

self up erect, and put out his right hand.

"You know it, yer reverence, God bless you! Put the sword there!" Luke placed his hand in the big, broad palm. The old man raised it reverently, and kissed it.

"Put down the sword of Thomas Francis Meagher, there, yer reverence," said he, sobbing. "Sure it isn't I should forget him. I was as near to him as to yer reverence this mornin' on that day. 'Boys, sez he, 'remember who ye are! Sure 'tis I'm the proud man to be laid in death's victory the bravest and best man in the Federal Army. Boys, sez he, 'here's your flag, don't disgrace it! I wish to God, boys, sez he, 'that I had ye on the slopes of Slieve-na-mann. Wouldn't we make the redcoats fly?' He stopped thin, as if he wor thinkin' of old times and comrades."

"Dimpsey," sez he to the bandmaster, "play up Brian Boru's march. Slope arms, four deep—for ward! And on we wint to our death. Father Walsh, not this man's Father Walsh," he said, jerking his hand contemptuously at the last pensioner, "but our own Father Walsh—God be wid him, he was the fine man—sat on his horse, as we passed by. He was a big man, wid a big black beard, and he was ridin' his horse over us, as we marched past. I put me hand on his knee, and sez I, 'Father,' sez I, 'give me a double blessin', for I'm a double biagard.' He laughed, poor man, 'was the last we seen of him. For we weren't twenty minits in the field, thryin' to take that hill (sure we might as well be thryin' to take the gates of Heaven), whin down I wint, with a splinter of a shell in me calf; and down wint poor Martin, with a bullet in his left lung. We wor out on the field, all night in the cold, watchin' the stars, widout a bit, bite or sup, only the wounded manin' and groanin' all around us. About 12, we saw lights; and whin they kem near enough, we saw they wor the Confederate generals come out to see after their own. 'Here goes,' says Martin, shovin' in a cartridge, 'one shot at the rebels, rasicals, and thin I die aisy.' 'Dang yer soul, ye ruffian, sez I, and 'I wasn't that I said yer yer, yer reverence—do ye want to go before God wid murder on your soul?' They killed many a brave man to-day, sez he, spittin' blood. 'Fair play is bonny play, sez I, 'taking the rifle from the ruffian. An' shure, if he fired that shot, yer reverence, all the rebels in camp wud be among us in a minit, stabbin' and shootin' like the devil. But, I'm afeared I'm delayin' the nabours,' he said, turning round, 'that ould Crimeman pansioner kep ye sich a long time.'

"This offering is too much for you," said Luke, pushing back a half-crown. "I'll keep just half."

"Not a bit of it, yer reverence," said the old man, pushing the coin back again. "We're not like those poor English angashores—on sixpence a day."

He passed out triumphant, though limping from that splintered shell. In a few minutes he returned, and pushed his way through the crowd of women to the table.

"I thought you might be forgettin', yer reverence. Did you put down, Martin Connolly, soldier in the Federal Army, who died of gunshot wounds, received in action—"

"It's all right, it's all right!" said Luke.

"And Thomas Francis Meagher, Brigadier General—"

"It's all right, 'tis all right!" said Luke.

It was a gloomy night, starless and moonless, and with a heavy black-brown pall, as of fanned velvet hanging down over the world, as Luke passed out from the iron gate, and picked his steps carefully down the uneven ways of the village street. He had passed up through his little garden, and was placing his latch-key in the door, when he became aware of a stooped, hunched figure, evidently waiting for him near the doorway. The figure, silently and unperceived, followed him into the lighted hall.

"I have made bould to call on yer reverence," said the voice, the voice of a wizened old woman, whose face and figure were hidden under a mass of clothes.

"Well, my poor woman, and what can I do for you?" said Luke.

"I had nothin' to offer you," she said, "and I didn't like to be seen in one of our secular exchanges, a newspaper hardly worthy to discuss so sublime a subject."

