

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN McDONNELL, KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHO WAS LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES' OF THE REGIMENT ILLANDIA IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN GREAT IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

VII. How Father O'Rourke and I fell in with Burke in the end of a long career. The morning broke into as fine and merry a day as ever smiled on two miserably hearts; my own seemed dead in its utter brokenness. Besides this, we were so wearied with our long exertions that walking had become a pain.

"What will the Duke think? What will the Duke think?" ran through my head without ceasing, for I could find no answer. But the worst of things must end at length, and we arrived at Dundonald.

Here we were welcomed by a hearty breakfast, and after asking for men who could be trusted, we posted two of them as sentries under Mr. Gordon, for we could not feel our way to comfort us in the McKean's country, for there you will find those you seek, though I am not supposed to know such things, and still less to be harbouring the Prince's men in Dundonald's absence," she said smiling.

"Madam," said Father O'Rourke, "you have only done an act of Christian charity of which your own good heart must approve and which has done much to comfort us in our own hard case. We have a right to look for kindness in woman, but we do not always look for sensibility such as you have evinced."

"Captain Lynch, you make me ashamed of my poor efforts, and I pray you and Captain McDonnell to receive them as some token of my regret this thing should have happened among my own people."

"Madam," said I, "you cannot be held responsible for being a McKeanie." "No more than you are for a dandruff blockhead," said Father O'Rourke, rudely. "That is merely his way of saying, madam," he continued, with a bow, "that your kindness to us will place you in our minds above all other women, whatever name they may ornament."

So thereupon I left the compliments to him, as I never made any pretence to skill in the art, and proceeded to get our baggage in order. I received the bag of guineas again into my charge, and taking a respectful leave of this most amiable lady, we set forth.

We had no cause to complain of our guides, who were faithful and intelligent, and led us almost due south over wild and almost inaccessible mountains, for all the roads and open places had to be avoided on account of the parties of the English who were scouring the country in all directions; and to our impatience, we wasted many days lying close when the danger was too pressing, so that we were nearly three weeks in making the journey.

At last we drew near to Loch Airkaig, and from where we looked down I saw a body of Highland troops. We came forward without hesitation, and, on answering their sentries in Gaelic, which had come back to me readily enough after a little practice, I satisfied them of our intents and they allowed us to approach.

"Whose command are you?" I asked.

"Young Coll Barisdale," was the answer.

"We are in luck; come on," I cried, "these are my own people, and are commanded by my cousin, Coll McDonnell of Barisdale."

"I suppose you'll be related to nearly every man of note we'll meet in the country now," Father O'Rourke said with a laugh.

"Very near," said I; but come on.

As we approached my cousin came out to meet us, and I remembered his face thought I had not seen him since I was a lad.

"Well, Barisdale, and how are you?" said I, not making myself known, but willing to put a joke on him.

"Sir, you have the advantage of me," says he, drawing himself up mightily stiff; "I do not remember that I ever had the honor of seeing you before."

"Man, man!" I said, "and is that the way you will be disowning your kins and kin—this comes of consorting with Princes," I said aside, with a droll look to Father O'Rourke. "Things have come to a pretty pass when Barisdale does not know his kins because he wears a foreign uniform."

At this he saw my end and received us most courteously. "Come away, come away, you and Captain Lynch, too! Well! well! to think of my meeting with Little John, grown up into a man. 'Tis enough to make me feel like a grandfather!" and we all sat down under some pines and heartily discussed the meat and drink his people set before us.

His news was bad enough, but I was greatly relieved to hear Mr. Secretary Murray was with Lochiel at his seat of Auchenacarie, and that though Lochiel had been badly wounded through both legs, he was recovering, after having made the narrowest of escapes as he was borne thither. That a meeting of Lord Lovat, Lochiel, Glengarry, Glenbucket and others had taken place at the fifteenth of May—we were now at the twentieth—that it was decided to gather what men could be found, and either make a stand or obtain terms the Duke of Cumberland, now at Fort Augustus, Lochgarry, Colonel Donald McDonnell, would be here to-morrow with the rest of Glengarry's regiment, and he, Coll, had just gathered these men in our own country, Knoidart, and was on his way

slowly to the rendezvous at Glenmalie, but he could not count even on his own with any certainty, as there had been no pay, and the want at home was heart-breaking. It was the same story that drove the loss of the money deeper and deeper into my heart like a crying that would not be stilled. He did not know what had become of the Prince, but assuredly he had not been killed in the battle, as he had passed by Lechna-Nugh, in Arislog, on the 21st of last month, and that doubtless, ere this, Lochiel would have had tidings of him. I told Barisdale we would proceed on the morrow to Auchenacarie and see Mr. Secretary Murray, and would then determine on our future movements.

