ingland, and to stop the "leakage," we out into the grand arworld and stand about Bishops, and the Holy ministry of our Lord ealously, fight courage patiently with them and

, AUGUST 80, 1902,

DEAD.

TYRONE

ENTENARIAN

7th inst. the remains ary Martin, a native of n, County Tyrone, were to rest in the graveat Carrickmore. Father o officiated at her fucourse of his remarks, Mary Martin was by woman in this parish. n in 1787, putting up tal of 115 years. 'Tis w, even in Carrickmore, cople are so long-lived, ong a life; to fewer l and perfect use of all as the deceased possessher last breath. 'Twere a sense, to call you rne her corpse here to s, but most of you are erations after her that may be truly said to ages far between. All npanions are long since them about 40 years ne oldest of you being only born. Mrs. stors, like all our anrobbed of richer lands banished to the bare Tyrone, but God, who ountains as well as the all things even in this next, so that even here wonder if good health, a strong faith be the eritage of the descendonged ancestry. The deot only the oldest, but ne most pious women of That portion of her life w and her death were tell of. Nothing but neart and God on her in peace, as she lived r a life which we may Mrs. Martin was purely a blood, without mixor Briton. Although nough to learn and ." she never tried to ut spoke always her in which she was an s to-day lay this renan alongside the other who have gone before nd she will be facing east, where the sun he Son of Justice shone demption of mankind, will then be living as

***** FOUR HUNDRED PRIESTS

no will be dead will see

For as lightning com-

he east and appareth

west, so shall also the

Son of Man be.'

will be seen

it He

AT A

FUNERAL.

id to the memory Martin Carroll, on priest who died from dects of an injury reilroad accident, at his nday. More than four s were present, and no een thousand people the church. He was st beloved of Brooklyn

ual tribute of respect

op McDonnell officiat-uiem and Rev. E. W. smate of the deceased niversity, delivered the er Carroll had been y-seven years.

From the Ashes of Hope.

.............

It was that portion of Kentucky where the long blue-grass fields are broken by rich, gently sloping hills they join the barren knobs and dreary mountains; and the time was early June. Nature here decks earth right royally for summer's

thick clover in the valleys,

leafiness in the woods. Through this world of green threads its white, narrow way; in the opposite direction, flows Near where road and river meet, stands an old mill, its walls grey and weather-beaten,

lush grass on the slopes and deep

its roof moss-covered. On this June morning a girl was sitting on the granary floor. At her which fell from a high. small window, lay upon the grain, and, as she looked on it, through half-closed eyelids, it resembled not a little the gold of which she was thinking.

Down the road moved a blackcovered wagon, drawn by a dun horse. Some tin pans and buckets, in the front of the vehicle caught the plenteous sunshine and

threw back a flood of harsh light. On one of the hills was a flock of sheep. Along the summit, by an oid rail fence, was a path, over which a row of young walnut trees threw eir grateful shadows. Here stood a boy, playing a flute. His hat was the back of his head and the face thus left exposed, was beautiful in outline, coloring and expression. The eyes a shade between black and brown, were set in white, blue in its clearness: but far beyond their physical beauty was the soul which looked out from them. Though people feared that Mark Andrews never amount to much in the world,-for as far back as the oldest inhabitants of Glen Mary could remember the Andrews were an aimless race-yet they loved him, in their hearts lived the hope that he would make something out of his ortunities. These were not a few. He had fortunately (so they termed it, while the young heart ached for the love it had missed) lost his fabe.nre that parent had had time to mismanage away the remnant of the family estate. The mother had followed the husband within a year, and boy and farm were placed under the care of an unmarried maternal aunt, whose business ability was acknowledged. He would now be well-off when he reached manhood. His wealth he could increase by a wise marriage and dustrious application of his talents. That those talents would draw him

into politics they secretly wished. It always the ambition of the people of the Glen to have themselves ably represented in public affairs. The boy's musical inclination dis oncerted and displeased them. When his aunt, acting on their would have deprived him of his flute. he quietly but firmly refused to part with it. Being a wise woman, did not attempt to enforce her nuthority, for that first resistance gave ber a deeper insight into his character. Though its woof might be 1-ifant, she saw the warp was firm He would do what he wished with his life, and the good woman proyed ears, Mark played human notes; but of in the fields, with only birds and beasts for his audieare, divine strains, which had first sung themselves in his soul would float from the reed-like instrument. Such he played now while the peddler's wagon crept over the white roan toward the mill where the girl sat, wishing a kind fairy godmother would turn

wagon, he said, half-aloud:

here to do good in the world."

