## Titus, a Comrade of the Cross A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER III.

When I went to the fountain to-night at sunset to fetch water," began Prisca,
"many were there before me, and I
was forced to wait; so I sat me down on was forced to wait; so I sat measure one of the stone benches to rest; for in truth the heat to-day hath been burden-some. Then said one of the women, 'And what sayest thou, good Psisca, to these marvels?' What marvels' I answered, for I had heard nothing of note 'Concerning the Man from Judea,' she answered. 'Hast thou not heard? Thou art a keeper at home and therefore to be praised; but know that a great Worker of miracles, the like of which hath never before been heard of since the days of the gods on Parnassus—or, as the Jewish women say, since the days of their Moses, who brought them out of the land of Egypt."

What is the nation of the Man?" interrupted the other woman.
"Said I not that He was a Jew?"

answered Prisca.
"Nay, nay," replied the other; "but

that He came from Judea."
"Well, now that I bethink me," said "Jocunda said that He had al-Prisca, ways lived in Nazareth near by; but I had Judea in my mind, because He hath just come from there, and at Jerusalem hath worked many wonders of late

What wonders worked He in Jerusalem, mother?" asked Stephen, who hitherto been too much occupied with the fascinating Gogo to pay much atttention to the conversation of the

Great miracles of healing wrought He," replied his mother. "They do say that He hath opened the eyes of the blind, healed sick folk of all manner of evil diseases, and even cured cripples like to thee, my poor Stephen!" Stephen clutched the baby, who lay

half asleep in his arms, close in his ex-

"Go on, mother; tell it all." Now, mother, believest thou this talk? Thou art forever hearing idle talk? of wonders from the gossips at the fountain," said Titus, who had observed Stephen's suppressed excitement, and

guessed its cause.
"'Tis not idle talk," said Prisca indignantly. "Knowest thou the wor-shipful Asa, who lives in the great house near to the lake?" said Titus briefly; "he

serves Herod Antipas."
"Well," went on Prisca, "know,

then, that his only son lay grievously ill of the fever; all the doctors had given him up to die, and his mother and father were well-nigh distracted with grief. His father had heard these idle tales, as thou callest them, and he be lieved them; insomuch that he set forth himself to see Jesus—for so is the Nazarene called—and meeting Him at Cana, he besought Him for his son. besought Him for his son. Cana, The Nazarene told him to depart in Page Nazarene told him to depart in peace, that his son would live. And, lo! as he returned, he met servants coming to meet him, who told him that the lad was recovering, and that he the lad was recovering, and that he began to mend at the very hour when the Healer promised it to his father.

said the other woman. "'Tis true," said the other woman meet the father is of kin to my husband; and we had the tale from him." Well, then," said Titus stubbornly "'tis likely that he would have re

covered anyway. Thou knowest that not all die who have fever. I had it

myself, and lived.' "Nay, iad," replied the woman, who was called Adah; "but this young

man could not have lived; he had the black spots on his body, which come man helped care for him; he saw it own eyes. And at an hour when all thought him breathing his last, he suddenly opened his eyes and asked for water; and when he had drunken deeply of it he turned and slept—slept like my baby here — and wakened wholly restored. "Tis a true miracle."
"It hath a wonderful sound," said Titus. "What else hath He done?"

"There was a tale from Cana last year, which my husband heard in the marketplace, but I know not whether it said Adah cautiously. But be true." 'tis reported that at a wedding party there, of one of His own kinsfolk, the wine ran short; and when His mother spoke to him of it, he caused them to all many great water-pots with water, and at a word changed the water into he best wine. The man who told my husband said that he knew the people and that they gave him a gurglet wine. As I say, I know not whether this tale be true; but about the son

of Asa, I do know. How worketh He the cures?" asked

Stephen. 'Nay, I know not: 'tis magic,' replied the woman. "Taey say that He teacheth strange things also. 'Tis whispered among the Jews that He is one of their great prophets come to life again.

"Is He here now, in this city?" asked Stephen, his voice trembling

I know not," answered His mother.