After a long night, we took a guide and man to carry our baggage and set out—the first comfortable marching we had yet done, for the weather was fine and there was no more danger of meeting an English soldier here than in the Corso. We recovered our old spirits; indeed, we had done so the moment we fell in with our own people.

That same evening we arrived at Auchenacarie, and were most kindly received by Lochiel, a perfect figure of a Highland gentleman; indeed, he reminded us much of our own gallant Colonel McDonnell, who fell at Voltri. There he was, lying in a state most men would have found evil enough, with most likely out of his capture, dead or alive, his fortunes broken and his house falling about his ears. But he banished all thought of his personal loss and suffering, in his anxiety to fitly provide for the entertainment of his guests, who were constantly arriving; to soothe those who were finding fault with everything from the beginning, and they were many; to hold together his men, who were desperate and almost at the point of mutiny for arrears of the pay so sadly needed; and, above all, to inspire somewhat of his own great spirit into the downhearted. Truly, a man one might worship!

I had almost a hesitation in meeting him, for it was my Uncle Scotto's whom the Prince had sent to induce him to join his Cause, and I could not but reflect on what the outcome had been. But at his first words my apprehensions were banished. "Welcome, McDonnell!" he said, "we have a common loss, and that is enough for friendship. Donald McDonnell was as good a gentleman as ever drew sword, and I am proud to welcome his nephew."

Mr. Secretary Murray we found very different from the gentleman we had seen in the Santi Apostoli; he had lost all his fine airs, and as Father O'Rourke said, had as much rattle to him as a wet bladder. From the bottom of my heart I wished that my business had been with his best instead of him. Indeed, I remember the curious feeling came over me that I would with as much confidence hand over the money to Creach as to him. Not that I then had any doubt of his honesty—for I was not present to be a prophet now that everything is over—but I had rather pin my faith to a stout scamp provided he have some sense of honor—and I have not few men without it; in my time—than to an indifferent honest man who is badly frightened.

However, as I had my orders, and it was not for me to question them, I handed over the 500 guineas with the Duke's letters and took his receipt for them, at the same time promising to give him a statement in writing of the robbery at Loch Broom, signed by Father O'Rourke and myself, in the morning.

"And now Mr. Secretary, I would like to ask a private question," I said. "Did Creach—or Graeme, if you like—ever deliver the money he was entrusted with?"

"I do not know; I never received any," he answered, hurriedly, and then asked, anxiously, "have you heard anything of him?"

"Heard of him? Damn his smooth white face! We have heard of him, and seen him, and had a taste of his quality, too! He was at the bottom of this robbery, or my name is not McDonnell! And hark you, Mr. Secretary. Your head, and better heads too, I will add without offence, are not worth a tallow dip while that scoundrel is above ground. Think you vermin of his kind will run any risk while safety can be bought by a little more of his dirty work? He will sell you and Lochiel, and God help him! the Prince too, if he has opportunity, and you only have yourselves to thank for it."

His own face was as white as Creach's by this time, and, seeing nothing was to be gained by going farther, now that I had relieved my mind, I left him to sleep on the pillow I had furnished and returned to Lochiel's where I found him and Father O'Rourke in as lively a conversation as if there was not a trouble within or without the four walls.

"Well, McDonnell," he said, "I have to thank you for the day you joined forces with Father O'Rourke and marched on my poor house of Auchenacarie. 'Tis the best reinforcement I have had for many a long day."

"Faith, 'tis a long day since we began campaigning together," laughed the priest. "It all began in the inn at Arislog, and thereupon he must tell the story of our adventure with Creach, at which Lochiel laughed heartily; indeed, Father O'Rourke's stories seemed to jump with his humor, and he was never tired of his company during the time we spent with him.