heart, restless, discontented, unhap-

become of you?' the corn into gold. As the wagon moved across his line of vision the music lost its meditative notes The unrest that lives in all ands begin to breathe itself upon the air. this expressed longing for another, wider sphere of existence, was something high, heroic. Presently

he took the flute from between his lips, and, as his eyes followed the she gasped. The woman did Some day I will go away from girl crouched back on the floor and

The girl, sitting on the granary floor, had little in common with the Summers, "to be fixed as you air." boy playing his flute on the hill. While not lacking beauty, there was you served huntin' you off when they he her face; instead, was the ter, I'd leave 'em!" unmistakable indications that a her head and stared at the speaker.

never been the owners of plantations and slaves; they had never risen beyond the occupation of millers. The fortunes of the present Lanton of the Mill were steadily declining. Steam was supplanting the old-time water-power, and no more the long wagons, laden with wheat, lined the road on either side of the weatherworn house, while the great wheels turned and the ancient machinery creaked and groaned as it converted the golden grain into fine white flour. All that now came to the mill was the corn to be turned into meal or hominy, and the poor man's ack of wheat because Lanton's toll was not as heavy as that charged by the mill in the town. The wife, who had been a beauty in her day and had married when Lanton of the feet was a pile of yellow corn. The Mill was considered a good match. was inclined to blame her husband for bringing her to poverty. Their children were six in number. Under such conditions, there was little for the orphan child of a spendthrift brother, and that little was grudgingly bestowed. Maid of all nurse to the children and assistant to her uncle in the mill, it would

> The fall of steps on the rock walk roused the girl from her vain musings; as she turned her head toward the doorway, a woman, past middle age, entered the granary. She wore a dark print dress and a sun-bonnet of yellow gingham.

least, she thought so, and the

starting point of the too-frequent

quarrels between her and her uncle's

"Good mawnin', Hester!" she said. Hester returned the salutation listlessly. The tin peddler woman had no business to transact with the mill and she had disturbed a wonderful day dream. The woman had pushed back her bonnet and as she regarded the girl pity softened deeply-lined face. "Where's your incle?" she then asked.

"Gone to town," replied the girl. The woman advanced and stooping over the pile of grain, lifted a handful, letting it run between her fingers in a golden shower.

"Mista Burroughs co'n, ain't it? I met his nigger down the pike a As she spoke she was looking at the girl. Hester felt her eyes and knew that they observed the and excitement, for the fall races evinced no concern and replied to the woman's remarks. Finally, after a silence of a few moments, the woman said:

"Mis' Lanton doesn't treat you none too well, does she, Hester? "I didn't say so!" retorted Hes-

ter, angrily. 'Everybody else does. Poor child! An' you doin' all the work for 'em at the house an' in the mill, too! It's scandal, that's what it is! a bit ago, an' she said she wished she could do something for you. She asked me ef I thought you'd an' live with her. She needs a

Hester, with a soo, broke into a passion of tears. The last drop of misery is poured into the cup of a Southern white girl when it is sug- been benefited by the hotel changing gested that she shall take a place at hands. The girl was bright and at-

tah not mention it to you. None of the young men of the community the Lantons evah went out to ser- but the glamour of the race-track vice yet. But, Hester, child, what was upon Hester, and as she sought air you goin' to do? Your uncle her society among its followers, was an' aunt don't want you, now that left undisturbed with her choice. No Sammy's big enough to help in the mill an' Nettie's old enough to take taste more than Mrs. Summers; but

The thoughts expressed by the woman had never entered the mind of of the negro servants, while she acthe girl; now, the uncertainty of her future broke upon her like a clap of thunder. It dried her eyes, paled the possible future of her adopte her cheeks and made her spring to daughter, she began to regret that

"I don't know, Mrs. Summers!" speak. Her silence seemed to add to from her uncle's home. the intensity of the situation. The buried her face in her hands.

"It's awful," then began Mrs. no father, no mother, an' 'em that don't need you. If I was you, Hes-Hester lifted when you're a young lady," she fin-

The light began to creep into Hester's eyes. Here was her dream sketched out by another! "But where can I go, Mrs. Sum

mers? and whom can I go to?" asked the girl, breathlessly.
"Haven't you got no kinfolks

ceptin' these?" The girl shook her in ancwer to the question. 'Well, I feel sorry for you!" mented Mrs. Summersl with a sigh Another silence fell and Hester's heart began to sink. Then, the stillness enfolding the old mill. floated the sweet, far-off music Mark Andrews' flute. Ah! how happy he was! And his aunt wanted her to live with them, as a servant! The blood surged into her pale face, at the thought.

