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"Lisheen," "Glenanaar," etc.

## CHAPTER III

A STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENT A STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENT
When Dr. William Gray entered the
house of old Betty Lane and began to
ascend the crazy stales, the first thing
he heard was the voice of the old blind
woman, challenging her granddaughter
Nance:

"Is he come yet?" she shouted.

"Not yet!" said the girl. "He'll be
here presently."

here presently."

"What a long time he takes to dress himself," she said in the same high key.
"The ould priests usedn't take all that time with theirselves."

"Whist, he's here now," whispered

Nance.
"Tell him, he must hear my confession," said the old woman, "before he begins Mass. I mustn't appear before me Lord and Saviour with all these sins

The sight that met his eyes when he The sight that met his eyes when he entered the little chamber was one that would touch a harder heart than his; and, as we have seen, there was by no means a hard heart beneath the black coat of Dr. William Gray.

The table, on which he was to celebrate Mars was smalled even near the

The table, on which he was to cele-brate Mass, was pulled over near the old woman's bed, and had its spotless cloths already arranged by the little acolyte. There were a few sprays of flowers upon it, and the two candles allowed by the Rubrics. But the rest of the room was a blaze of light. In a glass case, to shield them from dust, were two gorgeous statues, shining in red and gold, and before these, six large candles were blazing. Here and large candles were blazing. large candles were blazing. Here and there, in presence of little eikons or sacred pictures, other candles were alight, and fairy lamps of every color shone resplendent before every picture of Our Lady. There was a subtle perfume in the room from a few bunches of violets, which the picty of this page girl violets, which the piety of this poor girl had purchased from a neighboring gar-

The old woman's confession having The old woman's coalession having been heard, the priest proceeded to vest for Mass; and then commenced and continued the Holy Sacrifice to the strangest accompanient that was ever heard. For Catholics, as a rule, attend the celebration of the Divine Mysteries in revergential silence, and no sound. in reverential silence, and no sound breaks the stillness except a sob or 2 cough; but this morning the prayers of cough; but this morning the prayers of the Church were almost stifled by the loud and fervent and emphatic prayers of the blind creature who lay there, her head on her pillow, and her sightless eyes straining after Heaven. Hers, too, was no beautiful face, transfigured by age into that pallor of loveliness, that seems to many morel attractive than age into that pallor of loveliness, that seems to many morel attractive than youth. It was a strongly-marked, rugged, wrinkled, and furrowed face that hadibeen burnt by the suns, and whipped and battered by the storms of ninety years; and into which old Time had driven his chiesl too freely. Nothing seemed to remain of her early strength, except her voice, which was coarse, resonate and mesculine. coarse, resonate and masculine.
"Where is he now?" she shouted to

her granddaughter, although the priest was not three feet away from her bed. "He's at the Glory in excelsis," cried

Nance.
"Glory be to You, My God, in the highest, shouted the old woman, whilst her sightless eyes seemed to kindle with the internal vision, "and pace on airth to min of good will. We praise Thee to min of good will. We praise Thee—we bless Thee—we adore Thee —we glorify Thee—we give Thee thanks because of Thy great glory. Lord God! Heavenly King! God, the Father Almighty! O Lord Jesus Christ, only-begotten Son! Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father! Thou, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"

out, "this bread and wine, which is about to become the Body and Blood of about to become the Body and Blood of Christ, that Thou mayst accept it a clane oblation for us, and for the whole wurruld. And I, Thy poor crachure, offer Thee my poor body, soon to be dust an 'ashes in the grave, an' me poor sowl, which Thou wilt save from everlasting damnation, to do with wan an' the other was the beakfast fit for a king—what was the beakfast fit for a king—what was the beakfast fit for a king—was the blookers have gold towns the wast shieldens have gold towns the state of the control of the beakfast fit for a king—wast shieldens have gold towns the state of the control of the co

tured the white Host raised above her head, she broke out into a rhapsody of praise; this time in the Gaelic language, which seems to have been formpraise; this time in the Gaelic language, which seems to have been formed to make prayer into poetry, and poetry into prayer. And every stanza of this sublime prayer, sung as it were in rhythmic assonance, concluded with that first verse of "The Lay of the Sacred Heart," probably the most beautiful sacred poem, after the Hebrew melodies, that was ever chanted by the human heart.