A day or so afterwards, it was proposed that I should cross the Lake with Mr. Secretary Murray to hold a consultation with Lord Lovat, at Glensherrie, bearing messages from Lochiel. Thither we went and found an old man bent with illness and his own weight, and of a temper most uncertain. Indeed, he did nothing but grumble and swear most of the time we were there, and at first would return no sensible answer to the projects we laid before him.

"Why in the name of all that is evil do you come to me with your fiddle-faddle plans when I am ready to step into my grave?" he grumbled. "Whom am I to believe? Where in the devil are the sixteen thousand men that were coming from France? Where

are the ships with supplies and money that were only waiting for a fair wind? Has no wind blown off the coast of France since it blew the Prince here last July with a beggarly following not fit for a private gentleman? Had he come absolutely alone it might have been better, for then he would have been without some of his rascally-brained councillors, not even excepting your self, Mr. Murray of Brington," the old man said, with a sneer and a low bow that brought the blood in a rush to Mr. Secretary's face. "If even money had been sent, something might have been done—might be done even yet; but here are these men clamouring for return to their homes, where their wives and little ones have been starving and dying for want of support, and this, too, when no man can say how long his head will be above his shoulders. Pay the men who are here! Let them send something to their homes in the hills, and I'll answer for it they will stand even yet. But, my God! how can you ask human creatures to do more than they have done, with starvation at home as well as in their own bellies?"

"And what has your Prince done? Pranced and prinked at balls, and chucked silly woeches under the chin. Listened to the blatherings of Irish adventurers, greedy only for themselves. Estranged, if not insulted, every man of weight and sensibility. Made paper proclamations and scattered paper titles that will rob the men who receive them of life and lands and everything else."

"Not everything, my Lord," I objected, for I was tired of this long tirade; "honor is left."

"Honor!" he snorted, "and who are you to talk of honor? A fine specimen have you given us of it, not to carry a sum of money that I would have entrusted to one of my drovers."

"I know nothing of your drovers, my Lord, and I beg leave to withdraw, as I cannot stay and listen to insults, which your age and infirmities prevent my answering as they deserve."

"You can answer them till you're black in the face, if that's any satisfaction to you! And, what's more, if you will provide me with a new backbone and another pair of legs, nothing would give me a greater pleasure than to see some of your new angled tricks at the fence. Tell me now," he went on, in an entirely new tone, "did you ever learn anything abroad better than your Uncle Scotto's taught you at home?"

"Never," I answered, somewhat softened. And the strange part is that before I parted from his Lordship I was only full of admiration for his courage and address; for, now that he had blown off all his black vapors, no one could be more engaging, and he discussed each plan with a keen insight that was admirable. He questioned me much on home and my experiences, and was very apt with his bit of Latin, which I made no effort to cap, I think a little to his disappointment, until I saw that he began to weary, for his infirmity was visible upon him. So we took leave, and I shook hands for the first and last time with Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

We returned to Auchenacarie that same evening, and the next day one Donald McClean came and was closeted for a long while with Lochiel and Mr. Secretary Murray. When he left, I was told he was from the Prince, who was in a safe place, and that my letters were confided to his care. I never dreamed at the time of enquiring about the money I had handed Murray, supposing it had gone too, but long afterwards he informed me that he had only sixty lints d'ors, which was barely sufficient for himself, so he went back to the Prince without a shilling of the money that the Duke had raised with so much pains, and which I had so hardly delivered.

At the time I discovered this, I put Mr. Secretary down as low as Creach; but feeling then ran high against him, and nothing was too black to lay at his door; but since then I have considered it like enough that old man, Lovat, may have wheedled it out of him, for he was in such miserable fear, that he was easy to work upon; and, at all events, the man had quite enough on his weary shoulders without this addition to carry about through the rest of his miserable life. And if I am right that Lovat got it, it was a rare turn of justice that Mr. Secretary should be the one who swore away his life.