"I reck'n," Mrs. Summers began 'that Miss Sary'll be down soon to see your aunt, an' when I git 'round time I'll find you at Andrews'. "I'll not go!" cried the girl, passionately.

"Your aunt'll make you," said Mrs. Summers, and remembering that in their encounter of will powers her aunt was always victor, Hes ter began to sob violently.

"Hester, child! don't carry on so!" exclaimed the woman, solicitously. "If you don't want to live out Miss Sarv's an' ain't got no other place to go to, why come with me. I'm gettin' too old to peddle, an' am goin' to sell out, an' settle down an' live like other folks. I've appear that Hester Lanton earned got enough money to keep us. her simple food and poor clotnes. At |you'll come with me, we'll nobody knows us. We'll live in a pression of this belief was often the pretty house, an' I'll send you to school an' make a lady out of you. Will you come with me, Hester?

The old voice was trembling with emotion and the pink of excitement on the withered cheeks. girl stared at her in surprise. Go away with old Mrs. Summers, peddler woman! It would be as disgraceful as living out with Miss Sarah. Still, in that new life nobody would know that she had been a peddler. They would be vich-

A few minutes later the black waron was moving quickly down the road, but the girl no longer sat on the granary floor, before the pile of golden corn. She was crouched be hind a pile of tinware in the wagon As she was being thus carried away she became conscious of the music that was floating down from hillside, where Mark Andrews stood playing his flute.

п.

It was October, ten years later. In the village of Latonia all was bustle trace of tears on her cheeks; but she were in progress, bringing the semiannual influx of race horse people to the town, together with their stables and servants. At a large, square house, standing on a level number of the better element of this peculiar class were stopping. family hotel was one of the fixtures of the town, and each season saw the self-same guests congregated about its hospitable board. Ten years previously the original owner of the place had disposed of it to a I was talkin' to Miss Sary 'bout it, strange woman, who, with a little girl about twelve years old, her adopted daughter, as she informed the curious, had taken up her residence in the straggling village. proved the house employed more servants, and when the next season's opening brought back guests, they found that they had "I tole Miss Sary that she'd bet- have wanted for admirers among one regretted this development of keer of the baby. What's goin' to her remonstrances were unavailing, and twice, sorely against her will. she had left her home to the care companied the obstinate girl to New Orleans and Chicago. Contemplating loneliness and sympathy because of her early love for the girl's dead father had induced her to wile Hester

Before the house stood the little frame Methodist Church, which Mrs. Summers regularly attended. merly Hester had accompanied her but one Surday the minister, justly indignant over the conduct of some of its followers who were members of his congregation, condemned the entire profession of gambling on race horses; then, Hester quitted the church and was numbered no more farewell sermon, which she had stoll months found him still in his place of the conversation gold it was an earnest appeal for each and gradually he began to expect them. You'll be handsone of the conversation gold in the conversation gold church and was numbered no more

ing on about her, she caught the triumphant strains of the Gloria and recalled the music of Mark Andrews'

During the first week of this October, the Medthodist minister was taken ill, and another one, lately ordained, was sent to take charge of the Latonia congregation. On count of the illness at the parsonage, it was arranged that he should take his meals at Mrs. Summers' hotel. The Saturday of his arrival, Hester, on returning from the race track, entered the parlor and turned giddy at sight of the man advancing with outstretched hand.

"Hester!" She saw the green, rolling country, the white road and grey mill; heard the water splashing, and sweet, far-off music of the flute, as she laid a chilled hand in his, and said, in a faint voice. "Mark-You?"

In the crimson light that filled the coom, they looked at each othez, and the girl felt the flush of sham mount to her brow before the sorrow of the man's eyes. He clasped her hand more closely, as he observed that flush, and said:

"I am glad to see you again, Hester! So glad! I often wondered where you were. I often grieved lest some evil had befallen you.

"I can believe that, for they were sence would give any one in Glen Mary concern," she said. Her voice was lightly indifferent, and as she spoke, she withdrew her hand and began to unbutton her jacket.

"Your uncle and aunt were grievously concerned," he said, but she interrupted him with a laugh, half mocking, wholly nervous. She could not be like herself under those solemn, beautiful eyes.

