

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPERITO SANTO."

CHAPTER III.

The summer passed, autumn came and went, winter was with us. Pretty Alix could laugh now at her superstitious fears. Nothing untoward had happened, which seemed sufficient guarantee that nothing ever would happen. It had become fairly reconciled to my lonely fate, and was still looking forward for an occasion to prove my unalterable, unselfish devotion. I wished Alix, of course, to love her young knight and to be faithful to him, for it was part of her perfection that she should do so, but sometimes I dreamed that there might be a temporary misunderstanding between the lovers, and that I should be the happy instrument of their reconciliation, or I dreamed that his life was in danger and that I was the one to rescue him and bring him back in health and safety to her arms. All the reward I asked was that she should in some way owe her happiness to me, otherwise my self-abnegation was complete. I almost gloried in it.

I was in a very exalted frame of mind during the betrothal ceremony, and the continual frivolity of Alix's young brothers and sister grated on my highly wrought nerves. "You vain, silly little thing!" I whispered, getting little ten-year-old Etenette behind the door and giving her a good shaking. "Have you no more consideration for your sister than to go hiding round corners like a grinning monkey and laughing at her? But sturdy little Etenette did not mind the shaking. She only made faces at me, pounding me, and, I am sorry to add, kicking me, and threatening to scream out if I did not let her go. In vain I hissed "Shut up!" She only said, tauntingly, in a loud stage whisper:

"He who in quiet of 'Silence' boots, It says to make the hubbub he imparts."

By this time matters were worse than when I interposed. The boys were giggling loudly, the guests were looking round to see whence the interruption came, and Alix's eyes glanced at me reproachfully. I let go of Etenette quickly, but the solemnity of the occasion was fatally disturbed. I could have hugged the child, but one of the older relatives pounced down upon her and she was dragged off, shaking her fist at me and shrieking, "I can't wish you were dead, Eric Fremont, for that would be a sin, but I wish you had never been born!" And I slunk out of the room, muttering to myself, vengefully, "I'll take it out of you some day, you little devil!"

The first days of winter were ushered in by intense cold. The river was frozen over from shore to shore, and far out into both lakes. Although navigation had formally closed with the last days of autumn, many belated boats were ice-bound and their crews rescued with difficulty. It was at this time that my opportunity came to make a supreme sacrifice for Alix, but not in any such manner as I had dreamed of.

One evening my grandfather had gone into Detroit on business, and I was taking tea with the Chaberts, when a knock came at the door and the doctor was called out into the hall. For a few moments there were whispered consultations and a general air of mystery; then the door returned to the room, followed by Emile McNiff and two Duncan lads from Windsor.

"Eric Fremont, we want you to lend a hand with the ice-boat to-night."

"Thank you, but I don't go ice-boating at night in zero weather for fun," I remarked, stretching myself comfortably before the fire.

"Something's up, and we want your help," urged the boys.

"No! No fooling to-night," I replied, impatiently.

The boys hesitated, then Alix drew near, her big gray eyes wide open with excitement and emotion.

"Eric, dear Eric," she whispered, "it is a case of life or death! You will not refuse to help us. Dear Eric, be good, do be good and help us!"

I looked up at the doctor for explanation.

"I must take you into our confidence, my boy," he said, looking me steadily in the eyes. "For I know that even if you refuse to help us you will not be cross over from Sandusky day before yesterday, thinking that the channel was still open. She is now beating about in the broken ice about six miles out in Lake Erie."

"I know; I heard about it in the city this afternoon," I replied, "but a relief party is to be sent out to-morrow at daybreak."

"Yes, in the morning, but"—sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper—"there is a passenger aboard that must be taken off to-night."

I understood him in a moment. The existence of the Underground Railroad in Ohio, and of its agents and abettors, not only in the Canadian ports, but also among those of strong anti-slavery sentiment on the American shore, was well known, and the landing of fugitive slaves at Amherstburg and Windsor, and even on the American islands in the river, was not infrequent. The law in operation throughout the Northwest compelling the return to their masters of fugitive slaves captured on free soil engaged the active sympathy for the runaways of many who otherwise were law-abiding citizens. Their secrets were closely kept, however, and I had never suspected these, our most intimate friends and neighbors, of any connection with such transactions. Doubtless the knowledge of all I had suffered at the hands of the Africa race, and my violent antipathy to negroes, had made them particularly careful to avoid the subject in my presence.

