## LUKE DELMEGE.

MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFRET AUSTIN: STUDENT," THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETO.

CHAPTER XXXIX. MARTYRDOM

As Luke Delmege returned home the following day, he was a proy to anguish and remores such as rarely visit souls, except those who are called to the high planes of thought and trial.

The endden contrast, between his own The sudden contrast between his own life, flawless and immaculate, but commonplace and unheroic, with the life of that humble priest, stripped of all things for Christ's sake; and the all things for Christ's sake; and the sharper contrast with the sublime heroism of this young girl, filled him with that poignant self contempt, which fine souls feel when they contemplate the lives of the saints of God.

"I have been troubled with problems," he said. "Here is the great solution—Lose all to find all."

Even the great kindness of the

Even the great kindness of the Bishop, which augured great things for his inture, could not dissipate the thought. Nay, it intensified it.

thought. Nay, it intensified it.

"I have been in touch with great souls," he said. "Now, et me see, ean I be worthy of them. On I see that great old man again without compunction; and that young saint without shame? Surely, heroism and heaven are for me, as for them!"

He commenced at once. Bit by bit, every superfluous article of furniture was secretly disp sed of, until his bed

every superfluous article of furniture was secretly disp sed of, until his bed room became as bare as that old bed room on his first mission where he had sat and meditated in despair. And, sat and meditated in despair. And, except one or two articles, souvenirs of old friends, he denuded in like manner his little parlor, saving only his books. Then he begged for a cross. "Cut, burn and destroy." He placed no limit to God's judgment. He asked for the unknown; and shut his eyes. And the cross came.

One morning he had a letter from

Father Cussen saying that all pre-liminaries had been arranged, notices had been served on the Board of Guar dians; and it was almost certain that the evictions in Lough and Ardavise would commence during the ensuing would commence during the ensuing week. Furthermore, it was suspected that an example would be made of the leading Nationalists: and that, probably, Lisnalee would be visited first A few days after, a second letter told him that the evil day had come. A company of soldiers had been drafted the the village, and the police were company of soldiers had been trained into the village, and the police were concentrating in a neighboring town. He made up his mind to leave that day. and go to Seaview Cottage to await events. Whilst he was reading these letters, he noticed that Mary was lin gering in the room, under one pretext or another. She poked the grate assiduously, arranged and rearranged the two vases several times, until at last Luke said:

" Well, Mary, what's up?"
Mary, trembling very much, faltered

"I was thinkin' to be afther asking your reverence to get another house

heeper."
"Oh, you are anxious to leave me?
I thou ht you were fairly happy here,

Mary."

"And so I was, your reverence,"
said Mary, blting the lace edging of
her apron, and studying the pictures
carefully.

"Then why are you leaving? Do

you want higher wages?"
"Ah, 'tisn't hat at all, your rever ence." said Mary, with a frown. ence." said Mary, with a frown.
"Well, surely you're not going to
America with the rest?"

"Yerra, no! your reverence," said
Mary biting her apror more furiously.
"Well, I mustn't try to discover
your secrets," said Luke. "You have

"Yer e, 'tis the way I'm going to married," blurted out Mary.
"Married?" cried Luke, aghast.

"Yes, your reverence! Why not a poor girl get married if she gets the chance?" said Mary, with a pout. "Oh, to be sure, to be sure," said Luke. "But I hope, my good girl, you are making a good choice. You deserve a good husband."
"Indeed n he is a dacent boy

enough," said Mary.
"He doesn't drink, I hope?" asked

"He doesn't drink, I nope? association anxiously.

"Ah, not much, your reverence.
No more than anybody else."

"Because you know, Mary," said
Luke, kindly, "that the worst thing a
young girl ever did is to marry a
drunkard in the hope of reforming him."

"Ah he's not as bad as that at all, your reverence," said Mary.
"Do I know him?" asked Luke.

"Yerra, you do, of course," said Mary, blushing furiously.
"Does he belong to our parish?"

"Yerra, of course, he does, your reverence," said Mary, with a little giggle. "I won't ask further--" said Luke,

turning away.
"Yerra, 'tis John, your reverence,"
said Mary, now scarlet with confusion.
"John? what John?" said Luke.

