immensely sorry. 'What about Werner?' I said, choking. 'Haven't you heard?' He's dead of the black fever: so very sudden, too.' Opead!' 'Yes; didn't we hear Mr. Werner was dead, mamma?' said Lady Florinda. 'No, my dear, but I think he was dying: such a great favorite of mine, you know; quite a loss he'll be at Florence,' and on they swept.

"Werner dead or dying! Perhaps that was the

know; quite a loss hell be at Florence, and off
they swept.

"Werner dead or dying! Perhaps that was the
answer to my prayer. Perhaps death would save
him. But his soul? How was it with him? I
could not bear the suspense; but getting free as
soon as I could from the crowd, I left the house and
drove straight to Werner's lodgings.

"It was all true. The very evening we had
parted he had sickened of the terrible fever; far
averse than typing, a deadly thing; every one had

worse than typhus, a deadly thing; every one had fled the house in terror, except his faithful German servant, who had got a couple of Sisters of Charity to nurse him; and so I found him senseless, delirto nurse him; and so I found him senseless, delirions, and, as they told me, without hope of recovery. Had he seen a priest? Oh, yes, the parish priest had seen him, and anointed him; that was all that could be done; not a moment of reason for confession, and the end close at hand.

"I stayed by him that night; his incoherent words went to my heart; I gathered little comfort from them, it was all such wild talk, as though coming from a heart and brain that were ill at ease.

from them, it was all such wild talk, as though coming from a heart and brain that were ill at ease. And then even those words ceased, and there was stuper, unconsciousness. They told me this was the last stage, and he would never rouse again. But he did. On the fourth day, he opened his eyes, and murmured something; I thought he knew me, but could not be sure; but anyhow, the crisis was

but could not be sure; but anyhow, the crisis was past, and he was alive—weak and shattered to pieces, but alive, and, as I thought, with reason unimpaired. That was all I could guess.

"Gradually he gained strength enough for me to move him out to Fiesole. I took him to a villa there, hoping that the sweet fresh air and quiet would restore him. And it did. He gained strength, and was himself, and yet not like his former self—so still and silent. As soon as he could speak coherently, he asked for a priest, and saw him several times. I knew no more, of course, except that afterwards, as I sat beside him, he stretched out his hand and took mine, and squeezed it silently. At last one day he said: 'I wish I could

stretched out his hand and took mine, and squeezed it silently. At last one day he said: 'I wish I could see my mother!' Then I knew it was all right with him, and I telegraphed for the baroness.

"And the Zingaris, what of them?"

"Oh! the black fever kept them off," said Grant, rather grimly. The baroness came, and Werner and she were like a mother and her baby. I knew nothing of what passed in his soul, but I felt it was all right: he was safe. My sacrifice had been accepted.

accepted.

"What was best to be done?" He longed to ge away from the place, to forget all that had beset him there. I proposed to take him with me to Eng-land, and his mother eagerly accepted the proposal, for she felt she could trust him in my hands. So, for she left she could trust him in my hands. So, by slow stages, we travelled home to Oakham, and there he stayed. By degrees he regained health and vigor; not the old vigor or the old spirit; something had gone out of him—a good deal of the animal, I think—but it had left behind all his gifts of heart and with the control of the con animal, I think—but it had left behind all his gifts of heart and mind, and imagination, deepened and vivified with a new life and sense. I knew not (and only imperfectly, and by degrees, did he let me know) all that had passed in his soul during those seemingly unconscious hours. Once he said: 'It is an awful thing to hang over an abyss, suspended by a single thread!'

ngle thread!'
'You were very near the end,' I said.
'The end! I was not thinking of that; there was

another abyse before that."

"I saw what he was thinking of; some tremendous false steps to which he was hastening, when that blow from God struck him down and saved him. And in his long stupor he had seen and

him. And in his long stop-timerstood it all.

"So Werner and I were domesticated together at

"So Werner and I began to discover the true

It was then I began to discover the true

and lack, as far Oakham. It was then I began to discover the true worth of the soul I had saved—a soul, Jack, as far above my own in worth and beauty as those heavens are above the tree-tops. Most dear to God—no above my own in worth and beauty as those heavens are above the tree-tops. Most dear to God—no wonder! And now that it had waked to its true life, what floods of tenderness, what flights of lofty beauty—what a power, a strength, a keenness of spiritual insight! It was a happy month or two. It was then that he painted St. Alexis, and that we smalled the heathen deities.