"As may be supposed, not a single one of those who write these letters seem to have the right conception of the soul at all. They speak of a spiritual being just the same as if it were a body following the same laws and consequently having the same substance as matter. A body is said to occupy space because while it rests in one place it excludes all other bodies from occupying the same place; that is, a body is impenetrable.

prayers for atonement, it would not be hard to realize that the heavens and the earth were haunted this eerie night and that the pitiful prayer, *Miseremini mei miseremini mei* I was the burden of the waiting wind. But it was not this, but the pathetic remembrance of the dead by these poor people that affected Luke deeply. He thought of his sister's words: "Luke dear, love the poor, and life will be all sunshine."

And he did love them; loved them deeply, earnestly, but in that hard, mechanical way that never touches their hearts. He wanted to lift them up; and lo! there they were on the summits of the eternal hills far above him. He desired to show them all the sweetness and light of life; and behold, they were already walking in the gardens of eternity! He was preaching the truth of money to the misery of grace. Where was the use of talking about economizing to a people whose daily fancies swept them abroad to regions where Time was never counted? And the value of money to a race, who, if parsimonious and frugal, became so through a contempt of physical comfort and who regarded the death of the rich man as the culmination of all earthly misfortune? Then it began to dawn upon Luke's reason that it was moral, not altogether economic, causes that were driving the people from their motherland. They were bitten by the dogs of Mammon here and there, and the unrest, that sought peace and pleasure in the saloon, and the electric-lighted streets, and the music-hall, and the theatre. And he began to understand what was meant when his confessor spoke of the creation of a new civilization, founded on Spartan simplicity of life, and Christian elevation of morals, and the uplifting to the higher life, to which all the aspirations of his race tended, instead of the steady downward degradation that was certain to ensue, if the new dogmas of mere materialism, founded on the purely natural virtues, were allowed to supplant the larger lights of the Gospel, and the sacred doctrines that set at utter naught all the ordinary dictates of selfish prudence and purely temporal ambitions.

And if for a moment his old ideas returned of a race self-seeking, prudent, hard-hearted, and endowed with all the virtues of the fox and the squirrel, and his reason cried, "Up, Utopia! to the creation of a spiritual Kingdom—well, here were the voices of the night *Miseremini mei miseremini mei* the children of eternity crying to the children of time for the aims of prayer and sacrifice.

Luke was extremely busy this week. He had no time to prepare a sermon for Sunday. He had exhausted all his political economy; and he was beginning to tire of it. Saturday evening came. He had returned from his confessional; and he was depressed. Here, too, he was shunned by the people. Nothing used pain him so deeply as when entering the church on Saturdays or the eves of holidays, he saw his own confessor deserted, and a great crowd around the old priest's "box"; and the little children, even, whom he loved so much, would hold down their heads, half afraid to be seen, or would look up with a shy, furtive glance at the grave, solemn curate. He could not understand it. He was always kind, gentle, merciful to penitents. Why was he shunned? He had lost the key of the supernatural; and he didn't know it. One word about grace and eternity; about the Sacred Heart or the Precious Blood; about the Virgin Mother or St. Joseph, would have opened floodgates of sorrow and love. Nay, if he had scolded them, and abused them, for their son's sake, they would have loved him. But goodness for prudence sake—virtue, because it was a paying transaction in the long run, they could not well grasp; and all his exhortations fell, dry and withered, on hearts that thirsted for higher things.

He took up a newspaper this evening. There was a brief account of a certain battle that had been fought some centuries ago, in far Cremona. The details amused him—they were so characteristic. He laid down the paper, and by Jove, he said, "I will, I'll preach on Cremona and Calvary!"

THE PLACE OF THE SOUL
The question where the soul and will it occupy space after death is being getting lively and interesting letters in one of our secular exchanges, a newspaper hardly worthy to discuss so sublime a subject.

As may be supposed, not a single one of those who write these letters seem to have the right conception of the soul at all. They speak of a spiritual being just the same as if it were a body following the same laws and consequently having the same substance as matter. A body is said to occupy space because while it rests in one place it excludes all other bodies from occupying the same place; that is, a body is impenetrable.

The soul, however, is not a material substance; nor does it follow the same laws as a corporeal nature; the soul is spiritual and has laws of its own. Among these laws is that of penetrability, which is a perfection lacking in bodies; that is, the soul is not excluded from occupying the same place as another soul while that soul is actually located in that space. In fact, it is a great error to speak of the soul as occupying space at all; only bodies and material things occupy space; and the soul, being of an entirely different and higher order of being is not conceived of as occupying space.