At daybreak—it was the 27th of May—we were expecting to be awakened by the General Gathering on the pipes, but instead we were awakened by the warning notes of the "Cogadh na Sith" (War or Peace) and rushed out to hear the news that Lord Lovat was advancing upon us, hardly a quarter of a mile distant. Our eight hundred men were gathered at once, and Lochiel, being borne by four stout Highlanders, made his escape in a boat which was kept for such an emergency, while we set out in all haste for the west end of Loch Airkaig, which we reached just in time to escape another body of soldiers sent to intercept us.

At dusk we separated with sad farewells but brave wishes, and by bodies, which quickly dwindled smaller and smaller, every man took his own way, and the last stand for Prince Charles was at an end.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Fasting and abstinence are not to the liking of the "animal man." The intensely human St. Paul bears witness to this in his epistles. Saint as he was, he chastised his body and reduced it to subjection. Somehow or other, men admire St. Paul as a preacher while slow to walk in his footsteps in this particular. Mortification has an unpleasant sound in their ears. It suggests the curbing of the appetite and the odor of fish rises to the nostrils. But the Church still holds St. Paul, fasting and abstinence in honor. Give them a trial. Lenten penance combines all the virtues and beauties of the simple life and the most approved theory of dietetics. Done with a higher motive it brings its own reward.—Hartford Transcript.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

By Anna T. Sadler.

Felix O'Daly was fonder thinking of that little village on the banks of the river Mulla, at the point where it falls into the Blackwater. And, as he went about his work, instead of the sights and sounds and smells of the great city, the rush of steam and electricity, the hurrying feet of men and the smoke of a thousand factories, the hawthorne hedges were present to him and the gowan berries glistening in the sunlight, and the primroses and the wild-eyed Irish daisies gemming all the meadows, and the heather upon the hills, and the thrush and the blackbirds singing their songs of love and tenderness from oak or hazel, and the soft winds stirring the deep, green grasses.

"Sure, there never was such grass, at all, at all, as we have in the old country," broke out Felix one day to a fellow-workman, and his black begrimmed comrade, from whom it might seem had been banished the last gleam of poetry by the pitiless slavery of toil, agreed with him heartily.

"That's true enough for you, Felix, man! and though I've been in America these twenty years, and a fine country it is, I've never got the longing for that same bit of green out of my heart."

Then, as it was dinner hour and the men were free, Felix raised up his voice and sang lustily a stave or two of "The Exile of Erin." Over there in the old land his voice had been the pride of the village choir and had lost nothing of its power, even in those grim and uncongenial surroundings. It floated out into the dusty streets, blazing in the sunlight; one voice after another took up the melody and in rude, but heart-warm accents, sent it afar into the distance. Other toilers heard it, and in turn began to dream of that land beyond the sea, Hibernia, lying gentle on the face of the waters.

None would have imagined that Felix O'Daly and his comrades were literally living on the verge of a volcano, where their lives hung daily in the balance. They were employed in a powder factory. O'Daly had accepted the work when it was offered to him, on account of the high pay. He hoped that it would enable him to realize the beautiful day dream which he had long cherished. This was to go home to Ireland and there to buy a cottage for his old mother which was ever in his mind's eyes, situated just where the Mulla falls into the Blackwater. Moreover, the natural fearlessness of his race and his own disposition had made him disregard the danger, hoping always that he would escape unscathed. Hence, he was established there on the outskirts of the great city, in a dirty, ill-scented laboratory, from early in the morning until late in the afternoon.

The manager of the mills made his rounds very frequently, always with particular instructions to the men to be careful, and the older and more steady of them, amongst which was Felix, were only too anxious to obey these directions. One particular morning of summer as this gentleman, passing on his rounds, stopped for a chat with O'Daly, who stood high in the favor of his employers, it seemed to Felix that he was unusually anxious, and he called out in parting:

"Keep your head cool and your eyes open, as usual, O'Daly."

"Faix, sir, an' I'll do both one and the other. It's no child's play working with the likes of that!" Felix answered and he pointed expressively with his thumb towards the barrels of powder which stood by.

