

rising. "Now, you'll spend all your holidays here, Delmege; and get up one or two of your fine sermons. No heresy, though, mind."

Luke was going to protest again. But Father Sheldon continued blandly: "Ah, what a pity, Delmege, you didn't let me draw that tooth that day by the Serpentine. You would be here with us to-day."

"Thank God for that, whatever," said Luke. "I'll stroll around here and see if I can recognize any old faces."

He passed along the High Street, and recalled to memory the names over the shop doors. He visited one Catholic establishment. The shop girls stared at him. Was Mrs. Atkins at home? No; but Miss Atkins could be seen. Miss Atkins tripped downstairs, and stared. Oh, yes! she had heard mother speak of Father Delmege, who had ministered there many years ago. Perhaps he would call again, when mother might be at home.

How did I ever come to love these strange people? asked Luke of himself, as he passed down the street. "I must have been mesmerized."

He turned from a side street and found himself in Primrose Lane. It was a homely place, paved with huge rough stones, and an open gutter ran down the centre of the lane to the river. But it was dear to him. He had visited it in the brooding days of midsummer. He had slipped over these horrid stones in frosty January. He had always been welcome.

"Dead and forgotten here, too, I suppose," he said. He became aware of loud whispering behind him from the open doors.

"Tis him!" "Tien't!" "I tell you 'tis him! Wouldn't I know his grand walk anywhere?" "Yerra, not at all. Sure, he's away in the old country!" "But I say it's 'uman! I'd know him if he was bled!"

In an instant every door was blocked. There was a hurried consultation, some doubtings and fears; and then Mrs. Moriarty, rubbing her hands fiercely in her check apron, burst from her door, flung herself on her knees on the rough stones, and sobbing, laughing, weeping, smiling, she grasped Luke's hands, covered them with passionate kisses, whilst her great love tumbled out word after word, jostling one another in her fury of affection.

Oh! wisha! wisha! did I ever think I'd see this day? Oh! ashore machree! pulse of my heart! Oh! a hundred thousand welcomes this blessed day! Oh! praise be to You, sweet Lord an' Your Holy Mother, Oh! Father, sure we thought we'd never see you again! Yerra, what's come over ye all? Don't ye know yere own priest? Yerra, yer reverence, many and many's the time we spoke of you! Oh! wisha! wisha! wisha! and here he is again! Yerra, and I forgot to ask ye, how are ye? An' I suppose ye're a parish priest now in the old country."

"Wisha, yer reverence," said another, "sure 'tis we're glad to see you. An' here's little Mary, yer reverence; sure you ought to know her! 'Twas you baptized her!"

"And this is Jamesy, yer reverence! Don't you remember, how you said he was winking at you all the time of the christenin', because he had wane eye open all the time?"

Oh, Lor', suvver, the min will never forget the day for being away this blessed day. Mike will murder us all. That's all about it."

"But, perhaps yer reverence won't be goin' away so soon? Maybe the min would have a chance of seein' ye?"

"I shall remain for a few days with Father Sheldon," said Luke. "He has kindly asked me to remain over Sunday, and to say a few words to my old congregation."

"It's to praach, yer reverence? Oh, glory, did ye hear that, Mary? Did ye hear that, Kate? His reverence is goin' to praach on Sunday. Every Protestant in the city will be there!"

"Wisha, yer reverence, not makin' little of the priests here, we never had a right sermon since ye left. Sure they mane well, poor min, but they haven't the flow," said Luke, deeply touched by this ovation, "ye must all come back with me to Ireland. That's all about it. Ireland is your motherland, and she wants ye all."

"We wish we could, yer reverence, a thousand times over. But where's the use? We've a little livin' here, which the balliffs and the landlards wouldn't give us at home."

"That's true, too, Kate," said Luke, remembering his own impending troubles.

"An' sure they're sayin' the people are all leavin' the old country, yer reverence, an' flyin' to Ameriky?"

"The fools are," said Luke. "They could live at home if they liked. But what's become of all my little Irishans?"