Such questions, therefore, as in what part of the body is the soul, or in what space is it after death, are really meaningless; and the soul is in the whole body of a man and at the same time the soul whole and entire is in every individual part of a man's body. How this can be we cannot fully understand

though we know it to be true, not from faith, however, but from pure reason; just as we know that we think although we cannot understand how we think.

It would be better for the correspondents who are worried about the position of the soul in space to seek for explanations from wiser men than the editor of the journal in question who seems to be as unacquainted with the soul and space as he is with the laws of society and other deep questions for ever mooted in his editorial columns.—Providence Visitor.

SHE-WHO-HAS-A-SOUL.
A STORY OF PERE MARQUETTE AND THE FIRST SIOUX CONVERT.

It was a long time ago, nearly 200 years ago, that some of our people were living upon the shores of the "Great Lake," Lake Superior. The chief of this band was called Tatanakota, "Many Buffaloes." One day the young son of Tatanakota, led a war party against the Ojibways, who occupied the country east of us, toward the rising sun. When they had gone a day's journey in the direction of Sault Ste Marie, in our language Skesketatanka, the warriors took up their position on the lake shore, on a point which the Ojibways were accustomed to pass in their canoes. Long they gazed and scanned the surface of the water, watching for the coming of the foe. The sun had risen above the dark pines, over the great ridge of wood land across the bay. It was the awakening of all living things. The birds were singing and shing fishes leaped out of the water as if at play. At last, far off, there came the warning cry of the loon to stir their expectant ears.

"Warriors, lock close to the horizon! This brother of ours does not lie. His enemy comes!" exclaimed their leader. Presently upon the sparkling face of the water there appeared a moving canoe. They saw but one, and it was coming directly towards them. "Hahatonwan! Hahatonwan! (The Ojibways! The Ojibways!)" they exclaimed with one voice, and grasping their weapons they hastily concealed themselves in the bushes. "Spare none—take no captives!" ordered the chief's son.

"Nearer and nearer approached the strange canoe. The glistening blades of its paddles flashed as if it were the signal of good news or a welcome challenge! All impatiently waited until it should come within arrow shot. "Surely it is an Ojibway canoe," one murmured. "Yet look! the stroke is unguinely!"

Now among all the tribes only the Ojibway's art is perfect in paddling a birch canoe. This was a powerful stroke, but harsh and unsteady. "See! there are no feathers on this man's head!" exclaimed the son of the chief. "Hold, warriors, he wears a woman's dress, and I see no weapon. No courage is needed to take his life, therefore we will spare it! I command that only cups (or blows) be counted on him; and he shall tell us whence he comes, and from what nation."

The signal was given; the warriors sprang to their feet, and like wolves they sped from the forest, out upon the white sandy beach and straight into the sparkling waters of the lake giving the shrill war cry, the warning of death! The solitary oarsman made no outcry; he offered no defence! Knowing and he ceased paddling, and seemed to await in patience the deadly blow of the tomahawk.

The son of Tatanakota was foremost in the charge, but suddenly an impulse seized him to stop his warriors, lest one in the heat of excitement should do a mischief to the stranger. The canoe with its occupant was now very near, and he could not well grasp; and all his exhortations fell, dry and withered, on hearts that thirsted for higher things.

Then the warriors lifted their war clubs over their heads and sang, and appointed the warriors to carry it by turns until they should reach his father's village. This was done according to the ancient custom, as a mark of respect and honor. They took it up forthwith, and traveled with all convenient speed along the lake shore, through forests and across valleys and streams to a place called the Maiden's Retreat, a short distance from the village.

Then the chief's son sent a messenger to announce to his father that he was bringing a stranger, and to ask whether or not he should be allowed to enter the village. "His appearance," said the scout, "is unlike that of any man we have ever seen, and his ways are mysterious. When the chief heard these words he immediately called his councilmen to gether to decide what was to be done, for he feared by admitting the mysterious stranger to bring some disaster upon his people. Finally he went out with his wisest men to meet his son's

war party. They looked with astonishment upon the Black Robe. "Dispatch him! Dispatch him! Show him no mercy!" cried some of the councilmen.

