SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR CHAPTER III.

CALLED HOME The three days' mission at the Graystone quarry had been a success. There was neither priest nor church within twenty five miles, and men and women had crowded eagerly the good missionary's feet. He would have been glad to have lengthened his stay, but "fields white with the called this earnest laborer Father Lane knelt for a few moments at the foot of the little portable altar that had been erected in the bare stretches of "Union Hall," while his congregation passed out After the evening service, which he had wisely arranged so as to catch the quarry men before they scattered to their sometimes distant the night. As he arose from his knees he noticed a girl waiting at the open door, a girl whose coarse cloth-ing showed no touch of the tawdry fixery common to her class. She had pushed a faded sunbonnet back from her face and was staring with evident surprise at the altar and tapers and cross, that for a time sanctified

the poor bare hall. "You're—you're the preacher, guess," she said, stepping forward to

meet him.
"I am Father Lane," he answered, and the kind smile on the worn face was reassuring to the questioner.
"Is there anything I can do for you

my child?"
"There is a girl at our house very sick—dying, I think. Will—will you

come see her?"
"Certainly," was the prompt an
swer. "Is she a Catholic?" Yes." answered Barbara

"Is it very far?" asked Father

Lane.
"About a mile across the short cut. I'll show you the way, that is, if you think you can help her any. She said you could help her to die. It's hard on her, you see—and—she is afraid," explained Barbara, who felt oddly shy and abashed under the grave

s fixed upon her so kindly.
Poor child, poor child!" Father "Poor child, poor child."
Lane consulted an old silver watch he took from his pocket. "It is right then to go at once. Sit down here on the steps and wait for me I will be ready in a few moments."

Barbara sat down to wait, under the disapproving eye of Barney Flynn acting sacristan, sexton and general manager of the temporary chapel. Shure, Father, an' it's not-no

on a sick call ye are going wid her?' exclaimed Barney, as he saw the priest making his preparations.

"Yes—why not? There is a poor girl dying at her house who is asking

for a priest—"
"At her house!" repeated Barney in dismay. "The Road House! What call has any Christian to be dying It's black haythins th Graemes have been always-ay and worse. Arrah, don't ye know, Father

I only know that I have been called to a dying bed," interrupted Father Lane, "and that is all a priest asks. That girl is not de-

ceiving me, I am sure."
"Shure, I can't say anything against Weasel Graeme," said Barney, "but the ould grandmother is as fierce as a mountain wildcat. She has been half mad, the people say, since that boy of hers, Buck Graeme, as they called him—" as they called him—

Never mind the family history new, Barney," interrupted Father Lane gently. "I must go at once so as to return in time to hear confessions. It is my last night here and moment is precious.'

And the speaker hurried back to the steps where Barbara sat awaiting

I am ready now, my child. Take the shortest road, for we have no

Like one roused from a dream the girl sprang to her feet at his bidding, and led the way, striking at once into a forest path, where the last rays of sunset streamed through interlacing boughs, bare, indeed, as yet, but tremulous with springtime

A few brief questions drew from Barbara her relations with the sick girl, who from her far home in the Northwest had drifted down to these mountain ridges, in a pitiful search

She is expecting her mother's folk to send for her, but they won't, I

know."
And Father Lane wondered a little at the tone, it was so cold and hard : wondered more at the young face that showed already traces of strength and will strange to a girl of

Here is our place," said his guide as the forest path opened into the wide, weed grown road, and the halfruined old house rose black against You mustn't mind if the sunset. grandmother is cross. She's that

way to everybody."

But happily for Father Lane's wel come the old woman was out. She had gone off as she sometimes did without any notice, leaving old black

'An' brefs de Lord you'se come chile," said old Huldah. young critter is monstrous bad ; een a crying and praying for you to

And then while Father Lane, who had followed his guide into the black raftered kitchen, pitifully noted the forbidding gloom that darkened this young life, Barbara ran upstairs to prepare Elinor for his coming. "Oh, Bobby, I am so glad, so glad,"

and the dying girl flung her feeble arms about Barbara's neck. "I am

dying. I know—you know it too, Bobby. God bless you for bringing me comfort and help."

me comfort and neip.
"I will see her alone, my child,"
Father Lane said, and Barbara sat
out on the broken step of the old
porch, wondering, while the last red
glow in the west faded, the shadows eepened under the pines, and the twilight came on with one bright star, for which Elinor watched every evening, shining through a break in the trees

Rip fluttered from the rail of the porch to his mistress' knee, and Barbara stroked his broken wing softly.

