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Card Drawing By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcome home ?" - Southerne

Those who are deservedly load in their commendations of the gallantry displayed by British seamen during the ast war, had generally been willing to admit that those supporters of the na-tional flag whom Ireland sent to man our fleets, did not tread the decks like children. We shall, however, content surselves with referring our readers, who may be curious on the subject, to the chronicle of Mr. James, or any other naval Tacitus of the day, for ex amples of the truth of the observation we wish not to encumber our slende marrative with any unnecessary historical detail.

so as to provide against the winter storms. The inhabitants are all of one

tenant of clay walls being able with

reasonable

their oats and potatoes

dustry-their extreme ignorance-

obey their priest in all

o market with

matters, and pay him like princes - go

- eat - drink - dance - laugh-sleep,

and die. They have no tyrants- no

insurrection is sounded through othe

parts of Ireland, whether under Rock.

before it has reached the peace accus-tomed ears of this primitive people.

Limited in their desires still more than

tillage of their gardens during one por-

tion of the year, and the preparing of

continually. The tone of mind which the people display is certainly not in

opportunities could enable them to use.

The lieutenant of the water-guards wa

quietly seated in his apartment sipping

with his waistcoat thrown open, his

breeze just fanning the long hair that shaded his red and joly countenance.

In the room underneath were two sailors at draughts and grog, while out-

sile the open window, seated on a wooden form, and basking in the

character - but underneath all

were a number of the chatting with two or three rosy

Oy say, can you

bearing

demeanor

sea

legs stretched out, and a cooling

the cottager-

Whether Mr. James records the exploits of a certain Duke Dorgan, young sailor, from the shores of Kerry, or no, I am not aware ; but it is no likely that many names have been en rolled in his pages more distinguished by a modest valor (such as contents it-self with doing all for duty, and nothing for vanity), than that of the person we have just mentioned. The result of his professional exertions, and of a ommon-rate professional exertions, and or a sommon-rate profession (a rare naval wirtue in the present day, and still more so at the time we speak of) was the fortunate arrival of the young man on his native shores with a character inspotted by any act of insubordina-tion or servility, and a quantity of prize-money sufficient (and more than ficient) to supply the "chair days" of his life, with every comfort to which his limited experience in that way might induce him to aspire. There were circumstances, however, in his early life, which, independent of any view to mere personal gratification, made him feel happy in his competonce.

You are in the right." says the author of those well-known letters pub-lished in the name of Pope Ganganelli, engraft the Italian gaiety upon the French: it is the way to live to a hun-In like manner might his dred.' historian say of Duke Dorgan, that he engrafted the Irishman's gaiety upon the sailor's, and produced the blossoms of the one and the fruit of the other, in such abundance, as made him highly popular among his messmates. He was, to speak in less figurative language, lively, handsome, clear-headed, intel-ligent young person, with a round, well-monlded frame, bright auburn carling hair, and a hazel eye of excel ling shrewdness, and when occasion re quired, of sparkling violence and reso lution, indicating a mind of irregular strength, and a heart in which the passions had not been always subjected notwithstanding the general even tenor of his life, to the most rigid discipline. But as the reader may observe through out these tales, an ambition to render them almost as analogous to the drama as Fielding rendered his to the epic, (a circumstance in which the public taste seems, fortunately, to coincide with our inclination,) we shall allow our hero to introduce himself, in the we shall allos fashionable manner, in the course of an incidental scene, which took place on the evening when his vessel arrived in the offing of Loup Head, the well-known point of land which forms the northern extremity of the shore that bounds the

queen of Irish streams. This part of the coast is remarkable for some wild and striking points of scenery, similar, in its general character, to those by which nearly the whole range of the south western coast is distinguished. The traveller is is distinguished. The traveller is struck by the boldness and ruggedness of the lofty cliffs which oppose their rocky strength to the waves of the Atlantic, and by the magnitude of the caverns underneath, which, previous to the late vigorcus exertions made by the guardians of the revenue, afforded a number of useful natural warerooms to the contrabandists who traded to and from the Flushing coast, and served at the same time as lurking places to cheeked girls who sat near them, blush

