

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW GUARANTE," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STAIRS," "LOST ANGL AND OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ASTRAEA REDUX.

"This will never do!" So said a famous critic when quilloting a certain poet. So said Solicitor General Doherty, when this mixed jury disagreed, and three of his victims ran the chance of escaping. It was quite clear that mixed juries, like everything else that is mixed and mongrel, are bad. This time we shall take care to have the jury pure. There shall be no mistake. Hence, on Thursday morning, young Burke (brother of our midnight rider), Shine (whose brother is already sentenced to death), Connor, and Murphy are in the dock. The panel is called. Gentlemen of the highest respectability, land-owners and agents, are ruthlessly set aside on account of their religion, and an exclusively Protestant jury is carefully empanelled. There shall be no loopholes of escape this time. There will be the additional gratification of defeating this Boanerges from Kerry, who, most assuredly, cannot be described as of "very gentlemanly appearance and decidedly aristocratic address."

Patrick Daly improves as he goes along. He wishes to earn his portion of that £720 honestly, and to give good value to his employers. In his own choice language he wants to "swear up to the mark," a pretty little taken, I believe, on a certain measure of porter. It has transpired already that Patrick Daly was so drunk at that Fair of Rathlone that he couldn't stand. Nevertheless, he testifies glibly as to what took place there; how the famous assassination paper was produced for signature; how Burke, the prisoner, was present as a member of the committee, and how he, Patrick Daly, told it all to Col. Hill, immediately after the Fair.

This was very satisfactory. But here a dramatic incident occurred. Judge Pennefather beckons to O'Connell to approach the Bench. O'Connell approaches; the Judge shows a paper, and both heads—Judge's and advocate's—are bent in consultation for a few minutes. There was a hush in court. Patrick Daly is melodiously silent and somewhat perturbed. Doherty cannot make it out. At last, O'Connell returns to his place, the paper in his hand; and, after Daly's direct examination had concluded, O'Connell arose.

"The day after the Fair you described to the magistrates, in detail, all that had occurred in the tent?"

"Yes!"

"You mentioned the assassination order?"

"Yes!"

"And the names of the committee?"

"Yes!"

"This is your signature, I presume?"

"This is like it!"

"Then you have told the jury all that happened in the tent?"

"Well, thin, since you want the whole information, Murphy here said that there was as bad min in the country as the three gintles that wor to be killed; that Major Maxwell and Mister East will ought to be killed too; Mr. Daniel Clancy of Charleville, he said, will give £100 to the man that kills Maxwell, and £200 to the man that 'll kill the two."

O'Connell read over Daly's deposition (the paper handed him by Baron Pennefather). There was not one word about the assassination order, nor of the other details just sworn to by the accomplished witness.

"My cousin Owen" appears on the witness table. Patrick has sworn that Owen swears that he was. It would never do that Patrick should pocket the whole bribe. He must "swear up to the mark." Of course he was there, and can tell everything just as glibly, and even more picturesquely than "cousin Pat." His zeal and eloquence lead him astray. He contradicts "cousin Pat" in a dozen particulars, and is ordered peremptorily from the witness box.

This time Baron Pennefather addresses the jury in a solemn, lengthened speech, daintily balancing the scales of Astraea, instead of flinging in the sword of justice, with a "Vae victis!" against the prisoners. Jury this time, exclusively Protestant as they are, do not leave the box, but promptly acquit the prisoners with their verdict: "not guilty." There is a sense of relief visible in the entire court; and Judge Pennefather leans over the Bench, and whispers to Mr. Bennett, one of the junior counsel for the prosecution:

"George, let me not see you here again!"

The following day, the defeated Solicitor General announces that "his learned friends and himself have decided not to proceed with any further trials at present, and that the remaining untried prisoners might be let out on bail."

Soon after, the sentence of death on the first batch of prisoners was commuted to penal servitude for life, although they were convicted on exactly the same testimony that was so promptly rejected by the third jury. However, that sentence, too, was relaxed after they had been transported; and their children and children's children are in Doneraile to-day.