Fritzie Wonn wants to make you talk, Rip, but we won't have it we? You're better as you are There's no use in talking, or think ing, or—or grieving Rip. It's better just to be an old black crow."

"Well, well, you have an odd pet, indeed!" said a kindly voice as indeed!" said a kindly voice as Father Lane stepped out on the porch beside her. "How did you tame the rascal?"
"He is not tamed," answered Bar

ra. "He is just broken-winged." "Ah, that's different," said priest, smiling. "A great many of us are tame only because we are broken winged."
"How is she ?" asked Barbara
abruptly. "Have you helped her

"Yes," he answered gravely. think I have. I wish I could come to see her again, but it is impossible. leave Graystone early to morrow norning. And if—if—I really forget

the poor child's name——"
"Elinor," said Barbara, who had
risen, and still holding Rip was looking up at the speaker eagerly Elinor Kent."

"If she continues ill I think it will be well to send her to the Sisters' Hospital at A——, where she will receive every care, temporal and spiritual. I have left her a card which will gain her admittance there whenever she wishes to go and now I must thank you for coming for me, and say good evening."
"I'll show you the way back," so Baid

Barbara.
"No need, no need," was the cheer ing answer. "I have been among the Indians long enough to learn how to follow any trail I once have trodden, and your little wood path is well marked. Stay with your friend and may God bless you, my child—may God bless you," Father Lane repeated earnestly, as he shook Barbara's hand in a warm, friendly grasp, and turned away into the

leepening shadows.

For a moment the girl stood watch ing the disappearing figure, while those last words echoed like strange music in her ear. She had been cursed many a time, but never never in all her dreary remembrance, had Barbara Graeme been blessed.

Then shaking Rip from her arm she went on upstairs to the room where Elinor lay white and still, watching the star shining in her window through the gap in the

pines.
"Bobby dear," she whispered, "I am so happy, so happy! I have been away from God so long—I have been so careless, so forgetful. And now—now—oh, I can't talk just yet, Bobby. Just sit down here near me and let me hold your hand."

And awed, she knew not why, by this strange quiet, Barbara sat down by the bed and held the little chill hand, while night came on, and the stillness deepened, and the white star shone brighter for the darkness that shrouded the old Road House in

such hopeless gloom. Elinor lay calm and still but very weak. So weak that Barbara had to bend close to catch her whispers.

"I am not afraid now, Bobby-not afraid. Father Lane said I must not be—that God was so good, and life had been so hard. I—I—couldn't tell him much about Rosecrofte, you see, but oh, Bobby, I feel the letter is coming soon now—very, very soon?
I'll never have to go to the hospital, Bobby. The letter will come calling me home.'

"Of course it will," said Barbara stoutly, "it can't be very long now."
"And I'll be so good when I get
home, Bobby. I'll never be careless or forgetful again. It will be so easy to be good there. I won't have to work, you know—work when I am cold and sick and faint. I will get well and strong, won't I, Bobby

dear ?' "So well and strong you'll forget you were ever sick, I guess," said Barbara, with a queer forced little

'Oh, no, no! I won't forget-I'll remember it always, and—and it will only make me happier—and I'll remember you, Bobby—and—and make you happy, too, if I can."

There, now, don't talk any more. Barbara's voice was a bit husky as she spoke. "Go to sleep and dream about it all."

"I will," whispered Elinor faintly. "Oh, Bobby, just think of living among trees and flowers—it will be summer time when I get there, you know—all kinds of flowers—and the river! It seems as if I could hear all things were in strange, st.ff order the river now."

"No, you don't," said Barbara with sudden sharpness. "It's only the wind in the pines——"

And then the cruel fit of coughing came on and Barbara lifted the struggling girl in her arms while she grasped for breath and life. And so between hope and fear the battle with death waged on through the long hours of darkness, old Huldah coming up ever and anon with draughts of warm milk and bottles of hot water—a croaking, dismal presence on the gloomy

Scene.
"She's a gwine fast, honey, she's read:

a gwine fast. De deaf pinch is on her face now. Don't you go breath-ing her breaf, chile, or 'twill cotch you next, and you'll be dead befo de

Yet when the morning came on flushed and dewy with hope and light, Elinor lay back on her pillow wan and weak indeed from the strug-

gle, but the young life within her unvanquished still.

