

Father Sinclair Unearths

herd of souls, after the arduous work of a twelve-month's ministry in a large city; indeed, he never denied that a few weeks of rest in some quiet nook on the seacoast would have been a welcome change to him. But the trouble was he could not find the time. The clergy of the Religious Orders, who might have taken his place at other seasons of the year, were busy themselves during the summer months, giving retreats and preparing for mission or college work to begin in the autumn. At other times of the year, the interests of his people did not permit him to leave his flock.

* Father Sinclair's habit therefore was to stay at home; but what recreation and useful information the want of travel and actual observation deprived him of, he amply made up for by useful reading. His taste—one might say his passion—in this direction was apparent to any casual visitor at the glebe-house. Books filled every nook and corner of the modest dwelling, including bedroom and hall. History, science, philosophy, poetry—treasures of thought and truth—carefully selected, were at his beck and call. He loved to hide himself away with these silent companions, in the quiet hours of the night, to commune with the ever-living thoughts of vanished minds, to stray into new fields of useful knowledge, to trace the tangled paths of legitimate speculation, to lose himself in the reveries of scientific