"I wish they were all as careful as you, O'Daly," sighed the manager, hastening on his way, while Felix continued to work, half-defeated by the whirl and noise of the machinery and the smell of the chemicals, which the early spring heat had made almost insupportable. Felix always commended himself morning and evening to the protection of heaven, and he frequented the sacraments regularly, for, as he expressed it:

"If anything should happen to me, sure I'll try and be ready anyhow, and that's the advice of my poor old mother, beyant in the County Cork, always gave me."

"Right you are, Felix," answered his nearest neighbor at work, with whom in free moments he frequently talked, and this conversation took place upon that very morning when the manager had seemed so oppressed by more than a common anxiety: "Right you are, Felix, especially with regard to the work we're doing here. I don't like it at all and that's God's truth, but we had sickness and trouble at home last winter and myself was out of work. So when the spring was comin' on I took whatever I could get that would bring the biggest wages."

The whistle just then blew for the dinner hour and Felix, refreshing himself with a glass of water from a jug that stood at hand, cried out cheerily, in response to his companion's doleful utterances:

"Well, here's good luck to us all, anyhow."

"Man, alive, don't do that!" cried a young English lad who stood near; "they say it's a damned unlucky thing to drink healths in water."

"I'm thinkin' it is more healthy than to drink it in anything else, especially hereabouts," observed Felix, slyly. At which there was a general laugh for these sons of toil were most a jovial, hardy set of fellows, who discounted the risks of their ill-starred occupation as one of the evils of their condition. As the day wore on Felix was haunted more and more by the thought of his mother and of the earthly paradise in which he had left her, invaded only by the serpent, poverty. The blue skies of fair Erin were over him again, and the sound of the silvery Mulla in his ears, the scent of the hawthorn in his nostrils and the love of his old mother rising in an almost overwhelming torrent in his heart.

a garden. When that time comes we'll be as happy as the day is long."

A terrific roar, a crash like thunder broke in upon O'Daly's meditations; then, darkness, chaos, smoke, lurid flames and the afternoon sky for miles away showing an ominous glare. Men and women ran through the streets of the manufacturing centre that lay grouped about the outskirts of the metropolis, with blanched faces they pointed towards a spot somewhat isolated, upon which had lately stood the powder mills.

"They've gone up!" cried several hoarse voices in a terrified chorus, after which came enquiries and answers more or less confused.

"Any one hurt?"

"Several, they say."

"Any killed?"

"Not known yet."

That night extras were sold in the big city with accounts of the catastrophe at the powder mills, the list of killed and injured. That night there was heart-rending anguish, which touched upon the blackness of despair, in homes where the wage earner had been removed. After that same inquests and conflicting stories of men who had been careless, or who had been drinking, of defective machinery, of neglect of precautions, but they could not bring back health to the maimed nor life to those who had perished.

II.

That was a very tiny dwelling, little more than a mud cabin, which Granny O'Daly occupied, and she herself was very small and very much wrinkled, but a very neat and well-favored old woman. As she sat taking her cup of tea lonely one afternoon, she talked the while to a sweet-faced girl, who was her most frequent visitor.

"Sure, an' I wish it was time for Felix to be coming home," said the one, "my old heart's sore with the longin' to see him again, that's what it is. Though to be sure Mary, aggra, we mustn't murmur, but just wait God's time for all things."

And as her dim eyes looked out through the open door a lovely bit of landscape lying stretched before her view, she whispered to herself what she was too prudent to put into audible speech:

"Besides makin' young the heart within me and givin' gladness to my old eyes, sure, it's my hope that his boy'll be just head over heels in love with Mary Darragh here the minute he clasps an eye on her. An' oh, oh! I could die happy, leavin' him with such a wife as she'd be for him."

She watched the young girl as she moved about the little room, with the greatest satisfaction, feeling convinced of the power of those charms to captivate the heart of her son, though the sturdy Felix had not as yet shown himself very susceptible to female attractions. Indeed, as had been commonly remarked, the young man had seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for any other woman than his mother, and though Granny O'Daly had not been without a secret self-complacency upon this very score, she was nevertheless anxious to see her son happily settled in life and united to a girl whom she herself had chosen and who was her devoted friend.