The duel, however, between the Solicitor General and O'Connell did not end here. In the next session of Parliament O'Connell moved for the depositions of Patrick Daly, and also for the notes taken by the Judges during the trials. It was unusual to demand the production of the Judges' notes; but O'Connell explained the importance of the case, and in doing so he paid a tribute to the justice, courtesy, and honor of Baron Pennefather, and, by implication, he passed a decided

conscience on his brother judge. But the main object of the motion clearly was to indict the Solicitor General, for that he with such remarkable discrepancies in his hands as existed between the depositions of Daly and his after-testimony, did press home against the prisoners for conviction, and suppressed these facts in his charges to the wide question—whether counsel, with direct testimony or circumstantial evidence before him as to the innocence of a prisoner on trial, could in honor or conscience either suppress such evidence or influence the jury for conviction? The debate was singularly interesting on account of the principle involved. O'Connell's speech was remarkable for its wonderful moderation, a fact on which he had to bear a good deal of hostile chaff from the ministerial side of the house. The Solicitor General's reply was singularly feeble, wandering away to politics, and quoting O'Connell's speeches at dinner-tables and on platforms against his studied moderation in the House. The Member for Mallow, C. O. Donham Norreys, backed up O'Connell in a lucid and argumentative speech, in which he insisted that the point of debate was—Had the Solicitor General in his "cessation" at each of the three trials the very depositions, etc., on which Judge Pennefather directed the acquittal of the prisoners? A Mr. North, defending the Solicitor General, attacked O'Connell in a furious piece of declamation; and so the debate raged during a sitting of Parliament, until at last the heavy weight of votes on the ministerial side bore down all opposition, and O'Connell's motion was negatived by a majority of fifty-eight. (It was this victory that emboldened Doherty to bring on again at the Spring Assizes the prisoners let out on bail.) And so the Doneraile Conspiracy passed into history, and is now but a name signifying but little to the minds of the peasantry.

The name of the Solicitor General (he lived a short time in history as "Long Jack Doherty," a nickname given him by O'Connell; he had realized £80,000 by his profession and speculations, but died penniless), has passed into oblivion so completely that should never have heard it, but that it cropped out of the recesses of history which I have opened. If, however, there be any immortality on earth, surely it will be that of the great advocate, who, from the first years of his striking career, took up the people's cause and defended it, often at the risk of personal losses in the profession he had chosen to follow, and sometimes at the risk of his life. Yet, amidst all the triumphs of his career, political and forensic, I understand that the domestic and laboring of the Doneraile peasants and laborers not the least; and, as he said in the House of Commons, it was a case into which—throw his whole heart and soul. And amongst the many incidents that he loved to recall from a life full of every kind of dramatic episode, I understand that he dwelt with particular pleasure on that memorable night-ride through the mountains and by the lakes of his native county; and with particular emphasis on the tremendous contrasts between the desolate and sublimities of nature, as he saw it that night, by hill and valley and through the "rascalities of an Irish Court of Justice."

The peasants returned to the homes they thought they should never behold again. They sat once more by firesides which they thought were extinguished for them forever. And slowly a better feeling crept in between the people and the local gentry. The very gallant way in which many of the latter, at the risk of social ostracism, protested against what they rightly deemed a miscarriage of justice, touched the hearts of the people, and dispipated the unhappy hostility that had arisen from political causes. Providence has balanced very lightly this airy Irish nature. It swings to a touch. Where heavier natures creep slowly up and down according to the weight or pressure of circumstances, the Celtic temperament leaps to the weight of a feather; and you have sudden depression, or irritable gaiety, murderous disloyalty, or more than feudal fealty, in swift and sudden alternations.

