

Surplice and Sword.

BY JOHN A. FOOTE.

There was little in the appearance of the Pennsylvania militia villages to indicate that the great war was raging. A visitor in the town of Mount Vernon would not notice the scarcity of men in the streets, and except for the anxious frowning of the daily papers, or the occasional sight of a wounded soldier home on furlough, one might forget that a state of war existed. Work at the mines was plenty, wages were high, and the village seemed to be experiencing a humdrum routine of prosperity.

Father Dan O'Rourke was glad that the town had grown prosperously, for it enabled him to pay the indebtedness of his little parish. It was hard work to raise funds for the church and the modest residences he had bought when the miners were not working well. But his energy and his sunny disposition had accomplished much among the miners towards improving their temporal as well as their spiritual condition.

One day he was called by a young man, who introduced the strong frame and robust constitution of his ancestors, and when he was not occupied with his pastoral duties, it was no uncommon sight to see him working up the soil in his little garden or plying the hammer and saw in making some needed repairs about his premises.

Though the smallness of his income some times made such excursions necessary, it was valuable to him in another way, for when the rough "rovers of stone" saw the tall, handsome young priest engaged in these manual tasks they talked about it as the mines, and declared that "he hadn't an inch of pride" and was just like one of themse'ves.

Even Sandy McDade, the "boss driver" at the mines, who was called behind his back "the blindest Scotch Presbyterian in the country," said of Father Dan: "He's a gude man; a cunning man; though I d'na care for Popal priests."

The great war had raged for two years, and conscription was reaching out its horrible hand, summoning the men to the front. Now Father Dan found a new field of duty—comforting bereaved families, breaking the news of disasters that had come to them on the far-off southern battle fields and giving spiritual strength to those who were about to depart for the theatre of the mighty conflict. In the midst of his apparently interminable labors he received a sudden and painful surprise—the more forcible because he had never dreamed of such contingency. This was a notification that he had been drafted for service as a private in the Union army, ordering him to report at Wilkesbarre the following week for medical examination.

The next Sunday, after he had celebrated mass, he read the official notice to his congregation, and when the murmurs of surprise had been subdued, he continued:

"My dear friends, it was supposed by many people, as well as by myself, that the sacred calling of the clergyman would relieve him of the obligation to take arms against his fellow-men. But the government, which it is our duty to obey, has decreed otherwise. I must prepare to sever the ties that have grown so dear to me and enter upon this new duty. Wistfully we may think of this decree, but we must place our personal feelings above our patriotism. Our country has much to contend with in these troublous times, and even if an occasional error is made, all will be remedied in the proper time and under the proper authority. During my absence you will have no resident pastor, as the bishop has no priest available to send in my place."

As you may see good-bye to you, and as saying this let me ask you to remember your religion and your duties toward your neighbor. No matter where I may be you may know that my prayers will always be with you. I am proud of you, my dear friends, and I beseech you to pray for me and to pray that, if it is his will, I may be permitted to return to you. So now, once more, good-bye, and may God bless you and protect you."

filled with the sound of their weeping. There must be no violence, my friends," said Father Dan, deeply affected by the scene. "I am perfectly willing to go. Please do not cause me needless pain by attempting to resist the law."

"Let me go in your place," said the red-headed miner.

You have a wife and children dependent upon you, Tim," the priest answered, and another I am informed is on his way to the front.

"Never mind me, Tim," said the miner, "I'll let you go."

"No, no!" said Father Dan. "There must be no more of such talk. It touches me deeply to see such devotion, but my duty is plain to me. I hope to see you all again before I leave next Wednesday, and now good-bye again."

Entering the folds of his cassock about him, he strode to the door, holding his head high, with a strange twitching of his firm set lips. And when he thought the altar boys were not looking, he wiped his eyes with a napkin, as though he had wept. He gave a negligent cough that he would not be seen, but when the priest turned around again he was smiling, and the sexton felt that he must have been mistaken.

Father Dan's house was thronged with well-wishers during the next few days. All kinds of possible and impossible plans were suggested to him and fully a dozen men offered to act as a substitute for him.

"Sure will be drafted soon enough," said the sexton, "but you would prefer usefulness, wouldn't you?"