"But there was a question for me to decide, and I could not delay it. I had promised: how was I could not see my way. The idea that I could not see my way. The idea that I do not see my way. The idea that I could not see my of tested to bide yer lane? "Jean saked, with cold woman loved.

We're no feared to bide yer lane? "Jean asked, with cold woman loved.

"Ye're no feared to bide yer lane?" Jean saked, with cold woman loved.

"We're no feared to bide

oftenest came before me was to make over my whole possessions to charitable and religious purposes at a dash, retaining £5,000, and with that, return to Australia, and begin life over again as William Grant. The monks had come to England about a year before, and had begun their settlement at Glenleven. Werner took a deep interest in it all, and his art was always at their service; and I liked the abbot, who is a fine fellow, Jack, and I determined to put the whole case before him. He asked for time; nine days, during which they had a novena of Masses; at its close he sent for me, and I prepared to hear his decision as to my fate.

"No, what I had thought of would not do; there were other and better ways than that of 'selling all.' He drew a plan and showed me how I might retain the stewardship of this enormous property, and administer it as a trust, retaining all the burden, the work and the responsibility, doing the best for the souls and bodies of others; giving not my money alone, but my life. 'You vowed away not merely possessions,' he said, 'but life, freedom, time, ease, reputation. In Australia you will simply have shifted the heavy weight from your shoulders once for all. What God designs for you is a more complete sacrifice, and one which the world will never guess, leaving you externally as you are, but demanding every moment and every faculty of your entire being!'

"There is no need, my dear Aubrey, to say more about it, than that I comprehended it all, and saw what was asked of me. So it was settled."

I took his hand. "I see all about it, Grant: I understand."

what was asked of me. So it was settled."

I took his hand. "I see all about it, Grant: I understand."

"Ah! but you haven't seen it all just yet," he said. "That cost me nothing. It has cost plenty to do it, because, you see, such a life grinds a fellow to powder. But it was not the sacrifice."

"What was, then?"

"Well, I'll tell you. We set to work. Werner and I. He helped me in everything; he knew nothing of my secret reasons, or my vow, or what had moved me to it; but he understood that I wanted to realize that word in the Gospel, and he entered into the thought, and determined to help me in it. So for a year we worked together: he was my second self: so full of thoughts, better, truer, more practical thoughts than my own; so full of ardor and unction, lifting up my heavy English lumpishness, and keeping it at the mark. Well, Jack, the day came when he told me he had something to say to me. I had seen a something—not a cloud, but a something on his brow. You can guess what it was. His call had come, and he must leave me. I had nothing to say, for had I not promised all? What right had I to say to God. 'not this,' 'everything but this!' You know I could not say that; and I thank God I did not. I gave him up, and he went away to Glenleven: but that was the real sacrifice."

The simplicity of the words touched me, and I think there was little more spoken between us that evening. I saw it all now clearly; the grandeur of my friend's character, the completeness of his sacrifice; it was not the result of whim or theory, but the outcome of one act, an act by which he had voluntarily given all, all to save his soul; and God had accepted the gift. What more was yet to come? what would be the end of a life so true to the word which had given it the first impulse? That yet remained for me to see.

CHAPTER XV.

DUC IN ALTUM.

The day was drawing near for us to leave Glenleven, and I beheld its approach with real regret. There was a charm of beauty, material and spiritual, which hung about the place, increased to my heart by the deeper knowledge and appreciation which I had gained there of the real character of my friend. His simplicity, and his off-hand schoolboy talk had veiled the sublimity of what lay beneath; and though I always felt that he was a noble soul, unsoiled by the touch and breath of the world, I had accustomed myself to regard what I did not understand as a sort of regrettable eccentricity. I knew better now; and alone among the hills, or by the rocks by the river side, or sitting at the window of his little study looking out into his simple garden, that great loving soul revealed taself to me in truth; always true to its one idea of serving God and man in the spirit of self-sacrifice, yet always seeking to conceal itself, and to do its greatest deeds in the simplest fashion, and clothe its noblest sentiments in the plainest words.

The last day came, and the last Mass, and the last Vespers under that noble roof; and the last grand tones of the chant, carrying the words of Holy Writ home to the centre of my heart. It was Sunday, the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost (forgive my dwelling on these little details, dear reader, they are so graven on my memory), and the Sunday Gospel was that which relates the story of the

they are so graven on my memory), and the Sun day Gospel was that which relates the story of the day Gospel was that which relates the story of the miraculous draught of fishes on the Tiberian Lake. "Due in altum!"—"Launch into the deep." Who has ever head those words without their waking a sense of dread, of hope, or of aspiration within his

When it was time to leave the church, Grant still When it was time to leave the church, Grant still lingered. I waited and watched, but I did not seek to hurry him. He knelt before the high altar long and wistfully; then paid a visit to the shrine of the Martyr; and last of all, entered the chapel in the opposite transept, and prayed beside the tombs. At last he rose and came away, and we left the church.