The Love of my heart is Thy Heart, O

Saviour dear.

My treasure untold is to hold Thy
Heart in my fond heart here.

For, ah! it is known that Thine Own overflows with true love for me Then within the love-locked door

Let thy heart ever guarded be !

This rhythmical rapture went up t the time of receiving Holy Commi When she heard the bell ringing as the When she heard the bell ringing as the priest turned around with the Sacred Species in his hands, she almost lost herself in an agony of penitence and humility. Again and again she put up her withered left hand, as if to ward off her God from coming nigh her, while she smote her breast, muttering with a tone of heart-breaking compunetion. ne of heart-breaking compunction.
"Lord, I am not worthy Thou shouldst

the grave, stern theologian were, whilst the poor, illiterate woman poured out her soul in such accents of fear and love and holy hope, it might be difficult to conjecture, but the following Sunday at first Mass he seemed to have the seene described above in his mind, when he said, with more feeling than he ever manifested before:

at first Mass he seemed to have the scene described above in his mind, when he said, with more feeling than he ever manifested before:

"They are going, my dearly-beloved brethren, they are going—this mighty race of men and women, who lived by faith, and their vision of eternity. Like some old weather-beaten oaks that have survived a hundred years of storms, or like those solitary cairns on your mountains that mark the graves of kings, a few remain, scattered here and there, in lonely hambet or village, to remind us, a puny race, of what our forefathers were. We have amongst us a good many pretty pieties; in fact we are bewildered by all these luxuries of devotion. But where—oh! where is the mighty faith, the deep heartfelt compunction, the passionate love, the divine tenderness of these old Irish saints? You have nice prayer books now, in velvet and ivory bindings; but have you the melodious and poetic prayers of men and women who never learned to read a line? You have silver-mounted rosaries rolling through this disgloved fingers. Give me the old your at thread, and fondled by fingers roughened and an advanced and an advanced and an advanced by large rolling through the little narrow tunnels of here reves. Then she spoke:

"Yraise be to You, the Father of all."

"Presently say this man has a hard heart!"

Presently, he pulled himself together and proceeded:

"On the other hand, you know, Betty, that is an a solitary man, accustomed to the dank man, had but littleeflect. These things are uttered from lip to lip—the echo of sare thing and proceeded:

"On the other hand, you know, Betty, that is a said is even an unget it will be too to be alone, hating the face of visitors; and I see what an upset it will be too to be alone. And, "he was a good many pretty pieties; in fact we are bewildered by all these luxuries of devotion. But where—oh!

Where is the mighty faith, the deep heartfelt compunction, the passionate love, the divine tenderness of these old.

Irish saints? You have nice prayer books now, in velvet a horn or ivory beads, strung upon a thread, and fondled by fingers roughthread, and fondled by fingers roughened, hardened, and consecrated by honest toil. You bow down your hats and
bonnets at the Elevation. I'd rather
see one gray head bending in salutation
to the King of Kings, and Lord of
Lords. For, beneath those old silvered
heads were brains that knew and penetrated, by divine faith, into every
mystery of our holy religion; and beneath those shawls frayed and worn,
beat hearts that were true to God, true
to His Church, true to His priests and
true to their country. Aye," he cried, as
he remembered his own trials, past and
present, amongst them, "you are not
as your forefathers were! You are
a superficial, cunning, selfish and tricky

damnation, to do with wan an' the other whatever may be plazing to Thy Most Holy Will!"

She relapsed into silence again. When the faint tinkling of the bell, however, warned that the Consecration of the Mass was at hand, she shouted louder than before:

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

She had a breakfast fit for a king—ross tchickens, ham, cold tongue, toast, cakes, tea. She had invited a few of the neighbors to "discourse the priest;" but they fought shy of the honor. They probably thought they would have better appetites at home.

This morning, old Betty Lane put the usual questions to her granddaughter, which were answered with sequences.

