

BETWEEN THE SANDHILLS AND THE SEA.

A STORY OF A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

It is nowhere easier to lose one's way than amongst sandhills. Even in the comparatively small stretch that lies between Dugonnell and Tillaroon landmarks are difficult to recognize, and wandering there in search of the old abbey and the graveyard, that we knew to be near the sea, we found ourselves circling round instead of keeping on towards it.

"The abbey, is it? Faith, then, 'tis a contrary way to be going' from this." The old man, shriveled and bent, pulled himself upright to answer our questions, resting both his hands on the thick, crooked stick that helped him along.

"The builders of old did not lay their foundations in the sand; they chose the only road of rock for many miles and piled their masonry upon it at the point where it fits the furthest into the sea. Then the western gales blew in, and the white sand gathered in layers round the walls and over everything. And when graves came to be needed, it was in the sand, hardened by time and bound to firmness with bent grass roots, that the bodies were laid to rest.

Nothing remains of the monastery that once was there; little even of the abbey itself. There are two gable ends pierced with early Norman windows, where ivy has grown up and over the arches, and meet and quarrel, and finally nest; and between these ends with a broken wall around it, is a great gray altar slab, weather-stained and worn, but with the five crosses of consecration still imprinted on it.

The village stands in the shelter of the headland, and when the fishing boats are out it is only an abode of women and of children. Thus it was the night that Owen Colohan lost his life. He happened for some reason to be at home just then, but there was not another seafaring man in the place excepting Dan McGlinchey. Daniel in his day had been a first-rate seaman, but he was one of those who do not care for work, and when the others went away to fish he preferred to remain behind, ostensibly to mind his lobster pots, but incidentally to be within convenient reach of a public house.

Pierce as was the gale, there was always a hope that their own dear ones were away beyond it, but that some one was in danger from it became known in the village early on the night. Sounds of a distress came moaning through the darkness, and by the light of firebricks sent up at intervals those on shore could judge that the sailors, whoever they might be, had tried to run for the Bay of Dugonnell, but, missing the channel, were lying now close to the hidden reef, and God only knew how long they could keep from drifting on it.

"There were curraghs in plenty on the strand; the question was who would dare his life on such a quest? A narrow question, embracing only two men, Owen Colohan, strong with a lad's strength, and Dan McGlinchey, shan whom no one better knew the coast. Which would it be?"

"Toss," said Daniel hoarsely—"Heads!" A coin was thrown, turned in the air and fell. Some one struck a light, and man and boy bent forward. The flick of the match lit up two anxious faces. Owen's, young, keen, cleanly, little touched by the passing of eighteen blameless years. And the other? There was one black sheep in the parish, and his face it was that now showed gray and livid before the match died down.

Quick as the toss had been, some beside the two concerned had seen what happened. If the lad chose to go, why should they prevent it? Dan had his wife and children, all still young, and Owen's mother was an aging woman, God help her! Owen knew that she was amongst the crowd that was gathered round, and, having tested both his oars, he turned to say one word to her. There was no fear in his face, for the call of the sea was upon him. She would have left him leave her with a muttered blessing from her strained, white lips, although she felt that death was almost certain.

"Is it you to go?" she questioned, with sudden fierceness. "Clean and honest, is it you?" "Let me go, mother!" But he left her cry unanswered. "Is it you?" she repeated, clenching her strong hands about his arm. "Don't dare to go before the throne of God with a lie upon your lips!"

And all this while the precious moments were slipping by. "Let me go, mother again! He has his wife to think of as he goes home." "An' no good he is to them. Owen avick, come back out of that." She was pleading now, but yet she held him strongly. "I wouldn't say you nay had it been the will of God."

heard a splintering crack, a crash and the burden at the rope end hung limp and inert, and hurriedly they drew it in. His chest was bare and wet, but not with the cold sea waves. A warm crimson flood told its own tale, and the broken oar that had failed in its task lay shattered on the rocks below. Once again the thought of safety passed from the crew; then the lad opened his eyes. "Hold up my head," he said.

"He did his bidding pittingly, not yet daring to hope that he could guide them. "Turn sharp to the right," he went on faintly. "Keep straight on. Now to larboard, but quickly. Put up a bit of sail if you can."

It almost seemed that he was wandering, but desperate men try desperate remedies, and with the sail up the ship bounded through the darkness. "Can you see the lights of the village yet?" he asked. And when they answered "No," he bade them keep ahead. "We see them now."

"Then turn; turn right about to face them." A moment later the sailors did not need to be told that they were saved. The great jagged rocks that had threatened their destruction stood up now a solid breakwater between them and the storm.