"Due in altum! What words!" he said. "The knew no why or where—to launch into the deep—such a bold, fearless word it sounds! Such a call to trust in the dark!

"Now, Grant, what are you thinking of?"
"Now, Grant, what are you thinking of?"
"I don't know; only it seems to me as if every
to-morrow was a great mystery, and every morning we have need of courage to launch into its
depths."
"I know the to-morrow that is waiting for me is
a very disagreeable mystery; to exchange Glen-

a very disagreeable mystery; to exchange Glen-laven for the express train for London is enough to gain the merit of martyrdom."

gain the merit of martyrdom."

"Well, why do you go?"

"Because I must; the inevitable, Grant, is a mighty master."

"Anyhow, we shall travel together as far as Brad-

ford, and you shall spend one day with me there."
"To Bradford!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean

"To Bradford!" I exclaimed. "To don't mean to say you are going back to that place?"
"Ah! you're thinking of the effigy; why, that was a fortnight ago, and they've forgotten all about it by this time; and if they had not, it would only be a better reason for my showing myself. I presume you would not wish me to leave the field to But the fact is, I have business there which

presses. I am to meet one of your London scientific friends, Professor Drybones. He is coming down about the ventilation affair, and I have to see if our plans on that matter can be perfected.

"Barefut Saily" was of Irish origin, as so many of our Lowland Catholics are. She had been born a strong and healthy child, and had grown up a handsome, well-formed lass, "gude at bulk larnin," "licht on the fluir" [a good reel dancer]. "we a litt like a laverock" [tark—a good singer], taking the high notes in which our people delight.

Her mother had long been dead, and her father and Jock McChie "leeved for the lass," his neighbors said.

BAREFUT SALLY,

Saily had a "snod fut o' her air" [neat foot]
Saily had a "snod fut o' her air" [neat foot]
with the fine ankle that looked neat and trim in
the Scotch blue knitted hose and well blacked clogs
our folks wore then.

our folks wore then,

"I'll make ye a pair o' shoon ye'll n' see easy
beat," Wull promised her one dark December
afternoon, when the lovers met a moment by
atealth, "an' they'll be for yer hansel [New Year's
present] Sally, lass,"

"Mak them for Christmas, lad," the girl replied,
"I'll be gapp m' faither to the town for man."

"Mak them for Christmas, lad," the glrl replied.
"I'll be gann wi' faither to the town for mass."
"Weel, weel," said Wull, "for Christmas gln ye wull" [if you wish it]
So an old clog was "gi'en for a patron," as Sally said, and Wull attiching at odd times at the dainty little shoon, dreamed of the day that—drink given up—Sally's foot should dance about his house and home. "A licht fut aye brings luck," our people

say. "It's a' aff wi' you and Wull?" auld Jock on

"It's a' aff wi' you and Wull?" auld Jock on Sunday mornings would sternly ask.
"It'll be a week sin' I seed his face," Sally would reply flashing deep red at the prevariation. It was only on Sundays the lovers could meet, and that for brief greetings, underneath the Scaur, the rocky height from which the village took its

the rocky height from which the vines of name.

Poor silly lass, there was more of pride in having like the other village lasses her lad than any love for wild Wuil Hamilton.

Many were the pockets of peppermints and sweets, of odds and ends of ribbons, and once a "tortoise comb," that found their way through the little window in the gable end to Sally's room.

The girl looked forward to her "leddies [tadles] shoon, which—old Scotch fashion—she would carry in her hand until she reached the outskirts of the town, when she would put them with her stock. town, when she would put them with her stock-

Ohristmas Eve came, the early "fastin' denner," with its cup of miltless tea, was done. The house was red-up [put in order] the tea things set for auld Jean Wulson who would mind the house and bye.
No Shoon! The girl disappointed loltered a

No Shoon! This girl disappointed lottered at her work, finding still some odd or end to do. Her father, impatient, wandered out and in, calling her to press [make hasks] and hap the fire [cover the smouldering peats or turf with ashes]

He was standing waiting at the gate when one of the village lads came running up the lane, parcel in hand.