"But the women at the fountain said He was coming." Do you suppose, mother," said the

boy in a low, faltering voice; "that if He comes, He could heal me?"

omes, He could near the?
Nay, lad, think not of it; 'twill
bring thee fresh misery,' broke
litus harshly. "If these tales be in Titus harshly. "If these tales be true, 'tis likely that He would heal only the rich and the great, like young Judah, Asa's son; or at any rate, being a Jew, He would only despise heathen Greeks, like us. All the Jews hate us, 'he continued, grinding his teeth. 'One he continued, grinding its variety of the part on me yesterday when I drew my net too near him in landing. I could have killed him! Aye, and I will kill him, if he dares to do it again."

"I hate the Jews, too!" observed dah. "But 'tis certain that this Jew doth not mind the rich only, for of the cures at Jerusalem they say that the and thou knowest many of the beggars of Jerusalem are foreign-born."
"When he comes, if he doth come, my

is nothing I would not do, to see thee vell and strong, my son, Prisca with a passionate sob.
"Hark!" exclaimed Titus, "I hear

some one coming!"
All were silent for a moment, and the sound of harsh voices and loud laughter was heard in the street below. Then the door of the little courtyard was thrown wide open, and ten or a
dozen men entered the enclosure.

"Tis Dumachus!" said Titus briefly.

"I must go home," said Adah, rising hastily: and catching up her sleeping babe from his snug resting-place on Stephen's arm, she wrapped him in a fold of her ample garment, and stepping ever the parapet, was quickly lost in

"Ho, Prisca, woman! Where are called one of the men from the

"I am here, my husband," meekly answered Prisca, beginning to descend

the stairway as she spoke.

'Come along then. Get us food and drink quickly; we are famished and not disposed to wait patiently," answered

the man roughly.
"Keep thou quiet," whispered Titus to Stephen, who had shrunk into a frightened heap on his bed at the first sound of the man's voice, "and I will go and help the mother. Nay,"—as te boy hold a fold of his garment in a nervous grasp—"he shall not touch thee. They will eat and drink, then sl ep, or go away again for a fresh carouse in the town. Let me go, lad."

he too hurried down into the yard below, leaving the trembling tephen alone. So thou'rt here, boy?" said Dumachus, as he spied Titus on the stair.

Hurry thy stupid feet, and fetch us me wine quickly!" Titus obeyed, bringing a skin of wine and filling the cups which the men held

"'Tis a vile draught!" roared one of

the men, spitting on the ground.
"Thou hast the flavor of the wine-skin we took yesterday from that portly merchant in Samaria still lurking in thy

gallet," said another, chuckling.
"A pretty fellow he was; and how he roared for help, when we overhauled his belongings!'

'He'll make no more disturbance in those parts, nor elsewhere, I'll war-

growled another. Aye, we quieted him, as we have many a better one," said the man Dumachus, with a great laugh. "Titus, lad, thou didst miss some rare sport, when thou didst choose to stay at home

Nay, I did not choose!" answered Titus hotly. "I was on the lake fishing, at thy command; when I came back, thou hadst gone, I know not

'Tis true, boy,' answered Dumachus d-humoredly. "We gave thee the good-humoredly. "We gave thee the slip; we had business on hand that thou shalt know anon. Thou'rt quite a lad, and shalt have thy fill of booty before long."
"I care not for the booty," said

Titus, his great black eyes flashing fiercely. "but I love the fighting, especially when we fight the Jews."

This speech was received with a great burst of laughter from all the men. Thou hast a rare pupil in that boy,'

aid one of them, nudging Dumachus.

At this juncture, Prisca interrupted the conversation with the announcement that supper was ready. Immediately all fell to eating ravenously, and little was heard in the place save an occasional hoarse request for drink from one and another of the brutal group. Presently, the edge of their hunger being blunted, the wine began to circulate freely.

Thou sayest that the Man is here?' said one, between great gulps from the

"He is here, and multitudes followed

Him into the city. To-morrow we shall have rare doings in Capernaum."
"Rare doings, indeed!" put in an other. "I had it from Blastus himself, that at feast time, when He was in Jerusalem, people ran out into the streets to see Him pass, and followed after Him, leaving their doors wide No end of booty was secured.