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

cottages being of the general color of the soil, and scarcely distinguishable from it, while the whole wears a dull claimed the English-man. "Well, cisimed the English-man. "Well, come-that's a good un, however. Oy say, Jack !" addressing himself to one of the two sailors, who were still pur-suing their game of draughts in a room behind, (with the rapidity peculiar to the naval adepts in this pastime,) "you come here and see what a bull Paddy has made." and monotonous hue, to which the num erous turf - reeks scattered over the landscape contribute in a great degree. On closer observation, however, he be-gins to discern innumerable clusters of wigwam mud cabins, some of an unusual size, with thatched bee hive roof, corded has made

"Stall the animal until I've done my game," replied the sailor. your man, Tom; play on.

"Well, Paddy," continued the witty protector of his Majesty's colours, " and what are those folks doing on class; scarely a single dwelling - house of what is termed a respectable appear. ance existing in the neighborhood of their marrow bones along the shore ? Saying Mass, eh ?'' "To shame the meanness of his humble shed." They are contradistinguished from Irish laudholders in general, by their apparent poverty and real wealth (many

Oh, not at all, sir-none could say that only a priest. They're sayen prayer that way, sir, o'count o' Candle mas-day—a great feast, or holiday, sir-an ould custom they have." out much inconvenience to give a dowry of some hundreds to his daughter) — as Are you a papish, Paddy ?"

"Oyeh, then, I'm nothin' at all now, sir; I was a fish joulter, but the times are hard wit uz," said the man with well as by their regular persevering in-

want of curiosity in all speculative matters—and their perfect unacquaint-ance with those popular themes of de-bate, which set all the rest of the island "A fish jolter?" said the guard, "that's a sect I han't heard of. How by the ears. They till their gardens quietly, as their fathers did before them — learn little and care for less should you like to go to sea, I say, you Irish Paddy?" before

"He'd like it well enough," said the sailor, "if he could live the same lubber's life between decks, with nothing to do from morning to night but scould the cabin boy and kick the cat into the lee scuppers. You Irish make tight sailors for all that. A king, Tom -crown him-back water there, man; proctors — no middlemen — no dema -gogues — no meetings — no politics. Under whatever standard the horn of you can't move your man that way." A cry of "sail" from some pers stationed overhead, interrupted th refined conversation, and drew the attention of the interlocutors to the is lady, Starlight, Moonshine, or Moll Doyle, its echo dies into silence long waste of ocean which lay nursing its giant strength in a lulling calm before them. The signal was immediately in their enjoyments, the political con-dition of the country affects them but hoisted on the tower, and answered by the vessel with the emblems of friend little — and they are silent even on the eternal topic of Catholic Emancipation. ship. In a short time after, a small boat was lowered from her side, and manned for the shore. When she What is of the utmost advantage, so far as the peace and good order of the com-munity is concerned, there are very few idle young men in the country — as the touched the beach, a young man in sailor's jacket and trowsers, with a small bundle in his hand, leaped lightly on shore, after shaking hands cordially with each of the crew in turn. They gave him a cheer as he ascended the sand manure, of turf, marketing, and making kelp on the coast during the rerocks, which he answered by waving his hat several times in the air. mainder, compel them to labor hard and The tone of mind which draught players and the group at the Tower, all but those on guard, sauntered accordance with the magnificent natura towards the beach, leaving the countrywonders which abound on the coast, and of which the reader will find some man who had been the object of their mirth alone at the window.