"I can believe that, for the were so kind and loving!" she threw in, sarcastically. He passed over the interruption. "And my aunt was deeply anxious,

greatly disappointed," he was beginning, when she, remembering why the gentle Miss Sarah should have experienced those sentiments, turned abruptly and left the room, with all childhood pouring themselves upon the bitterness and humiliation of her her proud nature. By the time the supper bell rangl however, she had regained her composure, and during that meal, she was her own bright, winsome self, notwithstanding Mark Andrews' surprised and sorrowful Afterwards, he tried to draw her into a conversation, but she eluded him and went for a walk with a man, who, of all Mrs. Summers' guests, was, to the minister the most undesirable as a companion for Hester. He looked for her at ervices the next day, and, when he failed to see her, sought an interview with her self-appointed guardian. Mrs. Summers' story served to increase his anxiety this straying lamb. The dangers surrounding the life she had elected to follow appealed to his priestly sentiments, while the inferior place it gave her in society touched all his manhood. The girl must be saved from herseff. She was worth sav This was God's purpose in ing.

sending him here, and he dared not fail to accomplish that mission. He prayed fervently and frequently, but when he attempted to point out her duty to her, Hester replied to his admonitions with the flippancy with which she treated declarations love from other men. But always the pure, lofty face and solemn, beautiful eyes were before her. She saw them in her gavest hours. and in moments of loneliness and gloom they were like living realities. Hester recognized the immeasurable disshe lived, of which Chance and Fortune were the ruling and guardian deities, cut herself loose from her days to the service of the poor and unhappy. They were here bout her, many of those unfortunates; there were thousands of them were to be found in the home entirely different from her, whom he

in the great city nearby; and they she ure and excitement. So, at the close of his month's stay in Latonia, the Rev. Mark Andrews realized God's work had failed in his hands: They jeered at him, among spirit escaped him, however, in hes out; but when the close of

couragement because the results appeared insignificant; for our weak eyes cannot pierce the future, where, perhaps, our efforts will be productive of more good than we had hoped for them, even in our moments of first enthusiasm.

"I went over to the church to hear your last sermon, Brother Andrews,' remarked Hester, at the dinner table

He turned his eyes towards hers and regarded the beautiful face attentively. Was the soul indeed dead in that fair cage of flesh, and had the development his appeal for of the nobler, higher nature been lost Was this the portion of the field where the weeds and briars grew, choking out the good seed? Yet, she was little Hester Lanton, a part of his lost childhood, as closely linked with it as the grey mill thrumming was associated with the memory of the green hills and still threat, which he swore to came into, and hid the translucent eyes and it wrought an instant min acle in the woman's heart. In hidding good-bye, that evening, to the people of the hotel, he said, in low to Hester, as he clasped her hand that trembled:

"a am leaving to-night for the West-for California, I may never see Kentucky agvin. Probably we are saying farewell for the first and last time, Hester. In my sermon, this morning, I said that we should not be disappointed if we full to accomplish work which we know to be good. I need to apply my words to myself, for my heart is sore because I failed to help you. I know the fault was mine, all, all mine! I am not worthy to do this work of God's. Sometime, Hester," and he pressed her hand, for its trembling distracted his thoughts, "sometim God will send His chosen servant to He always does. He always does," repeated the minister, solemnly. "We never can 'drift beyond His love and care!' Now, when this one comes to you, and your soul recognizes his authority, promise me that you will listen to his voice?"

He paused for her answer, but the small teeth, set so sharply on the full nether hip that the blood was staining their whiteness, kept back her heart's wild, regretful words. An expression of pain crossed the minister's face, but he said, with the ghost of a smile.

"Well, I can still pray for you Hester. When your soul comes the throne of mercy, it will find mine pleading for it there. Goodbye, little girl. Oh! may God deed be with you and bless you!"

When Mark Andrews had nounced his intention of studying for he ministry, though there was some disappointment experienced over his choice, the people of the Glen were glad, for they had not been wrong in their estimate of the last of the Andrews. They were confident that he would make a place for himself in the Church; perhaps, they might yet see him a Bishop. His departure, at is own request, for the then tled California, while it caused them sorrow, seemed to presage realila tion of their hopes, since the new country held greater opportunities of rapid promotion. Thus attended by the expectations of the friends of his childhood, the Rev. Mark Andrws started on his perilous mission in the El Dorado of the West.