"I suppose you mean a nigger," I said contemptuously.

Alix pressed closer to my side, then, kneeling down, she clasped her hands across my knees, and, looking up into my face appealingly, took up the story. "It is a poor runaway slave, Eric," she said, "and the United States sheriffs are after him. He escaped through

West Virginia and Ohio, and then found the boats for Canada had stopped running. A couple of men of the 'Underground Railroad' offered to take him across the lake in this tiny tug; they are within sight of freedom, but the ice has caught them and holds them helpless. The sheriffs at Detroit have been warned and are looking out for the boat and you know what that means. It means that the law will send the poor slave back to his master to be treated more cruelly than ever, for he would not have run away from a kind master. The boys will try to get him off to-night, but it is too late to reach Bon-souled or the Indian pilots, and no one else knows the river as you do. Dear, dear Eric, you will not refuse!"

I turned away from her, sick at heart. The fugitive belonged to a race that had murdered my parents and made my childhood's years one long terror. At my first Communion I had, indeed, with sobs and tears, renounced my boyish plans of vengeance, yet the old repulsion was still strong. It seemed to be part of my physical nature, and I could not overcome it. Every instinct rebelled against the thought of risking my life for creatures who filled me with disgust and a wild, unreasoning terror. Anything but this, Alix! anything but this!

"Aren't there others that could do this thing?" I asked, falteringly.

"Aren't there abolitionists at Amherst-burg or Grosse Ile?" They are fifteen miles nearer than we."

"They do not know of it," said Emile McNiff. "Father learned of it accidentally through one of the deputies at Detroit. The Duncans were over here with their ice-boat, but none of us know the river as you do, and there is no time to lose if we were to back before daylight."

"If I do not go, will you give it up?" I asked of the boys.

"We will alone, and go now," they answered without hesitation. That decided me. I could not seem them to go alone. Every impulse of manliness rose in me; I tried to forget the object of the expedition and only remember the better that they, and should be responsible for their lives if I permitted them to face the danger without a guide.

"Get out of the boat, and I will put on my togs and join you," I said.

Here Alix suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. "My own dear, brave Roderic!" she cried.

It hurts me, I confess, that Alix should think it a matter of courage, and that she should not have guessed the real reason of my hesitation. She knew my tragic story, and yet she did not seem to remember for an instant the reason I had to feel repugnance for the object of our expedition. She was all enthusiasm, and flew round to help the boys trim the lanterns and pull on their coats. I took down the doctor's gun from its rack, and was pulling on my cardigan jacket and fur-cap when Etenette crept to my side and timidly thrust something into my hand. I looked down. She was a strange child, usually very loquacious and animated, but on critical occasions very reticent and quiet. She stood there, black-eyed, intent, silent, while I took from her the little picture. It was one of the religious prints that the French delight in, and represented her patron saint, the martyred Stephen, kneeling down, amid a shower of stones, and with angelic, upturned countenance blessing and praying for his enemies, while underneath were written the words, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

It touched me to the heart that this child should be the only one to remember my past and understand all that the task before us signified to me. I felt sorry that I had ever been cross to her; but there was no time for words now, I could only thrust the little picture under my jacket and kiss her a hurried good-bye, with a murmured "Pray for us, Nones," which was my name for her when we were on good terms.

She squeezed my big fist between her two soft, firm little hands for an instant and let me go without a word. The front door suddenly opened, and there stood my grandfather, breathless and panting, eagerly beckoning to us.