"Let him go on his way unharmed. Trouble him not," advised others. "It was then our belief that the evil spirits sometimes take the form of a man or an animal. From his strange appearance I judge this to be such a one. He must be put to death, lest some harm befall our people," an old man urged.

By this time, several of the women of the village had reached the spot. Among them was She-who-has-a-Soul, the chief's youngest daughter. Tradition says that she was a maiden of great beauty, with a kind and tender heart. The stranger was footsore from much travel, and weakened by fasting. When she saw that the poor man clasped his hands and looked skyward as he uttered words in an unknown tongue, she pleaded with her father that a stranger who has entered their midst unchallenged may claim the hospitality of the people, according to the ancient custom.

"Father, he is weary and in want of food! Hold him no longer! Delay your council until he is refreshed!" These were the words of She-who-has-a-Soul, and her father could not refuse her prayer. The Black Robe was released, and the Sioux maiden led him to her father's tepee. Now the warriors had been surprised and indeed displeased to find him dressed after the fashion of women, and they looked upon him with suspicion. But from the moment that she first beheld him the heart of the maiden had turned toward this strange and apparently unfortunate man. It appeared to her that great reverence and meekness were in his face and with it all she was struck by his utter fearlessness, his seeming unconcern of danger.

The chief's daughter, having gained her father's permission, invited the Black Robe to his great buffalo-skin tent, and, spreading a fine robe, she asked him to be seated. With the aid of her mother, she prepared wild rice sweetened with maple sugar and some broiled venison for his repast. The youthful warriors were astonished to observe these attentions, but the maiden heeded them not. She anointed the blistered feet of the holy man with perfumed oil, and put upon them a pair of moccasins beautifully made by her own hands.

It was only an act of charity on her part, but the young men were displeased, and urged that the stranger should at once be turned away. Some even suggested harsher measures; but they were overruled by the chief, softened by the persuasions of his well-beloved daughter.

During the few days that the Black Robe remained in the Sioux village, he preached earnestly to the maiden, for she had been permitted to converse with him by signs, that she might try to ascertain what manner of man he was. He told her of the coming of "Great Prophet" from the sky, and of his words which he had left with the people. The cross with the figure of a man he explained as his totem which he had told them to carry. He also said that those who love him are commanded to go among strange people to tell the news and that all who believe must be marked with holy water and accept the totem. He asked by signs if She-who-has-a-Soul believed the story. To this she replied: "It is a sweet story—a likely legend! I do believe."

Then the good father took out a small cross and, having pressed it to his breast and crossed his forehead and breast, he gave it to her. He next filled a wooden bowl with water and added to it a drop or two from a little bottle that he had with him. Finally he dipped his finger in the water and touched the forehead of the maiden, repeating meanwhile some words in an unknown tongue.

The mother was troubled, for she feared that this stranger was trying to bewitch her daughter, but the chief decided thus: "This is a praying man, and his customs are not those of our people. Warriors, take him back to the spot where you saw him first! It is my desire, and the good custom of our tribe requires that you free him without injury."

Accordingly they formed a large party, and carried the Black Robe in his canoe back to the shore of the great lake, to the place where they had found him, and he was allowed to depart thence whithersoever he would. He took his leave with expressions of gratitude for their hospitality, and especially for the kindness of the beautiful Sioux maiden. She seemed to have understood his mission better

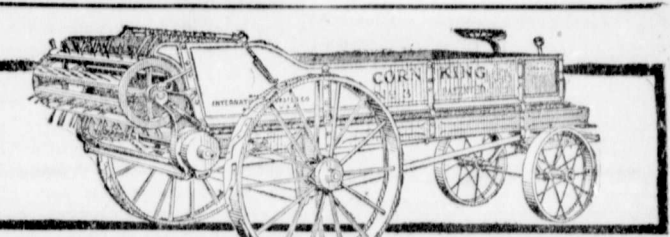
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