LUKE DELMEGE.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII. LOGWOOD DAY.

"What's going on ?" he whispered to a venerable old man by his side. "A novena for Pentecost," he whis-

The Rosary was then recited the The Rosary was then recited the moment the red-robed acolytes had taken their places in a corona around the high alter. After the Rosary a sermon was preached on the first gift of the Holy Ghost—wisdom.

"Who's the preacher?" whispered Luke to his neighbour.

"Father..." was the reply. "A

"Father—," was the reply. "A grand man, your reverence !"
"I'm in Ireland for a surety,"

thought Luke.

He was dying for a cup of tea; but there was no escape until Benediction was over, at 9 o'clock.

Next morning he presented himself at the same church to say Mass. As he passed up the corridor to the left of he passed up the corridor to the left of the church, he saw a number of men awaiting confession. They, too, were young and well-dressed, in morning costume. Their silk hats and gloves lay quietly on their knees. They sat quietly, meditatively, with gentle, grave faces. Luke thought of Mr. Hennessy and the village boys. Here was the practical result of habitual training in reverence. He entered the sacristy, and after some delay, received permission to say Mass. The sacristy permission to say Mass. The sacristy or was opened by his acolyte, and a sh of hot air blew in his face. He expected to see a few worshippers here and there. He stood in presence of a vast multitude. Some were kneeling, but most were erect and moving as in an endless eddy, circling around some common centre. It was the altar common centre. It was the altar rails. They who moved towards the altar rails looked up, with hands clasped around their prayer books or wreathed in their beads. They stared wreathed in their beads. They stared before them, as at some entrancing object that riveted eye and soul in one absorbing glance. They who returned bent their faces reverently over clasped fingers. They had roceived all that they had cramed of ard expected. And, as all moved backward and forward in apparently endless circles, Luke heard the only sound that broke the reverent stillness: Corpus Domine nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam. Amen. With tham in vitam aeternam. Amen. With his acolyte closely, he at length reached a side altar and deposited his reached a side aftar and deposited his chalice. In an instant there was a rush to the place. Women snatched up their children as they knelt, and harried forward. Young girls quickly

took their places around the balus trade. Young men knelt stiffly erect, with reverent faces, and in an attitude of mute attention. Old men threw down their handkerchiefs and bent heavily over the rails. Then t ere was the hush of mute expectation of the mighty mystery wrought at the altar, and the graces that were to pour like torrents on their souls. Luke trembled all over at the unusual surroundings—he thought there was a panic in the church; then he trembled under the very dread of great delight. The moment he had said the last prayer, the crowd rose swiftly and hurried away to another altar where another Mass was being said. No time for idle curiosity here. The gold must be stamped as minted. Time is precious, for the heavens are opened this thrice blessed morning, and the mighty treas blessed morning, and the mignty treas ary of the Church lies here with un-covered lids, revealing all its wealth of grace, and all its opulence of merits; and swiftly the souls that covet must dip their hands and depart. And so, unfevered, but restless as the fur clad gold-seeker who treads his painful way over snowy mountains that his eyes may rest on the valley of riches and the rivers that are thick with the yel

They might dip as deeply as they pleased without peril or the danger of exhaustion. For are not His mercies without limit? And who shall plumb the vast seas of on nipotent generosity?
"Yesterday I stood in the Mart of Mammon," said Luke. "To day I have seen the Mart of Christ. Is this Mammon. quite unique? or are there other Ex changes in the city ?" entered another

low dust, do these speculators in the banks of God claim vast returns from

His thrice generous hands of the only

wealth they care for or covet. And here was neither bankrupt nor suicide.