"I had a sister, Helena," he said,
"much younger than myself. She went
to America, many years ago."
"Yerra, what took her to America?"
shouted the old woman. "Sure, ye wor
always a dacent family, and well off!" "It was I that sent her!" he replied.
"I found some fault with her—it wasn't much; just as a flighty, but innocent young girl would commit, and I judged

"Ah, yes!" interrupted the old woman, "your tongue is worse than yer heart. And you're hasty. That's what sets the people agin you so much."
"Well," he continued, "she died lately in America; and she left it in her will that I should take charge of her child—a girl!"
"Begor, that was quare," said the old woman. "but I suppose she had a tig in

"Well, an' then?" she said.

"Well, an' then?" she said.

"Well, you see," said the stern man, with a break in his voice, which she did not fail to notice, "the image of my poor sister will come up before me—her face the grave, stern theologian were, whilst the poor, illiterate woman poured out her said in such as the said in the said in such as the said.

"Well, an' then?" she said.

"Well, you see," said the stern man, with a break in his voice, which she did not fail to notice, "the image of my poor sister will come up before me—her face the day I last saw her in my mother's house, because I refused to say good-bye in my own; her sickness in America in a public hospital, her wasting away in the ever of consumption, her looking with her dying eyes across the water to me to protect her child, her last words."

This morning, however, as Dr. William Gray rode slowly homeward from the Betty Lane, he left some singular relief from the load of pain and anxiety that generally weighed upon him. His own prompt action, so emphatically endorsed by the spiritual foresight of that holy, if ignorant woman, had settled at once, without putting to too much trial that exercise of judgment which he so much feared, the question of his niece. He

a superficial, cunning, selfish and tricky him in a material light.

"Av coorse, they say," she continued,
"that blood is thicker than wather, but race, and in your lust after gold, you

"I had a sister, Helena," he said, goodly number, some calf-bound, some new and haughty with their veilum and new and haughty with their veilum and rich bindings, and disdaining the com-panionship of their antique as d plebelan comrades. And here was the writing-desk, just as he had imagined it, solid in Spanish mahogany, with a massive ink-stand and a goodly array of pens and large sheets of white and blue foolscap; but alas! these last were virgin pages still. Because the chamber was not sound-proof, nor shadow-proof, nor care-

her harshly!" interrupted the old "Ah, yes!" interrupted the proof; and the stately priest had to adproof; and the stately priest had to admit that he had used up more brainpower in worry than in work, and that
that long line of white that lay on the
carpet from wall to wall across the room
represented not syllogisms, but suggestions, mostly futile, to disentangle himself from those horrid webs of circumstance that will weave themselves
around the most lonely lives.

the opportunities for sound study and scholarship wasted; over the little wounds inflicted, very often in mere

wounds inflicted, very often in mere wantoness or thoughtlesness, by a people whose nerves were steeled against sensitiveness by the hardships they had to face. For though they feared him, they knew that there are ways to fret the lion and exhaust him; and every harsh word he uttered was repaid by some subtle annoyance that fell and struck its harbs into his soul. And his

some subtle annoyance that fell and struck its barbs into his soul. And his

But I am only proving that a care-proof

But I am only proving that a care-proof house has not yet been patented. Science has not invented such; and although our good physicians are fond of instructing their patients not to worry, I am not aware that any skilful chemist as yet

has discovered the secret of getting the acids and alkalics of life together with

This morning, however, as Dr. William

out hissing at each other.

And if all those walls could speak, and echo back, like the modern phonograph, the words that escaped the lips of this haughty and irritable and hon-

"Begor, that was quare," said the old woman, "but I suppose she had a tie in you still; and she thought you would make up for your thratement of herself."

"Probably," he replied. "But now, I want to know what I am to do? It is one of those cases where two heads are better than one!"

"Yes," she said, "when wan is lighter than the other. But what did you do?"
"I wote straightaway to the priest who had written to me, to say that a of this haughty and irritable and hon-ourable man, as he dwelt betimes on some fresh instance of human perversity or depravity, what a strange tale would they tell! For the overcharged brain or heart must speak to some one, or break; must put into the dress of speech the naked and turbulent thought, which will burst its barriers if imprisoned. But, perhaps, the most poignant of all the sounds they would utter, would be the Woe! Woe! over lost time; over the opportunities for sound study and "I wrote straightaway to the had who had written to me, to say that a priest's house was no place to bring up a young girl in. Let her go to some convent, or orphanage, and I would pay for her."