During these momentous trials, for instance, O'Connell thought it his duty to challenge a Protestant juror. It was reported that this man had said, after the convictions on the first trial, that there should be a gibbet at every cross-roads in the county. A wave of indignation swept over the minds of the people at this truculent, unscrupulous expression. But to a witness testifies that the words were used in quite a different sense, and were commendatory of Crown methods of prosecution, and sympathetic with the prisoners. "If this kind of thing is to go on," he said, "they might as well erect a gibbet at every cross-roads in the county." Quite a different thing! And so Irish anger swept around and evaporated in a cloud of incense about the popular magistrate. And so these sad winter days a great deal of public indignation ebbed away in a more gentle and kindly feeling, or was diverted against that class which has always been an object of particular horror in Ireland—the approver or informer. There, there is no relenting, no pardon! The awful stain goes down from generation to generation; and their children and children's children are the pariahs whom no man will willingly converse with, and with whom any alliance, particularly of marriage, is regarded as treasonable and dishonorable to the last degree. Hence every one of these hated wretches has to quit the country, and even in foreign lands to change his name. And even to this day the old people will not speak about them, except in a whisper; and then only when they have looked carefully around them to see that no one is listening, but friends. But the magistrates, against whom the conspiracy was supposed to have been formed, remained in their country seats and lived honored and revered by the people, and died peacefully in their beds. And then every remnant of the memory of this drama was set aside

when the terrible spectre of the famine appeared. And as we read now, in sudden torrential deluges in American sand-prairies, beasts, the most hostile to each other, will gather and congregate on some vantage point of safety to escape destruction, and forget their natural antagonism in the view of that dreadful scourge of "forty-eight and 'forty-nine, all lower feelings of caste and race were blotted out, and in the common peril men for ever; everything but the common safety. It was the new genealogy (also so often interrupted since in favor of the spurious and historical lineage which we have mentioned above)—justice beget confidence; and confidence beget tolerance; and tolerance beget mutual standing; and love; and mutual understanding beget love; and love beget that Union which we all desire.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAIFS.

Gienanaar, the glen of slaughter, is a deep ravine, running directly north and south through a lower spur of the mountains that divide Cork and Limerick. It divides County Cork and separates these counties, and also the dioceses of Cloyne and Limerick, and the parishes of Ardpatrick and Doneraile, runs right along the top of the glen, and close to that boundary line on the southern side was the farm of Edmond Connors, one of the men who had been put back on the second trial in the Doneraile Conspiracy, of which we have just written. His farm lay along the slope of the valley, facing directly east. It extended right over the slope, and was terminated there by the wild weather of the mountain; and it stretched downwards to the river, always full even in summer, but a fierce, angry torrent in winter; and which took its name, Avon, or, as it is pronounced, Own-anar, from the same terrific battle after which the glen is named. The house, a long, low building, thatched with reed, fronted the south; and, although very remote from village or town, the whole place—farm, field, and river, were as cozy and picturesque as could be found in Ireland. Edmond Connors, the proprietor, was, as we have said, a man of Herculean strength, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed; but you needed only to look at that calm, clear face, and those mild, blue eyes, that looked at you with a half-pitying, half-sorrowful glance, to see, as every one said, that Edmond Connors "would not hurt a child." He was, in fact, a superb type of a very able class of peasant, now, alas! under modern influences, dying away slowly in the land. They were all giants, largely formed, strongly tanned. They rarely touched meat.

Christmas and Easter it was a luxury. Their dietary was simple and ascetic—meal, milk and potatoes. But their constant exposure to rough weather, their incessant labor, and the iron constitutions they inherited from their forefathers and conserved by the purity and temperance of their lives, were better adapted than the feeble, modern civilization gives to create a hardy and iron race. It was of such men and their forefathers that Edmund Spenser, a rabid exterminator, wrote in despair to Queen Elizabeth, that they were quite hopeless—these attempts that were made to destroy or root out such a people; for they were so hardy, so fearless of death, so contemptuous of fatigue and wounds, that even the savage efforts of Elizabethan and Cromwellian freebooters failed to destroy what maintain and preserve. With these strong peasants, too, modern worries and vexations had no place. They had their trials; but they relied so implicitly on the maxims of their religion, which was also their philosophy, that they bore every reverse of fortune, and sickness and death, with the most profound and tranquil equanimity. A few times during their long and laborious lives, they might flash out in some sudden flame of anger, and then it was but for those who crossed their path. But that died away in remorse immediately, and the old, calm, patient way of life was resumed again. It was really pathetic the way these gentle giants used to look out from their clear blue eyes, in which there was always a depth of sorrow hidden under their strong bushy eyebrows; and how patiently they took the events of life, and calmly they took the vagaries of destiny. You could not disturb their equanimity. Deeds of the most wonderful and dreadful things, and they accepted it without surprise or alarm. They would be the despair of a dramatist. He could not astonish them, or excite their enthusiasm. To sleep, to wake, to work, to pray, to die—was the programme of existence. To wonder, to admire, to be angry, to be enthusiastic—they knew not the secret of these things. All things are ordered by a Supreme Will, of whom we are the puppets—that is all! Who does not remember them in their strong frieze cutaway coats, their drab or buff colored vests and knee breeches, the rough home-woven stockings, and the strong shoes—all made, like themselves, for hard work and wild tempestuous weather? No Wordsworth has yet sung the praises of these Irish dalesmen; but this, too, will come in the intellectual upheaval that we are witnessing just now.