"Run, boys, run!" he gasped. "There is not a moment to lose. The sheriffs fear a rescue, and are going to board the tug to-night. They have a small fleet of ice-boats, and have secured pilots, and mean to head off any possible attempt of the abolitionists. They suspected me and were watching the house. I had my rig brought round to the front door, and then I slid out of the back door down to the river, and have skated all the way here. Heaven bless and keep you, my boy—my only boy!" he sobbed. "It is hard to let you go, and for such a purpose, but I am old and sinful; I use God's mercy; and He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these my brethren.'" Here he broke down completely and pushed me from him. I sprang upon the ice-boat, where the boys were already on the forward runners, clinging to the shrouds, and, taking the tiller, I shot diagonally across the river and sought the protection of the Canadian shore.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a wild chase that night. We had a little the lead of the sheriff's posse as we drew out of Windsor, hugging the shore along the Sandwich road, where we were somewhat in the shadow. We could see the three ice-boats plainly as they moved in the dock at the foot of Woodward Avenue, sailing close to the American shore to avoid the thinner ice of the mid-channel. At Fighting Island we crossed the river and skulked along the American shore between Ecorse and Trenton until beyond the Mamajoy Light, while they chased the wider, middle channel, the usual route of the large craft and steamboats. The moon was continuously under a cloud, and we felt confident of having escaped detection. As we neared Amherstburg they crossed to the Canadian shore, sailing to leeward of Grosse Ile and Bois Blanc; but I had foreseen this probable move, and had quietly kept to windward of Grosse Ile. In the narrow, marshy stream that divides this long island from the American shore, the ice was fearfully rough and full of air-holes; but the wind was steady abaft beam; there was no danger of being seen, and we went bumping and bounding along at high speed, taking the air-holes at flying leaps. But when we shot out into Lake Erie, below Sugar Island, further concealment was impossible. The wind shifted, the clouds cleared, and a flood of moonlight poured over the vast ice-fields. The sheriff's boats were making a series of short tacks to reach the tug which lay about six miles off the Canadian coast. I resolved to cut directly across their path as if bound for Kingsville. I should have to cover more ground than they by so doing, but on the other hand, I should gain slightly in time by having to come about only once. We now made no effort to avoid them, and were plainly visible as we crossed their bows. They hailed us, but we answered that we were Canadian curlers, bound for Kingsville, and, as we affected indifference of manner, hanging carelessly over the frame and humming snatches of French folk songs, they seemed not to suspect us. At any rate, they did not try to overhaul us, though they took the precaution to search us closely. "Vive la Canadienne!" sang Tom Duncan, at his loudest and cheeriest,

"Vive la Canadienne!  
Voilà, non coeur, vole!  
Vive la Canadienne!  
Eh! non coeur, vole!  
Tout doux!"

The breath was nearly knocked out of us as we bumped over the rough ice and clung for dear life to the shrouds, but our voices never quivered as we joined heartily in the chorus at the end of every line. "Vive, non coeur, vole!"

We were walking away from them in fine style, and still we sang on:

"Ainsi le temps se passe—  
Ainsi le temps se passe—  
Ainsi le temps se passe—  
Iles, ma foi, tout doux!"