He looked after them for some mosketches at their appropriate places in nents with a changed and darkening bye. "A sailor !" he exclaimed at the body of the tale. If, however, the object of all improve eye. length in soliloquy-" it's easy for 'em to talk, an' to laugh, an' be merry,ment in science or knowledge be to in crease the happiness of men, it is very if they were as long without vittels as I am, I'll engage it would be a new questionable, whether it would be act ing the part of a friend to this people to wish that they should be deprived o story wit 'em. Go to say, says he ?the bliss of ignorance and comfort in Why then, I declare, 'twould be a'most which they are at present shrouded-s as good as for me to be this way always. If it be a man's luch far at least as the luxuries of life are always. to be shot or drown'ded, better that at wanst than to concerned. Certainly, we express no inimical sentiment in hoping that it sure may be long before they are split and ever an always pullen ould Nick be the sundered into the unsocial distinctions of rank-before they prefer elegant tail, from year's end to year's When Dake Dorgan went to say I was poverty to humble comfort-before a selfish landlord (no unprecedented lad of it, because he left little Pennie M'Loughlen to myself, an' I thought when he'd be away that I'd have the occurrence) shall scatter the peasantry from their happy, lowly homes-and field clear both with herself and the yeomanize the soil. On the evening when Dorgan's ship stood towards the mouth of the river, the inmates of the signal tower before father. But in place o' that, here l am now driven out o' house an' all that's happened Dake is to be out a harm's way at any rate. Here he stopped and mentioned were endeavoring to quicken fixed his eye steadfastly on the young the tardy-gaited hours of sunset, by all man before mentioned. "There's an old saying, that if you the contrivances which their tastes and

talk o' the old boy himself, he'll appear, an' if that beant Duke Dorgan, or his ghost, walken eastward, I'm dark, for certain. I'll try him nearer." He hurried after the young sailor,

who had taken the path leading towards Kilbaha, and was merrily pursuing his route, chanting in a quarter deck key, a stave of the popular song of Willy Taylor, and his "lady free "-casting, as he sung, a rather anxious eye toward the waste of barren heath and sand which lay between him and the interior "With that she called for sword and pistol, Which did come at her command-

language, of the nature of the incidents which had reduced him to his presen discontented condition of mind, and furnish a slight sketch of his character -both being mournfully illustrative of the state of Munster life in his rank. Those, perhaps, who are fond of arguing on the existence of innate pro ary.

pensities in the human mind, which no influence of education, circumstance or volition can oversway, might find reason to alter their opinion, if an opportunity were afforded of tracing the history of the individual nature which formed the subject of disquisition back to its earliest impulse, either toward good or evil. However casuists may assert (in the face of honesty, and ommon sense) that the very exertion of the will itself which induces us to adopt any evil course is a species compulsion, which relieves us in justice from responsibility, there is not even of those sensible fellows, w one regretting an evil action, which he had thus under the tyranny of his own which he free will been compelled to commit will dare to say to his own secret consciousness that he could not consciousness that he chave held his hand at the mo ment that he knowingly acted ill. As the royal astrologer, however, says planets, in La vida es Sueno. that incline, but do not compel the they conduct of men, so might it be said of the influence of the exterior circum-stances of life upon the human character -and judging from the general indol-ence of mankind in resisting the influ ence of those circumstances, it might be safely conjectured that the common routine of Munster cottage life and edu cation would produce that recklessness of blood and outrage among any people, with which it has of late years been ashionable to charge the inhabitants of this quarter of Ireland—as a natural propensity. The two individuals whom we have just introduced to our readers, presented instances to the effect those circumstances, both in different ways. They were both taught to fight their own battles in childhood, both were instructed in the mysteries of the "Reading-made easy," under the same hedge school tyrant, a low ruffian, who, who, for the small sum of 2s. 6d., or more Hibernically speaking, three tenpennies, a quarter, undertook to pull their hair, break deal rulers (or hair, sthrokers) upon their little hands, lift them up by the ears for the slightest orthographical mistake, lash their naked and bleeding shins three times a day with a huge birchen rod, by way of stimulating them to greater application ard teach them to read and write into the bargain. The manner in which the two boys acted under this treatment was very different. Pryce seldom com-plained, even to a school fellow, of the torture which was inflicted on him: ometimes his lip trembled and a tear stood in his eye when the pain given was extreme, but generally the patience and fortitude of endurance which he showed was such as to touch even the rocky heart of the Munster Dionsius with remorse Duke, on the contrary,