Since the time of the trial, and his merciful escape from a horrible death, old Edmond Connors was accounted to remain even more alone than was his usual wont. Always of a solitary turn of mind, he began now to haunt the mountains continually. Sometimes he was seen sitting on the low parapet of a bridge that crossed the mountain stream, sometimes on a great boulder deep down in some primeval valley, visited only by sun and moon and stars; and sometimes his great form was seen outlined against the wintry sky, as he knelt and prayed on one of those immense stones that form cairns on the crest of the hills looking down into the glen and dales of Limerick. What were his thoughts no one knew, for like

all his class he was a silent man, and rarely spoke but in monosyllables.

There was a heavy fall of snow a few days before Christmas of this year; and as the weather was intensely cold, and the snowflakes together and crusted them all over with its own soft and brilliant enamelling. The whole landscape was covered with this white, pure surface, except where the river, now blackened by the contrast out its cold, dark way between the gleams it had made for itself out of the soft sand of the hills. The bleak dreary appearance of the landscape, however, did not deter Edmond Connors from his daily ramble in the mountains. He had a strong gaiter and boots doled the side of the snow clad heather; and he trudged along through slushy bog and across wet fields, only stopping from time to time to look down across the white, level plain that stretched its monotone of silver till it touched the sky-line, and was merged in it. One evening, just as dusk fell, about four o'clock and the atmosphere became sensibly colder, he turned his footsteps homeward. His path led across the little bridge down beyond the plantation of fir-trees on the main road. As he came in sight of it he saw in the twilight a woman sitting on the low parapet, with a child in her arms. His footsteps were so completely muffled by the soft snow that she was unaware of his approach, until he came quite close to her, and she woke up from her reveries and stared at him. She was quite young, but the child in her arms told that she was married. Her face had been very beautiful, except that it was now drawn as tight as parchment; and two great black eyes stared out of the pallor, as if in fright at some undefined but yet unrealized sorrow that was haunting her with its shadow. On seeing the great, tall figure near her, she drew up her black shawl hastily and covered her head, and turned away. The old man seeing this, and thinking that she had been nursing her child, and had turned away in modesty, approached and said, kindly:

"God save you, honest 'uman! Sure 'tis a cold evening to be out; and a cold rest you have got for yourself."

The woman did not answer.

"Wishes, then, me poor 'uman," said the old man, kindly; "you ought to seek shelter to-night, if not for yourself, at laste for yer little child."

The woman remained silent, with averted face. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a silver piece.

"Here, me poor 'uman," he said, extending the coin toward her. "I haven't much; but the Lord has been good to me, and we must be good to every poor creature that wants it."

She put the hand aside with an angry gesture; and rising up to her full stature, she looked at the old man with blazing eyes.

"Edmond Connors," she said, "I know you, and you don't know me. But you go your ways, and lave me go mine. It will be better for you in the land."

"Wishes, then, agragal," he said, humbly, "sure I meant no harm; but I thought it 'd be murder intirely to see you and your little gurlach on the road a night like this."

"Why do you talk to me of murder?" she said. "Haven't you murder on your own soul? And isn't the rope swinging for you a-ye?"

"I have not murdered, nor any other crime on my soul," he said, meekly, "though, God knows, I am a sinful man enough. But your out of your mind, me poor 'uman, and you don't understand the words you're spakin'."