"What's that yeve got?" the old man asked

holding out his hand.

"It's for Sal'y herel," the lad replied, trying to put the parcel out of sight.

"Gi'e't here," crid Jock, "What's Sally's mine,

ve loon." 'Na na," said the lad with saucy smile. "Wull

"Na na," said the lad with saucy smile. "Wull
"G'e'lt here, ye icoun'rel," cried Jock again,
wrestling the parcel roughly from the lad, "be aff!"
He slowly untied the string with shaky hand;
then, "Sally!" he cried, and at his voice, frightened, the girl came running to the gate.
Shaking, he pointed to the shoes and to the
doggrel verse end seed that bore Wull's name.
"I ne'er thocht to ca' yer mither's wean a leear,"
he hoarsely said. The old man's face was red,
great veins stood out on face and neck.
The girl glanced at the shoon, then growing scar-

The girl glanced at the shoon, then growing scar let, hid her face.

With a grip that made her cry with pain, Jock led her to the house.

The unhapt fire was burning on the hearth.

"Fetch a' the shoon ye ha'e about the hoos," he

sternly said.

Trembling, the girl obeyed, bringing them in her

slowly, one by one, the old man threw them is

"I canna gang barefutted to mass," Sally flamed out at last, estching his hand.
"Ye'il gang barefut or bide awa," he said.
"Well, I'll bide awa!" the girl replied, sobbing

now with rage.

"Ye'll do as ye're tellt [told] my lass," the old man said, crushing down with his foot the smouldering clogs and shoos.

"I'll bide awa," the girl repeated sullenly. "I'll no be shamed [put to shame] amang the chaipel folk. Ye're an ill man to touch my shoon."

Jock looked a moment at the angry face.

"The Lord forgi's ye, lass," he said, and, lifting his plaid and blackthorn staff, went on his way, his old head bent.

Sally, choked with the stench of the burning leather, began to cry aloud, rocking herself back.

leather, began to cry aloud, rocking herself back-wards and forwards on her stool. Through the open door she could see her father pass slowly

open door she could see her lather pass stowly down the lane, and skirting the houses, take the path that led by the Scaur across the moor.

"He thinks I'll be after him," she said, "but I'll no steer a fut. It was real ill-done to touch my bonnie shoon."
The early forenicht brought old Jean, a decen

The early forenicht brought old Jean, a decent widow wife. "Gade save us, lass," she asked, loosening the big sunbonnet that was her summer and winter wear, "what are ye doin' here?"

"What ails ye, Sally, lass?" she asked again, seeing the swollen eyes. "Lord save us! siccan a smell!" seizing the tongs.

"Let me," cried Sally, apringing up. "L'il see to the fire mysel," and, speaking, her sobs burst out grain.

out sgain.
"What ails ye, lass?" Jean asked again, laying
"What ails ye, lass?" Jean asked again, laying her kind old hand on the sobbling girl's shoulder, ye're no ill?"

"ye're no ill?"
"Na, na," said Sally, wiping her eyes, trying to smile.
"I'm no gaun, that's a', Jean."
"I'll no be wanted, then?" the widow asked, and Sally read disappointment in the tone. Auld Jean was poor, and two days' work at Jock McGhle's was a "fortune to her," as he said.
"Deed ye are, Jean!" the girl replied, "see to the kwa an' we'll he's over days of the kwa an' we'll he's over the kwa an an' we'll he's over the kwa an' we'll he's over the kwa

the kye, an' we'll ha'e oor drap o' tea.' The woman relieved, took up the milking cans, turning at the door: "Jock's game?" she asked.

"Aye," said Sally, "my faither's awa."
She busied herself making up the fire, picking She busied herself making up the fire, picking out the bits of clogs and shoon, and carrying them away. "He shuans' ha's fashed [touched] my shoon," she said, with a sob again. Then she set out a good meal for Jean, a rasher with a new laid egg, a slice of cheese, and brewed the strong black cup of tea she knew the old woman loved.

"Ye're no feared to bide yer lane?" Jean asked, her support down

kind; be would have no "gallivantin' wi' the lads," he warned his daughter many a time.

On Sunday mornings the old man shaved, put on his chapel clothes of dark home spun, and, breakfast over, took his well-worn prayer book from a drawer and spelt his devotions sternly out to Sally, who, dressed too in Sunday clothes, ast on her creepie [stool] by the fire, listening devoutly, her hands crossed on her lap.

