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FOUND THINGS AMISS

REV. MILES BYRNE AT WORK IN HIS PARISH.

Worked on the Problem of Keeping the Young People at Home—The Plan He Worked Out to Help the Cause.

By H. A. Hinkson in The Treasury. When the Reverend Miles Byrne came to Ballyduff as curate to Father Theophilus Daly he found many things, to the young people were leaving Ballyduff for America, and soon only the old and the infirm would be left.

The more he thought about the matter the more convinced Father Byrne became that early marriage was the antidote to the evil of emigration, and since he had come to Ballyduff, six months ago, there had been only one marriage solemnized in the parish, and both the contracting parties had been over sixty.

The curate's ardour was somewhat damped by this prosaic ending to the idyl of a priest's match-making, but that after all was an extreme case, and not likely to recur. Besides he was young and his superior old, and old methods had been tried and found wanting in Ballyduff.

"Who is it?" asked the parish priest, somewhat excited, it must be admitted, by the prospect of a ceremony so unusual. "Pat Kinsella and Nora O'Brien."

"Why, Pat's only a lad, and as for Nora, it's only the other day when I christened her," exclaimed Father Daly.

On the following Sunday there was a thrill of excitement amongst the congregation when the names of Pat Kinsella and Nora O'Brien were called out and their hands published. Three weeks later as handsome and happy a couple as ever was seen joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

grow tired of each other if you watch over them so closely. "But isn't it better that they should live in harmony than at discord?" exclaimed the curate.

"Of course it is if it's real harmony," answered Father Daly, "but if you are always dropping in on them you don't give them the chance for natural development. Are they never to have a quarrel and a making-up like other good people?"

"There's too much quarrelling in the parish as it is," returned Father Byrne. "Do you suppose Nora and Pat will never quarrel?"

"I suppose they will, but if I can I'll prevent it as long as possible." "Well, give them a chance, Miles, my boy, and let them get used to one another. In this climate of ours it's unnatural to have always a cloudless sky."

Now, had Father Byrne continued his guardianship of the two proteges there might have been nothing in the story of Pat and Nora Kinsella worth recording, but like most people the curate of Ballyduff was human, and in his turn needed a holiday.

"Well, why shouldn't he, Mary?" asked the priest. "Maybe it's another wedding he's come to tell me of. I'll break Father Byrne's heart if it is and he away."

"It isn't wedding it is in his mind, Father, by the look of him," Mrs. Kennedy answered, "it's more like funerals I'm thinking."

"Well, show him in," said the priest, resignedly laying down his book. The next moment a tall, good-looking youth, with a fair, flushed face, stood confronting the priest with a look of mingled shyness and rebellion.

"Well, Pat," said Father Daly, "what can I do for you?" "It is to undo, I came to ax your rivenance," returned Kinsella, nervously twisting his felt hat in his fingers.

"To undo, Pat?" exclaimed Father Daly. "Yes, your rivenance," Kinsella went on, "yes, finding his tongue. 'You married me and Nora, didn't you, Father?'

"Yes, of course I did, and there was no impediment. You're married right enough. You need have no doubts about it."

from her sodden garments. Again the mop was laid on their heads and Pat, who had shown signs of restlessness, turned to the priest. "How long is this ceremony going to last, Father?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the priest, resuming his walk, and unconcernedly repeating his office. When for the sixth time the mop was applied, Pat lost his temper, and, striking the rails with his fists, he cried out: "Tell me, Father, how long is this ceremony to last?"

"How can I tell how long it will last?" returned the priest. "You can't tell, Father!" ejaculated Pat, in bewilderment. "Sure, the girl's almost drowned, an' I'm wet to the skin. Sure, you must know, Father!"

"Do you remember what you said when you knelt there six months ago?" "My head's that bothered with the trouble, to say nothing of the cold water runnin' down my back, that I misremember everything," said Pat.

The priest lifted the mop from the pail; but Pat put up his hand quickly, and cried out, his teeth chattering. "I'll get my death of cold, Father."

"Well, do you remember?" "Yes, Father, I remember." "You promised to take Nora for better or for worse."

"I misremember the word 'worse,'" said Pat. Again the priest lifted the mop. "You're right, Father; me memory's coming back," Kinsella cried out in alarm.

"Cold water's a great cure for a defective memory," remarked the priest. "And didn't you promise to keep her until death parted you?"

