

when the news of the overturned boat had first spread through the village. He was greeted on all sides with respectful friendliness and even cordiality, not only by those of his flock, but by the outsiders as well. They knew the value of his work to the village, where he was the first resident priest. His untiring activity, self-sacrifice, and unostentatious kindness were known to every one; and in moments of trouble and uncertainty the sight of his tall, well-knit figure and strong but kindly countenance was always welcome. He was greeted tumultuously by the Tremaine boys and Paddy. Fred began to tell him—so quickly that his words were jumbled oddly together—of everything that had transpired, and Harry put in a few quiet explanatory phrases, which were far more intelligible to the newcomer.

Being thus informed, Father McNeirny stood with the rest and watched the progress of the life-boat. It was a fine sight, wrestling with the big waves and making its way resolutely toward that still distant goal. There came a moment, however, of awful