The people seemed stark mad."
"Let them be mad," said Dumachu Let them be mad," said Dunader the better for us. In truth, I saw a wonder there, myself. A beggar who had lain for years near the corner of the market blind, lame, and covered with loathly sores-when he heard the man was coming his way, shrieked out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David! have mercy me!' and the man touched him, and beggar sprang up and walked.

'If He doeth such wonders here uoth another, " we shall see the city

in an uproat.
"True, my Gestas," replied Duma chus. "May Jove help Him! Buwhat think you of the Man? Some say in an uproar. He is Elias-though, truth to tell, knows of a certainty. He hath followers enough to raise an insurrection al-

"Let it come, say I!" shouted other. "War will break up the rule another. of these Romans; dost remember how they caught and crucified some of our best men last year? I hate the law These words were greeted with a wild

cheer, which Dumachus sternly re-"Fools!" he said. "If we be caught

here, we are like rats in a trap!"

It was now close upon midnight; and gradually the talk died away, as one after another fell off to sleep, announc-

ng the fact with loud snores. 1 o'clock, Prisca crept wearily up the little stairway to the roof, where

she found Stephen wide awake, his eyes shining like stars.
"Oh, mother," he whisperel. "I cannot bear it!" he cried, and again and again, "I cannot bear it!" heard what they said about Him. He is heard what they said about Him. He is

g of the time when he was strong and autiful, and of the awful blow on his Oh, my Gogo! my Gogo!" When he comes, if he doth come, my shapeless cripple that he was. And in lution. It was true that he could crawl the anchor was hauled aboard, and the delicate spine which had made him the

her heart she hated the brute called

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning Stephen awoke to find himself in the room behind the hated leathern curtain. He had slept heavily and late; and as he rubbed his eyes sleepily, and looked about him in the semi-darkness, he became aware that he was alone.

"Father and the men are gone, and

I am glad." he said to himself.

is fishing—at least, I hope he is—and mother is at the fountain."

The room in which he lay was very much like those of the humbler sort in the East to day. It was, in fact, the there being only the one apart The walls of rough stone plastered with clay, were widowless and over the one door hung the afore-mentioned flap of leather. This was torn in several places, and admitted here and there two or three dazzling sunbeams, which afforded Stephen some faint satisfaction, for by means of he could guess a little at the time, which at best dragged heavily enough. When the yellow shafts of light rested on the wall opposite the door, lighting the shapeless, smoke-bla e-skins which hung there, then it was three hours before noon. As the sun climbed higher in the heavens, the

sunbeams descended from the wall and lay upon the floor—yellow pools of light, and cheerful to behold, though they rested upon a wretched floor of dried mud. When they disappeared towards noon, Stephen felt a daily sense of loss, which nevertheless always gave way to a lively satisfaction, when he reflected that presently night would come. Night brought Titus, and the long, cool hours on the house-top, and best

of all an hour of play with Gogo. He fell to thinking of Gogo now, as he lay idly watching the motes which danced in the yellow shaft of sunlight. How smooth and dimpled his little ands were-like rose-leaves, Stephen how straight and strong and thought; rounded his little limbs. And then his beautiful eyes—golden-brown, with such long, carling lashes—and the rings of golden hair, half covering th tiny pink ears. And was not his voic sweeter than any bird's, and his teeth

like little pearls Nay," said Stephen aloud, as he finished cataloguing these varied charms, "there is no baby in the world finished like Gogo!"

At this point in his meditations som

one raised the leathern flap and entered the room. It was Prisca. "Hast thou fetched the water.

mother?" said Stephen, half raising himself. " Nay, child, I have not been to the fountain yet." And turning her back hastily, Prisca made a su picious sound

as if she were choking down a sob.

"What ails thee, mother?" queried
Stephen, too much accustomed to see
his mother in tears to be especially
alarmed. "Hath father been beating

thee again?" No, no, chill! Father and all the rest went away before daybreak, and Titus with them. It is not that; but oh, how can I tell thee!" And here broke down completely and

sobbed aloud. "What is it? Do tell me, mother!" said Stephen, now thoroughly frightened.