About two miles down the coast we reached our favorite angle, and, coming about quickly, headed straight for the tug. The wind had steadied into a small gale, and we were sailing close-hauled, and sped like an arrow before it. Then at once the other boats understood our purpose, and the race began in dead earnest. Two of the boats, poorly managed, were bumped about in the rough ice, and soon slowed round and spilled over, sending their crews spinning over the surface of the lake; but the third was superbly handled. I know beyond a doubt that there must be one of the old Indian pilots at the tiller, for had I not, even as a lad of fifteen, won prizes in races on Lake St. Clair above sea-level, which would give us ample start on the homeward race, but I had not foreseen the skill that would be matched against mine. I could hardly forbear exclamations of wonder and admiration as I saw the nicety with which every angle of advantage was calculated, and the art with which the tiller was handled. They were gaining on us rapidly, and my advantage now became a question no longer of minutes, but of seconds. For an instant, when they were on the leeward tack, we were almost face to face, and I could plainly discern the stolid, brown countenance of Antaya ending the rudder-shoe. Our eyes met, and I called, in a high, though the Indian sat imperceptibly, and no change came into his eyes, yet I knew instinctively that he recognized me, and that he now learned for the first time that it was his friend and pupil who guided the boat he was pursuing. There was a momentary hesitation on the Indian's boat, a slight awkwardness in handling the sheets that was imperceptible to any but a practised eye, but it was enough to make my heart beat exultantly. I had a friend in the enemy's camp! Without betraying himself, Antaya had won for me the instant of time that I needed. He was heading for the bow of the tug and I was aiming for the stern, where I could already see the captain and the engineer standing, glasses in hand, watching the race, uncertain which was friend or foe. A wide strip of clear water lay between us. "Lie down, boys; trim the boat and hold on for a spell!" I called. It was a desperate chance. The crack seemed to rush towards us, for we were flying along at a rate of seventy miles an hour. I gave the tiller an almost imperceptible push; the boat rose like a bird to the leap, and we were across the chasm before we could see that we had reached it. I let her go on at full speed till we had almost shot past the tug; then, gripping the ice with the shoe, we swept round with the windward runner high in the air and brought up alongside. The boys grasped the side of the tug with their boat-hooks and called excitedly for the fugitive to board us without an instant's delay. But, alas! the captain was uncertain and cautious,

and by the time we had exchanged the signals of the "Underground Railroad," and he had satisfied himself of our friendly intentions, the precious moment had slipped by; the sheriff's boat was so near that the men sprang off it, and, jumping over the broken ice, began to climb the tug's bow. Quick as thought I seized the gun and, springing aboard, advanced to meet the three tough-looking specimens of humanity, deputies sworn in for the dirty work on hand. Antaya crept stealthily behind them.

"Gentlemen," I said, in as lordly a manner as I knew how to assume, and endeavoring to look perfectly self-possessed, in spite of the loud beating of my heart, "to what do we owe the honor of this visit?"

The sheriff gave a short laugh. "I guess by your actions you know pretty well without asking."

"This tug," I went on, feeling like a boy in a book, though devoutly hoping that they did not notice the uncoiling quivering of my lips and nostrils, "is the property of the Canadian Transfer Company. All her passengers are under the protection of the laws of the colony."

"Excuse me," replied the sheriff; "she is hired and run by an American skipper, and she is American soil. She has on board a fugitive from the laws of American law, I claim him, and propose to take him back with me. And let me warn you, young man, that if you attempt to interfere it will be my duty to arrest you."

"You will arrest me at your peril!" I exclaimed. "I am not amenable to American law, I am a Spanish citizen, the subject of Isabella the Second, and whoever lays a hand on me is answerable to the government of Spain. My companions are subjects of Queen Victoria, and England will protect her own."

I do not know what their respective majesties would have said to my defiance of the laws of a friendly nation. I could see the sheriff hesitate. Antaya was creeping about and muttering to himself in an uncanny manner. I caught one word constantly reiterated in the Ottawa language. It was "powder, powder, powder." An idea flashed into my brain. The engineer had taken his stand by my side. Something in his look, eye-browed person, and keen eye emboldened me, and I said, bravely, "I give you warning, Mr. Sheriff, that these are desperate men. They prefer death to American justice. They will blow up the boat, and themselves with it, rather than see their fellow-being fall into your hands. Let me inform you that powder is stored in the stern, and the nearer we keep to the bows the safer we are."

I took three steps forward. They all instinctively drew three steps backward; then they looked ashamed and burst into coarse laughter.

"Oh, that's no go! What are you giving us?" they jeered. But the Indian began to tremble violently, and jabbered and gesticulated excitedly. The deputies watched him out of the corners of their eyes, and I could see that his actions made them a little nervous; but the sheriff stepped boldly forward, drawing his pistol.

"I regret to tell you, gentlemen, that the law must be enforced, and we are prepared to enforce it," he said, firmly. The deputies took courage and advanced slightly. I laid my finger on the trigger of my gun.

"The signal to blow up the boat is the first shot fired," I said, warningly.

The engineer sprang below. "Are you ready, Mr. Brown?" I called.