"The faith's a gran' thing," the old man would say when done wiping his glasses carefully. "Aye, it's a gran' thing," Sally would reply.

On one subject only Jock and his daughter had ever "coost oot" [quarrelled], and that was wild Wull Hamilton, the "Souter lad" [shoemaker] a good looking fellow, the village scamp, given to the bottle, and, if rumor spoke truth, to poaching too.

Wull was a shoemaker by trade, working by the job in fits and starts, but the best "hand" the village had.

Sally had a "anod fut o' her air" [nest foot] of tea had done her good, her head was clear, her anger past.

Sally was naturally an honest, modest lass; these Sunday meetings that summer with Wull beneath the Scaur had been the one deception of her life. "Aye, she had been an ill lass," she said to herself, "ill to her faither too, an' a' for Wull, an' Wull no' fit to black her faither's shoon." The comparison struck her as ludicrous, she laughed, and then beg in to cry again. What would her uncle—what would Father Da'y think? Her father had often told her how at four months old her mother and he had carried her, time about, to Christmas mass; wee wean, grown lass, she had never missed it since. Weel, she wudna want [miss] it now! Ourage came with the resolution. The moon was full; if she left at two, she would get to the town in time for mass, and for her duty too. She got out her book and said her prayers; then turned the next morning's gospel up, and read to herself sloud. "Ard she brought forth her first born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and lidd Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn." Born in a stable, wrapped in poor swaddling clothes, like any ither wean! and she as a ned to gung to the mass barefut.

Sally McGhie could not have shaped her thoughts to words; but sitting there, humbly contrite, sharecognized, for the first time in her life, the j y of pensance. Aye, she would go barefoot! The Blessed Virgin hersel' maybe had no shoon!

to words; but sitting there, humbly contrate, and recognized, for the first time in her life, the j y of penance. Aye, she would go barefoot! The Blessed Virgin hersel' maybe hed no shoon!

Thinking, Sally feel asleep, her head against the wail The clock at last awoke her striking one. The fire was out. She struck a light, tidited up the house, set out Jean's breakfast, putting a bright shilling in her plate for a Carlstmas gift; tren washed her face and hands, pinned on her shawl, put book and basds in a clean white kerchief in her breast, unbarred the door, locking it carefully again, and putting the key where Jean could find it on the window sill.

The moon was bright. Sally welked quickly past the thalcaed cottages were all was saill. A candle burned in one where a poor lad lay dead, and, passing, she crossed herself.

As Jock had done, Sally took the short cut by the Shaur that would save her a good Scotch mile, or maybe more. The fresh, clear frosty air cooled her head, her conscience was at peace, she was almost happy when she reached the moor. Aye, she would promise her father to have no more to do with Wulls and keep her word this time, an honest

would promise her father to have no more to do with Wuil, and keep her word this time, an honest

Across the moor she left the broad beaten track Across the moor she left the broad beaten track that led to the great Peat moss a little further on, and striking to the left, took the narrow path that led zig zagging to the road below. An open ditch here fenced the road, and Sally saw that a man was lying half in and half across the ditch. "Poor drunken bcdy," she said, turning aside; then, "mebbe he's ill, poor chap," retracing her steps. She gave a cry, throwing herself on her kness—it was her father, cold and stiff, the rugged face already set in death.

Sally called him frantically at first, rubbing the

Sally called him frantically at first, rubbing the Sally called him frantically at first, rubbing the frozen hand, pressing the rigid face against her own; she wrapped her warm petticoat about his feat and legs, trying to raise him in her arms, and litting his head at last upon her lap, she would not leave him even to run for help.

A little after seven in the dim winter morning light the agardary eart arms him.

A little after seven in the dim winter morning light the carrier's cart came by.

"He's no deed?" the girl appealed "dazed like," as the carrier described it afterwards.

"I's feared it, lass," the man replied, laying Jock's head reverently down. "Ye wudna be feared to min' the beast?" pointing to horse and cart. She shook her head, and taking the zig-zig path he ran to the villege for aid

Wrapped in his plaid, poor Jock was soon laid in the cart. Sally lifted in sat silent by his side, crying long done.

ing long done.
Word had been sent to Jean, who had lighted

the fire and made down Jock's useless bed.

"He's no deed?" the girl appealed rgain, as the
men carried her father slowly in.

"Aye, lass, he gane," the old woman crying
said. Jock had been aye a guid freen' to her an'

hers. "Faither!" cried Sally, "Faither!" raising her

atms above her head, then caught by Jean, dropped

atms above ner nesd, then caught by Jean, dropped senseless on the floor.