" Well-I suppose I must tell thee," said Prisca reluctantly. "But I fain would spare thee, my poor boy, thou hast so much to bear. Our neighborame early this morning to call me Our neighbor the baby—" And here the woman wept again, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out some painful And here the woman

"The baby!" exclaimed Stephen in an agony of impatience. "Oh, tell me, is he dead?"

"No, no! I only wish that he was, for then he were out of his pain. This morning, Adah told me, she wakened suddenly-she was sleeping on the roof baby with her-by the sound of a heavy fall in the courtyard below in a moment she saw that the baby was gone, and running to the edge of the parapet, she saw—" and again Prisca vered her eyes with her hands. Yes," she went on, in a broken pice, "the little fellow had wakened up early, as all babies do, and had crawled to the edge of the roof; in one place the ledge is broken away and he had fallen on to the stones below. He is frightfully hurt. He cannot live the day out. Thank the gods for that! But I must go back and stay with her, though 'tis little I can do to help.'

Stephen had heard this frightful tale in silence. But now as his mother looked at him, she saw his face white

and drawn. "I cannot bear it, mother!" he

gasped huskily.

His mother was frightened by his look and words. "Oh, Stephen!" she Thou art my baby and all I have Thou must bear it, lad, for my sake. will not go back; I will stay with

"No, no!" wailed Stephen, back; thou mightest do something to ease him. Go quickly!" Prisca hastily placed some

and dried fruit, with a small gurglet of water, near the lad, and went quickly away, saying, as she left the room:
"I will come back soon, if there be

change. For a few moments after she had gone, Stephen lay as if stunned. baby! His Gogo—crushed and bleeding! Could be never see him again? Oh, those little bands!—never again would be feel them like rose-leaves on Those little feet-never to his check

"I cannot bear it!" he cried, and with suffering, flashed the remembrance with suffering, flashed the remembrance of the Nazarene. "He is here—not far thou shalt see Him." Then bidding the child sleep, she lay down near him, and composed herself also.

with suffering, flashed the remembrance of the Nazarene. "He is here—not far away. He could heal him. Oh, i mother would only come back! She could find him. But she is not here composed herself also.

But long after Stephen's regular breathing told the mother that her darling slept, she lay open-eyed, think- I can crawl—a little. I will try. I

The boy had taken a desperate reso-

a little; but of late the exertion had caused such an aggravation of his malady that his mother had forbidden

Slowly he let himself down from the raised platform-which occupied one end of the room and on which the family slept-to the earthen floor beneath, every movement causing the most exquisite anguish in his injured back; but persevered, and at length reached the door. Then came the painful jour-ney across the courtyard. Suppose that he could not open the door that led to the street! It was a terrible thought. Great drops started out on the boy's

A few feet more and the door was reached. It was unlatched. Prisea in her sorrowful haste had forgotten to close it after her. Stephen pushed it boldly open, and in another moment resilent. Here he was was in the street. Here he paused to reflect; at the end of the street was a arket-place.
"I must go there," he thought. "I

must find Him before long, or it will be oo late."
The street in which he lay was so narrow that one standing in the mid-dle of it could touch the walls on either side. There were no windows. No one was visible. Which way was the mar-

was visible. Which way was the had ket? He did not know. It surely must be toward the lake. "I will go this way," he said aloud; and nerving himself for the effort, he crept paintally down the street. stifling yellow just almost strangled him; the small, flinty stones cut his

limbs, and the burning sun seat down fiercely on his uncovered head. Presently he stopped. His heart eat thick and painfully; black spots floated before his eyes; but he could see that the market place was not far off. Already he could catch the hum of voices—or was it but the roaring in his ears? Another effort-an agonizing one this time-and the lad found himself at the corner of the street. He had acceeded in reaching the market place. There were the booths with many things — principally fish — spread out thereon, just as he re-membered it when Titus had once carried him to see it a long time ago There were many people there, buying and selling, but no one who looked like wonderful Nazarene. No one no ticed the poor little figure, lying there in the dust. One man, it is true, nearly stepped on him, as he hurried along with a huge basket of fish on his head;

