HOW THE BAILIFFS WERE TREATED.

decessor, as honest a man as ever lived, and strip him, and nail him by The following is a chapter from "My New Curate," by Rev. Father Sheehan. the ears to his door, where his neigh-bors tound him in the morning ? But So that it may be understood by those "the poluss? the poluss?" "Oh! they're always looking the other way. who have not yet read this very interesting book, we will explain that But let us get the taste of these mur-Father Letheby, the curate, undertock derin' ruffians out o' our mout'! Come down to Mrs. Haley's. There isn't better dhrop between this and Dublin. to establish a factory in the parish for the purpose of creating and fostering "But the proputty ?" the proputty?" said the bailiffe, locking around anxhabite of industry, particularly amongst the younger people. It was an unfortunate venture, however, one of the iously. "As safe as if ye had it in yere causes being a "strike " prompted by a girl who had come from America. After the factory was a short time in operation it failed, leaving Father Letheby in financial ruin. Much and smoked his weed with as much active sympathy was evinced in his dignity as if he had been born in Cuba behalf by the parishioners, especially the young men. The bailiffs, as might have been expected, were sent along to seize his belongings when Jem Deady and his companions took steps to give them a fitting reception. How this was accomplished is explained as follows :

neighbor. "No. But we're thinkin' of getting The soul of Jem Deady was grievous ly perturbed. That calm and placid philosopher had lost his equanimity. that's the same as havin' it. we are. Now, one word ! There's one It showed itself in many ways-in violent abstraction at meal-times, and the yere mout', or we don't know the conghoulish way in which he swallowed cups of tea, and bolted potatoes wholeoutrageous ruffian, doesn't care for sale ; in strange muttered soliloquies law or judge, or priest or pope ; he's in which he called himself violent and opprobrious names ; in sacrilegious gestures towards Father Letheby's Listen, that ye may remimber. His name is Jem Deady. Keep yere mouths locked on that while ye're house. And once, when Bess, alarmed about his sanity, and hearing dreadful sounds of conflict from his bedroom, and such expressions as these : "How Haley's "cosey" or "snuggery," There was warmth, and light, and do you like that ?" "Come on, you "You'll want a beefstake for your eyes and not for your stomach, you glutton !" when Bess, in fear and trembling, entered the bedroom, she found her amiable spouse belaboring an innocent bolster which, propped 'byes ' against the wall, did service vicarious distence from the "gintlemin." ly for some imaginary monster of flash and blood. To all Bess's anxious inquiries there was but one answer : " Let me alone, 'uman ; I'm half out o' There should be a climax, my mind !" of course, to all this, and it came. was not the odor of the steaks and onions that, wafted across intervening gardensfrom Father Letheby's kitchen, cheered the gentlemen to the echo. precipitated the crisis ; nor the tears of Lizzie, who appeared from time to time, a weeping Niobe, and whose dis-tress would have touched the heart' of gurs who can't buy their tay without a less susceptible Irishman than Jem Deady; nor yet the taunts of the women of the village, who stung him with such sarcasms as these: "Yes; Faynians begor, with their drilling, an' their antics, an' their corporals, an their sergeants -they couldn't hunt a flock of geese. Dere goes de captain -look at him an' his airs ; and thim Dablin jackeens above in the priest's house, atin' him o' house and home

fullows we uver mot. and not a man in Kilronan able to lay the Cawstle cellars. Here's to yer a wet finger on 'em." But, as in all great crises, it is the simple thing that health, missus So the night wore on. proves the last straw, so in What steaks and onions, tears and taunts, could not do, was done by an innocent Havanua, whose odors, sprung from a dainty weed, held be-

than those who lurked in Kilronan. early Mass; and being a constitution-Why, what did they do in the days of the Legue? Didn't they take his pre-freeh air - down the grassy slopes that al man, he strolled down to take the freeh air-down the grassy slopes that

lead to the sea. Jem was smoking placidly and at peace with himself and the world. One trifle troubled him. It was a burn on the lip, where the candle had caught him the night before at Mrs. Haley's, when he was induced to relax a little, and with his hands tied behind his back, grabbed at a rosy apple, and caught the lighted candle in his mouth. But that was a trifle. As Jem calmly strolled along, he became suddenly aware of a marin enomenon ; and Jem, as a profound