Leaving her sleeping in old Hul-Leaving her sleeping in old Hul-dah's care, Barbara, white and worn and shaken by the vigil of the night, stepped out on the porch for a breath of the glad morning air. As she stood leaning against the old rotten pillars, like the frail, blighted blossom of this ill-omened roof-tree that she was, the clatter of horse's boofs came swiftly down the road. hoofs came swiftly down the road.
"Daffy!" she cried, startled, and
the eager lover of the previous day

drew rein at her gate.

"Here it is!" he said, waving a white envelope. "It came by the first mail, and as I was going to town came to bring it to you, Wease Here is the letter you have been looking for so long for Miss Elinor Kent. Good luck to you with it."
added Daffy, showing his white
teeth in the pleasant smile that was
his only attraction, and tossing the

etter over the gate he galloped on. Barbara sprang to pick it up. The letter indeed! Stained and travel-worn and stamped with a dozen post-marks that told of its wanderings. The long watched for, hoped for, prayed for letter—the letter that called the dying Elinor home! And a great tremulous wave of joy surged over Barbara's heart, warming and stirring its chilled pulses as they had never been warmed and stirred before. She bounded into the dark hall, up the stairs, and then paused suddenly conscious that her new might startle Elinor too rudely. But

hesitation was useless.
"I heard, I heard!" cried the sick girl, in sharp, tremulous tone. "The letter has come! Give it to me, Bobby, give it to me." started up on her pillow with fever-ish strength, and tore open the en-

"'My dear, dear child, my Elinor's child," she began. "Oh, it is from grandfather, from grandfather!" she child, said, breaking off rapturously. "Thank God, thank God. At last, at last, Bobby!" Then the glad tone suddenly grew sharp and strained.
"It has all turned black. I—I can't see! Read it for me, read quick-Oh, my God—" And Bobby caught the struggling, sinking figure in her arms, while the blood gushed forth from the quivering lips, the failing life torrent that bore Elinor Kent's weet broken spirit home.

"An' didn't I tell ye," croaked Gran, who had come home, as she always did, with a fiercer light in her sunken eye, a sharper edge to her tongue, "didn't I tell ye what would come of taking in a half-dead girl? Ay, but ye're like that white, mealy-faced mother of yours that stood up for her own will and way agin us all! And now we've got the corpse on our hands, and who is to do the waking an' the burying? I'll make it none of my business, can swear to that."

You needn't," said Barbara, sternly, though all the young heart with-in her was a quiver with strange new pain. "She left money in her trunk that will pay for all that she needs, and, besides, you know, there is her grandfather—"

Eh, what-who-where ?" asked Gran, who had come back an hour after Elinor, under old Huldah's pitying touch, had been laid white and cold in Barbara's darkened room

upstairs. "She got the letter at last," continued Barbara dully. "And it killed

"What letter are ye talking about,

ye fool? It's your own wits that are gone, too, I'm thinking. It's half daft you've been looking all day, like the girl herself."

"Oh, grandmother, no, she wasn't daft at all. It was all true, all that she said," and the quiver in Barabara's heart found eager voice for the pale, silent figure that could speak no more. "It was all true, grandmother. Her grandfather sent for her as she said he would, and if she had lived she could have gone to him and been rich and happy in the beautiful home she talked about. and now, now, she is dead and car have nothing—nothing of all that was waiting for her; nothing but a

"Did ve read the letter?" asked Gran, doubtfully.
"No," answered Barbara.

died, and—and—I couldn't——"
"Go find it," said Gran, with the flerce command that had ruled the Road House for fifty years. And Barbara went upstairs to the he snatched his coat from a podarkened room that seemed so cold the workshop, put it on, closed

The slender little form on the bed had been covered with a sheet, and for old Huldah, like all her race, took grisly satisfaction in the service that adds to the chill pageantry of death.