"Yerra, your John, your reverence," said the poor girl. "What! that ruffian!" cried Luke.

in dismay.
"Ah, he's not," said Mary, pouting. " He's a dacent poor boy enough."

"Well marriages are made in heaven, I suppose," said Luke, resignedly. "But I thought you and John were al ways quarelling."
"Ah, we used make it up agin,"

"Ah, we used make it up agin, said Mary.
"Of course, you please yourself, Mary," said her master at length.
"But it would be very embarassing and awkward for me, if you were to leave just now. I expect within the next few days that my father and states will be thrown noun the world: sister will be thrown upon the world

and they have no shelter but here !" "Don't say another word, your reverence." said Mary "If it was for seven years, John must wait."
But John didn't see the force of this

unnecessary procrastination. And there was another big row in the kitchen.

"An' you won't?" said John, as an the people to absolute fury. They

ultimatem,
"I wen't," said Mary, determinedly.
"Well, there's as good fish in the
say as ever was caught," said John.
"Go, an' ketch 'em," said Mary.
Hut John relented after some hours

meditation.

"An' 'tian't for your sake," he said,
"but for the masther's, It would be a
quare thing if we wor to lave him in So Luke went down to Seavie

Ottage to await events.

He had not long to wait. The following morning, as they sat at breakfast in the neat little parlour fronting the sea, there came to their ears a low wailing sound, that appeared to be caught up and cohoed by similar sounds here and there across the countries.

try.
"Some steamer going up the river?"
said Father Martin. "That's the foghorn, and the echoes along the shore Ran out, Tony and tell us what she's

Tony soon returned.

"There's no steamer in the channel,"
said Tony: "but the people are all
running here and there up towards

Ardavine."
"Tis the signal of the eviction,"
said Luke, rising. "Let us go!"
"Sit down, man, and eat your breakfast," said Father Martin. "You

have a long fast before you."

But Luke did not sit down again.

The home of his childhood and manoood, the dream of the London streets, the vision that hovered ever before his eyes, even in his moments of un faithfulness, was about to vanish in flame, and smoke, and red ruin. How could he sit down calmly and eat? He

could he sit down calmly and eat? He gulped down a cup of tea, and waited impatiently for Fatner Martin.

They drove up rapidly, to find that the terrible proceedings had already commenced. As they passed with difficulty through the vast, surging crowd, that swayed to and fro with excitement, they saw the red dotted line of so diers, who formed the cordon around he house; and within the cord in was the black iquare of police, who were te guard the balliffs from violence. The soldiers, standing at ease, gazed suilenly into the mouths ease, gazed suilenly into the mouths of their rifles, never lifting their heads. It was dirty, unsoldierlike work, and they were ashamed. Their young offi cer turned his back on the whole dismal proceedings; and lighting a cigar ette, stared out over t e landscape. The priests briefly soluted Father Cussen, who was trying by main strength of arm to keep back the in friated people. He had barely time to whisper to Luke:

"I wish we had s'l your coolness to day. There will be bad work; and we'll want it."

He struck the hand of a peasant It was dirty, unsoldierlike work, an

He struck the hand of a peasant lightly, as he spoke, and a large jagged stone dropped on the ground.

Luke and Father Martin begged

leave of the resident Magistrate to approach the house, and give such consolation, as they might, to the poor inmates. It was refused courteously. No one could pass inside the cordon. They stood on the outskirts, therefore, They stood on the outskirts, therefore, and watched the eviction — Father Martin, anxious and sympathetic; Luke, pale with excitement, his eyes straining from their sockets, his face drawn tight as parchment. In dramas of this kind—alas! so frequent in Ire land—the evicted as a rule make a stew of heatility and convesition to the land—the evicted as a rule make a show of hostility and opposition to the law. Sometimes, the bailiffs are furiously attacked, and their lives imperiled. When the keen, cruel hand of the mighty monster is laid upon them, the people cannot help siriking back in terror and anger—it is so omnipotent and remoraeless. But, in this case, the beautiful faith and resignation to God's inscrutable will which nation to God's inscrutable will which had characterized the life of old Mike Delmege hitherto, and the gentle de-celley of his daughter and her husband, b iliffs entered the cottage at

Lisnalee to commence their dread work, they were met silently, and without the least show of opposition.