He was still breathing when they laid him in his mother's arms, and all the while she felt that a barefooted lad of Dan McGlinchey was away over the mountains for a priest, she half knelt, half sat, holding him to her and wiping the lips from time to time through which the life-blood was slowly draining. With the dim light of early dawn the priest came in and spoke the words of absolution over him. It was peace already, and very soon came rest. And they had buried him there, only a few feet from where we sat listening to his story. One question we had to ask, and that was whether the time he gave to Dan McGlinchey had been made use of to good purpose.

"Didn't herself see to that?" said Peter. "I was only a gossoon myself that time, but the old folk did use to be sayin' he went to the priest that very morning. Anyways, 'twas a good day for his wife and childer, for wasn't he changed man with the water he got? An' many's the blessing's did the widow woman get for the hand that she had in it. 'Didn't my Owen give his life for that one to get time?' says she. 'An' 'tisn't soul that'll see him lose his immortal soul after.' Me mother, God be good to her! used to be sayin' that she seen her huntin' Dan along the road home when she seen him next or nigh the public house; and never would a station be from this to Killyvarry but the Widow Colohan was in it, an' would it be takin' her along on th' ass' back but Dan himself, an' he beside her with the priest as well."

We crossed the stile leading back to the sandhills and turned for a last look at the graveyard by the sea. It stood out against the sky, with the waters only showing on either side of it. The sun, sinking towards the horizon, was vainly struggling to pierce the heavy clouds, but it only succeeded in showing a faint light, just enough to recall the great radiance beyond.

Behind us Peter Keane had gone on his knees, and a glimmer of brightness seemed to fall upon his upturned face. His shapeless hat and the blackhorn stick lay on the grass before him, his lips were bare, his hands joined and his eyes fixed on the sky. "The souls who still were waiting.—A. Dease in the Austral Light."

SKETCHES OF CHRIST'S FOLK. Thinking that the readers of the Review may like to share in the pleasure and profit derived by one of its subscribers by the perusal of Miss Alexander's letters to Ruskin, now embodied in his latest published work of thirty-odd volumes, I transcribe a few passages from one of them, taking the liberty, however, to substitute the English instead of the occasional Italian words used in the original.

rupt Catholic Church to admit the sincerity, and rejoice in the virtues, of a people still living as in the presence of Christ, and under the instant teaching of His saints and apostles.

In another place he speaks of these sketches as "revealing all that is servilest in earthly sorrow, sacredness in mortal sorrow, and purest in the religion which has alike known and visited the affliction of the fatherless and widow, and kept itself—as the very clouds of morning—unspotted from the world."

I introduce Edwige first because she plays a prominent part in all this correspondence between Miss Alexander and Mr. Ruskin, and a knowledge of her position in Miss Alexander's life and the warm affection between them adds greatly to the interest of all these letters.

THE STORY OF EDWIGE. She was the eldest daughter of eleven children in a very poor family. When the last child was born, the father was away from home, and there was a long bill owing at the baker's and the baker the poor baby was six days old, the day refused to give them any more bread until the bill was paid. So there were eleven children and nothing to eat! Poor Assunta (that was the mother's name) knew that there was a man living outside Porta Prato, who owed some money to her husband, and she went to him and told him to pay it to her if she could see him and tell her story; but there were six miles from her house to his. She took courage, however, and having gone first to church, walked the six miles, saw the man, told her story and received the money, and then walked the six miles, back again.

Assunta was a saint on earth if ever there was one. She never complained, nor lost her patience, nor spoke a sharp word, nor was displeased when she saw others better off than herself. Whenever she was in any great trouble, and others pitied her, she always said: "I can not complain; there is One Who might have chosen what He would in the world,—and He chose to suffer."

Of course, in such a family the children had all to go to work very young, and Edwige, when a very little child, was sent to a mistress to learn to weave linen. At eighteen she married Tonino Gualtieri, a stone mason, whom I never knew; and came to live near Florence. Her husband was an excellent man, who is still remembered affectionately by those who knew him. She describes him as a pious, humble, Christian man, very retiring in his ways, who liked to go to church, where no one knew him, and always laid aside part of his earnings in the week to give to some aged or infirm person on Sunday; and he would rather deprive himself of any indulgence than of this pleasure. During eleven years that they were together, he was a very happy one.

CHOLERA EPIDEMIC. In those eleven years four children were born, all daughters. Then came that terrible year—if I am not mistaken it was 1855—when the cholera visited Florence, and in that time of terror, when so many were dying, the complaint attacked poor Tonino. He had gone out to his work in the morning, apparently as well as usual, but came home a few hours later, so changed that one could hardly know him! I will not dwell on the fearful details of his illness and death—in eleven hours all was over. His last words were: "Take care of my children, Edwige, and the Lord will take care of you."