"Ay, ready, sir!" he called back, as he disappeared. The deputies glanced at each other uneasily.

"One step forward and I fire!" I cried.

"Nonsense!" said the sheriff, sturdily stepping forward. I pulled the trigger and fired into the air. Instantly a ripping, tearing noise was heard; we were enveloped in a cloud of steam, and the tug shook violently from stem to stern. The Indian let out a blood-curdling yell, rushed for the bow of the tug, and began climbing over, howling and jabbering and flinging his arms wildly about. His terror was infectious, and the panic-stricken deputies hurled themselves headlong overboard after him. The Indian grabbed them, pulled them about, and shoved them on to his ice-boat, sprang aboard, let go the sheets, and in an instant was speeding for Detroit River, still whooping and gesticulating madly. Before the thick steam had cleared enough for us to see, the skipper had hauled the fugitive up from the hold and was helping him over the stern into our ice-boat. The sheriff and I stood alone facing each other. "Don't wait for me, boys; I shall be all right, and there'll be more news," I called, and with a sigh of relief dimly discerned the ghost-like form of the white boat glide by the stern, and heard its iron-shod runners click over the ice and the whistle of the wind through the wire rigging. A moment later the kipper was shouting to the engineer to stop that confounded noise, the steam was shut off, the tug ceased to shiver, and the smoke slowly cleared away.

The sheriff took the matter calmly. He was a sensible man, who did not wholly rely on the errand on which he was employed, and was perhaps glad of the whole to be relieved of an unpleasant duty. The engineer emerged from below and gave me a long, comprehensive wink.

"Young fellow," said he, "I'll answer to you on a pinch, but my name isn't Brown—it's Halburton." He offered me some tobacco, which I refused. I felt myself grow strangely weak, now that the strain was over.

"I always keep up steam," he went on; "you never know when 'twill be wanted. It's sorter handy to be ready for anything that may turn up."

"It seems to me," remarked the sheriff, "that your powder kinder went up in smoke."

I wanted to laugh; I tried to laugh, but somehow I found myself crying instead. I was trembling from head to foot. Excitement had kept me up till now, but I had been intensely wrought

up, and the hazard had been great. Had the sheriff and his deputies been as well acquainted as the Indian and I with the colonial history of Detroit, my bold experiment would not have succeeded. How often I had joked Antaya about his Wyandotte ancestors who attacked the little English war-ship that was bringing relief to the beleaguered garrison at Detroit, then besieged by the great Chief Pontiac and his braves! The Wyandottes had almost overpowered the crew when the captain gave orders to blow up the ship, and instantly enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy spare room of the fine old physhyter, and in the morning Father C. and I at the Presentation Convent, a fine place, at whose expense and work I was surprised. This is the school for girls and very small boys, and the Christian Brothers have the boys' school. The Sisters, very hospitable and friendly, kept us for breakfast and then brought us into the school. I had been longing to get into an Irish school in session, and here came the chance unasked for. Here are taught not only the ordinary branches, but also cooking (we were through the school kitchen) dairy work, sewing, fancy work, etc. When we were here a few minutes, Father Sheehan, with Father C. came, and the different rooms in turn entertained us in a most enjoyable way. And what a fine lot of children they were, so healthy, clean, all with bright, intelligent faces, many of them handsome, especially the smallest, who are always very neat; so many lose that as they grow older.

Some of the little ones read for us very well out of the "First Book in Irish." He has it taught in all his schools. They sang for us, beautifully, I must say, especially "Erin, the Smile and the Tear in Thine Eye," and that wonderfully sweet air, of which I read, but never before heard, a memorable visit. He is at work in the English words, also "When the Last Glimpse of Erin With Sorrow I See." They recited and went through drills every accurately.

Finally the children (first) the Sisters, Father Sheehan and his curate, Father O'Brien, insisted on a song from each of the three visitors, which had to be given and finally Father Sheehan was forced to respond to a demand for a song from himself, giving us "The Irish Brigade," the supposed song of an Irish soldier in the service of France after the fall of Limerick. No need to tell how we enjoyed all this, so much more than we ever expected in going to Doneraile.