Before night poor Sally was raving. Brain fever had set in, and for many a week Jean, helped by a neighbor woman, nursed the lass.

Easter had passed before Sally left her bed, a "pulr done craytut," skin and bone, the pretty half all cone.

hair all gone. Her uncle, a thriving grocer in the little town came over once or twice to give an eye and arrange with auli Jean about her scanty wsg. Father Daly too had come, but the girl had been uncon-

It was only by degrees that with her recovery people recognized that something was wrong, that the clear intelligence was gone, that Sally was "wanting," was "no a' there," as our people say, "not daft but silly-like.

With gathered strength she took to her work again, more to save Jenn's old hear then formers.

again, more to save Jean's old back than from any again, more to save Jean's old back than from any real interest in what she did.

She got restless as the Feast of the Assumption drew near. "Jean," she said, "it's time we were gawin' to my uncle and auntie's at the town."

"Aye, aye," said Jean, pleased to hear her ex-press a wish, "we'll gang."

The old woman spoke to the butcher, who promised them a "lift," "The lassie's no' fit to gang a' the gait [way] on fut," she said, "an' it'll be sair [hand] or the property of the said, "an' it'll be sair. [hard] on the putr crater t' pass the moor."
"Whaur are yer shoon?" the old lady asked when she had dressed Sally in her stiff black dress, and the bonnet heavy with crape, worn for the

first time.
"My shoon? Ye'll gang barefut or bide awa',"

Sally slowly said, as if recalling a lesson learned, lifting scared eyes to auld Jean's face. "Aye, aye," said the woman, patting her shoulder soothingly, "ye'll gang as ye wull, my bonnie Jass," but she wondered what the lassie "would be at," and where she had hidden away said the woman, patting her

her clogs.
When they reached the z'g-zag Sally touched the

"It's fair heathenish," the man impatient cried, turning to Jean, "'Deed," said Jean, "gin I thocht a bittle prayer wud help the deed, I'd e'en turn papist me'sel'! Let the putr cratur be."
"I'm goun t' the chaipel," Sally said that night after brief rest, "ye're comin', Jean?"
"Gude sake," cried Jean, startled, "wha wud ha'e thoct to see Jean Wulson bidden [asked to go] to a Papist Kirk? Weel, weel, lass, to pleasure ye I'll gang," and the old woman took her bonnet and shawl.
"Pit on yer shoon lass," cried her sant code.

"Pit on yer shoon, lass," cried her aunt, seeing

the girl's bare feet.

Again Jean an w the same dazed look on Sally's face, "Ye'll gang barefut or bide awa'," she said, lifting her hand to her head as if confused; then see-ing her aunt's astonishment, "Jean kens he laid it

on me," she said.

(Who born and bred in Scotland does not know the pathetic words? "The Lord laid it on me," the patient sufferer says. "He laid it on me," man or woman will say fulfilling some dead

took her seat beside her on the bench, sitting upright as if in mute protest. Some of the women knowing her by sight nudged each other, looking

knowing her by sight nudged each other, looking their surprise.

Father Daly had been to the Scaur when Sally was ill, but the poor girl had not known him. Since her recovery rumors had reached him that her mind had been affected by her illness—that she was "silly-like"—but Father Daly well knew what rumors in a country side are worth. There was nothing in Sally's manner when she took her turn to make him think that anything was wrong. Simply and humbly she told of her meetings with Wull, the deception towards her father, the burnt shoon, her angry words; her fear for the first time put in words that her "ill ways" had maybe caused her father's death (but Jock had heart complaint for years, as Father Daly knew).

maybe caused her father's death (but Jock had heart complaint for years, as Father Daly knew). The priest was very gentle with the girl, patiently listening, understanding it seemed to Saily, even before she spoke. It was with a very fervent "God bless you, my puir bairn," she left the confassional.

"God bless you, my puir bairn," she left the confessional.

Home again, she and Jean took up the old quiet life, but Sally's was happier, the old woman thought. That to a certain extent Sally was "wanting" there could be no doubt, but it would have been hard to define the "want" in words. Jean kept the house and made their purchases, and between them, with help for the rougher digging now and then, they managed between them the plot of ground and kye. Michael McGhle came over every month at first, but soon had perfect confidence in Jean. Perhaps, Scottish peasant like, she was a little "near" (parsimonious), but without her Sally would have given all she had away. Were new milk wanted for an alling wean, a hen for broth, a pot of black currant "preserves" for "currant tea," it was to Sally that the neighbors came.

