

through the illusions, follies, and vagaries, that fell to the lot of the strangely attractive, if wholly impractical, Luke.

But a word of the scholarly priest's antecedents. The Reverend Patrick Augustine Sheehan was sixty years old on March seventeenth, 1912. The name of the glorious Apostle of Ireland, whose love of the Isle of the Sea, is almost equalled by the poet-priest of Cloyne, came to him by right in view of his natal day, but "Augustine" was his by choice, as he himself tells us, because of his admiration for the saintly bishop of Hippo.

Mallow, the birthplace of many Irish notables, claims Father Sheehan as one of its brightest stars, and the old people there to-day can tell you of the silent, reserved, ascetic-looking boy, who, though endowed with singular aptitude for mathematics, gave but little promise of his brilliant literary gifts. In fact, his professors at Maynooth, tell us that he showed marked apathy during his theological studies, and seemed far less interested in the bewildering ways of scholastic philosophy, and theology, than in the dreamy mysticism and musical cadence of Tennyson, or the rugged, masterful works of his demigod, Carlyle.

Time, however, matured his views and we find him no longer worshipping at the shrine of the late English laureate, but reveling in the deeper, more philosophical poetry of Dante and Browning. His naturally religious nature, could not long brook Carlyle's defiant attitude towards Christianity, and like Luke Delmege, he cast aside the specious ideals of his youth, and "fed on the marrow of giants."

Despite his delicate health and apparent lack of enthusiasm—his piety was unequivocal,—he was ordained in 1875, being then just twenty-three years of age.

The fact that his native diocese was amply supplied with priests, made him offer his services to the Bishop of Plymouth. For three months, he was attached to the Cathedral Staff, after which, he was curate at Exeter for two years. It is probably to this early exile that Father Sheehan owes much of his insight into the workings of the English mind. His zealous, sympathetic nature was keenly alive to the situation, and while losing none of his love for the intangible, mystical charm of Ireland, his priestly soul went out to those who sat, "in darkness and the shadow of death." It is little surprising then to learn that he returned to his native diocese with some reluctance.