It was heartrending to witness it this same cold, callous precision of the law. The quiet disruption of the little household; the removal, bit by bit, of the furniture; the indifferences with which the bail is flung out objects consecrated by the memories of generations, and broke them and mutilated them, made this sensitive and impres sionable people wild with anger. In every lrish farmer's house, the appoint-ments are as exactly identical as if all had been ordered, in some far-off time, from the same emporium, and under one invoice. And when the people saw the rough deal chairs, the settle, the ware, the little plous pictures, the with their hangings, flung out in beds with their rangings, has our tire the field, each felt that his own turn had come, and that he suffered a per-sonal and immediate injury. And Father Cusson had the greatest diffi culty in restraining their angry pas sions from flaming up into riot, would bring them into immediate deadly conflict with the forces of the Orown. As yet, however, the inmates had not appeared. There was an interval of great suspense; and then Will MoNamara, a splendid, stalwari young farmer, came forth, the cradle of the youngest child in his arms. He was bleeding from the forehead, and the people, divining what had taker place, raised a shout of anger and de flance, and rushed toward the house The police moved up hastily, and Father Cussen beat back the people. But they surged to and fro on the outer line of the corden; and young English officer threw away young English officer threw away institute of the soldiers. In a few moments Lizzie came forth, holding one child in her arms, and a younger at her breast. Following her was her husband again, still bleeding from the forehead, and with the frightened children, clinging to two frightened children clinging to him. Lastly, Mike Delmege appeared. The sight of the old man, so loved and respected in the parish, as he came forth from the dark framework of the cottage door, his white hair tossed

wildly down on his face, and streaming

on his n ck, and his once stalwart fram

cursed deeply between their teeth, the womer weeping hysterically; and a deep low mean echoed far down the thick dark masses that stretched along the road and filed the divches on either hand. For over two hundred years the Delmeges had owned Lisnalee—a grand race, with grand traditions of an unstained escutcheon and an unspotted name. And, now, as the last member of the honoured family came forth, an outcast from his father's home, and stood on the threshold he should never cross again, it seemed as if the dread Angel of Ireland, the Fate, that is ever pursuing her children, stood by him; and, in his person, drove out his kindred and his race. The old man stood for a moment hesitating. He then litted his hands to God: and kneeling down, he kissed reverentially the sacred threshold, over which generations of his dead had been taken, over which be had passed to his baptism, over which the had followed her hallowed remains. It was worn and pollshed with the friction of the centuries; but so bitter a tear had never fallen on it before. Then, raising himself up to his ned escutcheon and an unspotted e. And, now, as the last member fore. Then, raising bimself up to his full height, he kissed the lintel of the door, and then the two doorposts. He lingered still; he seemed loath to leave. And the bailiffs, growing impatient, pushed him rudely forward. Week and extansted, the old man stumbled and tell. An angry scream broke from the people, and a few stones were flung. And Luke, who had been watching the whole melancholy drams with a burst ing heart, broke away from Father Mar-tin, and forcing his way beyond the cor d n of soldiers, he rushed toward the house, crying in a voice broken with sobs and emotion, "Father? Father!"

As a river bursts through its dam, sweeping all before it, the crowd surged after him, breaking through every ob-stacle. The police, taken by surprise, fell away; but a young sub-inspector rode swiftly after Luke, and getting in front, he wheeled around, and rudely striking the young priest across the breast with the broad flat of his naked sword, he shouted:

"Get back, sir! get back! We must maintain law and order here!"

For a moment Luke hesitated, his habitual self restraint ca culating all the consequences. Then, a whiriwind of Celtic rege, all the greater for hav ing been pent up so long, swept away every consideration of prudence; and with his strong hand tearing the weapon with his strong hand tearing the weapon from the hands of the young officer, he smashed it into framents across his knees, and flung them, blood stained from his own fingers, into the officer s face. At the same moment a young girlish form burst from the crowd, and consider to the ground. It was Mona, the fisherman's sunny-haired child, now the Isherman's sunny-haired child, now grown a young Amazon, from her practice with the oar and helm, and the strong, kind buffeting from winds and waves. The horse reared and pranced wildly. This saved the young officer slife. For the infuriated crowd were life, the head head for a manner. kept back for a moment. Then the so diers and police charged up; and with baton and bayonet drove back the people to the shelter of the ditch. Here, safely intrenched, the latter sent a voller of the disch. a volley of stones flying over their assailants' heads, that drove them back to safe shelter. In the pruse in the conflict, the resident Magistrate rode up and read the Riot Act.

