REMANDED.

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR O " MY NEW CURATE "

CHAPTER I.

2

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. And I tell the tale as twas told to me. And it was told by a venerable old man, al-most blind, as he stood by the battle-ments of the bridge one sunny day, and I looked from his intelligent face into the clear, swift waters, or watched the long plumes from a passing engine fading into the clear sky. It was not on this bridge it happened, but on this bridge in the append.

but on this bridge's predecessor—a long wooden structure that was swept away in the great flood of '41, when the big elm was blown down, the sister of that splen. was blown down, the sister of that spien-did tree that now throws its rugged branches far and wide across the road, and seems to be looking for its souls of roots far down beneath the loam of the meadow. It was the time of the yeo-men. Bitter and black are the memor-ies which that word calls up to the Irish mind. And the yoemen of this partic-ular little town by the Blackwater were a nexticularly detectable arecimen of their ular little town by the Blackwater were a particularly detectable specimen of their class. They hated the people, they hated, above all, the people's priests. It is not kind to recall it in these peaceful days, but history is history. And they had a particular, undiluted, undisguised hatred for one priest, who was corres-pondingly beloved by the people, and his name was Rev. Thomas Dasn. Why he was so detested by the yoemen history does not tell, but they say he had a sharp tongrae. a fearless eye, was cool, firm, tongue, a fearless eye, was cool, firm, dauntless, and when he smote he struck straight from the shoulder, and the man that was smitten remembered it. And he flung the shelter of a protection, that was Providence in miniature, over his shivering flock ; and woe to the man that touched with a wet finger the little lambe of his fold I the wolves might come prowling around and show their teeth and snarl, but they feared this strong shepherd with the keen gray eye, and slunk from him with the flame of hate the might of vengeance in their

But fate played into their hands. Was it fate, or that higher Power that rules our fate? No matter. Suborned and perjured, one lost soul swore informations against him; and eight gentlemen yeo-men passed here under the arching elm, and across these waters to his home at and across these waters, to his home at Sanfield to arrest him. It was cheerful work; yet somehow their hearts miswork; yet somenow their nearts mis-gave them. They had not come into close quarters yet with this giant. They had never yet touched the supernatural. And they knew, and believed, and felt that a halo of the supernatural floated like a spiritual essence around this frieze-coated priest. Could they break through that they would arrest him and through that, they would arrest him and hang him like a dog. As the savages on Tahiti, the moment they lost faith in the godhood of Captain Cook, fell on him and tore him in pieces, so our brave yeomen, who thought as lightly of a hanging as of a ball or a spin with the hounds, would gladly touch and maul and quarter this rebel, but—here again this supernatural burst upon them. "We want your master, the priest Duan !'

"The pricet has just left and is now crossing yonder bridge!" And the old house keeper stretched her skinny hand tormarkeit. towards it.

It's a lie! We've just crossed the bridge, and no one passed us." "It's the truth. I saw the priest turn to the left and pass to the town."

"The woman speaks the truth," said mbridge. "The priest passed us, and did not more than the priest passed us, and

"The woman speaks the truth," said Bambridge. "The priest passed us, and ye did not speak." "Then you saw him?" "Yes, I saw him ; he passed outside us nearer to the road. I would have spoken to ye, but I thought--" "You thought--" "I thought ware a fraid."

title of Gallows Hill, on the brow of which the court house stood. They were sad at heart. Their priest, their hero, was cowed. He had said last Mass on Santhe court house stood. They were sad at heart. Their pricet, their hero, was cowed. He had said last Mass on Sun-day, and not a word came from lips that were always feathered with the fire of isal or holy anger. They had crowded up to the altar rails, men and women-and children peeped between their father's legs to see the great gladiator, who was to langh at and discomfit his foes one of thenee days. Now for an avalanche of thunderons denunciation--a stern. awful defiance of the foe-an appeal to the down-bending heavens to justify him, and mark, by some awful vengeance, its condown-bending heavens to justify him, and mark, by some awful vengeance, its con-demnation of his and their and God's own enemies! They swung from the iron rails, they panted with excitement-the the holy place alone prevented them from intering their faith and their everlasting truth in his holiness and purity. Oh! but for one word from his lips. No! "In the law of Moses it is ordered that such a one should be stoned. What, therefore, sayest thou? But Jesus, bend-ing down, wrote with His finger on the earth." And then he asked: "What did he