church in a narrow lane off Grafton Street—a great vast, gloomy church, with all kinds of niches and nooks, where a modest soul might commune freely with God, and never be seen of He would have been even more interested, had he known that this was the church where Barbara worshipped in the far off days. And this was the porch through which Mrs. Wenham fied in terror: and that old woman fied in terror: and that old woman might be Norry, who was always ratilized her beads. Here too were vast speculators on the treasury of Heaven. To and fro, to and fro they moved, praying, weeping, watching. All but one! A young man, also well dressed to the province of in faultless morning coat, his silk hat and gloves lylog on the seat near him, gazed upwards, as he leaned heavily on the bench rail. at the Face of the gentle Christ. He seemed like one who had just awoke from a trance of horrid dreams, and had just begun to realize that he still lived, and that there were great solemn realities about there were great solemn resulter about him. He seemed to be asking still, Is it all true? or, Is it still a dream? But the gentle, vivid faith of all around him, the quiet realization of the supernatural, the reverent familiar ity with which these young girls placed the ruby candle in the sockets of the great candelabra, then looked ap into the Face of Christ, and bowed, as if the eyes were wide open and watching—all reassured him; and, after a long interval, he sighed deeply then knelt and buried his face in his

said Luke, " if he is not already here." He should see the Canon of course He drove to the "Mater," an wa He drove to the "Mater," an was ushered into the Canon's private room. He apologized at once. There was a great mistake. That venerable old man, his long hair floating on his shoulders, white with the yellow gleam of an Alp in the sunlight, and the long white beard flowing in two forked plaits on his breast, was not the Canon. It was Elias come back from heaven.

"I beg pardon," said Luke; "I have been misdirected."

"Ha, my dear young friend, you

"Ha, my dear young friend, you fail—ha—to recognize your old

"A thousand pardons, sir," said Luke. "I really did. I took you for one of the greater prophets, come back to life."

"Ha, indeed? And is my—ha personal appearance so greatly changed? I have scarcely thought of it here. There were other things—other things!" said the Canon, wearily drawing his hand across his brow.

"I've just returned from England," said Luke, "where I had a brief holiday."

day-"
"Ha-have you any tidings of my

nico-of Barbara?"
"I regret to say, no, sir," said
Luke, sadly. "I questioned Father
Sheiden, who had been so kind to
Miss Wilson and her brother in England; but he never heard from or saw Miss Wilson since the interment of her

"It is strange, and mysterious,"
"It is strange, and mysterious,"
said the Canon. "I fear we must give said the Canon. her up as dead."

Luke was silent for a long time. "I must congratuate you, sir," he said at length, "on your rapid recovery. I hardly expected to find you so well"

Yes, indeed, I feel remarkably well," said the Canon, raising with some difficulty the arm that had been paralyzed. "Thanks to careful nurs-ing, and the—ha—skill of the medical practitioners, I hope soon to be able to eturn home.

You may expect a warm, and even an enthusiastic welcome," said Luke. people to see you; and they need some mfort now.

comfort now."

"Oh! it will be all right! It will be all right!" said the Canon with his old confidence. "In the face of public opinion, our—ha—adversaries cannot proceed further. The English press has taken the ha-matter up; and English public opinion cannot be de-

spised."
"Perhaps so," said Luke, despond ently. "Somehow, things over the re-look so different to me under the light of experience. I have begun to feel a strange, passionate attachment to my

country and people."
"There's a good deal to be said on "There's a good deal to be said on both sides," said the Canon.
"I shall warn the people to look out for your coming," said Luke, rising.
"You may be prepared for a great

ovation I think you may-ha-say, that I

shall be home in a month or six weeks," replied the Canon. He stood up to say good bye, but he shall fell back wearily.

Luke's last visit was to his beloved

sanctuary — the University College chapel. This time he did not reach the alter rails or the side chapel. He was arrested by the noble bust of Newman that had been just erected in the side wall. He went over and sat beneath is, looking up into the fine face, with the expression of sadness and resignation that was so characteristic of the great Cardinal in later life. And, as Luke watched the white marble, there came into his mind that tragic exclamathe Sacred College was placed in the bands of the great convert: "Thank God! the cloud is lifted at last!" The most mournful and pitiful of all the dim echoes of Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani! en tora from breasts since that cry startled the darkness of Calvary. And Luke began

to question and inquire.
"Why should a cloud ever have rested on that sacred brow? Why are the great and the holy dishonored in life; only honored in death? Why are men so cruel and vindictive towards each other? What is the dread secret of man's inbumanity to man?"

Poor Luke! he can never leave thes turbulent questions alone. Why, and why, and why? As if there were any key to the mighty riddle, except that which is hidden away somewhere in the folds of God's garments, and which He

locked the secrets of the grave.