For some time after he died, Edwige remained like one stunned. She shed no tears, she could neither eat nor sleep; she could not understand what had happened. Only the thought of her children roused her a little. There were no debts. Tonino was a scrupulously honest man, and never bought what he could not afford, and for the rest he was left with hardly anything in the house. She found in one of his pockets money to the amount of eight lire, (a little over a dollar) but she was afraid at first to spend it. "I thought," she said afterwards, "that his employers might have given him that money to buy something for them, and that he had forgotten to tell me of it before he died. . . . So I took the money and went to the gentleman for whom my husband had worked, and told him about it; but he said, 'Keep it, your husband had earned it.' And this was her only inheritance."

morning God would send someone to knock at the door and bring us help. He knew that I had five babies! Of course, most of the help came from very poor people; I believe it is always so; the poor are those who pity the poor. There was one poor beggar who used to go about the country with a linen bag and he would stop at my door and give me the best pieces of bread out of his bag, saying: "You are poorer than I, because you have these children."

After a while Edwige obtained regular work from a washerwoman who employed several women. She used to go at 6 o'clock in the morning and work until 8 o'clock in the evening. She could not support such a life long; then came a long and painful illness, from which she did not recover fairly for two years, and she has never been very strong since. While she was ill, she used to braid straw all day (an art that she had learnt from her mother) and when she was not able to sleep, which was often, she would braid all night, too, in the dark. And a friend who lived near her, used to sell the braid for her, and bring her straw to make more.

FAITH OF LITTLE TONINO REWARDED. One night as she was dividing the bread to the children, she said: "We must eat moderately to-night, because this bread must last to-morrow." And little Tonino, then six years old said: "I do not think so, for we are told to say in the Lord's Prayer. Give us this day our daily bread. God would never have told us to ask for it, if He had not meant to give it to us. Let us eat all that we need to-night, and then say that prayer all together, and He will send us some more to-morrow." This was such plain common sense that there was no contradicting it; the hungry family finished all the bread that evening; then knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer with great devotion. And the next morning, being stormy weather, a neighbor sent them in a little provision; and Tonino was delighted, and said, "You see that I had reason!" I think that was the last time; the family were never reduced to such extremity again.

After Edwige recovered, she entered our service as my particular attendant, coming every morning and staying with me for some hours. And since then the course of our lives has been together. Her children are all married now and are all mothers of families, and she lives very happily with Clementina (her eldest daughter) and Clementina's children, when she is not with me. Now that she is not cold, nor hungry, nor over-worked, she considers herself a very fortunate and wealthy person; and sometimes says that she is living in gold.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE ONLY EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR THE EVIL OF INTemperance.

The civilized world stands aghast at the ravages of the White Plague. In a single year one-fifth of a million Americans have fallen victims to this dread disease, while throughout the world 1,500,000 persons were claimed by the same grim hand. Its cost to our nation alone is estimated at 240,000,000 per annum. Astounding and incredible as are these enormous figures, they are only surpassed by those of that other and more terrible plague—alcoholism. Nor do we exaggerate. At the recent sessions of the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Narcotics, it was declared that "the alcohol problem is more important than the tuberculosis problem because it causes the loss of more lives and of more money." They showed that alcohol costs the United States annually \$2,000,000,000 and causes more than 10 per cent. of all the deaths in the country. Nor is this all. The latest results of a critical study of the effects of alcohol show that the record of its evil is appalling. The testimony of prison officials, of wardens, sheriffs and judges of the criminal courts warrants the assertion that from 80 to 90 per cent. of crime is directly or indirectly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. "Ninety per cent. of the women arrested," says May S. Maloney in the Philadelphia North American, "owe their trouble to drink." In the United States alcohol was the direct cause of divorce in 36,516 cases in the twenty years covered by the government report, and indirectly, with other causes, of 54,281 cases. Half the suicides and two-thirds of the poverty and ruin of families may be attributed to the same cause."

Before the present financial crisis Professor McCook estimated that the tramps of this country alone cost the people over \$9,000,000 a year to support them. "A half more than the cost of the Indian Department and one-half the cost of our navy." "Stop drink for even one year," says Rev. M. Phelan, S. J., "and no child of toil need rest his head in a hovel or tenement rookery."

Our insane asylums are filling with alarming rapidity. Every day swells their number. Alcohol is placed among its principal causes. "Stamp out alcohol for a century," says Nammack, "and shrink 75 per cent." Nor are we the only sufferers. The curse following in the train of alcohol girdles the world, England and Ireland, France and Germany, Italy and Russia, Sweden and Switzerland, Canada and Mexico all feel its disastrous effects. But it is particularly in the wine and beer drinking countries that its most deplorable consequences are seen. Here is a powerful argument against those who advocate the use of beer and wine as a cure for intemperance. In Prussia one-fourth of the inmates of the insane asylums were notorious drinkers. In the same country 20 per cent. of the children of drinkers are weak-minded, idiots or epileptic. "One of the worst evils that have set back the German people," says Professor Munsterberg, "has been the wholesale use of beer and wine." France is the land of light wines, but alcoholism is ominously on the increase there. Fifty-five per cent. of the murderers, 57 per cent. of the thieves and 70 per cent. of the convicts are shown by the prison statistics of France to be alcoholic subjects of their children. From the effects of alcohol alone France yearly loses 150,000 infants under one year old and 500,000 under ten years.