earth." And then he asked: "What did he write? We shall see." The people wondered and were sad. And so, on this fatal morning, they climbed their gruesome hill with sad hearts and sad forebodings as to what the day would bring. day would bring.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II. Clayton of Annabella was chairman of the court. Two magistrates eat with him, one on either hand. They looked dis-quieted, and seemed glad to study the ceiling rather than the sullen faces that gloomed under shaggy eyebrows and un-kempt hair. The chairman was defiant with the defiance of levity. He smiled at the surging mob that poured into the court house and filled every available court house and filled every available space, bit his pen, took notes or sketches, looked everywhere, except at one face; that alone was calm and unmoved in the

little drama. There was some delay and then the court opened. A few uninteresting cases of drunkenness and petty squabbles were heard. Then the chairman stooped over heard. Then the chairman stooped over his deek and whispered to the clerk. The latter looked anxiously around, peering into every into every face. He was dis-appointed. With a smothered curse, Clayton dropped back into his arm-chair and whispered to his brother-benchers. There was an awkward pause and some-time the a titte areas around the thing like a titter passed around the court. These quick witted people were not long in divining the cause of the em-barrassment of the bench. After some barrassment of the behch. Alter some communing, the case was called — the King vs. Thomas Duan. The indictment was read, the witness called. "Abina Walsh!" rang through the corridors, was taken up at the doors, passed down the street, until its echoes were lost over the demeane wall and the rabbits pricked their acts pricked their whiskers and their ears, rubbed their whiskers and listened. There was no reply. The titter deepened into a broad smile, that spread deepened into a broad smile, that spread itself over sallow, grimy faces; and the smile deepened into a laugh, until a roar of laughter rang throughout the court, and the magistrates grew red and furious and the clerk roared "Silence," One face

alone was nnmoved. Once more the name was called ; the echoes died away the chuckle of the people was checked. "The court stands adjourned."

"You mean the case is dismissed?" "Certainly not. The accused is re-manded to this day week. There is some

Then the priest spoke and the people hung on his lips. "There is foul play," he said, slowly and solemnly, "foul play for which the doers will answer before a higher tribunal then this. You see I are remanded?" than this. You say I am remanded ?" "Yes; the case will come on this day week. We shall again accept your own

recognizances to appear before me on that day."

To appear before you?" echoed the "I thought ye were afraid." "What I afraid of a Popish priest?" But their lips were dry and white. They "Yes," replied the chairman "Here, I'll or and "Out Porise as." "To appear before you?" echoed the priest. "Yes," replied the chairman "Here, I'll coat and went over and kneeled down by

listened in the moon-light to the murmur of the river as it fretted over the ford beneath the bridge. He did not see two gleaming eyes that shone in the thick darkness of a shrubbery close by—eyes that gleamed with despair and one little ray of hope, that just now was fading away. Where was her guardian angel that moment? Where the last mercy, that would drag her, despite herself, from that retreat, and fling her on her kness for pardon from the man she had so foully wronged? Alas! these things are beyond her ken. During ten long min-utes of grace he stood there, unconscious of the presence near him, listening, half the presence near him, listening, half in a dream, to the music that came from the river and the night ellences. Then he passed into the house, and turned the

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the river and the night silences. Then he passed into the bouse, and turned the key in the door. It was to her, poor soull the rolling to of heaven's gates—the crash and clangor of bolts and locks that shut her out of Paradise forever. In the gray dawn of the morning, the water bailiff, who was coming home from his night rounds on the river, saw some-thing black, where the river lipped the sands, just below the deephole called the balwarks. He went towards it, and turned it over with his foot. Before 9 o'clock it was known to every man, wo-man and child in town that Abby Walsh, the perjured and suborned girl, had been drowned. Crowds came to look at the black heap lying on the gray sands, but the perjured and suborned girl, had been drowned. Crowds came to look at the black heap lying on the gray sands, but no one touched it; and there it lay, the March sunshine playing on it, and mak-ing its own lustre among the black, wet garments, while the river came up like a dog which, having killed its prey, returns to worry the dead bird or beast, and lifted one cold hand, and washed around the naked feet, and played with the black fringe that fell from the shawl of the dead girl. It was only when the dusk was fall-ing that the priest heard of this frightful thing, and he hurried down to the big meadow, and very soon stood among a curious but most irreverent throng.