The old negress had gone now, but carefully folded on the table beside the bed was the letter that had fluttered from Elinor's dying grasp. As Barbara took it up she saw with a sick shudder that the edge of the white paper was still wet with blood, but she brought it to her old grandmother, as she had been told.
"Read it now," said the old woman

and in a low voice that all her strength could not steady Barbara

Rosecrofte, March-My dear, dear child, My Elinor's

Your father's last sad letter has just reached me after many weeks of delay; for I, with your uncle Gilbert's six menths' trip to the south of Europe. I would telegraph to you if possible, but it is most likely that a letter will find you, as no doubt if you have moved from Millboro, you have hought to leave your post-office ad dress. Come to us at once. Your poor father wrote that he left you the means for the journey, so fulfill the last wishes dictated by an hon-est pride, which perhaps in the past

But all mistakes and misapprehensions, however bitter, are over now. Henceforth you are all our own. Your mother's home is waiting for you—your mother's name, if you please to take it, your

mother's place.

"So, my little Elinor, come to me.
Come and fill the aching heart your
mother left sore and empty twenty
years ago. Come to brighten and
gladden and bless your old grandfather's life. Telegraph us when you reach B—and we will meet you at our own station and bring you joyfully home.

"Affectionately, my own dear child, "Eb, what—what?" cried old Gran, shrilly. "Roger B. Randall," ye say, girl? Read it again, read it

again, I say," Roger B. Randall," repeated Barbara, staring at the old woman, who crouching down as she was, withered and broken with the weight of her bitter years, had still a certain tens power, as if, like the old mountain vildcat people called her, she could

at need spring and tear and kill.
"Roger Randall!" echoed the old woman, and she burst into a laugh, a harsh, hideous laugh that showed her long yellow broken fangs, and narrowed her sunken eyes to a mere gleaming line, a laugh that every black rafter of the old kitchen

seemed to echo mockingly.

"Roger B. Randall! And so it's him that is calling the pretty white dove upstairs back to him, is it? It's Roger Randall's grandchild that came to old Rachel Graeme's to die into fierce, discordant mirth that

"Why, why—do you know him?"
Barbara asked breathlessly.
"Do I know him?" echoed the old woman. "I do, girl, I do. Or I did fifty years ago. Ay, and he is all that she said, proud and grand and rich and great, and hard, hard when he chooses to be, as the white marble over the dead. And that starveling, that poor puling thing we took in, is Roger Randali's grand-child! The grandchild that he has never seen, never known! How was it, how was it? Tell me all, girl, tell

me all And Barbara, who had been ruled by this fierce old grandmother all her young life, told Elinor's story as she bad heard it again and again from the dead girl's lips : told it as she saw it to-day in all its piteous

Barbara bitterly, "she had to die just when she could have had everything. If it had only been me now, she added drearily, "it wouldn' have made much difference. Pity

couldn't have died in her place. the old Died-in her place!" grandmother caught the girl's arm in a fierce, shaking clutch, while her sunken eyes flashed into sudden light. "Weasel! Weasel! What's to keep you from living in that dead girl's place, ye young fool? They've never seen her, they'll know no difference. living in that dead girl's place—and

TO BE CONTINUED

A SOUL'S REDEMPTION

By Brian O'Higgins, in the Father Mathew

The sun had sunk to rest beyond the Killeenbawn hills; the birds were whispering softly in the groves and the peace of an autumn evening had settled down over the cornfields where the oats were still in stooks. It was a sweet and tranquil scene. Yet close to it in the village there was trouble and the shadow of death. In his workshop, Hugh Kinsella turned at the sound of his little daughter's voice.

O, father, come in at once. think Una is dying. She's very weak and she's calling for you and for

Hugh did not wait to hear any more. With a hurried, "Run in a stoir. I'll be with you in a minute, he snatched his coat from a peg in and still now that the battle for life door and went hurriedly into the was over and all the pain and out- dwelling house, where Nannie, the cry and piteous struggle hushed in a girl who had called him—a girl of fifteen summers whose worried, drawn

The slender little form on the bed face made her look like a woman of Nellie, with frightened faces, were gathered about a little bed in the parlor, which had been put there so that its occupant could have more sunshine than was to be had upstairs On it lay little dying Una, whose hard breathing and glassy eyes told that she had not long to live. She was only seven, but during the five long, weary months of her illness she had grown older than her years in wisdom and patience, and those who gathered about her in the dusk of that autumn evening had grown love her more and more each day that passed, until now it seemed that the parting with her would break their hearts.