Mary Darragh most certainly had a beautiful face. Her eyes, soft and sensitive, were blue as the lakes of her native land, now laughing, now dreamily tender; her figure was graceful and willowy; her step as free as the deer upon the mountain side; her nature was pure and wholesome as her native heather. She had a dozen soft and coaxing ways by which to beguile Granny out of her occasional weariness and despondency. She was aware, to some extent at least, of Granny's designs with respect to herself and the much-lauded Felix, but she smiled at them as the harmless fancies of age. She had never seen Felix, having come to the "country side" since his departure, and had therefore no lingering softness in his regard, but merely a vague curiosity as to what he might be like and a fervent wish that he would indeed return to cheer his mother's declining years by his presence. Mary was, indeed, entirely fancy free and walked amidst those lovely scenes in maiden meditation. It was an exquisite evening upon which Mary Darragh bent her steps towards Granny O'Daly's cottage with the papers from America and a beautiful bunch of hawthorn which she had gathered by the roadside. She held the latter to her old friend's nostrils.

"Doesn't the hawthorn smell sweet, Granny, dear?"

"It does, God be praised!"

"The hedges are full of it. I must try and get you down a piece of the road to-morrow morning till you see how beautiful everything looks."

"I'll be glad to get out an' have a look around me," responded Granny, "weary on this rheumatiz that keeps me sittin' here. But isn't murmurin' I should be, but givin' thanks to God for all His mercies."

"I'll bring your chair near the door," volunteered Mary, and this being done the old woman sat awhile gazing out with her serene face lit by the dying sun.

"Isn't it the beautiful evening?" she said at last, "and the light beyant, Mary, it reminds us of them that are gone sittin' above there in glory."

"'Tis a lovely evening, sure enough," agreed Mary, "and not a sprinkle of rain this week past. Splendid weather for the crops. But I wonder Granny, avourneen, what news there'll be from America. I brought you the papers."

"Oh, then, it's not in the papers I do be lookin' for word of my Felix!" exclaimed Granny; "not yet awhile, anyhow, though they do tell me that if he were to stay out there long enough it's a judge, he might be, or a member of something. I disremember what, or even President itself."

The old woman chuckled at her joke, though in her secret heart she believed that between her son's qualifications and the possibilities of that fine country over there any elevation might be within his reach. "Barrin' the want of much schoolin'," she went on, "an' he had the best that old Mr. Kelly could give" he's as knowl-

edgeable a lad as you'd find... the four baronies, with a head on him like a judge and sense enough for him. Still for all that I'd rather he'd come home when he has a bit o' money and take the cottage down there where the Mulla joins the Blackwater, that he had a hanterin' after. And then, Mary, we don't know what might happen, asthore machreen." She chuckled again with a meaning glance at Mary, in response to which the girl smiled absently. "So you see it's not in the papers I'm lookin' for news of Felix, but by the next mail, bringin' letters from America."

"Well, we may as well see what they're doing over there anyway," observed Mary, opening a newspaper and beginning to scan its columns. She skimmed over a number of indifferent items relating to politics, to the promotion of new companies, to the rumors of war and hints of changes in government policy, and avoided with a shuddering horror and repulsion the long list of crimes recorded with more or less lurid details. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a headline which filled her with terror and dismay—"Explosion in a Powder Factory at— Several Men Seriously Injured; Some Fatally."

Mary remembered all too vividly the name of the place where Felix had recently got work and which she now saw staring at her from the printed page. She ran her eye down through the paragraphs to where the names of the dead and injured were recorded. Yes, there it was in the list of those injured were likely to prove fatal. Felix O'Daly! Felix O'Daly! And there, O merciful God, sat his poor old loving mother waiting for his coming every day long until he should reach her side. The letters seemed to swim before Mary's eyes. Surely it could not be true. Surely it was but some hideous dream. Granny O'Daly, still gazing out on the mournful Irish landscape, which had witnessed the exile of many a son and the broken heart of many a mother, talked on unheedingly.

"Praise be to the Creator, but it's a fine thing to have a son, an' a good boy, too, that never gave me an hour's trouble since he was born."

Mary's eyes, full of startled pity, gazed at her. Then the girl calmly folded the paper, asking Granny if the air had not grown too chill for her.