Father—Doctor, I should say—Sheehan sent his own car and driver with us back to Mallow, and we left Doneraile with hearts full of gratitude for our visit to the modest, genial, brilliant man, whose name had become a household word with us across the sea, and whose future work will have additional interest to us from the welcome contact with his lovable personality afforded us by this memorable visit. He is at work now on three works. One of them will deal with the life of Sisters, as he has dealt with the life of priests in other works.

"GAVE UP HIS RELIGION!"

The religion his father lived and died in, he faith his mother taught him as a child. The belief transmitted to him through generations:

His grandfather suffered famine for it—endured hunger and cold rather than seem to waver in it. Years back his forefathers risked their lives to teach it to their children. They traveled miles to listen to its precepts and to receive its consolation. They lost their lands sooner than compromise it. They suffered the rigors of the terrible penal code, which transported their schoolmasters and hung their priests.

One who bore the same name, consecrated to its service by a divine vocation, is said to have lost his life in its ministrations. Hunted down by the minions of a despotic government, he boldly avowed his faith before the cords which made his death a martyrdom.

And this descendant of such a race, bearing a name rich with such associations has given up—what! His religion? He has given up his religion! He no longer goes to church, though the Divine Sacrifice that his fathers heard by stealth in the danger and cold of winter midnight, is now free and open before him. He no longer receives the sacraments that his kinsman died to administer. The heritage of faith passed down through so many years of persecution, carefully entrusted by father to son as more precious than the lands lost to them or the knowledge debared by stealth in the danger, is now lost and spurned by this man!

Why has he given up his religion? Has he thought deeply, studied long and closely and arrived at the conclusion that it is not true? Is he earnest in his search for truth, and many and independent in his conduct and character? Or has the process of alienation been gradual; spread over many years and subject to diverse influences? Where has he received his education, and who have been his teachers? What books has he read? Who have been his associates? Has he no social advantage to seek, or no political purpose in view, or no business prospects to subservise?

Analyze the hidden motives, the occult influences, so devious, imperceptible and gradual, and see if he has given up his religion because he loves truth and possesses knowledge. Even his own conscience debauched by worldly influences and flattered by self-conceit, will at times make its voice heard in uneasy accents. Especially on his death bed, if the opportunity for reflection is at hand, will the pale, ghastly reasons that induced him to give up his religion, stand out in their weakness and nakedness.—Catholic Citizen.

We have more strength than will; and it is often only to make excuses for ourselves to our own mind, that we fancy to ourselves that things are impossible.—La Rochefoucauld.

FATHER SHEEHAN AT HOME.

Iowa Priest Writes of the Noted Irish Author.

An Iowa priest writes as follows to the Catholic Messenger about a visit to Father Sheehan at his home in famed Doneraile:

We bade farewell to "Killarney, lakes and dells" yesterday and took the train to Mallow, the nearest and most prosperous-looking Irish inland town I have ever seen yet, where we soon hired a jaunting car to take us to Doneraile. I was glad to find the other two priests about as anxious to see and meet Father Sheehan as I was, so we made made pilgrimage to Doneraile together to pay our homage to the man who had given us so much of genuine pleasure, and who is easily the foremost Catholic literary man of the day for those whose language is English. The way led over a very pretty road—but all roads are pretty here—and as we neared Doneraile, could easily see the influence of the place, different from much of what we had seen, neat, clean, well kept, even where sports and pools, surrounded by flowers and covered with vines. As for Doneraile—well, it is quite ideal, except, perhaps, for being somewhat larger than I expected. We had little or no claim to Father Sheehan's attention, and less to his hospitality, except that we were American priests of Irish descent and readers and admirers of his works. We soon found that this was more than enough. We had inquired of relatives of his in Mallow to make sure that he was at home. He came at once when we called, and by the kind, hearty, unaffected welcome he gave us, put us at home with him. The picture of him that appeared in Donoghue's book, except that it would make him appear stouter of face and figure than he is, as he is rather slender build. Some might be disappointed in his features, but he has the finest pair of "eyes of Irish blue" that you might see in a man's head. He has a peculiar kind of English accent, which, as well as his voice itself, would remind you greatly of Bishop Burke. He talked to us fully and freely on every subject that came up, and simply charmed us by the manner in which he opened up himself and the treasures of his mind to us. He talks as he writes—this will give you some idea of the great treat we enjoyed. He appreciates greatly the attention given him by Americans, priests and laymen, who, he says, have given his works the reputation they have. He brought us into his study, and at our request, showed us the desk on which "My New Curate" and "Luke Deimego" were written and the chair he used. Of course, each of us did the natural thing—sat in it. He showed us, back of this, his "private" book-case, containing his favorites, over which he talked for a long time most entertainingly. Then he brought us through his flower garden, of which Father Russell has written as you remember—a charming spot as you may imagine. The slip I enclose I wrote on a table in a very pretty nook of the garden, where, as he told us, he often does some of his work. There we read our office, and then were called in by him to partake of an Irish P. P.'s dinner (5:30 p. m.) which I enjoyed far more than the table d'hôte ceremony and nonsense of the hotel at Killarney. In the meantime, his horse and car were gotten ready for us. Father C.—knew a young priest in St. Louis whose parents live in the Doneraile parish, so Father Sheehan had his "boy" drive us there, where we got an Irish welcome, and instructed the driver to bring us back to Kilkoman Castle. This was a seat of the Earls of Desmond—and when taken from them was given by Elizabeth, with great tracts of land about it, to the poet Spenser.

It was here, as you have read, that he wrote "The Fairy Queen," and it was this castle that the "rebels" attacked and burned, and in which his child perished, one of the besiegers risking his life in the flames to save the child. What is left is a fine old ruin and very picturesque. We also passed near Rooka Castle, a corruption of the Irish word meaning the "Witches' Castle."

Returning to his house he had tea brought into his study, to which we sat down, and I will never forget the talk that followed. He told us a great deal

of the history, tradition and legend of the country around Doneraile, and many stories which he has woven, with little or no change, into his books. He was plainly pleased at my knowledge of his earlier works, and at my preference for "The Triumph of Failure," which he regards as his best work. He told me that "Remanded" was a true story, and that "Un Pretre Manque" (student who failed to reach the priesthood), which I remembered and admired, was founded on fact. You need not wonder that it was well on toward midnight when we got to bed. We enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy spare room of the fine old physhyter, and in the morning Father C. and I at the Presentation Convent, a fine place, at whose expense and work I was surprised. This is the school for girls and very small boys, and the Christian Brothers have the boys' school. The Sisters, very hospitable and friendly, kept us for breakfast and then brought us into the school. I had been longing to get into an Irish school in session, and here came the chance unasked for. Here are taught not only the ordinary branches, but also cooking (we were through the school kitchen) dairy work, sewing, fancy work, etc. When we were here a few minutes, Father Sheehan, with Father C. came, and the different rooms in turn entertained us in a most enjoyable way. And what a fine lot of children they were, so healthy, clean, all with bright, intelligent faces, many of them handsome, especially the smallest, who are always very neat; so many lose that as they grow older.

Some of the little ones read for us very well out of the "First Book in Irish." He has it taught in all his schools. They sang for us, beautifully, I must say, especially "Erin, the Smile and the Tear in Thine Eye," and that wonderfully sweet air, of which I read, but never before heard, a memorable visit. He is at work in the English words, also "When the Last Glimpse of Erin With Sorrow I See." They recited and went through drills every accurately.

Finally the children (first) the Sisters, Father Sheehan and his curate, Father O'Brien, insisted on a song from each of the three visitors, which had to be given and finally Father Sheehan was forced to respond to a demand for a song from himself, giving us "The Irish Brigade," the supposed song of an Irish soldier in the service of France after the fall of Limerick. No need to tell how we enjoyed all this, so much more than we ever expected in going to Doneraile.