Father O'Rourke was the first clergyman to be drafted, and not only the Catholic priests, but clergymen of all denominations were deeply interested in the case. The bishop made a strong protest to the local authorities, then finding that they would not act, he appealed to the secretary of war for a ruling. Everywhere in church circles the sentiment was strongly expressed that it was wrong to deprive the people of their spiritual advisers in times so trying. The air was noisome and oppressive, with a blended stench of camp mire, stale tobacco and human uncleanliness, and several of the poor wretches who had indulged in this with the hope of disqualifying themselves in the physical test.

The men scrutinized the priest closely when he entered, and some of them regarding his clerical dress, linked their hands to him. A pale, nervous-looking man, half delirious with drink, was indulging in horrible profanity that the guards could not induce him to suppress. One of them nudged him and whispered "See the priest!"

The fellow after a glance at Father Dan, stopped suddenly in the middle of a fresh outbreak, confusedly touched his hat and slunk back into the crowd.

Presently the surgeon entered, a fat, blue-eyed man with red hair, thick nose, and the manner of a prize fighter. He walked over to the table in the center of the room and ran his finger over a list which the sergeant had given him.

"O'Rourke—come forward!"

The priest obeyed, and stood in front of the table. The surgeon, seeing what he, perhaps construed as a look of defiance in the priest's face, frowned suddenly and leaned back in his chair.

"Take off your clothes," he growled, and the color rushed into his cheeks while he answered:

"Doctor, can't you excuse me from this test? You know I'm a priest and I can furnish plenty of other proof of my good physical condition."

"None of your cursed impertinence!" shouted the surgeon, his thick neck swelling with anger. "Take off your clothes—all of them—or I'll have you locked up for insubordination. Priests are not a bit better than any other class, and the quicker they understand it the better for themselves."

There was an unusual murmur of disapproval from the recruits, and one that looked ill for the examining doctor. But it was only for an instant, for the priest quietly removed his garments and submitted to the programme of wholly unnecessary tests which the doctor proceeded to make. It was charged against him that he made it a practice to provoke recruits into bribing him for their release. Father Dan, knowing the cause of the murmurs, was given the same treatment as the others, and when he was compelled to listen to their comparative comparisons.

Of course his examination proved satisfactory, and he was given an order for a uniform. Here a difficulty arose, and the man of unusual stature, and though he was given the largest suit obtainable, it was much too small for him. The ludicrous appearance that he made with his trousers several inches from his wrists, and his hat the butt of many secret jeers and gibes. But he had friends in the company—true, warm-hearted friends—

and was to be the person who would suit Father Dan in their hearing.

When the order of Father Dan's former performance was one of those, and when the regiment was ordered to Harpersburg he insisted on giving his long overcoat to the priest.

"Take it," he said, "and put it on. I'll have it made up for you as soon as I can. The spanglers won't be laughing at a 'short trousers' when we march down to the railway station."

"But you will need it yourself," said the priest, "the weather is this evening."

"No need it," replied Pat, with a heavy tone of contempt at the suggestion. "Me that's sturked up to me knees in water with the drip from the roof of the mine tunnel to the top on me whiskers, an' s'orra the overcoat did I have. Take it, yer reverend, an' say no more, because if you don't I'll have to carry out me light in the bottom of that laugh at yer legs."

There were weeks of tiresome drilling at Harpersburg, and Father Dan felt that he was one of the best among the soldiers. Before long he was the best known man in the regiment, and his good influence upon the men was noticed and spoken of by his colonel.

"I'm glad that we shall not have you with us long," said this officer one day. "Your bishop and all of the clergymen of your neighborhood have sent a strong protest to President Lincoln, and it is very probable that you will receive your discharge before long."

A few days after this conversation took place, he received the appointment of company clerk, but he had not long to enjoy it, for his new position upon the regiment received the orders they had waited so anxiously during weeks of dreary suspense. The division to which Father Dan's regiment was attached was ordered to reinforce General Sherman's army in Tennessee. The journey to the front was uneventful, and when they reached Knoxville and camped out in the night to stretch their cramped limbs and get a breath of fresh air after their journey, they learned of the surrender by the Confederates of Cumberland Gap, which had occurred only the day before.

Knoxville was in a state of unusual military activity. Mounted orders galloped here and there with wild haste, baggage and supply wagons lumbered through the streets and impeded traffic, and the jangling spurs of the cavalry were heard in the park. The park added their tone to the din that formed a part of the symphony of war. It was evident that some important movement was about to take place. Father Dan saw a large column of men that appeared to the west of the city, moving southward, and upon inquiring the cause the recruits learned that the army had begun the advance on Chattanooga, the gateway to the beautiful plains of Alabama and Georgia.