was a loud and noisy rebel; he kicked plunged, remonstrated, threatened murder and assassination, and a thousand other things, which redoubled his afflic tions, and which were forgotten by himself as soon as the latter were sus pended. On three or four occasions, however, when the pedagogue had been particularly severe on both boys, he re ceived on his way home through a wood is the neighborhood a blow from ; heavy stone, discharged by some secret hand, which never failed to draw blood in profusion from his head, and at on time inflicted such a wound as consider ably to endanger his life. His suspic ions naturally fell on Duke, but to his astonishment and mortification, the clearest alibi was always made out for the boy, and no possible investigation could lead to the real delinquent. There was no doubt that one of his was the criminal, but whoever pupils he might bo, he kept the triumph of his

revenge, contrary to the usual wont of school boys, a secret from the whole world. Duke, nevertheless, did not at any time attempt to conceal his satis-

tingly is one of most grateful thanks He has his uncle's cheques to back giving to the Great Master Who has him !" giving to the Great Matter who has brought success to this work far more than any meagre human efforts of the workers could warrant.—The Mission-

A CLIMB TO THE SKIES.

Henry Denham was a product of Harvard—a pieze of porcelain of finest finish bearing the well known mark of that famous institution. He was tall, rather handsome, his features sharp maintenable, there of mough to be unmistakably those the New Englander of pure race as contra distinguished from all foreign admixtures. He was well aware of these excellent points, held himself high in the matrimopial market, had mbitions of the vague sort, was true as steel to his friends and also to his Aima Mater. In short, he had every Alma Mater. In short, he had out advantage which his present comrade pointedly lacked. He was strolling along the beach at a scaside resort within easy reach of Boston, and the young man with him, poor fellow! stood by contrast at a hope ess disad-Tom Macmillan favored the vantage. Tom Macmillan favore Scotch Irish type, had a snub nos irregular features, only redeemed from positive plainness by a pair of dancing blue eyes and a smile few could resist. Worst of all, he was very lame, the result of an untoward accident in his childhood; so that the strong difference between the two youths could not fail to strike the observer. Yet Mac millan's good humored face was full of content. He seemed to have some fund of inner peace to draw upon wich never failed, so quietly did he take the many slights that fell to his take the many slights that fell to his let. To do Denham justice, however, he was never disagreeable to Tom, but rather courted his society. Just now the unluckly lamester was

holding forth on the delights of moun trineering. He had recently returned rom Switzerland, having this one ad vantage over his friend Denham, whose foreign travel was still in prospect.

"I could not climb as I should have liked, you see," he was good humouredly explaining, "because of my un-accommodating leg; but the young Englishmen at our hotel in Chamounix did wonders! And you will, too, when your turn comes. They would mark splendid records on their Alpenstocks and come back, oh, so hungry! Noth-ing like Swiss air for the appetite. Tney simply devoured their French dishes at the table d'hote dinner. Those young giants were a terror to the waiters."

Denham's eyes shone as his friend rattled on, and he suddenly stretched his athletic frame. "Yes." he said. his athletic frame. "Yes," he 'I will try to show the John Balls we can do in their line-yes, before long. Mountain work is scientific, though, and takes experience. That is the English seem to have had what every time.

"I was glad enough to see them come in safe, though, at night. I made what the French call on action de graces for them, in my heart." Den

graces for them, in my heart. Den-ham looked up curiously. "Why, Tom," he asked, after a mo-ment's thought, "it is dangerous?" "More so than is admitted. Many accidents occur which go unmentione for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mont Blanc one day while I was there, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them if possible, while others peered through a small tele-scope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing men had been found and brought in by a rescu party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them." "Why so," asked the other carelessly.