Rome, a Catholic periodical of the Eternal City, stated that "of the insane confined in the asylums of Rome 27 per cent. have been made mad through alcohol," and that "most of the crimes of blood so frequently in Rome are caused directly or indirectly by wine drinking."

From a sociological standpoint," says Nammack, "we are compelled by incontrovertible evidence to acknowledge that it is of all causes the most frequent source of poverty, criminality, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, insanity, disease and death." What greater reasons should prompt us to take an active part in organized total abstinence?

Among the many means proposed to remedy intemperance several have attracted international attention. These are prohibition, the general use of beer and wine, moderate drinking and total abstinence. In the middle of the last century 15 States adopted the last of these. Prohibition. Some even incorporated it in their Constitutions. But its success was short-lived. In a few years the number of Prohibition States shrank to four. Apparently Prohibition bears the elements of ultimate failure.

As we have already shown, beer and wine drinking in all countries are strong proofs of the failure of these two drinks for the cure of intemperance. "Return to lager beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol," says the Scientific American, "merely increases the danger and fatality."

Similarly futile have been the efforts of the "Moderationists." Indeed, moderation carries within itself the principle of its own destruction. It is this which makes it idle to attempt to teach self-control in the use of a substance whose nature is to destroy self-control. Recent results have pointed in medical science have pointed to the death-knell of moderate drinking. "From a scientific standpoint," Professor Victor Horsley, of the University of London, "the claim so often put before us that small quantities of alcohol, such as people take at meals, have practically no deleterious effect, cannot be maintained. The idea that there is safety in taking it after the day's work is done," is a delusion. For Professor Kraepelin, of Heidelberg University, has shown by actual demonstration that "alcohol causes a diminution of brain power which lasts sometimes until the evening of the next day." Von Helmholtz, the celebrated physicist of the nineteenth century, declared "that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served effectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort."

It has been shown that alcohol predisposes to infectious diseases, lowers vitality and increases mortality in all surgical operations. According to Dr. Sprattling, of Johns Hopkins University, there is no drug or medicine known which is so prominent a cause of epilepsy as alcohol. It is his opinion that from 20 to 50 per cent. of the cases of epileptics are traceable to the use of alcohol.

Of the remedies proposed to check the evils of intemperance that has been proved effective; this is organized total abstinence. It has stood the test of time and has accomplished results beyond the sanguine hopes of its founders. Apart from its moral advantages it has contributed to the cause of a gain of four and one-tenth years in the average length of life in this country, as reported by a recent census. It has led to the demand by employees of total abstinence in employers, and has been a powerful factor towards creating greater sobriety among American workmen. The chief among the organizations that have aided in the accomplishment of these marvelous results is the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. For nearly forty years it has labored in this noble cause, and to-day it numbers over 1,000 societies and about 110,000 members. Its principles are advocated by capital and labor, and by the leading men of our land. In an inquiry conducted under the direction of the Commission of Labor among 7,000 industrial establishments employing 1,700,000 persons, 5,263 replied that they never employed any one without being first informed as to his sobriety, and 1,794 that they absolutely prohibited the use of intoxicating liquors by their workmen. The United States Department of Labor found that 60 per cent. of employers, 79 per cent. of manufacturers, 88 per cent. of trades and 72 per cent. of agriculturists discriminate against employees addicted to the use of intoxicants as beverage. Nearly all the railroads forbid the use of liquor under any circumstances and make it a sufficient cause for discipline or discharge.

Labor is strong in its denunciation against drink. One of the former leaders of the United Labor Organization, referring to drink, said: "When I know that I free from the shackles of intemperance the workmen of America would hew out for themselves a name and a place in the world which was never dreamed of in the past centuries, it makes my heart sick to know that one of them should ever raise to his mouth the glass that damns both body and soul." Practically every one of the Executive Council of the National Federation of Labor is a total abstainer. This is generally true of the great labor leaders in the United States.

Our great men have strongly endorsed the principles of organized total abstinence. "He who drinks," says President Taft, "is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement." Personally I do not take such a risk. I do not drink. Through my career Lincoln was a total abstainer. "Three-fourths of the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks." General Sheridan being once asked which of all the evils he would dread most for his son, replied: "It would be the curse of strong drink." What the eminent Dr. Osler said of drink in England is equally true of America: "If all the equally true of spirits in Great Britain were poured into the English Channel it would be hard on the fish, but good for the English people."

Experience both past and present in all departments equally confirms the principles of total abstinence. They were actually demonstrated in the