"Now," he said, folding the paper coolly, and placing it in his pocket, the first stone that is thrown I shall

order my men to are!"

It is quite possible, however, that the people would have disregarded the threat, so infuriated were they; but their attention was just then diversed by a tiny spurt of smoke, that broke from the thatch of Lisualee Cattage. For a moment they thought it was an accident; but the smell of burning enveloped it in a sheet of fire undeceived them. It was the irrevocable de cree of the landlord. It was the sowing with salt: the fist that never again should bread be broken or eyelid closed on that hallowed spot. The solemnity of the tragedy hushed people, police, and sol diers into silence. Silently they tragedy husned people, police, and soil diers into silence. Silently they watched the greedy flame eat up thatch and timber, and cast its refuse into a black, thick volume of smoke, that rolled across the sea, which dark ened and shuddered beneath it. Ther there was a mighty crash as the heavy rafters fell in, a burst of smoke, and flame, and sparks; and the three gab les, smoke-blackened, flame scorches stood gaping to the sky. Fathe Cussen took advantage of the momen tary lull in the flerce passions of the people to induce them to disperse; but they doggedly stood their ground, and short after short or execration sent shout after shout or execration and hate after the departing bailiffs and their escort. And as they watche the latter moving in steady, military formation down the white road, a strange apparition burst on their sigh Accross the valley, where the road wound round by copse and plantation, a carriage was seen furiously driven toward them. The coachman drove the victoria from a back seat. In the front was a strange and imposing figure, that swayed to and fro with the motion of the carriage, yet kept himself erect in an attitude of dignity, and even majesty. His long white hair, yellowed and almost golden, was swept back upon his shoulders by the land breeze; and white beard, forked and parted, cated and fell to his waist. He held his hand aloft with a gesture of warning. With the other he clutched the carriage rail. The priests and people were bewildered, as they stared at the apparition. Some said it was the land-lord, for they had never seen that gen tleman; and with the eternal hop- of the Irish, they thought he might have relented, and was coming to stop the eviction, and reinstate the tenants. Some thought it was supernatural, and that the great God had intervened at the last moment, and sent them a Moses. But they were not disappointed ay, a great light shone upon their faces, when, on cresting the hill, the

Canon's coachman was recognized, and, by degrees, the old familiar face of power and dignity beamed on them.

There was a mighty shout of welcome, that made the soldiers pause and turn backward. The people, mad with de light and a new sense of hope and protection from the presence of their mighty patriarch, crowded around the carriage, kissed his hands, knelt for his blessing, told him that if he had been in time, Lisnales would have been saved, etc., etc. Slowly the carriage forced its way through the thick masses that surged around it. The old man saw nothing. His eyes were straining out to where the peaked burnt gables out the sky. Then, when he came in full view of the borror and desolation—the broken househod furniture, the full view of the horror and decolation—the broken househo d furniture, the smoking ruin, the evicted family, lingering in misery around their wrecked ha itation, saw the old man bending over his grandchild in the cradle, and the wound on the forehead of its father he groaned aloud, and with a despairing cry. "I My people oh! my people!" he rell back helpless in his carriage, and covered his face with his hands.

A few days after Luke Delmege re-

A few days after Luke Delmege res A few days after Luke Delanger to ceived a summons to appear before a special court that was to sit in the Petty Sessions room at Ardavine, to Petty Sessions room at Ardavine, to answer to a charge of obstructing the police in the discharge of their duty,

as-aulting a police officer, etc.

In the afternoon of that day of trial, Barbara Witson was summoned to the partor of the Good Shepherd Convent. The Sister who summoned her took her young charge gaily by the hand, and led her, wondering and trembling, along the nuns' corridor to the large reception room in front of the Convent.
With a bright, cheery word, she
ushered Barbara into the parlor, and closed the door. There were two in the room—the Bishop and the Mother Provincial. The former, advancing, placed a chair for Barbara, and ba e her be seated. Barbara sat, her hands her be scated. Barbara sat, her hands meekly folded in her lap, not daring to lift her eyes, but filled with a sweet emotion of mingled apprehension and hope. She knew that the crisis of her lite had come. The Bishop looked at her keenly and said:

"Miss Wilson, the secret of your so-journ here, i the character of a pen-icent, is known. You cannot remain here any longer!"