but he only muttered something in an angry tone about beggar brats and Stephen's misery increased with every passing moment. The pain in his back ras well-nigh unbearable, he was burn ing up with thirst, and faint with hun-ger. Still he strained eagerly after passer-by, with a hope which ever grew dimmer. Presently, he saw with ter-ror that two or three of the fierce, halfwild dogs of the town were sniffling about him. He shrieked aloud, and

covering his eyes with his arm, screamed frantically:
" Mother! Mother!" In the midst of his agony, he became aware that some One was speaking to him. He looked up, and saw, standing between him and the blinding glare of the sun, a man. To Stephen, lying prone in the dust, he looked very tall. This the boy saw; yet it was something else, which hushed his sobs, and caused him to look upon this Man with breathless awe—that face of mysterious beauy; those wonderful eyes—deep, tender, unfathonable. It could be no better than lessed. (Company)

than Jesus! Gogo was saved!
With a cry of joy, Stephen raised and with hands clasped and imself, eyes still fastened on the stranger, whispered:

'Thou art Jesus-He that healeth! I know it! Thou canst save my baby! He fell from the roof and is crushed and

dying.' beautiful smile dawned in stranger's eyes, and lifting his face

towards heaven, he said:
"I thank thee, O my Father, and
thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Then looking again them unto babes. sionate gaze, which comprehended all his weakness and deformity, he laid his hand gently on the boy's head." upon Stephen with a tender, co

cording to thy faith be it unto nee. God in peace."

And, lo! under that blessed touch thee. the boy felt all weariness, all pain, all weakness, pass away; and with a cry of

exceeding great joy, he arose from the ground perfectly healed.
"Blessed," indeed, "are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

## CHAPTER V.

The short summer night was almost past. The moon had set an hour ago the stars were melting away into dim-ness; while in the east a faint, rosy climmer showed that dawn was at hand Over the surface of the water a cool wind was blowing, which caused fishing boats well out from the land to roll heavily. The occupants of one of these boats were busily engaged hauling in and examining their fishing nets; yard after yard of the net came in dripping and glittering, with but here and there a little fish caught in the meshes.

"We may as well stop for to-night, exclaimed one of the men impatiently

throwing the last fish overboard.

"I told thee," said his companion,
"that with the wind in this quarter we might as well bide at home. Hail the other boat, Simon. It may be that they

The last yard of the net having been hauled in by this time, Simon stood up in the bow of the boat and called, making a trumpet of his two hands. came back a faint answer.

"Hast caught anything?" shouted Simon, with all the strength of his strong lungs.
"No," came back the reply.

"Tis as I said," observed the other, who was named Andrew. "Let us hoist sail and make for home. We can east again in the bay near the city: when not a fin is to be seen anywhere

In less time than it takes to tell it,

great wing-like sail raised. As it caught the fresh breeze, and the some what clumsy craft began to move smoothly through the water, the two sat down in the stern, Simon grasping the tiller.

"Canst see what the others are doing, Andrew?" he inquired. "They are raising their sail," he

"They also are weary," said Simon, in a somewhat absent tone. Then he continued: "Dost know what has been in my mind as we toiled in the night?
"How could I?" replied Andrew Thou hast hardly spoken, and that

were a marvel for thee, who art somewhat free of speech.' been thinking of the Nazarene all the night through," said Simon. "I care not for the fishing now, whether our catch be good or bad; I would fain be with Him. Hast thou thought of the marvel of it all? Perchance we have lighted on strange times; perhaps it were best that we give up the fishing for good and all." "Give up the fishing!" quoth Andrew in surprise. "How can we do

that ? "Why," replied the other, have enough and to spare; the vine-yard beareth well now, and the women are frugal. We do not noney. If we give up the fishing we ould be with Him all the while." 'But, brother," said Andrew, "doth

'Nay, I know not. But I think that He want us? He needeth some one. Knowest thou not that there be whispers against Him of late? He is not of the nor yet of the Scribes. And in truth, He doth strangely set aside many of

their laws and customs."