"Oh, they're here yet, your reverence," said Mrs. Moriarty, with a little pitying smile of racial superiority. Then, going over to the foot of a staircase, she shouted: "Come down at once, Jo Kimo. Are ye there, Carrotty? Come down at once, I say, an' see yere own priest."

"Don't spake about the monkey," she warned Luke. "Sure, he's dead; an' the poor man feels it, as if it wor his child."

And Gioacchino and Carita and Stefano came down and smiled and wept, and kissed the priest's hand; and he caressed them with words of their own beautiful language; and went away, feeling in his heart for the hundredth time the truth of his sister's words: "Love the poor, Luke, and 'twill make life all sun-shiny."

And he wondered how he ever came to love this gray, aching city, with its lamp and sepals; and joy formalities, except in the one spot, brightened by the silence. And he thought with what joy he would get back to Rosmore, and its mountains, and plantations, and its pretty cottages, and the dear love of his people. And he resolved to buy a new set of breviaries for his dear old pastor, with good large print to suit

the old man's eyes; and a workbook for Mary, that would make her big eyes twice as large with wonder; and a grand chibouque for John, that would be the talk and admiration of the countrywide.

"Come over; come over," he said, when bidding good-bye to Father Sheldon. "Come over, all you Saxons, and we'll show you our green fields, and our glorious mountains, and our seas; and we'll put some of the love of God into your cold hearts."

But Father Sheldon only laughed. "No, thank you! I haven't many years to live; but I don't care for a sudden and unprovided death."

And so the friends parted.

"To put the thought of England out of my head forever," thought Luke, as he passed through London, "lost the idea should ever revive again, I'll see it at its worst."

And he went down to the Bank and the Exchange. Before he realized it, he was wedged in by a huge bank of humanity—a swirling, tossing mass, moved hither and thither by some common impulse, that seemed to make them utterly oblivious of each other. Pale-faced men, all dressed in morning costume, silk hat, morning dress coat, gloves, glided along singly or in twos or threes; but every face wore an expression of intense anxiety, as men questioned each other, or frantically dragged note books from their pockets and jotted down something with trembling hands. He passed through into the Exchange. Here again was a swirling, well-dressed crowd. Groups here and there discussed some mighty problem; clerks, with bent heads, jotted down names and investments; you heard everywhere: "Santa Fes," "Orientals," "Kimberleys," "Panama Mines," "Great Westerns," "Dartley Tyres." It was a horrid babel; and it was made worse by the accents of calm despair with which one man announced his failure and his ruin, and the tone of calm triumph with which another boasted the successful issue of some perilous investment. The air was hot and thick with the breath of many mouths and the dust of many feet. But they heeded not. They worshipped at the shrine of the great god Mammon. Luke stared around for the idol. There were white marble statues erected here and there to successful worshippers of the past. But there was no idol, no image of the great god himself. No need. He was enshrined in every heart; and so here was a victim. A young man leaned heavily, as if drunk, against the wall, his feet wide apart, his hat far back on his head. He was the very picture of despair. Luke saw one gentleman nodding to another, and winking over his shoulder at the ruined man:

Luke fled from the Mart of Mammon. The next evening Luke was in Dublin at 7 o'clock. He went out after dinner to finish his office, say his rosary, and make his visit. He strolled into Gardiner Street Church. The gloom outside was deepened into twilight within the walls; yet he could see that the Church was pretty full with devout worshippers here and there. He passed up along the central aisle, and got into a quiet nook under the Lady Altar. He was bent down for a few minutes in prayer. When he raised his head, he found he was wedged in a dense crowd that filled the aisle on every side, and left no possibility of escape. They were of all classes, ages, and conditions of life, as Luke saw, when in a moment the whole Church was brilliantly lighted, and the great organ pealed forth with a sweet hymn to our Blessed Lady. He noticed beads in the hands of the young girls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A STRAYED LAMB.

"Is there not somebody I might get to come and sit with you a while?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to take his departure.

"Yes," replied the sick woman; "there's Mrs. Gillan, in the third room down the passage. She might come if you asked her."