"My Lord!" she said, trembling,

"I have been very happy here. Could you not let me remain?"
"Quite impossible,' said the Bishop.

"In fact, I m not quite sure that the whole thin, has not been irregular from the beginning. You must now re sume your proper station in life."

"I am very helpless, and quite un fit for the world, my Lord," said Bar bara. The dream and its realization seemed now totally dispelled. "What

can I turn to now, especially as my past is known ?'

"On, you can easily assume your proper place in society," said the Bishop. "You are young; life is before you, and you may be very happy wet." happy yet. happy yet."

"My Lord," said Barbara, weeping, "if it is happiness I seek, I shall never know such happiness again as I

have experience dhere. But I know all now. I was murmuring against my cross, and dreaming of other things; and now God has taken away my cross and my happiness forever. O Mother, and my happiness forever. O Mother, dear Mother, plead for me, and let me go back again !"

"Impossible, child," said Mother Previncial, but with a tone that brought Barbara to her knees in a moment. She buried her face in the Mother's lap, crying passionately.

"Oh, Mother, you can, you can. Keep me here! I'll do anything, any thing you like; but don't ser out into the world, the dread ful world again. Oh my Lord," she cried, "I saw things once, that never care to see again—one dreadful night when I lost poor Louis in Lon accident; but the smell of burning don, and sought him, up and down, for petroleum and the swift way in which hours. And, oh! I found heaven here, and I didn't punishing me dreadfully. O Lord, dear Lord, give me back my cross, and I promise never, never again to repine

or revolt against it !" The thought of facing the great hard, bitter, world had never occurred to her before, until now, when the door of her happy home was opened and she was bade to depart. All te nervous fear of an experienced soul, and all the horror of one which has been in the world, bat not of it, com-bined to fill her with a strange dread which became almost hysterical. In which became almost hysterical. In her great agony her white cap fell, re-leasing the long, rich tresses that now flowed down, tessed and dishevel-led, and swept the ground. And the Bishop thought, that if the picture be transferred to canvass, it make a "Magdalen" such as would make a no painter had ever dreamed b fore. But he remonstrated reasoned, argued, pleaded. What would the world say? what would even good Catholics think? would be cast upon what reflections the Church, her discipline, her teach ing, etc.? But the silent, pros rate figure made no reply. And the B shop ing, etc. ? went over to study carefully a picture of the Good Shepherd, which he had seen a hundred times.

After an interval, Mother Provincial said, looking down on Barbara, an smoothing with her hand her long, fine hair:

" My Lord, I think there is one condition on which we could keep Miss Wilson here?" Barbara lifted her face. The Bishop

turned round rapidly.
"What is it?" he said, without a trace of dignity, and with very red

eyes.;
"If Miss Wilson could care to change this dress, said Mother Provincial, touching the blue mantella, "for

cial, touching the blue mantella, "for the habit of the Good Shepherd—"
"Oh, Mother, Mother! there's my dream, my dream!" cried Barbara, in a paroxysm of surprise and delight.
"O Lord, dearest, sweetest Lord, how good art Thou! and how wicked and un believing have! been! Oh, my Lord!" she cried, turning to the Bishop, with clasped hands, "there was hardly a night in which I did not dream! was a Sister of the Good Shepherd; and I thought our dear Lord Himself olothed

with my fingers, as He said: 'Arise, and come: the winter is past!' But oh! the agony of waking and finding it was all a dream. And then, I used re proach myself with being unfaithful to my vow; and I used pray; but oh! with such a faltering heart, 'I have chosen, I have chosen, to be an ab-ect in the house of my Lord!' And now, here is my dream

to be an abect in the house of my Lord! And now, here is my dream realized. Oh, Mother, I shall never, never distrust my dear God again!"

"Very well, Mother," said the Bishop, trying to steady his voice.