Come

There isn't

waistcoat pockets," they were assured. The three well dressed gentlemen

dark street of the village, piloted care

his arms affectionately in his comrades'

fully by the central figure, who linked

Powerful dark hole !" said one ;

'one mut git a blow o'a stun and

be the wiser."

the middle gentleman.

credit.

ade.

blues.

enstody and 8

'Jem,"

Is that thrue, Bess ?"

"Every word of it," said Bess.

hat this was the greatest act of

nuvve

noved with easy dignity down the one

student of natural history, was so in terested in the phenomenon that he sctually took the pipe from his mouth and studied the marvel long and care fully. About twenty yards from where he was standing, a huge pile of rock started suddenly from the deep-a equare, embattled mass, covered by the short, springy turf that alone can resist the action of the sea. Beside it, tall needle of rock, serrated and sharp, These two solitary islands the abode of goats and gulis, were " Or the prod of a pike," suggested known in local geography as the Cow and Calf. Now the Cow and Calf were "Huv tha' no gaws here ?" cried his familiar to Jem Deady from his child hood. So were the deep, hollow caves beneath. So was the angry swirl of up the electric light; at laste the parish priest do be talkin' about it, and sure be's the same as havin' it. But here swept arcund in fierce torrents, and a met with a shock of strength and a ruffisn here whose name mustn't pars sweat of foam at the angle near the Therefore, these things did not cliffs. sekinces. He's a most consaited and surprise the calm, equable mind of Jem. But perched on the sward or the top were two strange beings, the like of whom Jem had never seen bethe only one ye have to be afeard of. fore, and whom his fancy now at once recognized as the mermen of fable and romance. Their faces were dark as that of his sable majesty ; their hair

was tossed wildly. But they looked the It was a pleasant little party in Mrs. picture of despair, whereas mermen were generally reputed to be jolly. It might be no harm to accost them, and music, and the odor of rum punch and Jem was not shy about strangers. " Hallo, there !" he cried across the

lemon, and the pungency of cigars, and the pleasant stimulus of agreeable conversation. Occasionally one of the chasm ; " who the -are ye? Did ye shwim across from ole Virginny, or did ye escape from a throupe of Christy Minstrels ?" looked in, but was promptly elegated to the taproom, at a civil By

"You, fellow," said a mournful and by, however, as more charity and voice, "go at once for the poluse." "Aisier said than done," said Jem. less exclusiveness prevailed under the generous influences of good liquor, the What am I to say suppose the gintle gintlemin " requested to be allowed min are not out of their warm beds ? to show the light of their glowing "Tell them that two of Her graciou faces in the plebeian taproom ; and the Majesty's servants are here - brought here by the worst set of ruffians that denizens of the latter, prompt at recognizing this infinite condescension, are not yet hanged in Ireland." "And what do ye expect the police " 'Tis the likes of ye we wants down

to do ?" said Jem, calmly. here," they cried ; " not a set of nay-'To do ? Why, to get a boat and

tuk us out o' thus, I suppose !" "Look at yere feet," said Jem, "and tell me what kind of a boat would live But the local bailiff didn't seem to like it, and kept aloof from the dissipathere?

tion. Also, he drank only "limin-ade." It was admitted in after years True enough. The angry waters were hissing, and embracing, and swirling back, and trying to leap the denial that was recorded in history. cliffs, and feeling with all their awful His comrades chaffed him unmercifully strength and agility for some channe "Come, mon, and git out o' the through which they might reach and Whoy, these are the jolliest devour the prisoners.