"Sorra a chill do I feel at all, at all," answered the old woman. "The air seems balmy and sweet, but praps 'tis better to be on the safe side. I must take care of my old bones for the sake of him that's away."

She suffered her young friend to lead her into the house, and the girl hovered about until Granny was settled for the night, the poor old creature's last words being of Felix, invoking blessings on his beloved head. Then Mary Darragh, grasping the papers tight, sped down to the dwelling of Father McCabe, the parish priest.

"Oh, Father!" she cried, "here's an American paper my brother sent me from New York, and just look at the news I found in it!" And breaking down, Mary Darragh fairly sobbed aloud.

The priest took the paper and read the awful tidings with the deepest pity and concern.

"How did you ever tell her?" he inquired.

"Why, Father, dear, 't'p'raps I was wrong, but I didn't tell her at all," Mary answered. "I hadn't the heart. From what the paper says it's clear that Felix can't recover, and there's no knowing what may happen any day. Couldn't we let her believe he is still living?"

Father McCabe looked thoughtful.

"I hardly know what to say, my child," he answered, "but I believe I'll say my Mass in the morning for the poor fellow, living or dead, and we must all remember his soul in our prayers."

Mary Darragh had set herself a hard task in visiting Granny O'Daly once or twice a day and withholding from her the dread news of her son's death, which had been formally announced in a letter written by the Superior of the Sister's Hospital in which Felix had died. The religious had given a very graphic description of the hospital ward, with its rows of white-curtained beds, its ministering Sisters in their garb of charity, and the great crucifix breathing hope and pardon to the weary sufferers, some of whom were soon to pass from this earth. She told how the injured men had been carried in upon litters one by one, and how Felix O'Daly, loudest of all, had cried out for a priest. The priest had been brought, and there had been a short interval of consciousness, during which this ever-faithful son of Ireland had edited all present by his fervor and resignation. He had sent a message full of loving tenderness to his aged mother and had bade them tell her that he had always tried to shape his life by those Catholic principles she had taught him.

Then the patient had wandered off into unconsciousness, and the dying voice had risen strangely and weirdly through the silence of the hospital ward, singing "The Exile of Erin." The Sister declared that the melody heard under such tragic circumstances had been heartrending, and that though injured through many long

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The Most Nutritious and Economical.

years to arrive to be mind Mary found able to listen to all praises of her son patience for his chief resource was friend to join her Felix. The old w eagerly at the pro that Mary's inton In order to capti caption without c caused Masses to offered many pro reose of Felix's bers, too, aware entered into a ho and good works i tragically called though even the most careful Granny's simple would come again "God pity h they exclaimed, "know."

But she never almost impercept summer saw lik of her serene an passed away, pe and never realz that of her son, at the meeting of water, was of things too beauti Mary Darragh went out to Am of her brother, t that one sunny summer she sto Sister of Charity where Felix O'D The Superior, pointed out to which the young his last and des heartrending in song, the wailing est love and re the child of an a his dying voice for home; shall reve said the gentle S fused with tears, seions on his pil a few hours be Exile of Erin."

"An actual fa herself heard a an accident sing eeding death of Rosary Magazin

THE EXIS BRILLIANT LECT

On Thursday lectured the first Campten series Cathedral Hall, Right Rev. Mo D. D. The sub of God," wh crowded, many a professed agnost a good attendant

Mgr. Canon M received, prefac statement that h had been plac cause those who had the laudabl beginning, and ized that the ex foundation of th the superstructi lies were found of God's existe various. Some Eymus, and o profound. Diffe ently affected b arguments which and convincing to be vague or Hence he felt it ture such as th existence of God as a whole, and be left to assi those who had suited to its ow To do this tho not so much a lectures. It see they primarily to the reason an not exclude any be offered them from the emoti On the other ha to all of them be more narrow or indeed, more statement of pr reason and intell upon a treatm would address primarily, to will. It seeme would be to pl existence of an emotional and took it, therefo in considering t not merely up merely upon t the whole testi with regard to First of all he v the question, might rot unru of me good enough night. Some of "What, precis you profess to and to show th a strong an a In answer to his scope was no the other. Th of evidence in be proved. Fi might be so p patent, that it expressed in such, for, inst make four, and er than the p are equal to one