"I know," said Andrew solemnly,
"what John said of Him. He said it twice in my hearing, before the baptism in the Jordan, and again afterward; 'twas this: 'Behold the Lamb of God.' John believeth Him to be the Christ. Perhaps thou art right, Simon, about the fishing. If what John Baptist saith be true, and He is indeed the Christ, we ought to be with Him where He is. And now John light in prices and And now John lieth in prison, and we cannot tell what may befall him there. May Jehovan grant that Herod cast not nis evil eye upon the Master.'

"Amen!" said Simon fervently.

After this a little silence fell between the two, broken only by the sound of ne green water as it swirled away be hind the rudder in a long, frothy wake. The dawn was brightening momently now, and all the solemn pomp of sun-rise beginning behind the great blue hills on the eastern horizon. Before them, seen dimly through the morning nists, rose the towers and walls of fair

As the boats drew near the shore, could be seen that many people were congregated there, some sitting on the cocks, others walking about—not an anusual sight, for it was the wont of all to rise early so that business might be well over before the heat of the day egan. Still there seemed to be some thing more than the incoming fishing boats to attract so many.

"Seest thou yonder crowd? What dost thou make of it?" asked Andrew. Simon was silent for a moment, then he answered eagerly, "Tis He, the Master; and the people throng to hear Him speak. Let us make haste! being now quite close to the shore, he sprang into the water, and pulling boat after him, quickly made it fast,

Andrew following him more slowly.

Meanwhile the other boat, not behind, and also light because of its emptiness, had been drawn up : and the men in it, dragging their nets behind them, came also to the shore. When Jesus saw Simon, and Andrew,

and the others, and their boats empty, after all the night's toil, He entered into of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. down and taught the people out of the

We may not know what He said that summer morning, so long ago; but we know that He spoke of the things of God. And as He sat there in the shadow of the great sail, His voice ounding clear and sweet across the little space of water which separated Him from His hearers, healing fell on many a bleeding heart; children stretched out their tiny hands towards Him; and love, stronger than death itelf, sprang up beautiful and mighty in

many a soul. Among those who stood on the very water's edge, were two women, one bearing in her arms a rosy babe; with them was a lad of about fourteen, with light golden hair, and great dark eyes. When Jesus had ended His speaking, this lad clasped his hands, and looking a face like that of an at Him with

angel, murmured. Thou that healest, I love Thee! I

love Thee

It was Stephen. Now when the Master had done speaking to the people, He turned to Simon, who, with Andrew, was with Him in the boat, and said: "Launch out now into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

And Simon answering said unto Him,

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishe that their net brake. And eckoned to their partners which were in the other ship, that they should come ank help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me ! for I am'a sinful man O Lord! For he was astonished, and all they that were with him at the draught of the fishes which they had And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and fo'lowed Him."

Night again; and with it peace. Far Sabbath lights. At sunset, the mellow notes of the trampet, from the roof of could not eatch them, for their could not eatch them, for their could not eatch them. the synagogue, had announced the day which were like the glistening

space; the peasants had ceased their labor in the fields; the shops and booths were closed; the fishing-boats lay idle

at the wharves.

Hours passed on. The city slept.
Still the solitary figure paced back and forth tirelessly, lifting His face to the heavens. Below Him the world full of wing full of wingers. heavens. Below Him the world full of sin, full of misery, full of ignorance. Above Him, God. He — the link

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A PEASANT'S GRANNY.

Many a tide has ebbed and flowed on Many a tide has eighed and nowed by Inver strand since Granny and I winnowed the hay and "rickeled" the turf, and cut the corn. Dan-na Gall was old-fashioned enough, in all truth, in those days; the people lived simply, spoke truthfully, and acted honestly. Since then the quiet of the Tryconnell valleys has been ruthlessly broken by ne appearance of an ugly iron monster that has at last succeeded in connect ing dear old Ballynapooka with the world beyond. Tourists in number trudge her moors day by day, the everlasting globe-trotters are as plentiful as hares, and the "sweet flowing tongue of the Gael" has been replaced by a hard, mongrel dialect. folk no longer believe in the fairy and the banshee. Materialism and commercialism have replaced the superstition and spiritualism of the old days, and the people, struggling between the new order of things and the old, are like a penniless vagabond in front of an Irish orkhouse-they know not whether