"I wish 'twas thrue for you, Edmond Connors," she said. "I wish to God to-night that I was mad out intirely; and thin I could do what I was goin' to do, when God or the devil sint you across my path."

"I don't know what you mane," said the old man, "very anxious," but if you think 'o' hoin' any harm on yer self or yer child, may God and His Blessed and Holy Mother prevent you. Sure that's the last of all."

"Wouldn't it be better for me to be dead and buried?" she said somewhat more calmly, "than be harried from house to house, and from parish to parish, as I am, wid every dure slammed in me face, and a curse follin' me on me road?"

"That's quare," said the old man, "sure, haven't you the ring on your marriage finger as well as the best of this?"

"I have so," she said. "More bad luck and misfortune 'tis to me. 'Tis I'd be the happy 'uman if I could brake that ring, and put the pieces where they couldn't be found."

"At laste," said the old man, compassionately watching the blue eyes that stared up at him from the pinched, starved face of the child, "you should consider the child that God sint you; and if you cannot do anything to help yourself, or if you wor thinkin' of some thin' 'd again it—"

"What could I be thinkin' of?" she said, defiantly. "If you have murder in your own heart, Edmond Connors, that's no reason ye'd suspect me of the same."

"I see, me good 'uman," said the old man, moving slowly away, "you're not from this neighborhood, tho' ye seem to know me name. No body in this parish 'd spake as you have done. And," he said, with some little temper, "it 'd be safe for him to be hid."

"Next evening Will was on hand, face clean, better clothes though sadly threadbare, but respectful and attentive. He could not read, so instructions proceeded laboriously. However, he grew more and more earnest, mastered the chapters in the catechism, and ere long was the most devoted chap in the room. His big brown eyes never left my face when I spoke to the class. He helped to put the room in order after dismissal and always lingered until I said "Good night, God bless you, Willie."

He learned his prayers, and I gave him a rosary, and as the time drew near for first Communion and confirmation, he became, if possible, more attentive and earnest. Often I spoke to the boys about the saints of God, little anecdotes of charity, devotion and prayers. Once

fully in the growing twilight. There was something in her aspect, something in her words with their mysterious allusions, that attracted and interested him. And the blue eyes of the child seemed to haunt him, and ask for protection.

"Now, me poor 'uman," he said, "you're back in yer sinse agen. Sure I know well how the hardship and distress drive people out of their minds sometimes. But it may come on you again; and remember this is a Christian country; and from you that purty, weeshy little creature in yer arms, and save it from the cold river. Here, now, take these few shillings, and buy somethin' warm for yourself, for ye need it; and keep God and His Blessed Mother ever afore yer sight."

She stretched out her hand, and it lingered long in his great rough palm, whilst she fixed her glowing eyes, shaded with anxiety, upon him. Then, in a sudden impulse, she raised the big, strong hand to her lips; and dragging her wretched shawl more closely around her, strode away. The old man stood and watched her tall, girlish figure, as it swayed along the road, darkly outlined against the white background of the snow. Then he moved slowly homeward. As he reached the crest of the hill through a short cut across the heather, he turned round, and looked back. The woman's figure stood forth clearly outlined against the darkening sky. She, too, stood still, and was looking toward him. Seeing him still watching, she raised her hand, and waved a farewell and passed out of his sight as he thought for ever.

He was more than usually silent, as he sat by the fire that night, and watched the red turf and blazing wood, as they poured from the open hearth great volumes of smoke up through the wide chimney that little child above. The eyes of that little child haunted him. He was troubled in conscience about it. He thought he should have asked the poor, lone woman to be her protector. One mouth more was not much to feed; and He Who giveth food to the sparrows on the house top would help to feed a little child. He was quite angry with himself, and once or twice he was about to rise and go out, and follow the waifs. But he argued, they are gone too far on their way now. Yet when he came to the Fifth Joyful Mystery, as they recited the Rosary that evening, the remorse came back, and choked his voice with the emotion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE APOSTOLATE OF A NEWSBOY

The world is full of unwritten heroism, and once in a while we find ourselves face to face with a life that makes our own seem small and unworthy. Such is the one I am going to tell you about; and remember, I only tell tales that are true.