By some secret telegraphy a crowd "And there isn't better liquor in had soon gathered. One by one, the "byes" dropped down from the vil lage, and to each in turn Jem had to But two poor women had an anxious tell all he knew abcut the mermen. Then commenced a ranning fire of

time. These were L'zzle, who, some mysterious manner, persua persuaded | chaff from every quarter. "Where are yere bajoes, gintlemin? herself that she was responsible for the

Jem, nothing loth, "ruz" the Suwance Biver," and accompanying misself on an imaginary banjo, drew tears from all eyes by singing, with mingled pathos and regret :

THE CATHOLIG RECORD

All the world am sad and dreary Eberywhere I roam; Ch! darkies, how my heart grows weary. Far from the old folks at home." Then commenced a fresh cross-fire of

ye promised, an' if it is convanient chaff "The gintlemin in the orchaystra will now favor the company wit' a

song Suddenly one young rascal shouted out :

" Begor, perhaps it's badin' ye were goin'. Don't ye know the regulations of the coast? If ye were caught takin' off even yere hats here without puttin' on a badin' dress, ye'd be dragged be fore the M.yor and Lord Lieutenant of Kilronan, and get six weeks' paynal servitude.

Then suddenly a bright idea seemed to dawn on these scamps. There was a good deal of whispering, and nodding, and pointing ; and at last Jem Deady stepped forward, and in a voice full of awe and sorrow he said : "Wan of the byes is thinkin' that

maybe ye're the same strange gintlemin that are on a visit with the priest for the last three days, and who were dacent enough to shtand 'dhrinks all round' last night at Mrs. Haley's. 'Pon the vartue of yere oath, are ye?" "We are. Und dom fools we made of ourselves.

don't know us as yet ; but sure wan good turn desarves another.

"Ye appear to be a dacent sort of "ellow," said one of the bailiffs. Now, look here. If ye get us 'ut of thus, we'll gev ye a pun' note, and much dhrink as ye can bear.

said Jem, " and thin for eight minite their is a dhry passage across the

who brought us here ! 'Amen !" cried all devoutly, lifting

parted to make the needful prepara-After they had half mounted the ion. declivity, one was sent back. " The gintlemin who are going to

by such profaulty. "Sich language on a Sunday mornin', glory be to God !

and had a remark to make, auggestion She was crying softly.

fun. Now, in any other country but

Yet it was a melancholy day, a day of conjecture and fear, a day of sad also except Spain and France and misgivings and sadder forebodings; Ye might as well spind the Sunday Italy, a simple thing is done pleasantly, for the sorra a wan o' ye simple, unostentatious manner. pect of a hunted fugitive. does not suit the genius of our people, Next morning the cloud lifted at does not suit the genus of our people, will get off before night." "Start ' Way down the Suwanee which tries to throw around the simplest last. He rushed up to my house, bematter all the pomp and circumstance fore he had touched his breaktast, and, of a great event, and in the evolution futtering one letter in the air, he prof-

" Poor min ! and I suppose they're kissed the young curate's hand, kissed the lapels of his cost, demanded hi all drowned wet." Whilst the rescuing party halted, and wiped the perspiration from their brows, oue said, half apologetically: bro mare and parton a glacier pushing its last, slowly, as a glacier pushing its moraine before it, we wedged our

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"I am ared by these gintlemin to tell ye-ahem ! then there's a rule in way through a struggling mass of hu. village that no credit is given, "God be with you, a hundred from the price of an ounce of tay to a

pound of tobakky. An' if ye'd be so plasin' as to remember that poun' note times ! "And may His Blessed Mother pur-

tect you !" "And may your journey thry wid you !'

nd contagious to ye, perhaps-" One of the bailiffs fumbled at his "Yerra, the Bishop, 'oman could not get on widout him. That's the pockets in his critical condition, and making a round ball of the note, he fung it up the cliff side with a gesture raison

"Will we iver see ye agin, yer rev. of disgust. Jem Deady took up the erence? missive, opened it calmly, studied the

Terrors " came forward to ask him let his name remain as their honorary

lift a ball like yer reverence. "No, nor ye'll niver see the man agin that cud rise a song ike him !"