"We wor only waiting for your rever-ence to see her, till we threw her back into the river," said big Dave, the smith, black brawny and fiercely and aggree-

sively honest. "I'm surprised at you, Dave," said the priest, gently. "You weren't at Mass on

Sunday." Dave looked confused. And the priest, moving down along the sand, stood over the dead. "Such of you," he said, with just a "Such of yon," he said, whill just a suspicion of contempt in his voice, " as were at Mass on Sunday, may remember the gospel I read and the remark I made. There may be outcasts from the bosom of God-sheep whom the Good Shepherd has not found. But it would be the wild-est presentation in you or me to judge has not found. But in you or me to judge est presumption in you or me to judge those whom, perhaps, God Himself may judge only with a heart of compassion. I told you, I think, that the Master stooped down and wrote on the sands. So do I'' down and wrote on the sands. So do 1" He stooped and with his finger drew letters on the sand, but the tradition is that each letter disappeared as he finished it, and to this day it is a matter of con-jecture what the letters signified, and many a fierce debate has taken place in forge and tavern as to what the priest wrote on the strand near the bulwarks. "Now I said to yon," continued the priest, raising himself, as he stood head and shoulders over the tallest man pres-

and shoulders over the tallest man pres-ent, "that what the Master wrote we shall see. We have seen something," he said, pointing to the dead figure; "whether it is His justice or His mercy we do not know. But we shall see more. Go, Dave, and fetch a coffin." He walked up and down the sands, reading his breviary, till the men returned. "Now raise this poor girl and remember the Magdalen and Christ." But not a man stood forward. Their

but not a man stood forward. Their horror and their dread were beyond their compassion. They stared at this man, who was giving them such unpleasant shocks, and they sullenly shock their heads. "Touch her! God forbid! Our heads." children and our children's children

erence is doing ?"

on. Great pity filled his heart. The thought of that woman's wall last night, his own possible neglect in not seeking her and saving her; the slender chance of salvation which was held out to her, and which was enapped, perhaps, by his stupidity or negligence; the remembrance of that upturned face, so beautiful, so piti-fol, even the little human feeling of the priest, about to leave the altar, turned once more to exact a promise that there should be no violence, the young men slided out of the church, and to the re-quest that all hands should be raised in promise, only a few trembling old men raised their half-palsied hands and in-stantly lowered them. for even the little human feeling of patronage and protection (almost the only human feeling a pricet is permitted to entertain) as the head of the dead girl stantly lowered them. And so there was no surprise on the And so there was no surprise on the eventful day when, every shop shuttered, every door closed, the streets were par-aded by bodies of yong men, who walked with a kind of military precision, but ap-parently had no wespons of offence. Those who were in the secret under-stood that in yards and recesses arms were piled. And when a strong phalanx of laborers entered the town from the north, and took up their places in front of the court honse, leaning, as is their wont, on their spaces, everyone knew that these licht smale handles were never intended

and, from partonage and protection (almost the only or kness) human feeling a priest is permitted to had so entertain) as the head of the dead girlings are rested against his breast — all these against things filled him with such pity and divine love that he almost forgot his own is things filled him with each pity and divine love that he almost forgot his own is fatalists. They are so habituated to the drama of relentless iniquity that is ned the always going on around them—the strikter or sould be deading of the captire to the victor's fat sith the chaining of the captire to the victor's fat sith the shopeleesity writhe; the utter despair me from of all, as destiny forever mockingly deading with the wrong side of the tapetry, with the heat the wrong side of the tapetry, with the wrong side of the tapetry, with the wrong street he will see it the how fair were the patterns of the almight, how brilliant His colors, how faultes His designs. Some such thoughts ran through the priest's mind as he passed down the thronged street, while the crows's looked are the wrong alter thoughts away. But he tried to suppress it. And it was then, while yet quivering under its excitering the tried to suppress it. And it was then, while yet quivering under its excitering the gate." He looked up. The gate that opend.

the coart house, leaning, as is ther wonk, on their spades, everyone knew that these light spade handles were never intended to battle with the brown earth, and that somewhere away in these voluminous fannel vests the Croppy-pike with its sharp lance, the hook to drag down the hussar, and the sharp are to cut the bridle were hidden. And it may be said that not fear, but the joy of battle, filled these honest hearts when, just at 10 o'clock, a troop of dragoons, with drawn sabres, moved slowly down the main street and drew up in two l'inse close to the demense wall and opposite the court house. The soldiers were good-humored and langhed and chatted gaily. Their officers looked grave. Sold the mounted yeomen that acted as a bodyguard to the magistrates, who, under the sullen frowns and muttered curses of the people, took their way up the hill to the trial that was to be eventful for them. But there were no shouts of execration, no hysterical de-monstrations of hate. Neither was a isole to the torial when the pricet moved

gate." He looked up. The gate that opened into the avenue that led down to the Protestant church, around which were located the resting places of the parishion-ers for six hundred years, since the old abbey was founded, was locked and chained. The sight of this new assertion for more more down by the anger. monstrations of hate. Neither was a single shout raised when the priest moved thick measure of the single short raised when the priest moved slowly through the thick masses of the people. But every hat was raised and women murmured: "God bring him safe from his enemies!" For it was generally supposed that the indictment would not fail, even though the principal witness