"I suppose I did, Father," Pat answered dejectedly. "And you, Nora, didn't you promise to be a good wife to Pat until death parted you?"

"Yes, Father," Nora answered tremulously, and with a side glance at the dripping figure of her husband. Cold and wretched as she was, she could almost have laughed at the figure he made, with his thick curly hair sodden with water which ran down his cheeks, for the priest had given him the larger share of the pail. He had, like herself, put on his best clothes for the ceremony, and his collar and tie were limp and discolored.

"Well, then, sure I must go on with the ceremony until one of you dies, and how can I tell when that will be?" Father Daly said. "Is that the only way to unmake the marriage, Father?" asked Pat, looking anxiously at Nora.

CUSTOM OF WELL-DRESSING.

A Century-Old Custom at Tissington, Derbyshire, England.



At Tissington, in Derbyshire, England, is annually celebrated the century-old custom of Well-dressing, or Well-flowering. This decorating of the five local wells from which the village obtains its water supply, is prepared for during the winter, when holly, yew, and mountain-ash berries are collected and stored away against the great event.

In the early part of Holy Week the wells are temporarily taken over by an appointed authority, and, jealously guarded from the would-be curious. A frame-work of wood is erected over each well, and then a layer of soft clay built up, so as to make the whole resemble a wayside chapel or oratory. The actual dressing follows, the busy worker striving to outdo others. Flowers are gathered from far and near, and the scheme of decoration is completed by an appropriate text such as is shown in our drawing.

On Holy Thursday, after divine service in the parish church, a procession is formed—clergy, choristers, parishioners—and a move made to one of the wells, generally the Cup and Saucer Well, where a hymn is sung and a portion of the Psalm for the day read. Then a move is made to the Coffin Well, thence to the Hands Well, the Town Well, and the Yew Tree Well, with a similar service at each, and a final thanksgiving. The religious aspect of the festival then gives place to the secular, and jollity and merriment reign.

HAVE BEEN LOCATED.

Sacred Spots Where the Saviour Spent Last Months. Bickerings of doubters have, in a large measure, been silenced and it is a generally accepted belief among Oriental archaeologists that most of the sacred spots where the Saviour spent His last months have been finally located.

The Via Dolorosa that marked Christ's labored journey to the cross have at last been settled upon and designated by appropriate tablets. The rough cell in which He was imprisoned while awaiting the decision of Pilate has been unearthed, the stocks that encased His feet have been found, and the silent tomb, the real holy sepulchre from which He arose, has been located.

Each new discovery has added to the interest of the Holy City. Indeed, if the sacred sites were taken away, it would be about the meanest spot on earth. Dirty, crooked streets crumpling buildings, and dirt natives in all the world befit. Possessing the sites of the Saviour's life, however, Jerusalem is the heart of the Christian world, and each newly-discovered relic has added to the power it exerts over the faithful in every land.

What has been decided on as the true tomb of the Saviour lies just outside Jerusalem. The site has been purchased by a committee of archaeologists, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for \$10,000. The owners of the site have dug among the accretions of soil that for centuries covered the spot and have laid bare what is asserted to be the veritable tomb in which Christ was laid following His crucifixion. It is hewn out of solid rock, and when the place was excavated, it was found that the place planned for the reception of a body was empty. The devout consider this fact very significant. The tomb of Christ is being restored as rapidly as possible, and a beautiful garden is to be set out around the spot.

The cell in which Christ was confined prior to the crucifixion is in the street called Ecce Homo, which forms part of the long route called Via Dolorosa, through which the Saviour is supposed to have passed on His way to the cross. It is on property belonging to the Greek Church, and its discovery a year or so ago was made accidentally. Several workmen, excavating under the direction of archaeologists, came upon an underground passage hewn out of rock fifteen feet long, to a chamber or cell measuring seven feet on each side. The cell was not intended to hold more than one person at a time. Iron rings, used as stocks, prove this. The person to be confined in such a cell must have been of importance, for Romans usually herded their common criminals in a quadrangular chamber below. Investigators are satisfied that a Saviour was confined in this room while awaiting Pilate's decision. Another fact that has won scoffers over to the belief in the discovery of cell is that it is about a hundred yards from the spot long identified by the Roman and Greek Churches as Pontius Pilate's judgment seat.

Dropsy Given up by Doctor

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