The classes of first Communion for working boys were being formed, one evening, in the school of my parish. I was watching the lads as they were placed in divisions according to their intelligence, when, suddenly, a scuffle was heard at the door.

Every head was turned as a boy was pushed forward. He fell, but quickly regained his feet, and tried to make his exit, but two other boys were behind him barring the way. He stood at bay like a small wild animal, his terrified eyes taking in the windows, vainly trying to see if escape were possible.

"What does this mean?" I said sternly.

"Father, this fellow has been hangin' 'round this buildin' for an hour. He wants to come in, but he's afraid!"

"What are you afraid of, my son?"

No answer came from the boy, who certainly looked frightened to death. He was ill-clad, small and pale.

"What is your name? Don't be afraid! Speak up like a man!"

"Will!" in a husky voice, twirling his cap.

"Will What?"

"Father, he ain't got any other name. He hasn't got any parents, nor brothers, nor nuthin'," said the boys who seemed to know him.

One of the waifs, I thought, thrown on the stream of humanity, wanted by nobody, cared for by nobody, and yet a soul for whom Christ died.

"Will, are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, Father!"

"Do you want to make your first Communion?"

He looked up earnestly.

"Well, come here and sit down, and I'll teach you all you have to know."

Will looked furtively around, and seeing that I smiled, and yet was in earnest, took the seat I gave him, and his presence was soon forgotten. He looked and listened in silence all evening.

I thought it better to say nothing to him that evening. If he came again it would be time enough. When the other boys left I found out from one who lingered that Will was a newsboy, lived under steps in summer and in ash-pits in winter; always said he was a Catholic, but until now never came near a Catholic school, and he was twelve years old. He had heard other boys talk about night institutions and came with the crowd, but lacked courage to enter until forcibly landed in the room by his chums, who would have "fool'd" where the priest was.

Next evening Will was on hand, face clean, better clothes though sadly threadbare, but respectful and attentive. He could not read, so instructions proceeded laboriously. However, he grew more and more earnest, mastered the chapters in the catechism, and ere long was the most devoted chap in the room. His big brown eyes never left my face when I spoke to the class. He helped to put the room in order after dismissal and always lingered until I said "Good night, God bless you, Willie."

He learned his prayers, and I gave him a rosary, and as the time drew near for first Communion and confirmation, he became, if possible, more attentive and earnest. Often I spoke to the boys about the saints of God, little anecdotes of charity, devotion and prayers. Once

when I had told the story of the early martyrs, Will's eyes (ever fixed on me) glowed, and that night he said to me, "Father, I'd like to die a martyr."

"Well, my boy, you might, although not by fire or sword!"

"How, then, Father?"

"By loving others better than yourself, by giving your life to help others. There are many martyrs in this world, Willie."

He said nothing and I forgot the circumstance. First Communion time came. Will passed the examination and made his general confession. I had grown greatly interested in the boy, and had spoken to some charitable ladies, who provided him with suitable clothing and had given him work. He was now a respectable looking lad, a messenger boy. But although I had provided him with a home he left it to live with an old apple woman, who took him to her warm heart and gave him a little corner in her humble lodgings, and grew fonder of him every day. And he responded to Granny's love by giving her all his earnings.

After Will had been confirmed and made his first Communion, he still came to see me, and I noticed with some anxiety he had a hard hacking cough. I mentioned it, but he only laughed, said nothing, "he didn't mind it." But Granny came to see me, greatly worried over her boy.

"Father," she said, "I wish you would bid him not to pray so long in the cold. I do be listening for him to go to bed, but he is on his knees till all hours, with his beads in his hands, and the room do be cold, for we can't have fire at night."

Will's purity and piety had begun to make a deep impression on my mind. He is a chosen soul, I thought, and often he looked to me like a young saint, with his steady brown eyes fixed rapturously on me when I talked of the martyrs and holy ones of God.