A welcoming light came into the strained eyes as her father bent over her and said in a low voice that tried

to be steady:
"Do you want me, Una?" "I want you to be near me, daddy, and I want mammy, too. I'm dying, and I want you all beside me; where's mammy ?" send Willie and Joe for her.

a-stoir. She's up the town some-where, and maybe she won't be long." "Oh, I think I know where she is," and a shade of pain and sorrow came into the poor white little face, "she's in the public house again, and she told me one day she wouldn't drink any more, and that she'd stay with me here. I want her daddy; I want to sak her before I die to give up hurting God by getting drunk. May be she'll do what I sak her when she knows I'm dying. Tell Willie and

Joe to hurry."

Hugh Kinsella sent the two little ooys on an errand that he feared was fruitless, and went back to the bed side of the dying child. Thoughts flashed across his mind of other days. when he had a happy home and s handsome sober wife, and all things going well with him, his trade increasing week by week, and the future looking bright and rosy. Then came the change, when the craving for drink took possesion of his wife, and the clouds gathered dark above the once happy home. Now it was a common occurrence with Mary Kin-sella to spend the most of her days in the houses whose owners were degraded enough to supply her and come home, or rather be half carried home in the evening, heedless of everything, to sleep off the effects of the poison that was ruining her, body and soul. Now and then, thanks to patient Hugh Kinsella and to kind Father Kearney, there was an effort at reform and perhaps for a couple of weeks Mary would not taste a drop of drink, and hopes would glow in the hearts of Hugh and Nannie; but alas! the temptation would come and with it Mary Kinsella would

stagger along the downward path again. Lately, she had hardly been a day sober, and poor Una (whos present state was due more to neglect in the first stages of a severe cold than any inherited disease) seldom saw her -- she was spared by the thoughtfulness of the others, the sight of a mother who had fallen almost to the lowest depths and who seldom had a thought for the children she should have fostered and loved for the dying little one whose nurse and comforter she should have been. Now in the very shadow of death, Una was calling for her and there was no response. The thought smote Hugh Kinsella to the heart, and he could scarcely bear to meet the anxi

ous gaze of the dying child. Daddy - is mammy coming? want-"Yes, yes, a stoir, she'll be here

soon. Do you want to tell her any-"I want to tell her that I'll ask Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.
. . . I want her to promise me—she won't — drink — any — more.

Daddy-Nan-Yes, Una, a-stoir, we're here." "Father Kearney said you—would go — Holy — Communion—every morning -- for mammy. . . Jesu

-Mary-"
It was the last breath. Little Una's white soul was in heaven.
It was an hour later when Willie and Joe returned, but they did not bring their mother. She didn't seem to know what they meant when they told her that Una was dying, and when inted them out of her presence with angry words. Perhaps it was better so, Hugh Kinsella said in his own mind, and with a prayer to God for patience and strength, he set about preparing Una's little wasted body for the grave. And while he and Nannie made their simple preparations they spoke in whispers of Una's last words about daily Communion, and now that they little saint in heaven to help them,

a great hope grew and glowed in their hearts. It was late that night when Mary Kinsella came home, and she was so utterly unable to either think or act that she noticed nothing strange about the house, but was got away to bed as quickly as possible. It was late next morning when she rose, and when she came down sore in body and mind, the sight of her husband dressed in his best suit irritated her, as did the air of silence bout the place, and she said, sullen

ly and sharply:—
"Wisha, but you're a great gentleman, with your good clothes on your Where's the wake or the wedding?" "Here, Mary," he said sadly, as he

looked at her swollen face and blood

shot eyes, and motioned her towards the parlor door
Una's body had been placed in the
coffin, which now rested on a table near the window, the sunshine streaming in upon it like a smile from

'Una is gone to God," he heaven. "Una 18 added, brokenly. For a moment she could hardly realize it. Then with a wild cry of grief and remorse, as the truth burst in upon her brain, she flung herself cross the tiny coffin and cried until Hugh thought her heart would break. It was the first time she had ried, in her sober senses, for more than two years, and Hugh, knowing that it would do her good, quietly withdrew and left her alone with her

grief and sorrow. It was when Mary Kinsella was convalescent, some seven weeks later, after the attack of brain fever that came to her on the day of little Una's funeral, that she learned from