said Jem Deady. Father Letheby had gone down in the afternoon to see Alice. Alice had heard, and Alice was crying with lonely grief. He took up her small white

hand "Alice," he said, "I came to thank you, my child, for all that you have done for me. Your prayers, your tears, but, above all, your noble ex-ample of endurance under suffering, have been an ineffable source of strength to me. I have wavered where

you stood firm under the cross-"Oh ! Father, don't, don't !" sobbed the poor girl. "I must," he said ; "I must tell you that your courage and constancy have shamed and strengthened me a hundredfold. And now you must pray for me. I dare say I have yet further trials before me; for I seem to be one of those who shall have no peace without

the cross. But I need strength, and that you will procure for me. "Father, Father !" said the poor girl, "it is you that have helped me Where would I be to day if you had not shown me the Crucified behind the

cr086 ! He laid in her outstreiched hand a beautiful prayer book ; and thus they parted, as two souls should part, know ng that an invisible link in the Heart of Christ held them still together.

The parting with Bittra was less painful. He promised often to run over and remain at the "Grand House," where he had seen some strange things. Nor did he forget his would be benefactress, Neil Cassidy.

He found time to be kind to all. What a dinner was that at Father Duff's! Was there ever before such a tumult of gladness, such Alleluias of way, to Alice's prophecy, and the Holy resurrection, such hip! hip ! hurrahs had failed him. I went down to such grand and noble spee see Alice. She looked at me inquirbrave fellows had joined hands, and dragged the beaten hero from the "No letter, and no reprieve," I said. battlefield, and set the laurels on his "You false prophetess, you child of Mahomet, what did you mean by dehead. Then they all wanted to become my curates, for "Kilronan spells promotion now, you know." But I was too wise to make promises. As we

"Neverthelees," she said at length, "it will come true. The Holy Souls will never fail him. The day is not were parting for the night, I heard Father Letheby say to Duff :--"I am under everlasting obligations to you. But you shall have that boat money the moment it comes from the Insurance Office. And those sew ing-machines are lying tale over there;

in a and all through the weary hours the That poor priest wore more than ever the as-"All right! Send them over, "All right ! Send them over, and here, Letheby, it's I who am under obligations to you. I had a lot of these dirty shekels accumulated since I was in Australia ; and I'm ashamed to say it, I had three figures to my credit down there at the National Bank. If "There's the Bishop's seal," he cried. I died in that state, 'twould be awful. Now I have a fairly easy conscience, 'I was afraid to open it. Will you do thanks again to you !" When I reached my room that ev-

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THE JEW'S TEST. FOUNDED ON FACT.

We were down in the Ghetto of the old river side town-I and the humble Jew giazier, Nathan Abrahamson.

I always thought of the Apostles when I looked at Nathan's gentle Semitic face, with its long curling beard, its clear olive tints and its great dark, soft eyes, full of an indescribable athos-the "sufferance" that was the badge of all his race." He was a rara avis among his fellows-a truthful, simple-hearted, ungrasping Heb Like his Apostolic namesake,

'an Israelite without guile." I knew him to be very poor because of his avoidance of crooked methods and I often threw odd jobe in his way. To day it was repairing some broken

use of mine lights in a tenement l just across from the Italian church of San Genarro. The quarter abounded not only with the worthy Jews of Russia, but the equally dark skinned Genoese, Neapolitans and Sicilians.

of the townsmen of Columbu passed by on the other side as w

Everyone about there knew him to be a prosperous manufacturer of mac a diamond glittered on hung across the form of the for He rolled past the church thrustin

his hands in his pockets-his hat s rakishly on one side. The Israelite regarded him steadi

with a curious expression of contemp "I would not trust that man with dollar," he said with his queer accer Why not ?" asked I.

"Because he doesn't lift his hat he passes the church," was the

tounding reply. "What do you know about su things, Nathan?" I inquired, nati ally enough. "A good deal, I come from a p

of the country where there are pley of Catholics,' said the Jew. "I kn plenty about their beliefs and th And it is in my blood never VAV8 trust a Catholic who does not unco to his church, or salute the Cross as

passes it." Salute the Cross !" Was th ever Hebrew like to this?