"They drove her to death," he said, "and they refuse her a grave!" And running down the little steep, he struck the iron gate with his shoulder, flinging all his strength into the assalt. The invoive their beloved priest with the law; and "you know, Clayton is the divil painted, and he can do what he likes with the rest." It was some surprise, therefore, to find that Clayton had not all his strength into the assault. The rotten chain parted, the lock was smashed in pices, and with a suppressed cheer of triumph the people swept into the broad averue. They chose a quiet, green spot for her burial, down near the wall that cuts off the big mead-ow. There the pricet's mind went back to the little child that had learned "Hail Marys" at his knee. to the voung cirl Marys" at his knee, to the young girl that had received her first Communion from his hands, to the bright young woman who was the idel of her father, to woman who was the tot of the hatter, to the wailing soil around his house last night, to the poor snicide by the river's brink—to this poor coffin, this lonely grave; and he said, as he turned to his little cottage: "Thy ways are upon the seas, and Thy pathway on the waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."

The quick impulsiveness of the Celtic nature hates the silence of mystery and -dreads it. It is eager to get behind the veil, and it will sometimes drag it down to discover its secrets, but always with a dread that the discovery may lead to comething uncanny and unwholesome. The impatience of the people, therefore, in this little drama, to hear what their priest was going to do had reached its culminat-ing point on the Sunday morning after the discovery of the dead hedr by the river; and at last Mass on that day the congregation was dense, close mass of humanity that pressed against the iron rails of the sanctuary was packed against walls and pillars, and overflowed beyond the precincts of the little church far out

Then, knitting his brows, he bent them on the qualing justices, and in a voice full of wrath and indignation he cried: "I took a solemn oath before the Most High God last Tuesday that I would dewithin brief periods are going , within brief periods are going , "Oh, don't. Oh, don't! your rever-ence!" wailed the women. Then they turned angrily on the men: "You big, lazy hounds, don't you see what his rev-erence is doing ?" their horses; laborers, with rough, red breasts opened freely to the March winds, with just a pretence of protection in a rough, homespan jacket of fiannel, tied in a knot at the waist; tradesmen, with some distinguishing mark of their occu-pation; a crowd of women and girls drawn hither by curiosity and fear. And one hope was in all hearts, that this day the avenging power of the Almighty would be explained and a clear forecast of future immending indgments be given. erence is doing ?" Two or three big, hulking fellows stepped forward. But the priest waved them back, and gently putting his strong arms around the dead girl, he raised her up and moved towards the rude coffin. As he did so her head fell back, and one would be explained and a clear forecast of future impending judgments be given. There was something very like a smile around the firm, curved lips of the priest when he turned towards his people at the post communion of the Mass. He knew what was expected, and he knew they were going to be disappointed. He read a long list of, names of deceased persons to be prayed for, and he closed the list with the name of Abina Waish, who died during the week. Unsually a deep mur-ments in the Irish churches. This day there was a sullen silence. The priest As he did so her head fell back, and one arm dropping down, a paper fell from her hand, and five bright, wet guineas rolled upon the sand. One little, ragged urchin leaped forward to seize the prize, but big Dave caught him by the collar and swung him six feet away among the ferns, saying : "You little cur. You'd take her blood money." So there the guineas lay bright and round, under the cold, steely after them, no hand would touch them. Meanwhile the priest had lifted up the Meanwhile the priest had lifted up the drooping head, from which the long, black hair was weeping, and, placing his hand under the neck, drew the face up-wards. And men will swear to this day that the eyes of the dead opened on his face, and that the white lips moved to thank him. But he, the "Kalos poi-men," the beautiful shepherd, whose pro-totype was so familiar to the hunted Christians of the catacombs, saw nothing, but reverently placed the poor dripping figure in the coffin, reverently straight-ened the head and covered the naked feet, and then placed and fastened down there was a sullen silence. The pries looked them over calmly for a moment rolling between his fingers the list o The price rolling between his fingers the list of names. Then he said: "How often have I told von, in the words of our Divine Master: You believe in God, believe in me! You might have learned this past week that God's arm is not foreshortened, nor His eye made blind to the iniquity that pursues us. Yet you forget. Your solitude for me blinds your faith in God. Fear not, for I have no fear. I do not miscalculate the malice. nor the faith in God. Fear not, for I have no lear I do not miscalculate the malice, nor the power underlying that malice, that seeks my life—or, what is dearer than life, my honor. Butso far as this little drama has proceeded the machinations of my ene-mies have been checked, and God—ard I, Us concerter servant—have been instieet, and then placed and fastened down " Perhaps," he said, with the slightest touch of sarcasm, "you expect me to take the coffin to the grave?" But those fierce people were beginning to be awed His unworthy servant—have been justi fied. What the future will bring forth know not; but I know He in whom trust will deliver me from the toils of th hunters and the bitter word. It is not for myself, it is for you I am solicitous. It has come to my knowledge that several young men among you contemplate vio lence next Tuesday, should an adverse yoing men among you contempate vor-lence next Tuesday, should an adverse decision be given against me on evidence which again may be suborned. I beg of you, as you love me, I implore you to de-sist from any demonstration of force on that day. I know that you will only he playing into the hands of your enemies. Large forces will be drafted into town next Tuesday. I don't want to see you falling under the sabres of troopers or the musket buts of the yeomen. Believe me, all will be right. God will justify me, and before the red sun sets you will know who bath the power-the unseen Judge of the living and the dead, or the hirelings of pejurers and despots." A deep breath was drawn when he had concluded. The women were satisfied-