Hugh the story of her child's last moments on earth. And then she said, with her hand in Hugh's, and her eyes raised tearfully to his face:

"Keep on the daily Communion for me, Hugh-you and Nannie. I have no faith in myself, but I feel that God will give me strength. feel that God will give me strength.
Sure Una asked me two months
before she died, to go to
Holy Communion as often as I could,
and I gave her my promise, but the
drink got hold of me worse than
ever. O Hugh, I'm not worthy of anything, but maybe some day God will give me the grace to be a good wife to you and a good mother to our

children. "He will, He will, Mary. There now, be quiet and rest. Nannie and myself started the daily Communion the day after Una's funeral, and we mean, with God's help, to continue it. If He gives you back to us, strong and happy, instead of our little Una, we'll be glad to think He took her white soul as the price of your free-dom. There now, Mary; don't cry, but rest and get well."

And before six months had passed Mary Kinsella was strong again— strong in body and in soul, strong in hope for the future years. There were many hard struggles against the temptations of the drink demon, and sometimes it looked as if she would yield, but the thought of Una's soul as the price of her own redemption and the grace the daily Communions of herself and her husband and children had brought her, sustained her in every trial, and to-day, beside the carpenter's shop where Hugh Kinsella works with a light heart there is a peaceful and happy home. A few weeks ago all the members of that contented family were enrolled as Associates of the great National Total Abstinence Congress, and fev will bless its deliberations more fervently and sincerely than honest Hugh Kinsella.

EXPERIENCES OF A WAR CHAPLAIN

Of all the Catholic chaplains who served during the War of the Rebel lion few had more trying experiences during two long years in the extreme south than Father Michael A. Nash, S. J., who volunteered as chaplain of the Sixth New York Infantry, better known as "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," and whose death at Troy, N. Y., September 6, 1895, in his seventieth year, is recorded in our Catholic chronology, says James . Rooney in the Tablet

He was not two years in the priesthood, having been ordained at Pader-born, Germany where he finished his studies, August 18, 1859, when on June 5, 1861, he was mustered into the United States service as chaplain of one of the toughest regiments that ever left New York, but whose love and respect he won as well by his bravery under fire as by his self-denial and devotion to the interests of the soldiers.

During the regiment's two years' service in the south it participated in all the engagement at Santa Rosa Island, Pensacola, Forts McRee and Baracas, East Pass and Milton, Fla., as well as in the serious operations at Fort Hudson, Irish Bend and Bayou Vermillion, La., and in all the fierce engagements and bombardments, the awful marches under a trophical sun and the many trials of camp life in the south. Father Nash bravely stood to his post to the end and came home with the regiment to be mustered out

June 25, 1863. In the "Woodstock Letters" there they pleaded with her to come she is an interesting series of communiestions to his superiors, containing his experiences during his service. He also wrote regularly to Mrs. John Farrell, still living in Brooklyn, and to Mrs. Moynahan, whom he addressed as his "Dear Mother." Both of these ladies were old family friends and from a sheaf of his faded etters to them, now before me, I nuote the following passages:

Writing from Santa Rosa, Fla, under date of October 30, 1861, he says: "In the last bloody engagement 2,000 of the enemy fell upon our sleeping camp, set fire to our tents and poured volley after volley into us as we ran, half dazed, from the flames. The bullets whistled by my ears like mosquitoes. Still, our ooys held out and turning the tide, pressed the enemy, who lost 300 men. The poor fellows fell thick and fast about me, either wounded or killed, and I had more to do then than ever before. I found a corporal of my regiment wounded and prostrate on the field. As I bent over him he said, 'Oh, Father, is that you? I am going fast. I am not a Catholic, but I want to be baptized.' I knew the lad well and he begged me piteously not to leave him. I soothed him and loosened his grasp on my coat sleeve for I had to get water. I ran to the beach and soaked my handkerchief in the sea water and hurried back in time to pour enough on his pallid brow to make him a child of God. The pursuit of the eremy was over at noon, and no one had broken his fast. We made coffee and then began the awful preparations for the burial of the dead. by hundreds, covered with blood and wounds, uniforms torn and no coffins to encircle their limbs, no affectionate wife or tender mother to shroud them, but after military usage they were consigned to earth with my poor prayers, just as they were found upon the battlefield, only that the southerners were separated from our men and all available names and addresses taken and duly recorded The muffled drum and the doleful fife sounded their Requiem. Oh how easy it was for me to preach their funeral, tired out as I was."