The glazler saw my astonishm and proceeded to explain. I give story in plain English. "My grandfather," said he, "

a rich merchant in the Tyrol. Je he was, his dearest friend was a olic neighbor. With him he often business dealings, and he loved honor d him for a just man. seldom apart-my grandfa The neighbors o and his friend. them David and Jonathan.

" One day grandfather had to g a long journey. There was an in ment to be made in a large estate miles away, and in his old fashi thrifty way he must go himself tend to it.

He had noticed for some weeks that his Catholic friend seem il low sp rited. A little change exercise (thought he) might de good. So he told him about th vestment and asked him to trave him to the distant town. The often gone on walking tours tog and now, for a number of mile road led through a wild and th wooded part of the country. grandfather carried a " My

amount of gold in a belt rou waist, under his clothing. H told his friend of this as the starting on their journey a in the morning. A dan bit of mountain which must be by noon, made an early start sary. It was a mild winter d still dark. Before daylight they had the first wayside cross that their two miles from home. "As they passed before it, it to my grandfather that his con paid no attention to the sacred Bat in the gray mists of the b dawn, he could not be certain He was sure the Catholic had a no prayer, nor crossed himse knew was customary.

Then a deputation of the "Holy numbers, and put it in his pocket.

"Now, byes, a long pull, a sthrong pull, and a pull thegither !" And in an instant the bailiffs were president. "We'l never see a man again to sprawling on the green turf. Such

cheers, such congratulations, such lapping on the back, such hip ! hip such hurrahs! were never heard before

bailiffs were conducted to Father Letheby's house. L'zzle, half crying half laughing with delight for having escaped arrest and capital punishment prepared dinner with alacrity ; and then a great hush fell on the village-

" Now, alsy, alsy," said Jem. "Ye

Here there was a cheer. "The tide goes down at four o'clock."

rocks. Thin ye must run for yere ives, and we'll be here to help ye But how the devil did ye get there We never saw but a goat there afore. "That's a matter for the Queen'

heir ragged hats. Then they de

resky ye," he said, " wants to know if ye have any conscientious objection to

Monday ?" He was answered with an oath, and vent away sadly. He was scandalized

What is the world comin' to ?' Four o'clock came, and the entire vil-

Ireland, and perhaps, indeed, we may

Then the procession formed and passed on to the village ; and to the melodious strains of "God save Ireland !" the

the hush of conjecture and surmise Would the bailiffs remain or depart Would they recognize the deep hatree of the villagers under all the chaff and fun, or would they take it as a huge joke? The same questioning agitated their own minds ; but they decided to go for two reasons, viz., (1) that, fresh

this

from the conflict, they could give a more lurid description of their adven ture, and obtain larger compensation ; and (2) that whilst Jem Deady w

Bench, my fine fellow. God help thos

be brought over on the Sabbath ; or wud ye rather remain where ye are till

faith, in his own generous, child-like

lage of Kilronan turned out to the rescue. There were at least one thousand spectators of the interesting proceedings, and each in dividual of the thouceiving us?"

to off r, or a joke to deliver at the un happy prisoners. And all was don under an affectation of sympathy that was deeply touching. Two constable kept order, but appeared to enjoy the

past, nor the morrow." Oh, woman, great is thy faith !