Sister Mary of Magdala—let us give her the fall title, for she will not bear it much longer—had now spent ten years of penitence, subjection, mortification; but, oh! ten years of such supreme happinesss within the sanctuary of the Good Shepherd; and, as the undetermined period of the fulfillment of her mighty vow was ap proaching its end, her cross became more heavy, her auxiety more acute. True, she was surrounded, encompassed followed by reverence and love, such as even a great saint might envy, could he feel such an unworthy emotion. Her sister penitents adored her, though the never understood the reason; the nuns loved her; Father Tracey was in finitely kind; Sister Eulalie treater her as one of the community; and Laura, her little patient, followed her with eyes of speechless devotion and

affection. But that dream! that dream! It had now become a waking dream, and was especially insistent in the Convent Chapel. For when Sister Convent Chapel. For when Sister Mary sat down there in the little sancto the left, where her sister pen tents were gathered together at Mass or Benediction, she would feel hersel carried out in spirit into the choir stalls, where the sixty white-robed Sister were singing Vespers or mutely hearing Mass. And, sometimes, when the mighty organ rumbled, and the great seraphic voices arose in some glorious Tantum ergo or O Salutaris! she distinctly heard her own voice carried out and above all the others as it struck the gilded ceiling and the decorated hands and prayed.

"God send another Philip Neri," echo, and hovered around the mon-

strance, where the Divine Lover of he and of all was hidden. Then with a violent start she would wake up and look around, and behold with a little shudder her own dread abjection. And then again she would rebuke herself sternly amidst her tears for her involsternly amidst her tears for her involuntary treason to her mighty vow. Had
not the Eternal kept His contract, and
why should she repudiate hers? Had
not the All-Mercitul anatched her
brother from the pains of hell and the
deep pit, and why should she repine
for a few years of such sweet penance?
If God had sent Louis—poor dear Louis
—to hell—oh! the thought was too
dre-dful; and she would go out on the
wings of resignation and clasp, like her
great patroness, the nail-pierced feet,
and cry, "Elegi! elegi! I have chosen
to be a despised one in the house of my and cry, despis God rather than dwell in the tents of sinners!" And then there would be peace. But the waking dream of the white, spotless robes and white, spotless robes and the veil of honored espousals and the organ and honored esponsais and the organ and the choir, and herself amidst it all, would recur again and again; and the very respect and love, of which she now found herself an object, only in-

tensified the vision.

One such day Sister Mary was in the Infirmary, tending on Laura Desmond, now a hopeless and helpless invalid. now a hopeless and helpless invalid. She had done some trifling little service to her patient, and the latter drew her down with her arm and whispered:
"Won't you ever tell me who you

are ?"
"What difference, dear, does it make, so long as we love one another?"
"No; but I should love you more, only that sometimes I am afraid of

you."
"Why should you be afraid, dear? I am but one like yourself, only perhaps more sinful before God."
"You are not," said the patient,

quietly.

Then taking up her prayer book, she opened it, Sister Mary helping, and took out a little picture.
"Do you know what it is?" said

Laura. " Yes, dear—a Sister of the Good I shall not die easy till I see you

in that dress," said Laura; "that is, if you do not put on something even Sister Mary shook her head, and, after a little while, when Laura slept, she went over to the farthest southern

The Holy Mountain now seemed very near. She did not know that she had to pass through the deepest and dark-est valley of homiliation before she reached the shining summit. On this same day Luke Delmege was in the city, in obedience to a peremptory summors from the Bishop. Before

tory summons from the Bishop. Before he left Dublin for home, he satisfied a long-feit desire to see his Alma Mater once more. He went down to May-nooth by an early train, hoping to be able to pass through some of its best remembered spots, the chapel, his own remembered spots, the chapel, his own old room, the circular walk, etc., un-noticed. When he entered the great gate, beneath the Old Geraldine Keep, it struck him for the first time that sphinxes were placed to guard the por-tals of the greatest Catholic college in the world.

" Strange that I never noticed such an anomalous, or, perhaps, significant circumstance, during all my college years!' he said.