"There's one clear sign of a vocation whatever, that this young lady has been thinking of your white habit so long. Now, can she make her noviti te here?"

here?"
"I think not, my Lord," said the
Mother Provincial. "I shall send her
to Cork, for many reasons."

to Cork, for many reasons."
"Well, then, the sooner the better, I presume," said the Bishop. "There's a train at 5 20. Will the young lady have time to change her dress in that time? Very well. My carriage will est the convent door at a 4.45 And, as I have some business to transact in Cork, I shall have the honor of escorting Miss Wilson to her new home." ing Miss Wilson to her new home."
"Mother," said Barbara, "I'm
s upid with delight. Can I say good

bye to my—to the penitents?"
"No!" said the Mother, "you must enter on your obedience at

Not even to poor Laura, Mother?" "Well, yes, when you have changed our dress," said Mother Provincial, your dress," said Mo It was a happy parting, that between

It was a happy parting, that between Barbara and the soul she had saved; for it was only for a time. And it was a happy little soul, that moved down amongst the lilies and azaleas of the runs' corridor, escorted by Sister Eulalie, who whispered:

"If only Luke were here now, how

And out from behind doors and re cesses and flower pedestals, rushed ever and again some white robed figure, who her arms silently around the nung ner arms silently around the young postulant, silently kissed her on the face and mouth, and silently vanished. And as she rolled along in the Bishop's carriage she thought: "To see uncle and father now would be heaven. But no! not till I am clothed. Then they'll see me, and reinice. On! flung

Then they'll see me, and rejoice. On! how good is God!"

As they entered the Cork train, there emerged from a train that had just run in on the opposite platform a straige procession. First came a de-tachment of police, with rifles and full equipments; then a batch of poor peasants and laborers, evidently prison ers; then a young girl, with a plaid shawl around her head; then a priest, with his arm in a sling. Barbara with his arm in a sling. Barbars caught her breath, and could not for

bear saying aloud :
"That's Father Delmege, my Lord!" "So it is !" said the Bishop, who had been watching intently. " Take your seat, whilst I go to see him!" And so, as Barbara passed from her martyrdom rejoicing, Luke entered on

He had been duly arraigned before the constituted tribunals of the la d, and had taken his place in court. He would gladly have gone into the dock with his fellow-prisoners; but the law, always polite and courteous and inexor-able, would not allow it. It was a wonder that he was not invited on the Bench to try himself. When the magistrates entered, all present uncovered their heads but the prisoners. They wished to protest against law, and legislators, and executives alike. "Take off your hats!" shouted the

police angrily. The prisoners refused; and one of the constables, roughly seizing one of the young men, dashed his hat furiously on

"Remove your hats, boys," said Luke, from the place he occupied near the Bench. "Respect yourselves, if you cannot respect the Court.'

The young men doffed their hats im-mediately. It was almost pitiful, this little protest of defiance; pitiful, by of its very impotence eded to try the cases.

The Conrt proceeded to try the cases, with calm, equable formality, each case being in dividually handled to show complete impartiality. Every one in court understood that the conviction was a foregone conclusion. But every thing should be done regularly and in torm; though every prisoner felt the merciless grasp of the law upon him And so the proceedings moved steadily on to their conclusion, like well oiled machinery, smooth, harmonious, regular, irresistible. The magistrates consulted for a few minutes and then announced their decisions. The poor peasants and laborers were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, varying from three to six months, but always accompanied with hard labor. When Mona's turn came, she was sentenced to six months' im prisonment without hard labor. She s cood in front of the dock, looking calmly and defantly at the Bench. Her eves alone blazed contempt and deter-"I want no favors from ve." she

cried, as her sentence was announced.
"Ye are in mies of me creed and coun-"In consideration of your sex

youth, we dispense you from hard labor," said the presiding magistrate, 'although your offence was a most serious one, and might have imperilled the life of the officer—"
"He struck a coward's blow," said

Mona, 'an' it was right that a woman's hand should chastise him." The magistrates were passing on to the o xt prisoner, when she again interrupted:

Will ye gi' me the hard labor ?" she said. "No wan shall ever say that I showed the white feather."

"Then we change your sentence to three months, and hard labor," said the magistrate.
"'bank ye,' she said, pulling the shawl over her face.

shawl over her face.

