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nt with Longmans, Green & Co. LISHEEN

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D.

Author of " My New Curate," Luke Delmege," "Lisheen," "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI GREAT PREPARATIONS

Father Cosgrove did not at all like Father Cosgrove did not at all like the new development things ware tak-ing. Fate, or the Fates, were rushing matters on in a way he decidedly dis-approved of. Not that he was what is called in college slang "a safe man." He was one of those imprudent char-

was one of those imprudent char acters that are always doing the very things human foresight tells them they should not do. Nor was he an advocate of that cast-iron conservatism which studies only "the things that are," and

Studies only "the things that are," and whose motto is "Let well alone!" He was quite enthusiastic about Max-well, when Hamberton told him all. "A fine fellow!" he said. "Ah! if we had a few more like him!" "What would then become of the patience and long sufficience of your

patience and long-suffering of your people?" Hamberton asked malicious "You good Christians are always inco usly. sistent. You say charac developed by trial and eloped by trial and combat. want to avoid trial and evade bat whenever you cao. You say adver sity is the royal road to Heaven. Bu you want presentite bo you want prosperity by preference, and leaven into the bargain. You want to catch the two worlds with one hand. Now, if I were anything, I should be a Manichman. I would like to believe that there is a Spirit of Evil, created

that there is a Spirit of Evil, created specially to prove the good; and an overmastering Spirit, the Over-Soul of things, to reward their fidelity—" "That's what we believe!" said Father Cosgrove, faintly. He always felt in the hands of such an antagonist as help-less as a babe; though he knew he had the strength of truth on his own side, "Precisely. But you fight the Prince of Darkness by evading him, not by fac-ing and conquering him." "Is it all arranged then?" asked Father Cosgrove, anxious to get away from these "foolish controversies."

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"Practically all. You're sorry?"

I am. That is-you know-I'm not.' "I am. That is—you know—I'm not," said the priest, making circles in the air. "Twill all come right! Twill all come right! Providence is guiding all in its own wise way!" "There is then a Demiurgos inter-meddling in human affairs?" asked Ham-berton. He enjoyed the discomfuture of his simple man, whose faith he admired and covided.

and envied.

said the priest, solemnly. "Noi" said the priest, solemnly, "There is a God, and you will—" he stopped lest he should say anything harsh, "know it!"

"Perhaps? The great Perhaps!" mut-tered Hamberton. bes Mr. Maxwell know all?" asked

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