All around was still as death. For,

if academic peace is to be found on earth, it is within the hallowed precincts of Maynooth.

They have all gone to breakfast," shell have the Senior Chapel all to my-self. I shall see the place where I lay prestrate the morning of my ordination. recall my vows, my emotions, olutions. I have seen so much y resolutions. lately to cast me into the past again, and to compel me to retrace my steps, that is, my ideas and principles, back to the fresh inspirations of the most hallowed and peaceful days of my life."

He entered the narrow porch at the northern side, touched his forehead

with holy water, and again, for the third time these last few days, felt a breath of hot air fanning him, and breath of hot air tanning him, and found himself in the presence of a great multitude. He had forgotten that it was Whitsuntide. The Church was full; the very drama of his own ordination, that most sublime of the Church's ceremonies, was being reenacted before his eyes. Quietly and un observed he stole up the short aisle, the students courteously yielding the students courteously yielding place, and saw the broad floor of the choir between the stalls carpeted prostrate human forms, over which the ubles gleamed. There was an awful stillness as the Pontiff stretched his hands over the prestrate Levites Then there burst on the stupede senses of Luke that glorious hynn, the Veni Creator Spiritus, that mighty epithalamium of the priesthood, which in some peculiar sense, too, seems to be the royal anthem of this college for, heard for the first time by the young, raw student, as it is rendered by six hundred voices at the opening of Retreat, it haunts him a l through hi college course; and, heard for the las time at his ordination, it accompanies him, the rhythm of supreme, melodious sanctity, during all his priestly life. And Luke, intoxicated by all the sweet associations of the past and all the tender environments of the present, could only watch and study the air of rapt rec lection and happiness that suffused the faces of the young priests with the oil of gladness, and compelled him to pray, deep down in his heart, not for himself, but for them, that the Holy Spirit might keep fresh forever in their arts all the sacred inspirations of that day, and never allow them to be uprooted by the false maxims of the world, or withered and faded under the deadly breath of custom or com-

He slipped out quietly from amongs the students, the young cadets of the great army of Christ; took a rapid run around the ball courts and the great circular walk that stretches far up amongst the mighty elms and sweeps around by the Grand Canal; linger-ed for a moment by the little cem-

etery, where slept many of his old professors, and, entering the corridor once more, found himself at once on the scene of his old triumphs—the Fourth Year's Divinity Hall. Ah, the scene of his old triumphs—the Fourth Year's Divinity Hall. Ah, yes! there was the very desk at which he sat; there the pulpit, beneath which he pulled his soutane over his knees so often, and annihilated his antagonist with a Sic argumentaris, doctissime Domine! He sat down, and burying his face in his hands, he tried to recall old faces and associations. Alas! the old faces had faded away in the far mists of memory: but the old Alsa! the old faces mad faced away in the far mists of memory; but the old associations came up, looming dark and threatening from the past, to upraid him with his treason.

"My reason tells me," he cried,
"that my life has been fawless and immeasure My conselence, some

immaculate. My conscience, some higher power, declares my life to have been a failure. Where, and in what

And the ghosts of the past said : "In this, that you have mistaken, as you have been alreedy told, the blue and green fireworks of the world for and green neworzs of the world tor the calm, eternal stars. You have groped for light, and beheld darkness; brightness, and you have walked in the dark. You have groped for the wall, and like the blind you have groped, as if you had no eyes; you have stumbled at noonday as in darkness; you have een in dark places, like dead men.'
And Luke answered and said :

'Yes ; but wherefore, and how ?"

And the answer came:
"In that you measured your college and your country, ay, even your Church, by the measure of a false civil izatior. You judged your motherland, as all your fellow-countrymen do who go abroad, by the false standard of go abroad, by the lase standard or modern progress; you found her want-ing and despised her. Now, what has the world profited you? She hath given you little for your apostasy. And for your own people you have been a crackling of thorns under a

Luke was glad to hear the noise and Lune was glad to hear the noise and laughter of the students in the corridor. Anything to escape that reverle, that synod of accusing ghosts. He opened the door and rushed out. Groups of students in threes and fours were wheeling along, file after file, each group clustered around a newly ordained comrade who trad on air and d comrade, who trod on air an spurned the sandy flags. Group after group stared at Luke and passed by Then, a young Levite detached him-self from his batch, and coming over deferentially, he asked:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but are you Father Luke Delmege?"