"We have taken into account, Mr. Delmege," continued the magistrate, courteously, "your position and the excellent character you have hitherto maintained. We also took into account thought our dear Lord Himself clothed maintained. We also took into account me with His wounded hands; and I that in one sense, the grave assault of used even touch the gaping wounds which you were guilty, and which might

have led to lamentable consequences. have led to lamentable consequences, was possibly owing to the great excitement that unhappily accompanies the operations of the law in this country. We, therefore, are of opinion that the requirements of the law and justice shall be satisfied by asking you to enter the property of the

shall be satisfied by a king you to enter into your own recognizances to observe the peace for twelve months."

Luke arose, pale and weak. His right hand was badly swollen, and he still was in darger of blood polsoning.
"I am sure, gentlemen," he said,
"you do not intend it; but I can hard-"you do not intend it; but I can hardly regard your decision as other than an insult. There has been nothing alleged in my favor to extenuate the offence, or mitigate the severity of the law. I am more guilty that these poor fellows and that poor girl. If there be any reason for clemency, let it be extended to her. She has an aged father, and a sick sister at home."

and a sick sister at home—"
"No, Father Luke, said Mona, "I want no mercy from the government of England. I'll go to jait, with more joy than I d go to me weddin'; an' God and His Blessed Mother will look afther Moirs and father

Then she broke into hysterical weep

ing.
"It is an extremely painful duty, but "It is an extremely painful duty, outwe are unwilling to proceed to extremities in such a case. If you can see
your way, Mr. Delmege, to accept our
decision. I assure you it will give us
great pleasure," said the magistrate.

"Once more, gentlemen, I appeal to
your elemency on behalf of this poor
girl," said Luke. "Prison life is not
anteable for the young."

suitable for the young."
"Don't denane yerself and me, yer
reverence, by astin' pity from thim,"
said Mona, with flashing eyes. "Sure
we're only goin' where all the hayroes
of our race wint before us." nitable for the young."

"Oace more, Mr. Delmege," said the magistrate, "will you enter on your own recognizances—''
"Impossible, gentlemen," said Luke,

sitting down.
"Then it is our painful duty to direct that you be imprisoned for three calendar months from this date, and without hard labor."

"And so you're a prisoner?" said the Bishop, after he had blessed the crowd of kneeling prisoners, and given his ring to little Mona to be kissed. "I expected it. Take care of that nasty wound in your hand. I hope the doctor will send you straight to the infirmary.

"Don't fill mv vacancy, my Lord," said Luke, "at least till I return. My father has no other shelter now. "Never fear," said the Bishop.
"I'll send a temporary substitute, with

special instructions to Dr. Kestinge."
"Thank you, my Lord!" said Luke.
"Well, good bye! We'll see you
sometimes in your hermitage. By the
way, do you know who's accompanying me to Cork?"
"No, my Lord!" said Luke, wonder-

"You might have heard of Miss Wilson, the niece of Canon Murray?"
"To be sure, I know her well,"

tellows are growing impatient. She's about to commence her novitiate as a postulant of the Good Shepherds in Cork."

"Oh. thank God!" said Luke, so fervently that the Bishop wondered exceedingly.

> CHAPTER XL. REUNION.

"Sorrow gives the accolade !" Yes. The blow is sharp; but the quickening is very great. It was just what Luke wanted. All great souls covet pain; and Luke's was a great soul, though he was u conscious of it; and though he had been striving to stifle during all his life his sublime aspirations, and to sacrifice them on the modern altar of more commonplace and respectability. Circumstances, or rather the Suprement is very great. It was just what Luke Mind that guides circumstances, had now brought him face to face with suffering and even shame, and he exuited. For, if there is a glery in the prison, and a sun-light on the scaffold, nevertheless, the very thought of personal restraint, and the sense of loss of man's highest prerogative, liberty, bring with them a deep humiliation; and the sharp knighthood of the sword is forgotten for a moment in the volgar grasp of the jailer. Then comes the reaction; and the sense of exultation; and the keen embrace of pain has a quickening and vivitying power over souls and nerves not yet strained and unstrung by self-

Then age in, Luke found he was an object of respectful solicitude to all round him. The doctor instantly hand was swollen to an alarming extent; and it was only after the lapse of some weeks that the dangerous symptoms subsided.
"If that hand shall ever get hurt

again," said the doctor, answer for his life."