There are events in nearly all our lives that had better be hidden away from the cold, critical scrutiny of outsiders, who sometimes misjudge they do not sufficiently understand. Very few there are wh either understand or appreciate "Granny," with all her hates and loves, and the fine traits of human character that she could exhibit alike in her joys and sorrows. Because she as old-fashioned she was interesting ecause modern education, habits, and manners had not reached her she was original—a thing always fresh from the Creator's hand, trained and instructed in that wonderful school of His, the

Granny was gray-haired before I was born, and there were deep wrinkles on the kindly old face that, knowing her life story as I did, used to remind of dried-up river ruts. She had bright blue eyes that looked at you steadfastly and long, and her teeth were white an regular. She always wore a long, flow-ing robe of home-made flannel that had regular. many patches, partly because there were holes to cover, and partly because she fancied that the bright, irregular patches showed off the gown to greater advantage. She was very pious and very superstitious, and detested innovations, either in creeds, manners, or dress. Because it was customary to go barefooted in her youth she could never be persuaded to wear either boots or shoes. I well remember some on purchasing a pair of boots for herthink it was my mother. She examined them intently for a few moments, then shook her head and said in her own sweet Gaelic: "Take them away, sweet Gaelic: "Take them away gloss of the purty brogues. I married Conor (peace to his soul!) without such figaries, and we lived as happy as the June day is long in the wee back of the hill there. Maybe it's pride and evil that such grandeur

would bring me now."

She had married in the forties one of the youths of the district, who had followed the vocation of a hedge-school master. But fate soon laid a heavy hand upon the young couple, band contracting a cold which devel-oped into consumption. In the succeeding years, when a great famine occurred, and when thousands of the people perished of hunger by the roadsides, Granny bravely struggled for a sustenance for herself and the poor consumptive boy, who was fading daily from before her eyes. She sat up in the night-time carding and spinning the wool that by-and-by she deftly converted into socks and shirts; and when she had knitted the full of a pack she would trudge off to the Glenties, a town ten miles away, and the minutes would seems hours, and the hours days

till she got back again to Dun-na-Gall.

But there came a day when the pale

faced girl-wife could not find a market

for her wares, for the people had no

money wherewith to purchase food, less clothing. There were "relief roads" in course of construction; save to the sleek government officials who did the "bossing" they were of little use to anyone. Sixpence a day, and Indian meal at tenpence a poundthat was what the government relief" meant. Granny, unable to earn a live-lihood by knitting, took up a stone-hammer and went to work on the roads; and one weary evening, about six months later, as she was hastening homewards from her toils, some one told her that Conor had passed away. And raising her hand to Heaven, And raising her Granny thanked the Great God and His Holy Mother for the new manifestation of the Divine Love; for, loving her husband as she did, every hour of his silent agony weighed heavily upor

her soul. Granny the supernatural was always the real, and the material outward appearance of things the unreal. She seemed to have been cradled n a charming region of folk-lore and uperstition, for Dun-na-Gall was for Dun-na-Gall was such the winds roared in the chimney-tops at night she used to tell us children that the "gentle folks" (fairy-folks) were in sorrow, or that there was a disagreement between the kings of the fairies of Connaught and Dun na Gall. It was an evil act to throw out dirty water after sunset: it might into the faces of the invisible wee people, who were always on the move at that hour. In the summer time, according to Granny, the red folk below the solitary watcher on the heights, lay the city, twinkling with used to lie under the leaves of the bougha-leen-bee, on the moor; but you of rest. Toil was over for a brief drops, were always open. The suffer-