Yes." said Luke. " Luke Delmege that was First of First?

Yes," said Luke, biushing at the old honor and at its remembrance.

"The diocese was speaking of you only yesterday and recalling all your triumphs, and one of us from Limerick thought he recognized you. Won't

" By all means," said Luke. And he did. And they made him the centre of an admiring circle, and told him, half shyly, half famillarly, how well he was remembered in his own lege; and round and round they sv mbered in his own col linked arm in arm, until a prolessor, rushing down the library stairs to the refectory, caught sight of Luke's face, esitated advanced. The student loffed their caps and retired; and the professor, linking his arm with Luke's, lrew him on to the superior's corridor

drew him on to the superior's corridor murmuring all the way:

"Luke Delmege, Luke Delmege, whom we gave up as lost! Why? wby? how many years since you left "Seventeen," said Luke, very

happy.
"Seventeen?" murmured the pro at Luke. "Seventeen years away from us, and never condescended to You deserved to be turned visit us?

out, neck and crop, from your Alma He was brought into the refectory, where he met some old comrades and some of his old professors He was surprised at the famil iarity with which these latter were treated; surprised that they ac costed him familiarly; surprised that they are and drand like mortals. They were the Dii Majores of his youthful worship—the gods that moved in a different and loftier sphere. It is the

awful reverence of youth for its super-iors—an instinct that no good man ever wholly lays aside.

Luke was overwhelmed with kind ness. He said he was returning home to morrow, Wednesday.

"Nonsense I No vacation ever ter-minated on Wednesday. He was ex-pected home on Saturday at midnight; and there in Maynoth he should remain until the last train started !'

And he did remain; and he drew up the entire past with all its happy rem iniscences, met old classmates and talked of old times; [challenged dis putations here, where at last he felt have was on congenial soil and would not be misunderstood; recalled old debates and theses, and formulated any number of new plans for the social and lectual regeneration of Ireland.

lectual regeneration of Ireland.

It was a happy man that passed out on Saturday morning between the sphinxes on the gates.

"They did well who placed ye there," he said. "Life is a mighty riddle. And I have been a fool in than one, but most of all in my silly imitation of that old dyspeptic cynic who ridiculed the controversy about ouclovaics and oucomies all the controversy about ouciovaios and oucovaios all this life, and admitted in his old age that on that one letter depended the whole fabric of

Christianity."

But Luke was happy and strong.
He needed it. Greater revelations of the possibilities of sanctity in the Church, and greater personal trials were yet before him.

He found a cold, stern letter from the Bishop awaiting him when he turned home — a summons, officially worded, to repair at once to the city and present himself at the episcopal palace. Wondering what new accusa-tion was laid against him, and search ing his conscience in vain for a delin-

quency, he presented himself before his Bishop. The Bishop was cold and tern as his lette "Sit down,"

"Sit down," he said. Luke sat, wondering.
"Now, Father Delmege," said the Bishop, "I have tolerated a good deal from you, but my patience is nearly exhausted. I passed by that impru dence on your first mission, because you acted consistently with the statutes, although you might have acted more pradently; I also contented myself with a gentle reprimant when you, I dare say innocently, introduced a system of procelytism into your parish. I have also not noticed your singular babit of introducing into your sermons rather painful contrasts between the customs of our Irish Church a.d those which obtain, under happier circumwhich obtain, under happier circumstances, in other more favored countries. Even your very perilous observations at your lecture in the city some months ago I left unnoticed, because I knew you could do no harm there. But now I hold in my hand a melantally report of a segmon delivered by

choly report of a sermon delivered by you, immediately after the last mission you, immediately after the last mission in your parish, and in which, if I am rightly informed, you denied the sacramental system and denounced the use of the ordinary me assactioned by the Church for the sanctification of the faithful, and insisted on the individual power of self sanctification, apart from the ordinary channels of divine ual power of self sanctification, apart from the ordinary channels of divine

"Might I ask the name of my couser?" said Luke, faintly.