Oace Wull Hamilton came up the loan. "I'm

Once Wull Hamilton came up the loan. "I'm thinkin' it is may be the de'il himsel'." Sally shrieking cried, clinging to Jean, and Wull, affronted, troubled them no more.

Overhearing some remarks, the girl asked Jean one day, "Am I silly, Jean?" and Jean, struggling between rough honesty and pity for the lass, replied: "'Deed ye wud wun'er [wonder] what ill folk wud fin' to say," with which diplomatic remark the girl was satisfied. She seldom spoke, never went out alone, and clung like a little child to Jean.

Jean. Father Daly came when he could across the hills, and soon was a great favorite of Jean's. "Come awa' ben (to the parlor), my bonnie lad," she used to say, meaning no disrespect, and offering him of their best.

"Thac Paplets were sair misca'd" [misrepresent-

"Thae Papists were sair misca'd" [misrepresented], she used to say.
Indeed it was mostly Jean who made Father Daly's sermon on "Rabbie Burns' parritch pot" so famous in our country side.
I believe it was really a three-legged pratic [potted] pot, said to have belonged to Mrs. Burns, that was put up for auction at a sale, and bought by a Burns-mad Baillie of the town.
Father Daly had the quickness of his race. The very next Sunday night, one of Our Lady's Feasts, not a few Protestants, including Jean, among his flock he saized his opportunity.

flock, he seized his opportunity.
"Faith an' ye shud ha'e heerd him," auld Jean if ock, he seized his opportunity.

"Faith an' ye shud ha'e heerd him," auld Jean said, recounting to her crontes, shaking her head.

"He gaed his proofs, chaipter and verse, frae Jeemin's [King James] Scripturs an' then ain the Doo aye, they ca' it, auld Jock had yin. Ye'il tak Luke, he says (our people seldom use the saint), chalpter lst, vairee 28th, and read, says he: 'And the angel said, hall, thou that art highly-favored, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.' And ye'il gang on to vairee 38th, says he, 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the prover of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore the holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.' Noo gang to vairee 43rd, says he, 'And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? Noo turn to vairse 48th, an' read for yersels, he says, 'For behold from henceforth all generations shall cill me blessed.' That's yer ain bulk, says he (an' tak' my word, interpolated Jean, she was no ordinar woman yon!) 'You'll gle three pun an' mair, says he, for a dissolute singer's (aye, that's what he ca'd Rabbie Burns, an' faith he was a wanton chiel!) a dissolute singer's mither's partich pot, and you've naught but ill words for that's what he ca'd Rabbie Burns, an' faith he was a wanton chiel!) a dissolute singer's mither's parritch pot, and you've naught but ill words for them that ca' Blessed the Mither o' their Lord. Yer condemned by your ain bulk, says he."

Jean had a good memory for a sermon, as her own minister knew to his cost.

If the neighbors professed to be scandalized at

Jean's visits to the chapel, they readily recognized that Sally, puir lassie, could na gang her lone, and were always eager to hear Jean's experiences. That Father Daly was a gran' preacher Jean maintained sturdily, "an' never twice came ower the same thing," she added, a shaft at which Mr. McLeod red lened and hemmed.

Jean's shrewd, weather beaten face was soon familiar to the chapel folk, seated by Sally's side. What ails the lassie at her shoon? some one would ask from time to time, but Jean would only shake her head. If the old woman guessed that snake her neva. It with her father about her shoon, she kept her own counsel. Jean had a ten-der sensitiveness about the innocent lass one would scarcely have expected from her rugged exterior and outspoken ways.

For nearly twelve years the woman managed

their little farm, coming and going at stated times to Michael in the town; then Sally's health began to fail, and with the winter came a nasty cough. Jean doctored her with milk warm from the cow. with beaten up eggs, with a mixture of honey and vinegar, in which she had great faith; with a sovereign remedy made of brown sugar and turnip juice, making her take the sickly dose last thing at might. Michael sent port wine.
"It was a' the lassie gun barefut," the town

aunt said, but in these days our lassle's worked barefoot, putting on their clogs for kirk or market, and their "pin snees" in the forenichts when their work was done. The wives and daughters of our herds, our finest race, go barefoot still. It was When they reached the z'g-zag Sally toucned the More Teached the z'g-zag Sally toucned the When the Jong exposure on the moor, stripped of warm clothing, by her father's side, had seewn the seed of illness of which poor Sally died.

