

will show how it is used. 'And the Lord said to thee (King David): Thou shalt feed My people Israel, and thou shalt be prince over Israel' (II Kings, v., 2). 'He chose his servant David, and took him from the flocks of sheep . . . to feed Jacob his servant, and Israel his inheritance; and he fed them in the innocence of his heart' (Ps. lxxvii., 70). 'Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule (literally, to feed) the Church of God' (Acts xx., 28). 'Feed the flock of God among you, taking care (of it), not by constraint, but willingly' (I. Peter, v., 2). 'And she brought forth a man child who was to rule (literally, to feed) all nations with an iron rod' (Apoc. xii., 5). 'When, therefore, Christ committed to St. Peter the duty of feeding His lambs and sheep, He committed to him the office of ruling them with authority. . . . It was to embrace, in a spiritual sense, all the duties which the shepherd discharges towards his sheep—namely, leading them to wholesome, and withdrawing them from noxious pastures; keeping them under his own observation, or under the observation of others who should act in his stead; guarding them against the attacks of thieves and wolves, bringing back those who may have strayed from the flock, and healing those that may have received injury.' And this means that St. Peter was invested by Christ with supreme authority over His Church, or in other words, he received from Christ a Primacy of jurisdiction over the whole Church' (Abp. Carr, *Lectures*, p. 272).

The Storyteller

THE LAST REDOUBT

He lived at San Pedro opposite the Laguna de la Madre beyond which lay Padre Island and the Gulf of Mexico. All around stretched wild, uncultivated and sparsely settled country. Often for weeks they saw no one from the outside world. Once, long ago, when he was about seven years old, a priest had come all the way on horseback from San Antonia, and had baptised him and his twin brother and two older sisters. After that, perhaps a half dozen times, the devoted priest had found his way to this wilderness, had said Mass and had catechised the children. Those were happy days for his mother. Even now, after the lapse of years, he remembered how the Father had complimented her because she had so carefully taught her children the faith.

But that was long ago. He was a man now, surely—almost eighteen,—and with a man's interest in the stirring affairs of his country. For there were rumors of war, and he it was who once a week rode on his stout little burro to the nearest post office, miles away, to get the weekly newspaper. It was a New York paper, the *Sun*, and the news was old by the time it reached them, but how eagerly they spread out the sheet on the kitchen table in the evening, and how intently they pored over it! Usually it was father who read aloud to them, while mother sat by the basket of sewing and mending that never seemed to end.

Then in March came the exciting news that General Taylor had advanced into the disputed country between Neuces and the Rio Grande. It was a barefooted boy who brought the information. He had come on his burro all the way from Corpus Christi, riding as hard as he could, stopping only at the scattered cabins and farms to eat and sleep. Later they heard that Taylor had reached the Rio Grande, and was encamped with his valiant little army opposite Matamoras. On the 13th of May, 1846, war was formally declared between the United States and Mexico, and this was followed by a call for 50,000 volunteers.

After that events moved rapidly. Two men on horseback, authorised by the commanding general, appeared at San Pedro looking for recruits. The father was the first to be enrolled. Of New Hampshire stock and of Irish descent, he had drifted south in early manhood, had married a young Scotch wife, and had lived

at San Pedro ever since. But he had brought with him the traditions of his emigre grandfather, a sturdy Irishman of giant stature who had fought through the Revolution for his adopted country. For proof he had the very soldier suit worn and the drum that had been carried by his gallant forbear, the first American Feargus Cullen, for whom he had been named. Proudly he showed the recruiting sergeants his revolutionary relics, and then he called his sons.

'Michael will go with me,' he said, 'and Cormac must stay here to take care of his mother.'

But the boy started forward. 'Let me go too,' he pleaded. 'Oh, father!'

The sergeant seconded his appeal. 'We want all the men we can get,' he said. 'There are few recruits in this region as strong and as able to fight as your sons.'

But Feargus Cullen had made up his mind.

'Nay,' he said, 'the boy must stay. If Cormac goes too his mother will be alone. My two daughters are married and have gone to other homes far from here. One son goes with me to the service of our country, the other stays here to till the farm and take care of his mother'. This is just.'

Cormac listened and acquiesced. His father was right, but perhaps his turn would come.

But before he went away Feargus Cullen called the boy to him, and there, spread out on the broad kitchen table, was the coat and cap, the drum and knapsack belt worn by his grandfather, the first Feargus, whose name signified man-strength or strong man.

'I am leaving these behind,' his father said. 'They are for you, Cormac. If you have the chance to wear them remember that your grandfather served his adopted country to the death. Here is the bullet hole, just over his heart, that killed him, and here (opening the coat where there was a dark brown stain) is the blood he shed for the stars and stripes.'

'I'll remember,' said Cormac.

After that there were hurried leave takings. Cormac stood with his mother by the gate, watching his father and brother marching proudly down the road until they were lost to sight in a cloud of dust.

There followed long lonely days and weeks when the boy did his best to cheer and comfort his mother, who visibly drooped after the departure of her husband. Often he wished his sisters were at home, but they were too far away to be summoned, especially in the present unsettled state of southern Texas.

At night when his mother had retired early, Cormac took his boat and rowed out on the Lagune. Sometimes, gazing up at the dark blue dome studded with stars, overhead, he felt as if he were canopied by a great blue flag pierced by the stars of hope and courage and endeavor. For the boy yearning passionately to do some great and noble deed for his country. Meanwhile he was daily being proved in courage, endurance, and love through the little things that strengthened and rounded out his character.

They heard of the battle of Monterey in September, 1846, and then stray news reached them from time to time, until in February, 1847, came the battle of Buena Vista. In December, 1846, a volunteer from a farm some six miles away was invalided home, and brought Mary Cullen word that her husband and son were well. There had been no time to write letters, but the news, scanty as it was, cheered and reassured them. Surely the war would soon be over!

It was toward the middle of March that Cormac, crossing a field to the house for the midday meal, saw a figure on a burro coming down the road. With a joyful exclamation he recognised the priest, Father Martin, who had baptised him ten years ago, and who once in every two years found his way to the scattered Catholics in that lonely region. He ran to the house to tell his mother. Her worn face lit up with joy as, accompanied by Cormac, she hastened to the road to bid her guest welcome. Then followed a happy day and evening, for the priest had the latest news to relate about the war, which he thought could not last much longer.

'Scott has begun to land his forces near Vera Cruz, and is going to advance on Mexico,' he said, 'and Perry is sailing south with a strong sea force.'

"Pattillo"

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