Father—Doctor, I should say—Sheehan sent his own car and driver with us back to Mallow, and we left Doneraile with hearts full of gratitude for our visit to the modest, genial, brilliant man, whose name had become a household word with us across the sea, and whose future work will have additional interest to us from the welcome contact with his lovable personality afforded us by this memorable visit. He is at work now on three works. One of them will deal with the life of Sisters, as he has dealt with the life of priests in other works.

"GAVE UP HIS RELIGION!"

The religion his father lived and died in, he faith his mother taught him as a child. The belief transmitted to him through generations:

His grandfather suffered famine for it—endured hunger and cold rather than seem to waver in it. Years back his forefathers risked their lives to teach it to their children. They traveled miles to listen to its precepts and to receive its consolation. They lost their lands sooner than compromise it. They suffered the rigors of the terrible penal code, which transported their schoolmasters and hung their priests.

One who bore the same name, consecrated to its service by a divine vocation, is said to have lost his life in its ministrations. Hunted down by the minions of a despotic government, he boldly avowed his faith before the cords which made his death a martyrdom.

And this descendant of such a race, bearing a name rich with such associations has given up—what! His religion? He has given up his religion! He no longer goes to church, though the Divine Sacrifice that his fathers heard by stealth in the danger and cold of winter midnight, is now free and open before him. He no longer receives the sacraments that his kinsman died to administer. The heritage of faith passed down through so many years of persecution, carefully entrusted by father to son as more precious than the lands lost to them or the knowledge debared by stealth in the danger, is now lost and spurned by this man!

Why has he given up his religion? Has he thought deeply, studied long and closely and arrived at the conclusion that it is not true? Is he earnest in his search for truth, and many and independent in his conduct and character? Or has the process of alienation been gradual; spread over many years and subject to diverse influences? Where has he received his education, and who have been his teachers? What books has he read? Who have been his associates? Has he no social advantage to seek, or no political purpose in view, or no business prospects to subservise?

Analyze the hidden motives, the occult influences, so devious, imperceptible and gradual, and see if he has given up his religion because he loves truth and possesses knowledge. Even his own conscience debauched by worldly influences and flattered by self-conceit, will at times make its voice heard in uneasy accents. Especially on his death bed, if the opportunity for reflection is at hand, will the pale, ghastly reasons that induced him to give up his religion, stand out in their weakness and nakedness.—Catholic Citizen.

We have more strength than will; and it is often only to make excuses for ourselves to our own mind, that we fancy to ourselves that things are impossible.—La Rochefoucauld.

SEPTEMBER

GREGORY'S

Gregory Walsh, eighteen years old, day without any day, was an indolent, indigent, and pretentious, who had come to the death of his shiffling carried off almost to fever), and had found in the second his love for his sister, two years young, who had gone to a young farmer's family.

The home in reared was not of high ideals, with noble and poor blacksmith's ground attached, any schooling his mother was a sick woman, who had condition, except way to envy the or a prosperous region.

Gregory grew from school, which was not long was put out to work as soon as he was driven cows to pasture in the squallid par children were neglected. The father came home from tired to mind the met with stories told by his wife, listened and marvel, except a heart and stirred mental sense of duty.

The mother soon from other son. Her loud voice all the time. It then was to "jazz" after they had was wrong.

In these surly lived for nearly contented, with clothes, a small of his cousins, a coming a laborer on the do ball on a gang young fellows' saloon.

It happened to of May the last held under the branch of the was to be given was to be delivered a printer's case and remunerated. His subject was which Gregory Catholic, being to do to help not caring to g of hearing from a experience in a b learning his tr seems to have him."

Accordingly Gregory Walsh Gregory was hear the lecture to a lecture and be a sort of sen have to wash put on the chest "Sunday best" idea what attracted he thanked the knowing the r bestowed this decided to go.

The lecture work. It was and inaudible audience were applause and tears. And it rolled out into dictation was fu was strong, later.

To Gregory tion. Never as that man s said was above what he did once and ap and cried by the wisdom of the orator. In tions, the an stuck in his