ing souls in Purgatory used to walk the earth on All Souls' Night, and Granny never repaired to bed without igniting large fire of peat, and leaving on a convenient table both food and drink for the "lonely travellers"; and she never once forgot them in her prayers. Upon the heathery knowl behind our Upon the heathery knowl behind our little cabin there grew a great, gaunt, leafless tree. When or by whom it had been planted nobody knew; but my father decided one day to cut it down. I never saw Granny in a mad passion before. She stormed and cried and socided, and solemnly averred that the utilize of the tree, would be the comscolded, and solemnly averred that the cutting of the tree would be the commencement of our ill-luck. The tree still stands, leafless and lonely as of yore, and Granny is taking her last long sleep within the confines of the pretty little God's Acre outside the walls of which the waters of Inver Bay splash and sing and croon that mysteri-ous, inexpressible requiem that mortal never yet learned. There are many events in our home-life so touching, so essentially human and beautiful, that essentially human are to get them ever if one were so disposed. Who car banish from memory the evening dance in the bawn, the harvest home-gathering, with the blind fiddler in the cen ter, and the groups of flushed and happy faces on every side: the cross-making (rushes are plaited into the shape of crosses, and on being sprinkled ove with holy water are hung over the doorsdays) on the eve of St. Bridget's Day, or the hurling match on the vil lage common. But standing out in bol relief to any of these is another an quite different scene, to meditate upo which is to carry one away to a fancie realm of beauty and glory and love. In the peasant homes of Donega when the whole family is gathered to

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gether at bed-time they recite the sacred mysteries of the Rosary Although most of us could read tole ably well, we were never permitted officiate, i. e., to read the mysterio from the prayer-book. That w. Granny's function, and nobly she fu filled it: in low, melodious tones swould receite, in Gaelic, mystery aft mystery, modulating her voice to st the particular scene. There we special prayers said at the close, such intercession for the suffering dead, the welfare of the living, and the touching request for a holy death.

It seems so long since I first lead the that some of the incidents of the leave-taking are no longer remembered.

The poor leave home at an early age Donegal, and as God made many months in our home than He sent a thing to fill, I had to go, and, in words of the folk-lorist, "to travel words of the folk-lorist, before me and push my fortune as h My father was not gi much to sentiment, partly because parental love and finer feeling come to his class had been crushed ou him years before by the unend drudgery that fell to his lot in rear us. He shook my hand, wished us. He shook my hand, wished "Godspeed," and gave me two slings—the last penny he had. I only fourteen at the time, and e two shillings seemed a great deal to As I was about to disappear roun bend in the road I looked back for last glimpse of the old home; my were full of tears, and for a mome were full of tears, and for a mome failed to discern the figure that pursuing me. It was Granny, her hair running riot over her shoul and partly covering her face, w wet with tears. "Child of my her she said, "I cannot bear to see you

and you so young and foolish."
Then from her bosom she slowly
a blue parcel, tied by many str which she gradually unloosened: in were four penny pieces—I rememble that she received them in payment pair of hose which she had knitted eighbor-and these she handed to In my after wanderings and vicissi I have been sometimes homeless frequently in dire distress, but Gra keepsake pennics I have always ured as something too sacred for touch of other hands. We satin si by the wayside, the two of us, for art is full the lips are After a little while, however, I we my way, leaving Granny sitting m less, her blue eyes looking into sp

perhaps into futurity. That wa When the turf had to be made summer it was to Granny and m the task was assigned; father wa at other work, and mother was di and had to mind the younger ch She used to tell me wonderful t the doings of kings and fairies, lifted the black mud squares and a slanting position t About 12 o'clock which we gau the length of our shadow we ge partook of luncheon, consisting of and milk, and newly-laid eggs. boiled the eggs on a fire of b which we gathered in the boreen

way to the moor.

They buried her amid the net They buried her amid the net the weeds in Inver churchyar they went their way, and i learned to forget her who so them all. Truly it is a sorry when the only memorials of G life and love are the tears of a ing outeast, and the four penn that are rolled in a rag and away in the lining of an old ja Caher Healy, in Donahoe's.

## Mammon Worship. " . J. Pierpont Morgan, " r

Pilot, "was the subject of a sulogy by the Rev. Herbert the Warren Avenue Church, Boston, last Sunday The speaker dwelt especially subject's 'blue blood,' his fads brae, books and flowers—his thropy, and the fact that he scended to work, although he need to. Supposing that the Johnson had preached on the the day, St. Andrew, the f fisherman who hearkened to and left his netsfollow Him, what an outery up of 'Popery! saint worship Catholic would dream of ho the place of worship a livi man, whose claim to interna nown rests chiefly on his mil Catholic Citizen.