"Oh, stop and think, Denham! It is pure glacier ice. There is no camping possible near the summit temperature and rarified air! It is orse, even, than polar ice. Parties have no fuel and not even sleeping bags. If they fall asleep on that ice they perish—that is all !" Denham's face fell. That vision of

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awfal fear. "If I he cried, "a religio religion, no matter would be a comfort cling to, something; of that awfal sky he spoke. "It is blue eternity!"

He tried to hide hi

but found he could der. No, he must g it, into the Divine

it, into the on a be

soldiers do on s. skepticism was a "Lord be mercifu he cried, helplessi pray, he did not Then a light came Tom's church. Ho God. pray for us

God, pray for us hour of death !"

Then the blue on the fainted away

He recovered fro feel a hand bathin

and the blue. It

tenderness. "My poor boy!"

upper road found plained, answering

wildered glance, you. Lie still," he ing Herbert's unear

the pallor of pain fellow! lie still in

like a hero. God in

best-only say "God is all mercy

of youth and ign to Him with a c Holy Mother has She will intercede

of mercy. She land her Blessed So

The comforting

on the poor boy understood his up "You have b

priest gently aske "Yes," faintly

"If you are pour L

" If you are believe in our L will shield you v fort you forever "Behold the Lam

away the sin of t

priest held out Herbert clasped

fingers as if real

" Try to make The lad's dull e

comprehension. Well, repeat th

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Thy holy grace and henceforth t

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Another face also looked out wist. fully at the gay cavalcade as it flashed by. Agnes Macmillan, Tom's cousin, had not received Herbert's projected invitation. Somehow Isabel Moore had driven the notion out of his mind. The brilliant beauty had no disposition to brook a rival, so one or two of her own friends had been asked to complete tha party.

The pallor, which had fallen like a The pailor, which had tallen like a gray shadow over the sensitive face as Denham disappeared, told but half the story of this little Saiat Agnes. De-pite her piety and the fact that Her-bert Denham was a man who "cared for none of these things," her liking for hore consin's friend had grown little for her cousin's friend had grown into deep affection. The slight of his ent neglect hurt her like a blow pres she nerved herself to meet it, and tak vet ing her little crucifix, stole into the Lady Chapel of the neighboring cathe-But she strove in vain to formulate a prayer. How should she win strength to say adieu to a lost love and

Gradually, in the silence, that strength came. The cry of her heart became that wondrous one of St. Fran-cis d'Assisi, "O my God and my All 1 I beseech Thee to let the most sweet and ardnut force of The low a short force and ardent force of Thy love absorb my soul from everything beneath the heavens; that I may die to the world for love of Thy love, who for love of my love didst vouchsafe to die on the wood of the Cross, my God and my

It was no mere form of words, this cry from the deep of her heart, but a renunciation of earthly love and earthly oy. As Herbert Denham swept along in

As hereer behavior behavior along in his gay mood, proud of himself, proud of his beautiful mare, Brown Bess, and, above all, proud of the graceful rider at his side, a little quiet comment was exchanged between two quiet old gentle-men who saw him pass. One was his uncle. Philip Denham, an aged barris ter, whose wealth enabled the young man to gratify every reasonable longing. To the lonely, childless man his nephew had grown very dear. He was appreciative of the lad's fine face and distinguished ways; yet a shade of worry Low and then alloyed his satisfaction. That shade fell over him now. lad, that !" muttered the " Gay the other man, a retired stockbroker, and Isabel Moore's guardian. "My ward makes a fine show on horseback

but her fortune shrinks a little, I an orry to say. I do my best with it, but values will depreciate. I hope she will marry soon, and marry well." This last was punctuated with a keep

glance at Uncle Philip.