scraping, with no gentle hand, the oil and lampblack from their faces, that he had placed there the evening before, he told them, confidently, to put a hundred miles between selves and the villagers that night, if they did not care to leave their meas

ures for a coffin. And so, at 6 o'clock a car was hired, and amidst a farewel voiley of sarcastic cheers and uncomplimentary epithets, they drove atch the night mail Dublin Father Letheby prompily took posses sion, and found nothing wrong, except

the odor of some stale tobacco smoke

Next day was All Souls'. and it was with whitened lips, and with disap polatment writ in every one of his fine features, that he came up after Mass to ask had I received any letter. Alas, no! Alas, no! He had pinned his

tween the lips of one of these great representatives of Her Majesty's law, and wafted to the senses of Jem Deady, as he bent over his cabbages in his little garden, made him throw down his spade with something that seemed like, and most unlike, a prayer, and Tare moment the well-known footsteps of rush into the house and shout : an' houns ! Flesh and blood can't stand this ! Don't shpake a word, 'uman ! Don't shpake a word ! but get me soap, and hot wather, and a ing sound at the back-dcor, and Bess towel, while you'd be saying trapsticks !' fire of cross questions.

Bess did as she was directed ; and then paused anxiously in the kitchen to no lies," said Jem. "Have ye any conjecture what new form her hugthin' to ate ?' band's insanity was taking. Occasionally a muttered growl came from the bacon. Jem set to hungrily. recesses of the bedroom ; and in about a quarter of an hour out came Jem, so light in the front windy, Bess?" trausformed that Bess began to doubt her own sanity, and could only say, Jem. through her tears :: and puzzled manner.

"For the love of God, Jem, isn't yourself or your ghost ?"

It certainly was not a ghost, but a fine, handsome man, over six feet high, his hair curled, and his whisters shining with Trotter Oil, and his long door. It was Lizzie. pilot cost with the velvet collar, which he had got from Father Laverty, and Jem ? on which the merciful night, now falling, concealed the abrasions of time. Bess looked at him with all a wife's ad miration ; and then, half crying, half laughing, said :-

"And what new divilnint are you up to now ?'

Jem answered not a word. He was on the war path. He only said sarcas-

"Ye needn't expect me home to tay Mrs. Daady. I'm taking tay with shupparior company to-night."

An hour later there were three gentlemen in Father Letheby's parlor, who appeared to have known each mind theirselves." other in antenatal times, so affectionate and confidential were they. The gentleman in the middle was sympa-"Go home, like a good girl, and make your mind alsy. thizing with his brethren in the legal profession-for he had introduced himself as the local bailiff -on their being herself. sent down from the metropolis and its village called Kilronan. "Isome day ye'll be dancin' upon nothin,' I'm thinkin.'"

strong Northern accent. "A' have bun in wuss diggins than thus !"

bun in wuss diggins than thus !" Then the conversation drifted to pos-sible dangers. And it appeared there was not, in Her Majesty's dominions, a more lawless and fiendish set of ruffians

in the eyes of the law ; and if anything happened to them she might be sum-

moned up to Dablin, and put on her River,' Jem, and we'll give 'em a trial on the capital charge. The other was Mrs. Dady. When 11 o'clock struck, she expected to hear every chorus.

You're Jem Deady, I suppose," You're Jem Deady, I suppose," said one of the bailiffs. remember you're a marked mon. her spouse; but no! 11:30 - 12 struck-and Jem had not returned. gut yer cherickter last night from a gentleman as the greatest ruffian amongst all the ruffians of Kilronan-" At 12:30 there was a peculiar scratch-"Yerra, man, ye're takin' lave of

opened it and dragged Jem into her Is't Jem Daady ? Jem ver sinses. arms, whilst she poured into his face a Deady, the biggest omadhaun in the "Ax me no questions an' I'll tell ye village. "Jem Deady, the greatest gommal

that ever lived. Jom Deady, that doesn't know his

Bess had, in the shape of cold fat right hand from his left." Jem Deady, who doesn't know "Would ye mind covering up the

enough to come out of the wet." "Jem Deady, the innocent, that isn't waned from his mother ayet."