One bitter cold February night Will came to see me. I noticed his cough was worse, and spoke to him about taking more care of himself. When he was leaving, a blast of icy wind swept through the doorway, nearly taking me off my feet.

"Will," I said, "you must take the care home. Have you the change?" I added.

"Well, I declare," said Will, feeling in his pockets, "I guess I left my money in my other suit. But I'll run, Father."

"No, you'll freeze a night like this. Here is car fare," and I handed him a quarter.

"Thank you, Father, I'll borrow it and pay it back," said he with a smile.

"Be off, then," I said. "Good night."

"But the blessing?"

"God bless you! God bless you!" and I hastily closed the door.

I thought no more of Will for a day or two. The weather grew bitter cold. No one left the house, less he had to do so. But one afternoon the telephone rang and a strange man asked could I go to such a house? "A poor person who was calling for me" and was surely dying. I took the address and started. It was Granny's humble home, and I met her at the door, her apron to her eyes, and the tears streaming down.

"Oh, Father," she wept, "he's never stopped calling for you."

"Who?" I exclaimed.

"My poor Willie. He's borrowed something from you and it's worrying him."

I demanded to see him at once.

She led me to the little room, and there on a cot was Willie, delirious, calling out he wanted to return the quarter.

"Have you had the doctor?" I said.

"No, Father, 'ere it's the priest he's calling for. He only got had today."

I sat at once to a telephone near by and called up a physician I knew, who was soon at the house. He looked at Will, shook his head and began to work with him. I went into the next room, and by degrees got the story out of the bewildered Granny.

The night Will left me he was later than usual coming home, and Granny was so distressed, she said it was so bitter cold. At last about midnight two men came to the door with Willie between them. They found him lying in the snow, not far from home, with blood coming from his mouth. He was almost frozen, but gave his address faintly. She hid him up to bed, and he didn't seem better in the morning and suddenly grew delirious and raved about walking home and borrowing money from me. Strange, I thought, why didn't he ride in the cars? He was overcome by that bitter night, but why did he walk? What did he do with the money?

"Granny had he any money when he came in?" I said.

"Not a cent, your reverence. When I asked him why he didn't ride he said his money was in his other suit, and when he took bad he was raving that it was to pay you back a quarter. Sure, if he had a quarter, why didn't he take the cars?"

"Sure enough," I thought. "I told him to ride." I felt uneasy. Where was that quarter? But then the thought occurred to me that he might have dropped or lost it.

"The men told me," said Granny, "that they found him senseless, with the blood coming out of his mouth, just yonder, almost in sight of the door. It was a bitter cold wind he faced coming over the bridge," she wailed.

Just then the doctor came and said quietly: "This is a case of pneumonia and exhaustion. The hemorrhages must have been severe. I don't think he will pull through, Father, but he will be conscious in an hour. I will send some medicine and a nurse."

I was affected more that I could have imagined.

"How long do you think he will live, doctor?"

"It's hard to tell, Father; scarcely twenty-four hours."

"Make him as comfortable as possible," I said.

The doctor left, and I sat down by the bed.

Willie muttered in his delirium, "Poor old fellow, I wonder if he did lose it." Then again he murmured, "By loving others better than yourself,

by giving your life to be a martyr. I wonder ever frozen to death. Give back Father—"

"I only borrowed it."

"Yes, darlin'," said in, "I'll give it back here myself. Lie at me poor boy."

"Willie," I said, "died was no sign of recognition."

A nurse came in in quested her to begin with the doctor's in the next room and I could not leave. I would be passed. Granny was and I sat by the window trying to read my off the glory of the red st afternoons. There were smoke-stained roof, river visible beyond filled with ice cakes and glass-houses, but the formed it all into a thing, type of martyr and then came the light of the glory of the red st for I believe he is.

The nurse called so "Father."

I went into the in was conscious, weak I'm so glad, Fat I think I am prett glad you came."

I mentioned then Willie's confession. receive Holy Communion returned soon with ment and the holy Holy Viaticum, and Then he lay peace his eyes closed. The room was open and light came and white counterpane where the little he was utter silence breathing. The noiseless. Her loc who felt that her useless, although she "Father," he Granny return you hasn't she