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The priest walked up stairs. whither the man had pointed. He paused on the lobby uncertainly, then pushed open a half. closed door and entered. The room was dark. He opened the shutter and drew the blind. Then even his great nerve gave way. For, lying on the white coverlet, his head shattered into an undistinguishable mass of bone and blood, his brains blacken-ing the white wall behind his pillow, his there, by his side, was the mouldering, disinterred corpse of Abina Walsh, the face just darkening in incipient decomposition, and the brown earth clinging to her bare feet and black clothes. The priest could not restrain a cry of horror as he rushed from that awful chamber of death. What-ever he had expected, it was his intention to give himself up formally into the custody of his enemy by placing his right hand on Clayton's and interlocking his fingers, as had happened on the day when be took the oavie. But all other feelings vanished at the sight of such awful retribution, he passed rapidly to the gate. Then raising his sonor-ous voice to its fullest pitch, he said to the expectant multitude: — "Go back to your homes and fall upon det hem who have touched the dead be-ware!" Then, in a lower voice, he said, al-most to himself." I know not which is more dreadful—the wrath of God or the vengeance of man !" — For years Annabells House lay un-

dreadful-the wrath of God or the vengeance of man " For years Annabella House lay un-tenanted. It was believed that no human power could wash away the dread blood stains on the wall. Paint and lime were scraped away the red stains appeared on the masonry. About thirty years ago the mansion was pulled down, and the green grass is now growing on the foundations of a once famous mansion.

## RECENT PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC-ITY IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

The Church never received any divine promise of perpetual possession of this or that land; no single nation Neither was was ever, as it were, made over to it for all eternity. The soul and essence of Catholic doctrine is the free choice of the individual as to salvation or perdition. Alone of all religious and philosophical systems, Catholic theology has throughout all ages unswervingly taught the wonderful lesson of man's was dead; there was a deep suspicion that some clever machination would yet involve their beloved priest with the law; power and obligation to co operate with the Deity in the working out of

his final destiny. Never was this truth better illustrated than at the close of the nine-teenth century. We see a nation like the French, which used to glory in the yet appeared. Eleven o'clock struck. The crowds that crammed the courthouse began to grow curious. It was the scene of last Tuesday repeated; anxious magisname of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, bend its neck under the tyrtrates, a bewildered clerk, a jeering, sul-len crowd, one calm figure—but the cen-tral seat on the bench was empty. At last the case was called: The King anny of atheistism; we have heard, not long ago, that most candid and eloquent daughter of Spain, Emilia Pardo At last the case was called. vs. Rev. Thomas Duan. The prosecutor arose, mumbled something about with-drawing the case, he had understood witness—the chief witness, could not ap-Bazan, proclaim to the world that the boasted Catholicity of her people wasat least among the ruling classes-nowadays little else than a delusion ; witness—the chief witness, could not ap-pear, etc. The magistrates declared the case dismissed. The crowd, taken by surprise, looked stupidily at the bench and at one another. Then a short arcse that made the old roof tremble, filled the const if was taken no outside and the that scepticism had long been masquerading as orthodoxy in universities and legislative assemblies, and that this was one of the causes of the country's court; it was taken up outside and the cavalry drew their bridles and backed

