

Such was the reassuring message which had flashed across seas and continents for my relief.

The letter was still more precious to me. It ran thus:—

'Dearest Sally,—My wire will have set your mind at rest, I hope. Some stupid newspaper man, misled by a false rumor, which had originated in a certain resemblance in face and figure between me and another of our fellows, put my name in his list and wired off his message at once. He discovered his blunder very shortly after, and corrected it in the second edition of his paper. Had I got hold of him, he would have had a lively time; for I was in despair on your account when I heard what had happened.

I did not want to frighten you, but I was rather badly hit; and am still in hospital, though getting on famously. It is strange that I am thrown almost entirely among Catholics here. The fellow in the next bed is one. He knows heaps of our friends, and is a very jolly companion. The nurse is also a Catholic. The Catholic chaplain, who comes to visit my neighbor, is a great chum of mine, and we have had many a chat together. He was interested in hearing that I had a 'Roman' sister.

I suppose I am booked here for another month or so, but after that I expect to be sent home. So keep up your spirits, old lady, till we meet. I can almost hear you congratulating me upon my immunity from stray shots in the meantime.

Your ever loving

Paul.

'What splendid news,—what heavenly news!' was all I could say, and I repeated it many times. So Paul was alive and well, and coming back to me. 'Thank God,—thank God a thousand times!' sang my grateful heart.

'How grand it would be if he got the grace to become a Catholic himself!' I said later to Mrs. Fenham. 'I have prayed for it daily.'

She smiled mysteriously.

An hour or two later, she paid me another visit.

'You bore your good news so well,' she said, 'that nurse has given me leave to enlighten you still further. Your brother wrote to me, thanking me for coming to take care of you, and at the same time gave me news that astonished though it delighted me. Can you guess it?'

'Can it be that he has received the grace of faith?' I cried in amazement. 'Tell me—do not keep me in suspense.'

'He is a Catholic already,' she gleefully answered.

Besides the explanations she was able to afford, she had been keeping, until I seemed well enough to be permitted to open it, another letter to me from Paul. Its contents are too sacred to divulge. One thing alone gave me cause for regret. Had Eve been less hasty, Paul's happiness would have been perfect. But, after all—as I summed up when talking over matters with my dear friend,—one can not expect life to be a path of roses.

Mrs. Fenham received my confidence with less gravity than it deserved.

'My dear Sara,' she answered, laughingly, 'has it never puzzled you that Eve should venture to accompany me here, considering all that had happened?'

Light began to break in upon me.

Eve's words recurred to my mind: 'He is alive and well, and is coming back to you and to me.'

'Is she reconciled with Paul?' Can it be possible?

'It is an accomplished fact,' was her prompt reply.

'But what about her marriage with Sir James Stanmer? It was publicly announced as already arranged.'

And just as truly as that your brother was dead.

Then she proceeded to tell me that there had never been any engagement between Eve and the gentleman in question. The girl's guardian—a distant cousin, with whom she had lived from childhood—had set his heart upon the match; as soon as the engagement with Paul had come to an end; having always disliked the prospect of a Protestant husband for Eve. He was suffering from a dangerous illness, which had since carried him off; and Eve, by the advice of his doctor, had never expressed openly to him her refusal to meet his wishes with regard to Sir James. The old man had therefore jumped at conclusions, and had made a public announcement of the expected marriage. But both Eve and Sir James at once took steps to contradict the rumor. Paul's angry disappointment at the news had made him taboo newspapers for a time; thus the contradiction had never reached us through that channel, and our friends naturally kept silent on so delicate a subject.

'Your brother heard the real state of things from his new friend in the hospital,' she said in conclusion. 'He lost no time in telling Eve of his approaching reception into the Church, as you might expect; and they are now in correspondence once more.'

So my sacrifice had met with an abundant reward. Not only had my brother been spared to me in spite of ever-present danger, but other blessings—seemingly unattainable—had been granted by means of that very renunciation.

No wonder that the days flew by with the speed of lightning, while, in company with Mrs. Fenham and Eve—both dear to me now as sisters,—I awaited tidings of my 'warrior's return.'

Strength came back rapidly, after all the good news I had received of late. So true is it that peace of mind and joy of heart make for renewed health; from the very delight of living which is their natural outcome. And peace and joy were mine to the full. Daily, almost hourly, through my happy heart rang again and again, like the haunting burden of some well-loved song, the joyful refrain: 'My boy is coming back to me,—back from the gates of the grave!'—'Ave-Maria.'

Death of Father Farrelly, Kilmore

We have to record the death (says the Melbourne 'Tribune') of one whose name was a household word throughout the western district over forty years ago. Very Rev. Father Michael Farrelly, V.F., Kilmore, Victoria. Father Farrelly was born in County Galway in the year 1821, and came out to Australia about 1852. He was one of the first students at St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, and afterwards one of the earliest to enter the newly-formed Melbourne University, where he had a short but most successful career, taking honors in mathematics and classics. In 1857 Michael Farrelly was ordained priest by the late Most Rev. Dr. Goold (first Bishop of Melbourne), being the first priest ordained in Victoria, and was appointed to take charge of the extensive district extending from Toorabac to Hamilton. Here he worked for nearly fifteen years, his parish extending about two hundred miles, from one end to the other. In 1871 Father Farrelly was appointed parish priest of Kilmore. This was then one of the most important parishes in Victoria, and extended from a few miles north-east of Melbourne to near Benalla, and included a great portion of the Goulburn Valley, and much of the Mansfield districts.

As a priest Father Farrelly was remarkable for the unostentatious manner in which he worked. Anything in the way of praise or publicity he simply abhorred. Certain work was to be done. It was his duty to do it; he did it and that was all about it.

Socially, Father Farrelly was no ordinary man; wherever he went he succeeded in breaking down bigotry and ill-feeling among those who differed from him in religion. As a patriotic Irishman he said little, but did much; and from the first visit of the Redmond brothers to the recent visit of Messrs. Devlin and Donovan, no movement in Australia in aid of the Irish national cause had a more warm-hearted and practical friend than Father Farrelly. As a man lives so shall he die, and so Father Farrelly, having finished his work, passed quietly away at the ripe age of 85 years. He had been visited and consoled in his last moments by his beloved Archbishop; and a few—very few—personal friends were made acquainted with the fact that his end was so near.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, who presided at the Requiem Mass, referred in feeling terms to the great pioneer work done by the late Father Farrelly in various parts of the archdiocese, the various churches and schools founded by him standing as monuments of his zeal and devotion.

The funeral was the largest ever seen in Kilmore. His Grace the Archbishop officiated at the cemetery, assisted by a number of clergy. The ministers of the various Protestant churches in the town and district were present, and in the funeral procession the members of the H.A.C.B. Society, the Marist Brothers and their pupils, the girls of the Convent of Mercy, shire councillors and citizens took part.

Statesmanship seems conducive to longevity. Gladstone was eighty-three years old when he accepted office in his last Premiership, the only other octogenarian Premier, who died in harness, being Lord Palmerston, who was eighty-one at the time of his death. Several Prime Ministers, however, have lived to be octogenarians, notably Lord Sidmouth, who died when eighty-seven; Earl Russell, eighty-six; the Duke of Wellington, eighty-two; and Earl Grey, eighty-one.