These days were days of depression for Luke—or moments of depression in hours of deep thought. Left completely to himself, his mind ran over the events of his life in detail. There was little with which he could reproach himself. Yet, he was unsatisfied. Then, from time to he was unsatisfied. Then, from time to time, odd phrases that had fastened on his memory would come up at m.st un-exported times, and plague him with their persistency. His verdict on Bar-bars Wilson ten years ago in the Sch-weizerhof: "She's not mortal; she's a spirit and a symbol—the symbol of the sufficience and heroism of my race." the suffering and heroism of my race"
—came up, again and again, doubly emphasized now by all he had heard and seen of her years of renunciation and suffering. And his thoughts passed over from the symbol to the symbolized and the strange expressions used by so many priests about Ireland surged back upon his memory.

"What would the Jews have been if

they had not rejected Christ?"
"We have to create our own civilization; we cannot borrow that of other

"We are the teachers of the world; not the pupils of its vulgarity and selfishness." One night, in the early weeks of his tossing from side to side in His mind was unusually act sudden thought seized him sudden thought seized him visionary future for his coun on this ideal of simplicity nunciation. As his thous onwards, and built up th monwealth of Christ, the ppletely forgotten; and hearly in the morning. found his temperature much morning cell: yet he

DECEMBER 14, 190

found his temperature muchis morning call; yet he somewhat better.
"Doctor, I want somet said Luke. "Can I have "By all means," said "What is it?"
"Pen, ink, and plent; paper," said Luke. "Nothe doctor. "I presume yet learned to write with I twas so much the belluke had tire to think an ideas more fully, before it them to paper. them to paper.

Ther the pain and sacritheir immediate reward.

prison. He was an unkn politics. Even in Rossmon ovation. It was felt above such things. But imprisonment, every kin tention was lavished on sister and her children, v come his guests in his litt the same silent, gentle sy around him when he ret wept hysterically, and ki passionately; and wept so she saw his face drawn much suffering. John sa
"Bad luck to the Go
the landlords! Wonder

out alive !" out alive !"
Every kind of shy, pa
was put to him by th
people; every kind of go
sive benevolence was sho could not presume too man ; but th mute love and admiration ways. Yet things were ened in economical mate Will McNamara had ger but the father and Lizzi dren were there. And have bread, and meat, as Nature says so, and must

One day Luke was we village street in his sil way, when he heard a ing him, and rather defi yer reverence ?"
He turned round, an

with the village Morrissey. Joe seeme There had been for a tain want of sympathy in the "Cojutor." For Jo alist, and an extreme been out in 67; had covered been out in 67; had covered between the Junick; and had been one from the young Irishm his life gallantly for h woods near Shraharla taken it as granted th well dressed young palways preaching the Anglo Saxon — their ity, etc., and consequing the defects of his ould not be a Nat triot. His opinions after the sermon on Co now completely veered scene at the eviction quent knighthood of th "I beg your pardon, said Luke, humbly,

had made him very hu I want to know, said Joe, clapping across the palm of h the matther wid my reflectin' on it?' "I'm sure I'm qu Mr. Morrissey," said ed, "of having said "Look at that for unheeding, and slapp the joints that hung

dow. "Is there the for lane, red and jui rich and cramey; man to do whin hi heads of his Church-"Don't mind him wiping away with he tears that were str face; "he doesn't n yer reverence-"
"Will ye hold ye

said Joe, angrily; talk whin a gintlem shop? I say, yer shame that our cleri their backs on their ers, and sindin' for brick and elsewhere interposed still weeping. "V that every Saturday for the future, a will go down to yo time or other, you sure if you never di Joe had gone out

and was looking up

in a very determi gratitude when Joe There's jest w ask yer reverence, be ture, Mr possibly grant it," "Oh be "Since cheerfully. "Since cheerfully." he said, putting his open poor of the ground, "no anything but Joe. me Joe; me mothe brothers and sister brothers and sister schoolmaster called didn't call me, whin I grew up, wite called me Joe the childre, wan better called me The youngster in the the youngster

knows me as we and fair! he nev but Joe. And to yer reverence, which ther Morrisser ther Morrissey, you're talking to.