"Girls and boys are an anxiety," returned the other. "I am worrying about Herbert. He has spent far too "Yes, he is fond of wheeling, golf

and pole; gaming, too, wine suppers and the like. Cut down his allowance, Philip, and do it at once. Then we shall see what stuff he is made of." " He is ambitions enough. Ralph, if

He is ambitious enough, Ralph, if that is what you mean. He will have money and position one of these days, though on the way he will find mountains to climb. That's his notion now, the Alps. He does not know life yet. What is that poet's line, Ralph? Yes,

Across the Alpine summits of great pain Lieth thine Italy.""

The speaker's dreaming eyes seemed looking into a land of remembered sor-rows. He was a sensitive man, more like Herbert himself in many ways than either was aware.

The ride that day was so delightful that the young fellow could not resist the temptation to go again ; so next morning he mounted Brown Bess for a solitary canter. Tom could not go this time either, for he had to help balance the books at his father's store. So Herbert flew over the rocky road, fancying himself on the high Alps, enjoying the bird-like swiftness of his horse and

pitying poor Tom hard at work in his father's counting room. This is almost like Swiss scenery

the seals, the hunting of which con-stituted, at that period, one of the ing and smiling in all the conscious finery of clean caps and ribbons, and mincing out their few phrases of English chief sources of profit to the fishermen of the neighboring villages. At a small distance from the light-house to the best advantage-that being yet considered as a kind of holiday dialect in these districts. "Oy say, you Paddy there with the which is erected at the head, there

evening sun,

guards.

signal towers, by which telegraphic halter about your waist (instead of your intelligence was transmitted round the Cape, as far as Cork, whenever a Nostile sail ventured within the inneck)." said one of the soldiers to a pale looking, sullen eyed, hard, lean, straight lipped fellow, with a few star ing locks of dark hair scattered on his fivence of an Irish breeze in the offing and still farther in the direction of the brow, and a hay rope tied sash wise river's source was the village of Kil-baha, whose commerce consisted then, about his person-" tell us what all them 'ere papishes are doing about the shore ? as well as at present, in turf, trans He pointed to several groups of the country men, women, and chil-dren, who were employed in gathering mitted by boats to the interior of the The coast is very thickly bountry. inhabited, and the people yet preserve heaps of a species of sea weed among in a great degree, the primitive and matural matters of their progenitors. heaps of a species of seaweed among the rocks on the water's edge, at the little bay of Fodhra; while others were kneeling in prayer at different parts of the coast. The person to whom the They talk Irish-kill fish-go to sea in cances-traffic in kind-est potatoes and oaten bread-and exercise them querist addressed himself for informa as in offices of kindness and hospi on seemed, by the more than equable tality towards strangers. indifference with which he listened to virtue has, however, is some parts of the region suffered injury from the efflux of bathers from the interior in the insulting speech of the latter, to be one of those beaten down characters, to whom degradation is so familiar that the summer season, which taught them the summer season, which taught them the use and convenience of ready money, in preference to their pat-starchal modes of payment; and gave them, unfortunately, a more decided impression of its value than was con-intert with the general character of they had rather lie tamely under the most contemptuous slights than under go the intolerable labor of supporting independent and manly an independent and many bearing He possessed all (and more than all sistent with the general character of Munster cottagers. The effect appears the complaisance, without any of the confident and ready spirit of the Irish

to have been similar to that which the liberality of English travellers has produced on the Continent.