"I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now, good-bye, and try and remember all we have talked over. I'll come round in the morning."

Carefully closing the door behind him, he turned down the narrow passage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At the third door he stopped and knocked but it was not opened. He knocked again, and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and standing on the threshold, looked into the dingy, squalid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards saw in the furthest corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin, sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, the resemblance to a rat was so striking. Then, recalling his errand, he asked for Mrs. Gillan.

"Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me."

"To see you," said the priest, crossing the room to the speaker. "Why are you ill?"

"I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't cure me!"

There was such an unselfish pride in this statement that the hearer shuddered.

"I think you ought to be in a hospital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you not walk at all?"

"Never have walked. Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all twisted."

"And no bed but this? How could they let you out of the hospital?"

"Oh, I had a nice mattress, but—stoop down and I'll whisper; she'd beat me if she heard me tell. She took it; it was worth pawnin'."

"Took it! Who beat you? Why, who is she?"

"Ant Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart and she's real good to me, except when

—you know."

Father Logan was deeply moved. This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the story was not true.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'm just going to Mrs. Gillan. I want her to look after a sick woman. Then I'll come back and we can have a long talk."

He was back in a few minutes, looking very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted.

"Now, first of all," he said, "I want to be your friend, you know. Tell me all you like; what you want and what I can do for you. And how you pass the days."

"I'm busy, working!" There was such importance in the voice and look that the priest repressed the smile that rose at the idea of such a frail atom of humanity working.

But when, from under some newspapers, the child produced a few articles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, all myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it is real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let me do it, but now that she can sell them, it's different. I can't do them fast enough for her."

"Well—oh, what name am I to call you?"

"Loys Cullan."

"Loys! That's a strange name for a boy."

"Oh, that's only a bit of it. It's much longer. I know because I saw it written in a book of mother's ones. But she took the book. She put it on the fire, and said something about rubbish. But it was not rubbish. It was quite new. Here comes Mrs. Gillan. What for?"

"You will see in a short time. She went to get a proper bed for you, and we will make you comfortable very soon."

A look, almost of distress, came into the child's pinched face. He hesitated a moment, and then, stretching out a thin, painfully thin hand, he grasped Father Logan's coat.

"Just a moment. Will they move me?"

"Yes, of course, onto a nice, fresh soft bed."

"And all my things, too? Oh, I'll have to tell you. I hid it from her the night she pulled away the mattress, but now it's day and you'll see. Promise I may keep it?"

"If it's any treasure of yours, my poor boy, you may keep it and welcome. Don't you want Mrs. Gillan to see it?"

The boy shook his head.

"Give it to me, then, and I'll take care of it till you are settled in your new bed."

And, stooping, he received what seemed an old newspaper folded into a small square.

In a few minutes the exchange was made. A man from a neighboring shop had brought a small iron bedstead, together with necessary appurtenances, and in a short time Loys was reveling in the luxury of a soft mattress and clean bed clothing. His joy was of short duration.

"What's the use of your spending the money?" he said, with a sob. "She'll only sell it."

"Not this time, I think," said Father Logan. "You see, now I've arranged with Mrs. Gillan to look after you, and see that you get sufficient food and are not ill used. I'll have to go now, but, if you like, I'll come often."

"Oh, do come every day! I get so tired, all alone. Give me my parcel now. I'll let you see it, you've been so good."

Lovingly he unfolded the paper, and disclosed a torn, soiled picture, the first glimpse of which brought a rush of emotions to the good priest's heart. It was a representation of the Sacred Heart.

"Do you know, my child, what it means?"

"No; 'twas in the book she burnt. It must have been my mother's. I don't remember her at all, and then the pain makes me forget. But I love the kind face, and I make up little stories about it."

"What do you make up?" asked Father Logan, eagerly. He had forgotten all about his uneasiness and the work he must do before sunset. This little one, so wonderfully brought to his notice, must be a child of Holy Church, a lamb strayed from the fold.

"When she's cross and I'm hungry and cold, or when the pain seems to twist my poor legs worse, I look at it, and think how kind He'd be. And then He points to His heart, and so I think that means He would love even me, though she says I'm so bad! Do you know about it?"