present weakness. There is no reason, however, for Catholice to come anywhere near des-pairing in view of these facts. In the first place, the very aggressiveness of the enemies of the faith in Western and Southern Europe has already frightened many well meaning glued to the seats; the people waited the signal from their hero. He rose slowly and said in his quiet, emphatic way: "You say the case is dismissed. The but indolent Catholics out of their apathy, and no one may prophesy what changes for the better the twentieth century will see wrought. And, moreover, whoever is able to watch the Church in its thousand ramifications, the length and breadth of the world, will never fail to perceive facts that bring comfort to his anxious soul. The days of wholesale conversions

## OCTOBER 20, 1900.

## PERE DIDON.

One of the Most Remarkable Fi of Modern France.

T. H. Bentzon has an interestin T. H. Bentzon has an interestin ticle in the Century magazine on Didon, the great French prei who died recently. The writer i dently a warm admirer of the fi Dominican. Indeed, he calls "one of the most remarkable fi of modern France." Yet thoug article is on appreciation of the Churchman. it is never over fit Churchman, it is never over fi in praise of him, and in pla riticism borders on the sever 1892, says the writer, when, at enforced silence of several yea resumed preaching in Paris, it have been hard for a stranger s to gain entrance into the Chu the Madeleine to place any faith existence of that indifference matter of religion which is so ally charged to Parisians. The which packed the approaches church was one of those through church was one of thouse through one despairs of opening a way choir was invaded by men to t foot of the altar. Its steps so with people, and each of the columns was surrounded by c In the street there stood a lon the street there stood a long carriages ; hawkers cried prog gotten up in a kind of religio gotten up in a kind of rengio and bearing the preacher's li your ticket for the course of had to be presented at the en ladies of fachion were compell into the church by side door which, with triumphant steps, which, with triumphant steps, cended the dark and narro ways, until they reached tho upholstered with red velvet, w at all times suggestive of the THE "TEMPLE OF GLOR

the erection of which was b Napoleon, had been with adapted to the needs of Catho ship, and, in truth, I have ne it wear a less religious aspect those Lenten days of 1892, sumptuously painted and gill cincts of marble were pack people jostling one another to a man whom a rigorous de see a man whom a logotod at for a long time debarred from ing the pulpit. Nothing coul this perfervid zeal, neither clemency of the weather, nor of being the victim of an exp dynamite-for it was the ve of the anarchist manifestat here the "great world " met to a preacher guilty of having the funeral oration of Monsig boy, and of having thundere

e Commune The special characteristic Didon were that he was a m time and a man of marked in What is known of h ity. may be told in a few words.

Henri Didon was born 1 1840, at Touret, Dauphine midst of picturesque moun beauty of which is enhance Grande Chartreuse, which them a shadow of mysticism educated at the Petit Semina noble, which he left at the a teen to enter the Order of St as a novice. Four years lat his vows, and for the purpo pleting his studies was sent where he devoted himself to the philosophy of the gre Dominicans, St. Thomas A whose works the scholars of day continually discover the albeit said in the thirteent are still new. On his retur he began to exercise

HIS TALENTS AS A PRE. residing in succession in seilles, and again in Paris, tery of the outset of his career, pleaded the cause of mon the Church of St. Germa with all the fervor of an a tion, and that vocation the of life never blunted. Personally, I had not

CHAPTER IV.

went home

went home. So did Bambridge, anxious and afraid and puzzled. He would solve that puzzle. He opened a drawer and took out a horse pistol, such as they swung from andle horse when on the Groups from saddle bags when on the Croppy track. It threw a built twenty yards, and the Croppy pike didn't reach so far. That explains a good deal of Irish his-

tory. Bambridge rang the bell: "Call

A poor, old, shrivelled, wrinkled crea A poor, bid, shrivened, while the tree came there came into the room, looking quee-tioningly, pityingly out of rheumy eyes, at her master. He rarely saw his old nurse, but he loved her. Times were changing. He had often been asked to send away that old witch, but he would