In twenty such letters similar scenes are recorded. He tells of the scenes are recorded. He tells of the camp life under the broiling sun; of many battles, bombardments and skirmishes; of the loss of his vestments; of a trip of 500 miles to go to confession; of his temptation to ask for a furlough to go north for a rest and his resolution to atiak by the and his resolution to stick by the men for whose sake he bad joined men for whose sake he had joined the regiment; of their love for him and many touching incidents of the hardships they endured. He evidently returned their love, for in after life he would never let anyone say anything against "his boys."

Father Nash never took a furlough. He came home with "his boys" as attack a prepared for such other duties.

stated, prepared for such other duties as might be assigned to him. In his early years he was among the Jesuits who left Kentucky in 1846 to take charge of St. John's College, Fordham where he filled the post of prefect, and after the war and seventeen years intermission he was again appointed prefect at Fordham. also served as preacher, missioner and teacher until 1874, when he was sent to Troy, N. Y., remaining there fourteen years. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his admission to the Society of Jesus while spiritual father at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and later returning to Troy he died there September 6, 1895, aged seventy years.

AFTER VACATION

A little innocent relaxation from time to time is good for all of us. We can think more clearly afterwards, speak more kindly, work harder and even pray better. Then why is the "blue Monday" feeling so often prevalent after vacation? Often because the persons in question have taken more than a little innocent relaxation. They have broken their good resolutions—squandered more money than they could afford, stayed away longer than they were allowed, overstepped the bounds of temper-ance, violated the laws of propriety, modesty or ever honor for the sake of a passing pleasure. If this was their first time to experience how weak are human resolutions in the presence of strong temptations, then we would have nothing to say of them except that they have gained some very useful knowledge, but have pur-

chased it at a fearful price.

If, however, this year's infidelity to purpose and consequent remorse nothing but a sickening repetition of what has happened many a summer pefore, then there is something seriously wrong. God gave them reason, why do they not use it? Reason tells them it is unreasonaale to make resolutions continually and never make any serious effort to keep them reason tells them that unless they make some efforts over and above what they made during preceding years these new resolutions will be as worthless as the old. What new efforts should they make? They should seek help where alone help is to be found—in humble prayer to The insufferable pride which made them put all their trust in their own strength of will and neglect to ask assistance from God-that in sufferable pride was the cause of all their failures in the past; how it can still survive after so many shameful defeats is a mystery.—The Ligourian.

CHRISTIANITY AND

PEACE When the Pope on May 24, 1914, in the secret consistory where fourteen new cardinal the College of Cardinals on the subject of peace, there was no sign above the horizon of the awful cataclysm of war which has now developed. Indeed, there were a great many people, intelligent, educated and b lieving themselves thoroughly in touch with modern ideas, not bring themselves to think that there was the slightest danger of a war. They argued that it was impossible that men of our precious ime would be foolish enough to bring on the race so much suffering. well known editor on the very day that war was declared assured his readers that there would be and could be no war ; commerce and finance would prevent it, and indeed, they made it forever impossible. ne said, had in the older time been mainly brought about by religion. Men had lost interest in religion, but had gained interest in commerce and trade, and international trade would prevent what religious bigotry had so

often caused.
So little do men who think they know it all know, even of the very things that lie around them!

In the light of recent events, it is well to read the words of the Holy Father to the assembled cardinals. He dwells particularly on the fact that without Christian charity deep in the hearts of men there can be no enduring peace and no assured safeguard for men from each other. He

We had, indeed, reason to rejoice in the religious manifestations cele-brated so magnificently and with such a concourse of people, by which the Catholic world boldly proclaimed its faith and seemed, by raising up in its hands the Cross of Christ, to wish to show it to the troubled human race as the one fount of peace and safety. To day more than ever they seek for peace, and indeed, we see classes of citizens, races, nations, fighting among themselves, and from the enmities ever becoming more intense among them, we see break out of a sudden fearful wars. True, there are clever and distinguished states men who put before themselves the