

the morning mail from England. As he stepped out of his motor-car to enter the Hotel, I heard him saluted by waiters, porters and chambermaids from almost every window of the Hotel (once the most aristocratic in the metropolis) with shouts of "Up, Easter Week!" "Up, the rebels!" The outburst so impressed the new Commander-in-Chief that he took his meals in his bedroom, and only from the hands of his orderly. The Head Waiter once entering his room was asked what did the people really mean to do about Conseription. "Well, my lord," was the quiet reply, "we are seventy men in this house. We have all made our peace with God. You may have our dead bodies, but you'll get nothing else." Another experience of mine will help better than any wealth of detail to an understanding of the spirit now enkindled. General Gage, an honest-hearted Englishman, who came over to Ireland for the first time to take command of the Conseription campaign in the South, called upon me to relate with an almost comical surprise what had befallen him the previous day while he was motoring in the neighborhood of Mitchelstown with the High

Sheriff for the County (Mr. Philip Harold Barry) who had himself publicly and with arm uplifted taken the pledge to resist Conseription. They questioned a priest whom they met riding down from the Galtee Mountains as to how feeling ran among the people. "I can't do better," was the reply of the priest, "than tell you what happened up the road there a minute ago. I met old Darby Ryan who complained that the jackdaws had been playing havoc with his field of young corn. 'Father,' he said, 'I went for the ould gun to have a shot at the divvels, but I found I had only five cartridges left, and, Father,' he said, 'I'm going to keep them for the first five sojers that come to take away my boy.'" Such was the spirit, it must with truth be owned, which alone could have brought the Ministers of England to repent their breach of faith on Conseription, but "in a week or two" it decided them to drop a campaign which would assuredly have cost them a dozen casualties in their own ranks at the least for every conscript they could ever succeed in transporting whole to Flanders.

(To be continued.)

A Complete Story

HER SECOND SON

No other mission, given in Holy Family parish, ever succeeded like that one. The old church was crowded for every exercise; the sermons were discussed in workshops and department stores, in fine hotels, cheap lodging houses, and by hundreds of firesides; and each afternoon and evening, while it lasted, long lines of penitents waited about the confessionals, many of whom had not approached the Sacraments for ten or even twenty years.

Some said that it was Father Murphy's eloquence, or his eloquence, kindness, and holiness, all three together, that worked the miracle; others, more prosaically inclined, insisted that the mission was "popular," as they put it, merely because scores of people in the parish remembered Father Murphy as a bright-faced boy, in the school and about the sanctuary, and were interested to see how he had developed.

To Father Murphy himself the mission meant an unusual amount of hard work, some consolation, much weariness, and a rather sad renewing of old associations—sad, because all those whom he had loved best slept in the little graveyard behind the church.

It was with a sense of thankfulness that he realised the task was almost finished, as he left the confessional, on Friday afternoon, in the second and last week of the mission. A man instantly intercepted him to ask a question about the hour of the first Mass; then, in going up the aisle he passed close to a stout, poorly dressed, old woman, who whispered something that he did not catch. Bending over her he said gently,

"Pardon me, but I did not understand what you said."

The woman turned a sweet, tired, radiantly smiling face up to him. "Oh, Father, I did not speak to you! I must have been praying too loud. Excuse me. I was just a-thanking Him over and over again."

"A good prayer! Many of us forget to thank Him," Father Murphy whispered approvingly; and as he entered the sanctuary he thought, with a feeling of tenderness for the old woman: "Surely the good Lord loves her!"

In all probability he would never have given a thought to her again, if he had not heard his name whispered loudly, an instant later, and turned back to see the same old woman standing at the altar rail holding out to him a rather grimy envelope.

"Father, it's an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving, because—because a dear plan of mine turned out well—so well I can hardly believe it; something I wanted to do for the dear Lord, and He let me," she explained and added coaxingly, "I just thought this minute that maybe you would say it yourself."

"My Masses are promised for the next week or ten days, but perhaps Father Prendergast—" Father Murphy began; but she interrupted him:

"There's no hurry at all about mine, and I surely would like you to say it yourself, if you're willing" she begged.

"Well, well, I will: on the first free day I have," Father Murphy agreed; and she thanked him as if he had done her a very great kindness.

He passed into the house and went to the room which had been assigned him, intending to rest during the half hour before supper-time for immediately after the meal

there would be converts' class in one of the parlors, followed by a sermon and more work in the confessional; but first of all, he took a small note book from his bag and made a memorandum of the old woman's Mass intention.

This done, he tore open the envelope, slipped the dollar-bill into his pocket, and was on the point of throwing the envelope into the waste-paper basket when he chanced to glance at the inscription upon it, written in a large tremulous, illiterate hand, exactly thus: "ofring for a Mass of thaksgivin."

Father Murphy stared at the two lines. It was not the original spelling that held his eyes, but the queer capital M and the strange long tails worn by the g's.

Suddenly, with the envelope still in his hand, he ran from the room, down the stairs, out of the house, and across the yard to the church door. Into the sanctuary he hurried and looked toward the pew in which the old woman had knelt when he first spoke to her. She was there no longer; and, slowly and regretfully he returned to the parish house and went to the pastor's study on the ground floor.

"Father Prendergast," he said excitedly, holding out the envelope for him to see, "can you tell me whose writing this is? It is quite individual, you observe. Do you know it? An old woman gave me this envelope, with a Mass offering enclosed in it: a dear old body, stout, and smiling, and perhaps a little slatternly in her dress. Do you know whom I mean from the writing or from my description?"

Father Prendergast smiled. "I do not recognise the writing—never saw it before, to my knowledge; but I judge that your friend spent but few days in school, and has scant respect for Webster or the Standard Dictionary. As for the other clues you give, 'stout, and sweet faced, and poorly clad' the description would fit half the good old souls in this parish, or in any other where the congregation is more than half Irish." Then, after a glance into Father Murphy's face, he added, more gravely, "You are disappointed? I am sorry that I cannot help you. Seriously, I haven't an idea who she is."

"Indeed I am disappointed," Father Murphy admitted.

From an inner pocket he drew an envelope, and out of it took two smaller ones, and handed them and the one he had received only half an hour before to Father Prendergast. "See, the writing is identical: the same funny g's, and the same big stiff capital M."

Father Prendergast examined them carefully. "There is no mistaking the writing after you have seen a sample of it," he agreed. "So you want to trace her."

"You'll help me to find her, won't you, Father?" Father Murphy said almost imploringly.

Father Prendergast smiled again. "I'm willing, but what can I do?"

"I don't know—wish I did. It's such a large congregation, and as you say what clues have we?"

He was silent for a moment, vainly trying to devise some means; and when he spoke again, it was to say,

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