Sit down and answer me truly, as you " Sit down and answer me truly, as you value your life. You see that pistol? I wouldn't harm a hair in your old gray head, Nan," he said, softening and rub-bing down the poor old white wispe that lay beneath her can. " But this is life or death to me." He moistened his dry "Bub before he spoke. " What happened when I was born?" She leaded up finbtomed

She looked up frightened. "What happened when I was born ?" She took up her apron and folded it

She took up her apron and with clammy hands. "Once more. What happened when I

"God forgive me," whimpered the old woman, "but I baptized you a Cath-

olic !" "Did my mother know it ?"

" No, I did it in my own room. You were awake and convulsed, and I said Were awake and convineed, and lead I'd save your soil. I brought you back and your mother kissed you, as if she knew something. Of course, the minis-ter christened you after, but I didn't care. He couldn't do you any harm." The grim man smiled. "That'll do, Nan !" he said.

The next day the priest strolled over to the nearest magistrate and asked was he wanting? Yes. He came to be arrest-They wouldn't offer such an indignity to a minister of religion; but, you know, informations have been sworn, and the case must go on. They would take his own recognizances, on a single summons, to appear at petty sessions court on Tuesday. So far all was The human passion blazed up, as the

smouldering furnance fires leap into swords of flame at the breath of the smouldering south wind. Fear, the servile fear of the south which year, the south of the white ashes into white flame; and the record-ing angel, if he heeded such things, had a well-filled notebook during these days.

Tuesday came, and a motley procession moved up the hill with the gruesome

held out a tiny book, corded round. The priest approached and solemnly laid his hand upon the book. Their fingers touched. I swear-"I swear-"To deliver myself up to you for trial' "To deliver myself up to you for trial" "On next Tuesday—" "On next Tuesday—" " March 2s-" " March 29-"

'So help me God!"

"So help me God !"

The people poured out of the court house and down the hill, murmuring, laughing, questioning, doubting, fearing,

denying. "Why the divil didn't he cling them to their sates?" "He's too aisy altogether with them !" "He's too aisy altogether bidn't the ould

"Wait, an you'll see Didn't the ould fellow look black, though? I wonder where is she?" where is she

'The divil flew away with her. Sure

he was lonesome without her!" "May the Lord spare us till next Tues-day, however! Won't here be fun? He's day, however! Won't there be fun? He' goin' to do somethin.''' "He looks too quiet to be wholesome

I'd give a whole week's wages to see Clayton's black mug again, when he called on Abby. Sweet bad luck to her!" called on Abby. Sweet bad luck to her!" "Dey say the whole country will be riz

"No, no, no! we'd rather lave it to him-self. He's enough for them." Bat pikeheads weresharpened in many

a forge; and down where the willow drew their fingers through the swift drew their fingers through the swift waters there was a massing of men and lifting of hands to heaven.

## CHAPTER III.

by this wonderful man-more awed than ever they were by his thunders from the That night a wild beast howled until altar, or the fierce invectives that he ex-ulted to pour forth against the enemies of his Church and people. With shamed the early watches around the priest's house. It was the wail of a hungry wolf; the early was the wail of a hungry wolf; yea, rather, the moan of some beast in pain. At intervals of five or six minutes it beat around the house, coming from the thickets of speckled laurel and going his Church and people. With shamed faces, four men stepped forward and slung the coffin on their shoulders. The priest moved to the front, and a wondering round and round the dwelling, then wait-ing into silence again. Once or twice the priest, as he sat in the wicker chair readcrowd followed.

the lid.

when they emerged into the main thoroughfare there was again a pretence priest, as he sain the wheel that least ing his breviary, thought he heard the tap of fingers at his window, but he said it was the trailers of the jasmine or clema-tis that were lifted by the night wind. But when 11 o'clock chimed, he rose and word out just the meanlight and neared at rebellion. "To the Banfield, I suppose, your rev-

"To the Banfeld, I suppose, your fey-erence?" said the coffin bearers. The Banfeld was the local Haceldama, the place for the nameless and outcast dead, "Certainly not," he replied, without looking back, "down to the churchyard." To the churchyard, where their own passed out into the moonlight and peered around. The glistening laurel leaves looked meekly at the moon, and the lataround. The glistening laurel leaves looking back, "down to the churchyard." To the churchyard, where their own netted pattern on the gravel; but there was no one there. Three times he walked around the house, studying every nook and cranny to find the weird, un-canny voice. The, he paused and classed behind his back, the priest moved

am bound by that oath to deliver myself into his hands to day. Where is he?" "We don't know," replied the magis-"We don't know," re

their horses and clutched their sabres, as the roar of triumph was taken up and passed from lip to lip, until the hoarse murmur filled the air and the people

seemed to have gone mad with joy. In the court house, however, not one stirred. The magistrates on the bench looked as if

'Oh, yes," said the magistrates, " you

"Thank you," he said, contemptuously

Then, knitting his brows, he bent then

prisoner is not dismissed as yet.

may go.