Bess did so promptly, all the while During all these compliments Jem looking at her spouse in a distressed smoked placidly. I had forgotten one of the most serious duties of a novelist said she at length, "may -the description of Jem's toilette.]

the Lord forgive me if I'm wrong, but had forgotten to say that a black pilot I think ye're quite sober." Jem nodded. A knock came to the coat with velvet collar, red silk hand kerchief, etc., was a veritable Nessus shirt to Jem. So passionately fond of "Have ye no news of the balliffe,

work was he, and so high an idea had he conceived on the sacredness and "I have, acushla. I left them at nobleness of work, that integuments your dure half an hour ago, and savoring of Sabbath indolence were parthey're now fast asleep in their warm and comfortable beds." ticularly intolerable to him. He moved about stifly inithem, was glad to shake "They're not in our house," said bizzie, siarmed. "Oh, Jem, Jem, what have ye done, at all, at all?" them off, and resums his white, limestained, patched, aud torn, but oh such iuxuriously easy garments of every day life. Then I regret to have "I'll tell ye, girl," said Jem, em hatically. "I left the gintlemin at every day life. Then I regret to have to record an act of supreme vanity, phatically. "I left the gintlemin at your dure, shook hands wid them, bid that might be pardonable or venial in them good-night, and came down here.

a young lady going to a bail or coming out in her first concert, but was simply shocking in a middle-aged man going "Go back to your bed, alanna," said Jem, "and have pleasant dhreams out to Mass on a Sunday morning. Jem Deady actually powdered his fac of your future. Thim gintlemin can I do not say that it was violent powder "Tis thrue, Lizzie," said Bess. or that he used a puff. His methods were more primitive and more success

He went to a pot where lime was ful. seething, or rather had been seething. Lizzie departed, crying softly to He took up the thick lumps and crushed them into dust. He made his face as

"What mischief have 'ye done white as if he were going to play the king in Macbeth, and Banquo's ghost was arising ; and he turned his glossy ocks into a cadaverous and premature grayness, and Bess dian't like it. She "Nabocklish !" said Jem, as he wanted to see him only one Sunday in | knelt down and piously said his pray-

' his best shuit ;" but Jem, unkind fel low, would not grant her that gratifi

thereof every man, woman, and child is supposed to have a personal interest and a special and direct calling to fered the other. order and arrange and bring the whole proceeding to perfection. Now, you would say, what could be simpler it for me?' I did, cutting the edges open with

than to fling a rope to the prisoners and let them walk across on the dry rocks? That's your ignorance and your contempt for details; for no Alpine guides, about to cross the cre My Dear Father Letheby :vasses of a dangerous glacier, with nervous and timid following of tourists, ever made half the preparations that over my shoulder. followers made on Jem Deady and his this occasion. Two stout fishermen carrying a strong cable, clambered

over my shoulder. I have just appointed Father Feely to the pastoral charge of Athlacca, vacated by the death of Canon Jones; and I hereby appoint you to the administratorship of my cathe-dral and mensal priest here. In doing so, I am departing somewhat from the usual cus-tom, seeing that you have been but one year in the diocese; but in making this appoint-ment, I desire to mark my recognition of the zeal and energy you have manifested since your advent to Kilronan. I have no doubt whatever but that you will bring increased zeal to the discharge of your larger duties here. Come over, if possible, for the Satur-day confessions here, and you will remain with me until you make your own arrange-menta bout your rown at the presbytery. I am, my dear Father Letheby, Yours in Christ, down the cliff, and crossed the narrow ledge of rock, now wet with seaweed and slippery. They might have gone down, with perfect ease, the goat path sanded and gravelled, by which the hailiffa were carried the night before ; but this would not be value for a pound and the copious libations that were to follow. They then tied the caple around the bailiffs and around themselves, and proceeded on their

perilous journey. With infinite care they stepped on rock and seaweed, shouting hoarse warnings to their mates; but all their warnings were "I never doubted the Bishop," I said, when I had read that splendid letter a second time. "His Lordship knows not sufficient to prevent the balliffs from slipping and floundering in the deep sea-water pools left by the re-ceding tide. Somehow the rope would how to distinguish between the accid. ents of a priestly life and the essentials of the priestly character. You have another letter, I believe ?" jerk, or a fisherman would slip, and town all would come together. Mean-"Yes," he replied, as if he were while hoarse shouts echoed from the noonstruck ; " a clear receipt from the gallery of spectators apove. Loughboro' Factory Co. for the entire Pull aft there, Bill "Let her head stand steady to the amount.