When she grew too weak to leave her bed, Michael brought a chaise and took her with old

Jeen to the town.

Father Day came to see her every day. The priest never allowed that Sally was "wanting," as her neighbors said. In all his stattered flock no one was so faithful to her duties as she. "I wish the rest of ye were as little 'wanting!'" he sometimes said, taking his pinch of snuff in his dry way. no one before him dare speak of "Barefut Sall"
Aye, Sally was "wauting," wauting in worldly
wisdom, worldly ways—perhaps her character is
best summed up in Auld Jean's simple words: an
"innocent, God-fearing crater," the

called the girl with reverent love.

Michael sought Father Daly in haste one day. It was time the lass had the last sacraments, he said;

was time the lass had the last sacraments, he said; there had been a changs.

"Per istam sanctam unctionem et suam piissimam misericordiam indulgert tibi Dominus quidquid per gressum deliquisti". As the priest touched the poor worn feet with the sacred oil, Sally gave a sigh, caught a long sobbing breath, and was at rest.

And Jean! "Be guld to Jean," the less had said, and nobly Michael and his wife fulfilled the girl's request. Jean died in their house at eighlygirl's request. Jean died in their house at eigh y nine, in the same faith as Barefoot Sally

FRANCIS MARY MAITLAND.

Written for CATHOLIC CATHOLICS OF SC

BY THE REV. MNEAS M'DON LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II. GEORGE HAY, JOHN GEDDES MACDONALD, AND THEIR T CATION FOR THE PRIE

It is in order now to hear

Its arguments, as urged by des, may be summarised There was no great differen between the bishop on gener On two points only did Bi insist on his own views. I persons of very humble ori fit to be selected for the pr surely his long experience, and Valladolid, gave great opinion. There was much virtue and temper and al rank of life; and Bishop remarked that persons bor circumstances were liable disadvantages which it wa overcome; such as a little a timidity of temper, a vulg ment and, too often, the vice. It was also a help of a missionary priest that near connections should b and, although objections of might be counterbalance considerations, a judicious s unquestionably to take account in deciding as to t of a candidate for the sac We thus behold the ma origin, the son of a small farmer, arguing against the candidates for the service of from the class to which he belonged, whilst the ma family and aristocratic co orously supported the pothe question. Bishop Hay sppeared

considerable advantage b

commencement of ecclesis at the age of twenty and up Geddes, on the other hand such advantage is much the increased difficulty e that age, in undertaking a study, and by the novelty of life. A special gift of per more than orginary grace w he believed, to ensure the an adult candidate. It both from reason and ex children and boys were observance of exact di easily than men whose h had become formed, as naturally inclined to naturally inclined to 'In this matter," said Bish dressing the senior bishop judge solely from yourself. accustomed to a studious liked regularity; but, you me, to the generality of a to be tied down, every he to some fixed task, appronue and a kind especially if the first fervor Allusion was made to one more in regard to wh student labored under pectages, and then the learner cluded by stating, in hatyle, that what he had mere speculation, but the mere speculation, but the own observation and of others. Hence arises superiors of colleges in groung boys sent to their own are exceptions to what I but I think I have given the superiors of the superior o examples, but it might hotherwise inconvenient." THE CATHOLIC COM The bishops were now discharge of their episco

ing, not unfrequently, p

which caused them much a general meeting in 178 called "The Catholic Co been appointed for five y its object "to promote an affairs of the Roman Ca England." This commit constituted, consisted of England." and Petre, Mr. Thro Stapleton and Mr. Tho They seem to have limit to the devising of a plan tion of the hierarchy in when they came to co bishops on the subject, t a variety of opinion, the was dropped. As their in 1787, a new committee at a general meeting Catholics on the 3rd year. It was then res regulations under whi committee had acted si force, and that the new co consist of ten members Half their number were the general meeting and returned by the gentler ecclesiastical districts
Lancashire and Ches ecclesiastical district. resolved that they shoul on the first Thursday of Mr. Charles Butler show secretary. Many of the easy at the prospect of i arose. Bishop Hay sharing, and applied to Bising the secretary. information as to the cided on at the meetin replied, stating that, n will, he had been induce meeting; and that he committee full of san their projects, but ope the same time, that no done without the conclergy; and, indeed, no mined on as regarded t ations, and the whole q poned for a year. O reply, Bishop Hay conc ing would ever be done of the committee co their promise of acting the bishops. Bishop