At last the case was called :

"We don't know," replied the magne-trates. "He is not here." "Then I go to seek him," said the priest, turning to the door. The vast multiude poured out after him, as, with long strides, he passed down the hillside and emerged on the equare. Here the shouting was again taken up, hats were waved—but all were stilled its clicate the other here say the grave into silence when they saw the grave man moving rapidly onward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and an awed and silent multitude following. Then the whole multitude fell into line, and, with wondering eyes and parted lips, followed the priest.

CHAPTER V.

said the priest. "I go atome to see what awaits me." A murmar of disappointment trembled through the crowd, and some ragged young-sters, to console themselves, clambered on the walls, from which they were instantly dislodged. The priest closed the gate and moved along the gravelled walk to the house. The blinds were down and the shutters closed. He knocked gently. No answer. Then im-periously, and a footman appeared. "I want to see your master, Mr. Clayton." "You cannot see him," said the man, an-grily.

grily. "I insist upon seeing him," said the priest. "I have an engagement with him." "You cannot see him," said the man, nerv-

"Take him my message," said the man, herv "Take him my message," said the priest. "Say that Thomas Duan, priest and prison-er, must see him." "Take your own message, then!" cried the man, as he passed into the kitchen.

for all that reaching at last those gates through which alone one may enter into the Promised Land.

Probably the most remarkable of such conversions within the last decade are those recorded in the North of Europe: Danmark, Norway, and Sweden

If thirty years ago any countries might be spoken of as strongholds of Protestantism, it was these little north-The Catholics in all ern kingdoms. three of them together were but a handful; honest and law - abiding people, doubtlessly, but without social standing or literary eminence, ruled

from abroad by foreign Bishops. To day a very different state of things prevail. Not only have the Catholic congregations increased considerably in numbers, but Bishops reside in Copenhagen and Christiania and men and women of national reputation, sometimes even more than that, have been admitted to the Church and hecame its dauntless champions. Great credit-perhaps the greatest

-for the onward march of the Church in Denmark is due to its energetic, truly apostolic Bishop, Johannes von Euch. The dignity, learning, piety, and last, not least, diplomatic tact of this schoolmate and chum of the late Windthorst have fixed an image of the Catholic prelate in the minds of the Danes which could not possibly be more favorable to the success of the sacred cause. The conversion of several prominent members of the Danish obility is mainly, perhaps exclusively, his work. But another important addition to the ranks of the Church militant cannot to the same extent be as-scribed to Bishop Von Euch's direct influence. When, a couple of years ago, the brilliant young poet and novelist Johannes Jorgensen, in language aflame with enthusiasm, proclaimed his admittance to the fold, it was easy

for his many admirers to perceive that the evolution of his mind had followed lines very much skin to those of his beloved Huysmans .- The Missionary.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave ; the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men. - Hazlett.

since the year 1879, when seeing the approaching en the divorce laws, he had upheld the indissolubility riage tie. The result was journalistic warfare had him. How we were all o in those days, while speci impetuously fought camp gave the great preacher to ity of displaying his les ties ! The censure of him the combat to an abrup carried with it no other is bespeak the widest publ book which contained th that had been interrupt lowing year Pere Didon a still higher De bold sallies in other direct ing spoken of the attitude in the presence of scient ing first directed his atta science which ignored G cused before the Pope of tradiction to the Syllabus eral of his order conden long retreat in the mon bara, in Corsica. But the posed on Pere Didon pla about his head, and in was not forgotten.

So, when he stood ered far too richly-gilde the Madeleine, with that me of his which brought of cent relief on his broad

THE HABIT OF SAT -the white robe and th which Pere Lacordaire days gone by at Notre Constituent Assembly adamie-a thrill wen audience, followed by murmur respectfully Didon was one of those pect, physiognomy and one with an irresistibl plaud ; there was in h