"Then Alice was right. God bless the Holy Souls ! - though I'm not sure " Port your helm, you lubber ; don't if that's the right expression." There never was such uproar in Kil-

you see where you're standing for ?" "Ease her, ease her, Tim ! Now let her for'ard." And so, with shouts, ronan before. The news sped like wildfire. The village turned out en and orders, and a fair sprinkling of masse profane adjurations, the rescuers and the rescued were hauled up the roughsuch a cross fire of blessings and quesest side of the cliff. until the black visages of the bailiffs were visible. had better clear out on Thursday. Be-Then there was a pause, and many a sympathetic word for the "poor min."

Where did they come from, at "No one knows. They're poer

shipwrecked furriners. Have they any talk ?" " Very little, except to curse."

all reverence as became the purple seal, and then I read :morning, I was shocked and startled to find the hour hand of my watch point-Bishop's House, All Soul's Day, 187-I rubbed my ing steadily to 2 a. m. I rubbed my eyes. Impossible! 1 held the watch I nodded my head. Alice was right. to my ear. It beat rhythmically. I "What?" he cried, jumping up, and coming behind my chair to read shook my head. Then, as I sat down in a comfortable armchair, I held a long debate with myself as to whether it was my night prayers or my morning prayers I should say. I comprom-ised with my conscience, and said them both together under one formula. But when I lay down to rest, but not to sleep, the wheels began to revolve rapidly. I thought of a hundred bril-liant things which I could have said at the dinner table, but didn't. Such coruscations of wit, such splendid perlods, were never heard before. Then

my conscience began to trouble me. Two a. m ! 2 a. m ! 2 a. m ! I tried back through all my philosophers for an apology. Horace, my old friend, came back from the shades of Orcus. " Dulce est desipere in loco,"

said he. Thank you, Flaccus ! You were always ready : -

"Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus," he cried, as he vanished into the shades. Then came Ovid, laurel-crowned, and began to sing :-"Somne, quies rerum, placidissime somne deorum !" Bat I dismissed him promptly. Then

Seneca hobbled in, old usurer as he was, and said :-"Commodisonnium læteris, movearis incom-

"Good man !" I cried : "that's just

me !" Then came dear, gentle St. Paul, with the look on his face as when he Father Lstheby had to stand pleaded for the slave : -

"Rajoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep !" tions and prayers, that we decided he

Lastly, came my own Kampensis, who sides, there was an invitation from shook his head gravely at me, and Father Duff to meet a lot of the brethsaid :ren at an agape at his house on Thurs-

day night, when Father Letherby would be en route God bless me ! I I like A Kampis; but indeed, and in-thought that evening we'd never get the little mare under way. The people thronged round the little trap, your remarks. "A marry evaning makes a sad morning !"

However, they pushed or ence. The sun came up after in all its glory, and the hoar the ever greens glittered in the like a veil of white gauze bas

with diamonds. "Just on the outskirts of they came upon another ways

"It was broad daylight now "My grandfather looked s his companion. He was de His chin was sunk upon h He trudged past the grea without looking at it, withou himself, without lifting his his head.

"One hand was hidden i of his cloak, the other hung Its pale fingers twitching ho My grandfather stoppe

the road and exclaimed : "I am not going any furt

I must return to my home.' "What is the matter?' m "What is the matter?" m companion in a strange, ch s." Everything is the m my grandiather. Bad luc journey. When we passed wayside cross a while ago, you did not uncover to it. hen, that maybe the dark

colved me. Now, we hav second. You have made m I am sure something is wro turn back, and start anoth "The face of his friend

white to red-faded from again. Tears gushed fro and a great sob shook his

to foot. " Take the knite !' and sharp-edged steel from h flung it at my grandfathe

all ?

cliff

oation

Where was I? Oh, yes !