Assuredly if he had sought hard, continuous work, which proved, that he might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose waat was domestic service. The speaker paused tractive, and, as she grew older and the might choose was the speaker paused tractive, and the might choose was the speaker paused tractive, and the might choose was the speaker paused tractive, and the speaker paused tra life, which was a living expression signed to him. To it it seemed, of the spiritual part of their comthat mon being. She might become like had drifted. On the income of his him, if she so willed. She could do Kentucky farm, he subsisted, and good, as he was doing it. She had built the poor church and the house only to abandon the fascinating life which served the purpose of parsonage, clubroom and school whose few pupils he instructed. The men represented very variety of belief and idle, worthless companions and give non-belief, and though he abandoned his particular form of teaching a far as conscience would permit, in his effort to reach them and better them, his church was half the time empty. After two years of such discouraging efforts, it occurred to him had abandoned in the Glen. She that, perhaps in following the ad-could do this, for his sake. But vice of St. Paul, making himself all when she thought of the woman, so things to all men, he might get sweat were standing on his sun-tannearer to these discarded members would one day draw to his side, to of the Church and society; so abanreceive his love through all time, doning his school and purely clerical the good intentions died and she work, he became a miner. He did "Can you give me absolution?" turned, with fierce delight, to pleas- not dereive the men as to his purflying back Houlihan. the good intentions died and she work, he became a miner. He did pose, but announced that as they would not come to the Church, he that would take the Church to them. and he wept in the bitterness of his selves, and speculated how long the No word of this anguish of white handed preacher would

ert an influence over the godless men. After a while, many of them who had worked by his side all week in the mine, went to church on Sunday to hear him preach; and though all did not pray, at least, none, scoffed. Even the most irreligious were forced to admit that there was something in the Gospel, when it numbered such a man as Mark Andrews among its teachers. So two other years passed.

Among the men whose disregard of law and order, whose unbridled passions and mad mode of living, hadbrought much trouble to the camp and caused the minister a world of anxiety, was one Houlihan. Vain was every effort of the men to restrain him and Mark's attempt to bring him to a sense of his obligations to Gold and his fellow-creatures instead of producing good, so angits rushing waters and ceasel as ered the miner that finally he threat ened to kill his adviser. When this valleys. With the thought, a mist should the minister ever address him again, became known, it was decided that Houlihan would have to leave Mark heard of the resolution of his friends, he immediately opposed it. This black sheep was the object of his special solicitude, and he would not permit them to exile him from the only spot on earth he could call home. That their care of his personal safety should be unappreciated angered many of rude friends, and one, rougher than his companions, cried out:

"The preacher's afraid of Holihan, boys!"

The minister knew that they were ever weighing him in the balance, and that a dip of the wrong scale would forever destroy his influence over them, render useless his of hard labor.

"Will you go to Houlihan's cabin, alone, and tell him of the determination of you and your associates?"

inquired the minister. "He didn't threaten my life," replied the man, evasively.

"Will you come with me?" pressed Mark.

"I've got no quarrel with Houlihan," replied the miner.

"I will go alone, then!" said the minister, taking his hat from its peg. The saner members of the company warned him against forcing himself on Houlihan that night, for

he was in one of his savage moods; out Mark disregarded their advice. What passed behind the closed door of the cabin Houlihan called home, was never known; but from that

night Houlihan was a changed man toward the minister and gradually they became friends. While not entirely abandoning his wild life, he modified it somewhat, and even in his fiercest temper, Mark could exercise a quieting influence over him. One day, as they were delving for

the hidden treasure, a shelving bank near which a party was working be-Houlihan, seeing ame detached. the danger, shouted to the men. One of the laborers, overcome by fear. was turning franctically toward the falling avalanche of soil and stone. when Houlihan bounded forward and flung him back. He tried to make good his own escape, but a boulder caught him, pinning him to the earth. When that weight of stone was removed, they saw that Houlihan's hours were numbered.

"A priest!" he cried. "Bring me priest, for God's sake!" In the next instant, the minister

was on his knees by the side of the dying man. 'Houlihan, I am here!" he said. "Then, you'll get me a priest!" exclaimed the poor wretch, hope in

his dying eyes "I am a priest, my friend," said.

"A Catholic priest! I want a Catholic priest!" wailed the man. "Will you not get me a priest?'

"There is no Catholic priest here, Houlhan." said one of the miners. 'Mr. Andrews can do as much for

you as a priest can." 'Can he hear my confession and give me absolution?" burst out Houlihan.

"God knows your sins, my poor friend. He can pardon them," said

the minister. "I cannot die with my sins unconfessed!" moaned the man.

"Then, confess them to me, if it will relieve your mind, minister, and the beads of cold ned brow. Something more the dying man's cries were wrenching

his soul. "No man can do that!" said the

minister, sternly. "Then Christ lied!" shricked the tortured creature. " 'Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them.'—that's in the Bible, and you know it! O my God! I can't die without a priest, and I'm dying a thousand deaths every minute! Won't somebody go for a priest?"

(Continued on Page Twelve.)