A REAL PROPERTY AND

cringing servility of his manner-the ready obedience of eye and car-and the musing, absent dullness of demeanor But that portion of the country which workstitutes the extreme south - west, and which is almost cut off from the which formed the outer crust and pastry work of the man, there was in his small gray eye, mouth close shut and forming one hard line across, thin straight hair, and meagre unfed cheek, an unpleasant depth of character, such as Julius Creasar (that hater of lean and hungry hash) wight mat hard lear day remainder, by the large creek or bay of Scagh, which reduces it almost to peninsula, presents a very remarkable contrast, in the condition and moral contrast. character of its inhabitants, to all the rest of Munster-perhaps we might say, Ircland. The country, though exceed-ingly bleak and wild at first sight, is looks) might not have loved to con template. "Gatheren' the dhoolamaun they are sir," he said in reply to the question of the guard. "Dhoolamaun," he conon further acquaintance to be well cultivated, producing cats, pota-twees, and flax in considerable quantiinued, answering to the puzzled look sies. On ascending any emit ence and looking around, the land appears to the traveller to be little better than one of the latter-" that's a kind of sayweed that they take home wit'em to boil and make greens of." "Make greens of the sea weed !" exlonely waste of bog - the huts or mud

Which did come st her comma And she shot her Willie Taylo With his fair one in his hand "

" I say, messmate," he said as the countryman approached him-" can you

tow me on the track of Carrigabolt?" "The path is under your futt every step o' the way," said the man. Then after pacing behind him in silence for for instance." Why then for one a few minutes-" Why then, for one that puts out the futt so slow. I never seen any body carry so much o' the road wit 'em, (make so great progress) "You know me?" said the other turning and fixing his eyes on the speaker, then with an air of greater reserve, as he recognized the face-" and I ought to know you, too. That face is Pryce Kinchela's—if you haven't That stole it from him."

" I wish that was all I had belonged to Pryce Kinchela about me," said the man heavily.

I am glad to see you, Pryce."

"I don't know whether you are o not, Duke; but I'm glad to see youalthough you may well doubt my word. I am an altered man since you left the country—and the foolish spite that you an' I had then about Pennie Mac Loughlen—(the Silver Penny as you called—an the Luck Penny as I called her) is no more than boy's play, to the cause I got since from others. That cause I got since from others. That girl, Duke, was no Luck Penny to either you or me. After her father refused you, an' you went to sea--sure what do you think o' me but med up to her, an' if I did you'd think it was to threaten to murder her I did, the father got so wild—an' ever after he kep per secuten me right and left, until h didn't lay me a leg to stand on. If you're not tired, an' would wish to rest piece here on this rock, I'll tell you wit was.'

Dorgan complied - although the lengthening shadows on the sand and freshening breeze of the sharp February evening advised him of the necessity of securing some place of shelter for the night.-Fearful of overburthening the reader with the quaint idiom of the country-of which perhaps, a superabundance must be thr histories-I shall, while into these

faction at the occurrence TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FINGER OF GOD IS HERE.

The non Catholic Misson Work in its organized form has been establis but about ten years, and as one looks back it is very evident that the Divine back it is very evident that the Divine hand has guided its growth and de velopment. It has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. It has impressed itself very deeply on the activities of the Church in the United States and even now it is only in its infancy. An un limited field of activity lies before it We who trusted in the Divine guidance were convinced that the work meant much for the advancement of the in terests of the Church in this country, and that the Divine hand was direc ing it, and in this sense we tried to do he duty as each day presented it. W have seen the work grow from a mere desire into a reality, from a purpose of presenting the claims of the Catholic Church to the few who would come within our personal influence to a broad widespread and well-founded organization which like a vine that clings to the trunk of the mighty oak, has the hierarchy of the Church in the United States for its support, and has the vast territory of America for its field operation. When ten years ago Father Elliott, under the inspiration of

the genius of Father Hecker, began the first non-Catholic Missions Michigan, it did not come within ou wildest dream that before a decade o years would have gone by, he would have about him a body of enthusiastic disciples under the roof tree of a hom built and consecrated to the non-Cath olic Mission Movement and an organi