In the evening a scout brought the news that the Confederates under General Bragg had evacuated the town and fallen back to a position on the south road from Chattanooga, fronting the east slope of Lookout mountain.

This movement the Federal force construed as a retreat, but the real object of the manoeuvre was to form a junction with the reinforcements that were expected daily. Longstreet's corps was on its way from Virginia, and Sherman's army was attacking the Confederates expected to fall upon the Union army when it emerged from the mountain gorges.

Acting under the delusion that Bragg's army was in actual retreat, General Sherman ordered a portion of Park's corps of Burnside's army to move down from Knoxville, with several regiments of infantry were sent to reinforce General Thomas' division, which was facing the Confederate's line. To this latter division Father Dan's regiment was assigned, and a hot and tiresome march under a blazing sun, with dust ankle deep, was their first taste of real campaigning.

But while the Confederates were preparing to attack in force and outflank General Thomas' army, that general discovered his mistake and re-ordered the army to move back, thus rescuing the Federal centre from its perilous and much exposed position.

Meanwhile the Confederates changed their plans and on the 15th of September their combined armies lorded it over the Union army at the battle of Lookout mountain, where they surprised the Federal troops would be found. Crossing the river north of the mills they hoped to cut off the Federal centre, and then proceed for this movement their right wing, under General Walker was attacked by Gen. Thomas' corps, with a scattering artillery fire. The Confederates held their ground with great gallantry, and for a while the battle raged with unequal success on either side.

Father Dan's regiment was held in reserve on a knoll behind the artillery at the right of the battle line. Shortly after the action commenced a messenger arrived with a key to the envelope. The priest read the message it contained and then placed it in his blouse. A cloud of smoke obscured the battlefield, and after a little while the men on the knoll saw nothing of the "scene of strife." The suspense was terrible, and as the horrible din of the battle increased they grew nervous with expectation. Still the expected news of advance did not come, and the colonel read that a horrible blunder or accident had taken place.

There had come a sudden rift in the cloud of smoke, and to their horror they saw a column of Federal troops, regiments of Confederate Infantry. Apparently their retreat was cut off, for Chenitham's brigade was engaging the main body of their troops to the left. The men were in a state of confusion, and they had to pay the penalty.

"Courage, men!" shouted the colonel. "Courage! I have sent for reinforcements! Closer and closer come the men of gray in unbroken silence. On they come, and the column of men poured into them they steadily advanced until they were but a few

dozen rods distant. Then they pushed for an instant, and the men on the knoll could hear distinctly the command: "Fire!" With they heard the sound to be filled with molten flame, while the slaughter was dreadful. The brave colonel, urging the men to close up their ranks and stand bravely together, was shot through the head and fell lifeless. A second volley came, and nearly all of the officers who exposed themselves were picked off. It was not in human nature to stand such carnage, and when the long crescent of men began to advance, it was a double quick, with fixed bayonets, the pitiable remains of the regiment bereft of officers and wholly in confusion, broke and fled to the rear.

During the action, Father Dan never lost his presence of mind. He had often wondered how he would feel under fire, but after the firing commenced he seemed to have entirely forgotten his own peril. When the captain of his company was killed, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and when the regiment was ordered to retreat he was Father Dan who stepped to the front and commanded the company. When the regiment halted and began to re-form, he was the first to suggest to keep the men of his company together and to conduct their retreat in good order.

"Come on, men!" he shouted. "Follow me! There's a stone wall up here on the left, and we can hold it until we are relieved. Don't go to the rear; the enemy might be there."

Already the first of the fleeing fugitives had learned that there were no more stones in the bag. They were stopped by a portion of Chenitham's brigade, and they stood, a surging mob, without leaders, fearfully conscious of their terrible predicament. They had already determined to make the last stand where they were, when Father Dan appeared, a surging mob, without leaders, fearfully conscious of their terrible predicament. They had already determined to make the last stand where they were, when Father Dan appeared, a surging mob, without leaders, fearfully conscious of their terrible predicament.

"Come on, men!" he shouted above the din of the musketry. "To the stone wall; there's a chance there! Form your companies and close up ranks!"

Those who heard his voice obeyed and formed in rank. The others followed through the contagious instinct or impulse that seems to possess disorganized bodies of men. There was a faint cheer as the men of the company approached their refuge, and when the Confederates reached the top of the knoll, with a disdainful disregard of danger from what they considered a routed force, they were thrown into confusion by the fire from the stone wall that inflicted severe damage.

