

JULY 27, 1907.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

complused, when his former interroga-

tor took him out promptly after dinner

to show him the slums, and cooly told

him on returning that he was to preach

to a confraternity that evening.

But what struck him most forcibly

was, the calm independence with which

each individual expressed his opinion,

and the easy toleration with which they

differed from each other, and even

contradicted, without the slightest

shade of asperity or resentment. This

was a perpetual wonder to Luke during

his whole career in England.

The following Friday he was sub-

mitted to a brief examination for fac-

ulties. His examiners were the Vicar-

General and the Diocesan Inspector, a

convert from Anglicanism.

"In the case of a convert," said the

Vicar, without preliminaries, "whom

you ascertain to have never been

baptized, but who was married, and

had a grown-up family, what would

you do?"

"I should proceed with great cau-

tion," said Luke, to whom the question

seemed rather impertinent and far-

fetched. He had been expecting to be

asked how many grave professors were

on this side, and how many excellent

writers were on that side, of some

abstruse theological problem.

"Very good," said the Vicar, "and

then?"

"I think I should let it alone," said

Luke.

"Very good. But these good people

of brown gravy on the thirty table-

cloth.

Saturday came, and Luke braced

himself for the second great act of his

ministry—his first confession. He had

scamped over the treatise on Penan-

ce the night before; and just at

2 o'clock he passed, with fear and

trembling, to his confessional. He had

said a short, tremulous prayer before

the Blessed Sacrament; had cast a look

of piteous appeal towards the Lady

Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy

commingled, he slipped quietly past

the row of penitents, and put on his

surplice and stole. Then he reflected

for a moment, and drew the slide. A

voice from the dark recess, quavering

with emotion, commenced the Confiteor

in Irish. Luke started at the well-

known words, and whispered Deo gra-

tias. It was an ancient mariner, and

the work was brief. But Luke recol-

lected all the terrible things he had

heard about dumb and statue-que con-

fessors; and that poor Irishman got a

longer lecture than he had heard for

many a day.

"I must be a more outrageous sin-

ner even than I thought," he said.

"I never got such a ballyragging in

my life before!"

Luke drew the slide at his left; and

a voice this time of a young girl,

whispered hoarsely—

"I ain't goin' to confession, Feyther;

but I eard as you was from Hire-

land, and I kem to ask assistance to

tek me out of ell!"

Luke Delmege out of his surplice and

stole, after a hard afternoon's work,

and knelt and blessed God for having

made him a priest.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW UNCLE TONY "FIT" AT GETTYSBURG.

Boom—boom—boom—it was the

second day the ominous growling of

those far-off guns had come down

across the Maryland border. Some-

times it was a long rumble and roll,

then the gruff voices muttered inter-

mittently and again they died out en-

tirely, and left the mother and sister

wondering how the battle had gone.

They knew the fighting was over the

Pennsylvania border up Gettysburg

way. They knew Pickett's was there.

So much had come down to the Trevor

plantation. And all this meant to them

that Dick Trevor, their Dick, was their

and so they prayed and listened.

It seemed at times they must go to

Dick—perhaps he was wounded and

needed them—but there was no way to

and then the idea came to Barbara

to send to him. They could at least

send a message, and something for a

hungry young soldier to eat. The mes-

senger was to be old Tony, the city man

left on the place.

Tony was not a willing messenger by

any means. He gave a hitch to his

ragged trousers with the remaining

corn bread and pie, and he shifted his

well ventilated hat from hand to hand

—he "mout be shot by de Yanks" and

that would leave no one to take care

"Now yo' ge'mmen wouldn't go an' eat

dat all. Why, his maw an' Miss Bar-

bara, dees not up mos' all night a-look-

in' dat; 'an' dees said, 'Tony,' dees said,

'yo'll kyar it safe, it safe, won' yo'?"

An' he's his maw's onliest son, go'm

men—de onliest one the's left."

"Well, we all is osh maw's onliest

son," chafed the stout man.

By this time the cake was gone and a

heavy inroad had been made on the

other good things. After much

quarreling among themselves the men

agreed to save the rest of the chickens

and what remained in the basket for

their supper. Tony was pulled off the

mule and made to carry the basket and

the stout man's knapsack, while the fel-

low himself mounted the mule, and the

little company, with the heart-broken

Tony, took up its march toward Gettys-

burg.

Before they had gone far, there was

a pounding of hoofs on the pike behind

them, and an officer came up with them

on the gallop. He pulled in his horse

beside them.

"What are you fellows doing in the

rear?" he called out. "There's a fight

goin' on, and if you don't get into it

lively I'll have every man Jack of you

shot."

"Look a heah, Mistah Cannell,"

broke in Tony; "dat's my mule dees

took fum me! Ah's taking sump'n to

Marse Dick in de Confederate army—

Cap'n Dick Trevor, o' Trevor Oaks,

Cap'n County, Mahylan', sub-an-

deese heahuns have eat de cake an' took

de mule, an'—

"Trevor of the Thirtieth?" asked

the officer.

"De ve'y same, sah! An' wouldn't

yo' be so kin' an' make 'em give Jinny

back—an'—an' wot's lef' o' Marse

Dick's basket?"

"See here," said the officer, "you

tumble off dat mule right smart. You

ve' robbed Cap'n Trevor's man, and

I've a great mind to shoot the whole

lot of you right now."

The stout man, sided by a slap over

the back with the flat of the officer's

saber, lost no time in getting down.

Again Tony, with the remnants in his

basket, mounted Jinny, and the officer

saw him safely out of reach of the

stragglers.

"By the way," said the officer, peer-

ing over into the basket, "if there's a

little something in there you can spare,

uncle, I wouldn't mind a bite myself;

I haven't had any breakfast."

Tony looked on dubiously while his

guardian helped himself pretty gener-

ously from the basket. "Deed yo' maw's

mus' be pow'ful hungry, Mistah Cannell,"

the old man ventured, as he

watched the things disappearing.

"I am, uncle, I am. Well good-by;

I'm going to leave you now. I'll take

just one more of those fried cakes."

"Why, dyah's only two o' dem lef',

sah!" gasped Tony; but before the

words were out of his mouth the officer

had driven the spurs into his horse,

and he and the fried cake disappeared

in a whirl of dust.

"He's not here, Tony?" sobbed these

mother.

"Deed he is, Miss Ca'line! He's

right out heah, Marse Dick is, waitin'

fo' you all to come an' help me tote him

in." He turned, and his voice quar-

tered out into the darkness, "Ain't yo'

Marse Dick?"

And this is how Tony came to tall,

long years after, to a cluster of wide-

eyed, open-mouthed little Sams and

Billys and Dinahs, with a pickaninny

two balancing on his knees, of how he

fit at de battle o' Gettysburg right

longside Marse Dick Trevor, o' Trevor

Oaks, Cap'n County, Mahylan'.

"An' who win dat fight, Uncle Tony?"