zation that is securing results in thou sands of conversions in as many as dozen dioceses in the country and wit a future big with possibilities for the present prestige and ultimate triumph of the Church in this country. After ten years we are in the midst of reali ties that persuade us without any manner of doubt that this movement has been builded far more wisely than we knew, and on this day, a year after the celebration of the first Mass withover. "Denham can afford it," he murmured with a sigh, "but I can not. Pryce is detailing his story to our young the celebration of the first Mass with-hero, inform him, in more intelligible in these walls, our first word most fit-

dead men, asleep forever on the crystal ice, awaiting eternal judgment, loomed up before him clear as light. Its terror tartled him. How could Tom sp f it," he concluded, mentally speal of it. an swering his own question. a good Catholic, at peace with God, so nothing upsets him."

With a sharp effort he threw off the

with a snarp enort he three on the paralyzing thought; as the Eoglish say, he "pulled himself together." "Well, Mac, I mean to practice mountaineering a little here in the states before I challenge Mont Blanc. Meantime, let us have a ride. There a splendid, easy black at Smith's stable which you can get for a mount, and I'll

Macmillan gazed at him soberly. It

Was sharp temptation. "We can ask Isabel to go, and Agnes," pursued Denham. "I love to e Isabel ride. She is magnificent on norseback, so stately and perfect in poise.

Tom Macmillan still wore his serious look. He had an engagement with Father Jones that afternoon to visit some poor people, lambs of the flock awaiting sympathetic aid. Could he excuse himself and set this task aside? murmured a word of prayer; then He murmured a word of prayer; then made quiet refusal of the pleasure be-fore him. If he could not lead Den-ham, at least Denham must not lead him—" that is " he whispered " not into selfishness or wrong-doing.'

So Denham went up alone to call or Isabel Moore and the party was ar-ranged. A pang of envy did assail Macmillan in his own despite as he saw them gallop off. Being on horseback almost did away with his lameness, placing him on an athletic plane where he could complete with others—so he oved to ride. But his purse was not a horn of plenty, and Father Jones would show him bitter need of charitable gifts before their rounds were

he murmured, as a turn in the road re-vealed a deep gorge with a brook at its base. Just as he spoke some wild antimal sprang out of a thicket by the roadside-it looked, he thought, like a wild. cat-and startled Brown Bess. gave one leap, then dashed like light-

ning around the sharp edge of the pre-cipice, saving herself with swift animal instinct, but flinging off her rider in the swerve. He felt himself flying through space, then dashed with violence against a jagged rock. After this he lost con-

iousness. When he came to again he found himself lying among the rocks with his face upturned to the sky, with the intense blue full of sunshine bending down over him, it seemed, although so far away. was in severe pain, badly injured, He he knew-perhaps nigh unto deathand that was heaven ! He was afraid of both, and still more afraid of that unseen God, Whose are the forces of life and death, Who opens or shuts the gates of Paradise. He thought, too, of the 1d also dead men on the glacier—he would also die like them. No one would find him in that lovely place! Then he would have to meet God! And what should he say? What could he say? He had not loved Him, had not served Him. The blue oppressed his eyes like a pain. This ever-lasting face to face with God! How could he bear it? Yet how had he borne it all his life? more now than it always has been, really," he murmured. What did God think of him? What had He been thinking of him all along?

His Harvard smartness was only another jangle where should have be He thought of his classmates, music. the boys he knew, recalling their laughter and light sneers at religion. He had done his share of this-shame covered him at the thought-and an

WINDSOR SALT is the best Salt for Table and Dairy-No adult. eration - Never cakes.

distant field o even thought words lingered Work for thing was to tion. So he the parish pr penitent of en Macmillan re this and was upon the in once with her her sweet fac benedictio failed to giv message from room, and ru with a new c September no real ah physician or the pine re Tom Macmi general care in the hea strength, an rambles in their slipper where the w ing orange g to enjoy th amused him children of t ies, wonderi lessness and of the negr

dence. He but effected

millan organ tried to te

poverty an his efforts.

Denham'