"Well, an' then?" said the stern man,

Here the strong man broke down, and struck its barbs into his soul. And his vast learning and reputation as a theologian, and his more secret repute as at heart a kind and generous and honorable man, had but little effect. These things do not count for much when nerves are

"Yes!" he replied. "On the spur of the moment I wrote, and refused to accept the responsibility of caring for that child."

accept the responsibility of caring for that child."

"And you wor right," she said, emphatically. "Haven't you your own childre'to mind, the people that God gave you? Aren't you their father, and aren't they your childre'? Av coorse, they are bad and good, cross and quiet, idle and lazy and industhrous; but they are yours, yours; an'you can't throw 'em over for the sthranger."

"Just my own view,' he said, rising up to depart, and wondering at the spiritual and supernatural view which this poor, illiterate woman took of a matter that had only presented itself to him in a material light.

begoden Sen! Lord God, Lamb of Gods of the Father: Took Who taken sent the mountain the lates and sereous according to the sent to the mountain the lates and sereous according to the lates and lat silence, turning ever.
hands.
hen, after a pause, she shouted:
Nance?"
"Were is he now?"
"Where is he now?"
"We offer Thee, O Lord," she cried at, "if she hears I didn't give it to to you!"
"Well, then, give it to me," he said.
He took the coin and handed it back.
"Now you can say with truth you alone obligation for us, and for the whole warrend.
And I, Thy poor crachure, wurruld. And I, Thy poor crachure, wurruld. And I, Thy poor crachure, wurruld. Shouth the coin make friends again with you; but this must be the first and last mysteries of religion and humanity.

"This bread and wine, which is bout to become the Body and Blood of shynes of print w. ich seems to be the damosa hereditas of the Irish priest-bood. And it should be well warmed in winter, particularly at night, when he can dumfattered thought about the value of their interest, four hundred gould shit out all aspect of the numan thing about primed in the luturies of free and unfected thought about the value of their interest, four hundred gould shit out all aspect of human thing ab unit ried to resume his reading of the paper.

They say, yer Reverence, they must want this ibrary was to be sound—"The say, yer Reverence, they must see yourself!"

"They say, yer Reverence, they must see whatever may be plazing to Thy Most Hole was any the elacity may be plazing to Thy Most Hole with the fairt tinkling of the bell, however, warned that the Conservation of the Mass was at hand, she shouted load the training of the Hoat?

"Where is a long of the grad King of the Hoat?"

"Where is a long of the grad King of the Hoat?"

"Is it!" said Nance.

"In the priest goon we ?"

"No "I hose said." "In here. I want of king and here to conquer with the grad King of Kings, and her what I have to say." "In the first sound of the clear with the struck her senses, and her fancy pile." "No "" he said in her usual abrup to control his rising tempts, and the many the plaze of the hand of the the dawn mater of the his beginning to the place?"

"No "" he said. "" In here. I want for the first sound of the clear with the was fully a head above the tailest many the place with the care king process of being left and any the place with the care king process of being left severely strong with the with sound of the clear with the first sound of the clear with the place with the care with the place with the with the place with the place with the place with the place with

teacher," he asked ominously, "or to the assistant?"

"Tis the young man we don't want," was the reply. "Tis Carmody we want sent away."

"Very good," said the priest. "Now specify your complaints against him."

"We has no complaints agen himself," was the reply. "Tis on account of his uncle."

"The grabber," said another of the deputation, softo voce.

"Now, Murphy," said the priest, turning sharply on the delinquent, "I shall put you outside the door, if you won't conduct yourself."

conduct yourself."
"I again repeat the question," said the priest, his brows contracting still more sternly. "Specify your charges or complaints against the assistant-teacher." "We have nothin' to say agen the

word, do you understand?"

"The side the man—
"Yes and I'm parish priest, "repeated a Dr. William Gray. "Yes, do you understand?"

"What book are you reading?" said they see stand, and the parish priest, and there is stand, and the priest priest, and the parish priest, and th

the wall before him, struck him with a sense of impending evil. He heard the loud, single knock that generally does not prelude mere visits of ceremony; he heard his housekeeper whispering in the hall, and he knew she was marshalling the unknown visitors into the parlor at the opposite side. Then she came and told him with the happy indifference of those who are not concerned with such troubles that "he was wanted."