The Confederates returned the fire, but found they could not hurt the men behind the stone wall. Again they were charged, but the men under Father Dan fought like demos, and the Confederates were beaten back at each new attempt. At last they passed the stone wall, and with the impact of their bayoneted rifles they fell on the wall at the courageous men in blue. Hand to hand they fought, and then seeing that resistance was useless, the defenders began their escape.

Again they stopped, for the sound of a bugle told them that there were troops in their rear. A few minutes later their rear was turned to joy, for the men of their rear were not their enemy, but their relief, and had been intercepted by Chenitham's men. After a sharp struggle they had pierced Chenitham's centre, and now they proceeded to carry the day, and the little force had defended so gallantly.

But where was Father Dan? One of the men had seen him fall in the last charge at the stone wall, where he remained after the rest of the regiment had pressed their way through the line, and he had been seen by Chenitham's men. There was little time to think of him, and the enemy now occupied the ground where he had fallen. Presently the attack was renewed, and the battle raged until nightfall.

The next day the bloody action of Chickamauga was continued. That night the broken Union army retreated to Chattanooga, and in the report that was sent to the northern general the name of Daniel O'Rourke was included among the missing.

Father Dan was the hero of the hour. The men grieved at his loss more than they did for any of the other good and true men who had fallen. Accustomed though they were to the trials of war, some of them could not keep back the tears when they learned that he had fallen.

The morning repeated again and again the story of the day, and the priest received at the moment of the battle. "When he got it," said Pat, "he read it and turned to me, and he said, 'You know what I have here!'"

"No, yer reverend," says I, for I always gave him his title, you know.

"Well, says he, with a strange bit of a smile, 'It's a discharge from the army, signed by the President.'"

"Ye'll be glad to get back," says I.

"I will," says he, patting the paper in his jacket. "But Pat," says he, "I've been with the boys so far and I'm not going to turn back now. I could surrender myself as a non-combatant, but I'd rather be shot a thousand times than lay up in all this tight place. But if ye gods will that I live the rest of my life, I'll have no shame on myself or the regiment."

"He saved our lives," said Sergeant Price, lighting his pipe from the glowing embers of the camp fire.

"He saved all of that 'n' more," said Pat, solemnly. "He saved our honor, too."

One day when the southern prisoners belched forth a party of white faces, wasted men, the name of Daniel O'Rourke appeared in the list of those who were to be exchanged.

It was a great relief to the men of the Union army, and when Father Dan turned for them, he had long returned him as dead. The town was gaily decorated, the band played "See the Conquering Heroine," and the men were speeches by the town authorities, in which Father Dan was referred to as "our distinguished and gallant townsman."

In simple words he told them how he was wounded and captured and of his long and painful imprisonment, and his blood-stained discharge, and a great, ringing cheer went up—a cheer

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The Catholics of Minneapolis are soon to see consummated a hope which, though long deferred, has never been abandoned. A high school for boys, to be conducted by the Christian Brothers, is to be opened in that city on September 1st.

Bishop Montgomery, of Monterey, is mentioned by the well-known Home correspondent, W. J. D. Croke, as the probable assistant Bishop of San Francisco. Monsignor Lehigh, chancellor of the Diocese of Philadelphia, will, it is said, in that event be elevated to the Bishopric of Monterey.

A church is to be built at historic Mt. Thomas, in Kentucky. Father Mathias Leick, formerly of Covington, is to be the pastor. The government has given the use of a lot at Mt. Thomas as a site for a chapel, and some money has been contributed by the soldiers. Father Leick will undertake to raise the balance among fifty Catholic families residing in that neighborhood, and give them a church.

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Completed and ready for occupancy for at least two years. The removal, therefore, of the Jesuit community, numbering upward of 100 souls, now resident at Frederick, will not occur until the spring or summer of 1902 or 1903.

The Baltimore Mirror corrects the report which was started by the daily papers of the city and copied in some of the Catholic journals that the Jesuit novitiate has been removed from Frederick, Md., to the site on the Head-Crow's Hill. It is true that the change of location was long ago decided upon. A suitable property was purchased on the banks of the Hudson river, in New York State, and lately the erection of a building more suitable for the purposes of a novitiate than the present structure in the town by the Monastery was begun. The building will not be com-