Then, in simple words, the priest told him the old story—the little Babe at Bethlehem in the arms of His dear Mother; the gracious boy of Nazareth; the gentle, loving teacher and helper, who loved especially to heal those who suffered (here he felt the little hot hand clasp his more tightly); the patient sufferer; the willing victim in the greatest tragedy of the world; the bright, joyful angel. Then he spoke of the love that prompted all, and how those He loved and lived and died for, treated and treated with such coldness; and of the vision of the humble nun, and from that the picture of the Sacred Heart.

The keen black eyes were dimmed with tears when the story was ended, and the voice quivered that spoke:

"I'm sure I heard all that before, but the pain makes me forget. Come and tell me often, for I never want to forget again."

table, and that could be fastened across the bed and enable Loys to have his treasures and carvings in front of him. But of all the gifts, what Loys loved most was the rosary, sent to him by another little invalid to whom Father Logan had spoken of him. But how different were their conditions! The little girl, surrounded by every luxury and comfort love could devise and money procure, and the boy heretofore of all save what charity vouchsafed. Loys loved to hear of Gertrude, of her beautiful home or wonderful toys. Often he would sigh at the hearing, but always, if he did, he would say:

"Never mind, I'll have a beautiful home, too, some day, and I shall be able to walk then."

He could not rest until he had learned to say the rosary, and then, as he would explain quaintly, he never had any more lonely hours, for pain and weariness were forgotten while the beads slipped through his frail fingers and his loving heart followed all the joys, sorrows and triumphs of Jesus and Mary. He was very happy now, for, by some wonderful means, his aunt had been induced to leave him in peace; and so, with his books and carvings and, best of all, his beads, the days slipped happily away. Father Logan had made due inquiry, and found that his full name was Aloysius; that his mother had alienated her family by marrying a Protestant; had died when Loys was about five years old, and had been compelled to leave him to the care of his father's sister, whom she had begged on her death-bed to bring up the boy in the faith. How that promise was kept was only too evident. The boy was eager to learn, however, and the heart that had longed so far some one to love poured out its love on the Sacred Heart, winning in return such treasures of grace that, ere long, he was allowed to prepare for his First Communion.

"Father," he said one evening in June, "I would like to make my communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart."

"I don't think that is possible, Loys. I thought that the 15th of August would be a good day."

"The Day Our Lady went to Heaven! Yes, beautiful. But I think I've made up my mind for the other. I loved Him for such a long time before I knew Him."

"I don't think you'll be ready by then, and, besides, I'll have such a busy day. You will have to wait, Loys."

"Very well," he answered, bravely; but the tears gathered in his dark eyes, and his lips quivered.

Father Logan, gazing earnestly at him, was struck by his look of extreme delicacy. The skin seemed transparent, the eyes darker than ever, by reason of the deep shadows of pain beneath them, and he noticed how much weaker he had grown. The books, the pictures, all were laid aside; only his rosary was his constant companion.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say June," he said, as the thought came into his head, that the boy might celebrate the feast of the Assumption with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate.

The boy's eyes shone with love and joy, and, drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow, he handed it to the priest.

"I did it for you," he said. "I meant to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps on the feast you'll bring Him to me."

The package, being opened, revealed a small statue of the Sacred Heart, exquisitely carved.

"How clever you are, Loys! Many a great sculptor couldn't do better—perhaps not so well, for I've glorified your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day you want, as I'll be so busy."

"We shall see," said Loys, gravely.

Yes, it was, after all, the feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys lingering in agony on the threshold of eternity, was awaiting the coming of the Lord he loved so dearly. Father Logan summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boys' trembling voice reassured him as he crossed the threshold.

"I'm waiting, Father—oh, such terrible pain! But I know he will take me when he comes."

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive Him Lord and Love, and, having received, lay so still that he seemed lifeless. The moments passed. Father Logan feared that he noted the trembling of the hands that clasped the crucifix, and caught the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him,



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