"Who wants me?" he said, brusquely.

Gray interrogated nim.

"You uncle took this evicted farm?"

"You shill know very little about him. He never wrote to my father the whole time he was in America; and we have seen little of him since he came home. But the opposite side. Then she came and told him with the happy indifference of those who are not concerned with such troubles that "he was wanted."

"Who wants me?" he said, brusquely.

the occasion of dissension in this parish.
If you like, I shall resign my place here;
and perhaps—"
"You are at perfect liberty, Mr. Carmody," said the priest sternly, "to send
in your resignation at any time you
please; but, mark me, I shall never ask
you to do see until you give personal and in your resignation at any time you please; but, mark me, I shall never ask you to do so, until you give personal and adequate cause. I am here to maintain two principles—one, my rights, as manager, to appoint and dismiss my teachers, altogether independent of public opinion; the other, to do ordinary justice to you. If you wish to run away, the gap is open."

He turned away, and accosted the principal teacher.

"Do these young Wycherlys possess any brains?"

He was well known to have no love for Protestants, and he had never noticed the boys before.

"The older boy, Jack," the teacher said, "is a lad of promise. Dion is idle, except when he's in a boat."

"Call up the elder boy!" the priest said.

Jack Wycherly came up in an easy,

"That's ail very good," said his pastor.

"Charles of the day. And—not one the Gospel of the day. And—not one the

said.

Jack Wycherly came up in an easy, "We have nothin' to say agen the young man hisself," the spokesman repeated, "but we won't have the nephew of his uncle in our schools.
"And when and how, pray, did they become your property?"
"They're the property of the parish," said the man—
"Yes! and I'm parish priest," repeated Dr. William Gray. "Yes, do you understand, I am the parish priest, and therestand, I am the parish priest, and therestand.

"Sking it have!"

"That's all very good," said his pastor gravely, "but you'll take my orders, and there to leave that ends the matter. Not one word, one word, one word, one word of pink on his cheek, sent there by the unusual summons.

"What book are you reading?" said the boy.

"Bring it have!"

"That's all very good," said his pastor gravely, "but you'll take my orders, and that ends the matter. Not one word, or word one word, or word, o

the pastor, handing him his snuff box, a surrounded by an eager group of

"Well, all I know is this," said Henry, "Come," said the priest. "I cannot wait. My time is precious. If you have no business to transact, you had better go!"

"Tis about the schoolmaster at Atbboy," at length one found his tongue to say. "We want your Reverence to remove him."

"Do you refer to the principal teacher," he asked ominously, "or to the assistant?"

"There's fione thing more, sir," said thenry, rising. "I'll meet them for the first time on Sunday next; and if the old walls of Atbboy Chapel don't reverberand perhaps—"

"You are at perfect liberty, Mr. Carmody," said the priest sternly, "to send it assistant?"

"You are at perfect liberty, Mr. Carmody," said the priest sternly, "to send in your resignation at any time you please; but, mark me, I shall never ask ing, but such a blistering, blinding ing, but such a blistering.

"Denounce them?" said his parish priest gravely.

"Denounce them? It isn't denounc-ing, but such a blistering, blinding tornado of vituperation that they'll remember it long after Henry Liston has left them for ever!"

"That's all very good," said his pastor

ever see such a perfect specimen of womanhood in your life?" I looked in the direction indicated, and could not blame father for his ad-

the pastor, handing him his snuff box, a token of friendship and admiration. "Surprised?" said Henry, sneezing violently. "I should say I was. And a good deal more than surprised. Why it is the most base and dastardly thing I ever heard of."

"It only shows your inexperience," said his pastor. "In a few years more, when you have seen a little of missionary life, you will be surprised at nothing."

"But, surely," said Henry, shuffling in his chair, and trying to keep back that abominable sneezing. "surely these scoundrels cannot have such a following in the parish. Surely, every decent man would condemn and repudiate

OCT attraction she passing to centre, this peer Father might se When gazing a full min "Wel God ble she look "Tut, answer, face !"

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