"I cannot give it, unless the matter real cannot give it, unless the matter proceeds to an official investigation and trial. Your parish priest writes to say that he is quite sure you have a satis-factory defence; but then, Dr. Keatinge is always inclined to take an easy and optimistic view of things."

"My only defence, my Lord," said Luke, "is to deny the allegation in Luke, "is to deny the allegation in toto. I see clearly what originated the report. A poor fellow, intoxicated, came to the closing ceremony of the mission. I took him from the church and bade him go home, for that he could derive no benefit from the renewal of vows in his then state. I made the incident the text of my dis course the following Sunday. I warned the people not to confound the means of sanctification with the end—not to repose in external observances, but to look within; and to use the sacrament and sacramentals with a view to their own sanctification, and not as finalities that would operate miracles without co operation on their part—''
'' That puts a rather different com

plexion on the matter," said the Bishop, softening. "I should be sur prised that one who obtained such dis-tinctions in his college course should fall into such a lamentable blunder. Have you any further observations to make?"

'None, my Lord," said Luke, in despair. "My college distinctions have availed me but little. I am s

weary and perplexed man."
He rent down his head on his bands in an attitude of hopelessness. The little gesture touched the Bishop. He gazed down for a long time at the stooped figure and the head where the snows of life's winter were new fast gathering. Then he gently touched You'll spend the day here, and dine

with me at 5 o clock. No! no!" he continued, as Luke strove to excuse himself, "I shall take no excuse. I want to see you more closely.

'I have been nearly a month from home, my Lord," said Luke, anxious to get away, "snd—"
"Now, now, t make it a matter of obedience," said the Bishop. "You won't find me so cannot and any to the best of the state o Now, now, t make it a matter of obedience," said the Bishop. "You won't find me so crusty and disagree able as you think. You'll have a few hours in the city; but be here punct-

ually at five. By the way. I want you to take a letter from me to Father Tracey. Do you know him?" "I regret to say I do not," said ake. "Years ago, when I was wiser Luke. than I am now, I had determined to make his acquaintance, but unfortunately I missed the opportunity. I shall

e very glad to get the chance now." "You shall have it," said the Bishop.
"I wish I could break through his humility, and hold him up as a model to the diocese. But his example is telling in a quiet way." Luke took the letter, and made his

way to the hospital where Father Tracey served. He found he did not reside there, but in a side street. He passed down through a shabby lane, eagerly scanning the houses to detect some indication of a decent residence. He narrowly escaped a deluge of purple, dirty water, which an old woman was flinging from a doorway, right across the footpath, into a dirty channel

close by.

"I beg your reverence's pardon :
thousand times," she said. "I hope :
drop didn't tetch your reverence," with some anxiety Se examined

Luke's fine broadcloth.
"Not a drop, my poor woman, said. "But it was a close shave. you tell me where Father lives?"

"Here, yer reverence," she said, piloting Luke into the kitchen. "But I'm afraid he'll hardly see you to-day. This is Logwood Day."
"What is Logwood Day?" asked

Luke, with curiosity.
"Wance in the six months," she replied, "we have to steep his ould clothes in logwood to make thim some way decent. That's the first bile way dacent. That's the first blie in the work. We're now giving 'em the second." She pointed to the huge pot; and Luke, bending over, saw a grimy black mass swimming in some dark red liquid.
"And he has but one coat!" he

"Only wan, yer reverence. He won't dress himself dacently like iverybody else. 'I'm more comfortable,' he says, 'in me culd duds.' "And faith, I've enough to do to keep him from givin away thim same every poor man that calls. That is," she added, "if they'd take 'em."
"Well, take him up this letter from the Bishop," said Luke, "and say a priest would like to see him."

down: "Ye may come up, yer rever-ence; but mind thim steps, and don't lane too heavy agen the banister." The ante room into which Luke was ushered was miserable enough. It

served as a bed room; and, though clean, it was denuded of every stick of furniture, except the wooden chair, the furniture, except the wooden chair, the wash-stand, and the simple pallet where the old man sought his often-broken repose. He passed into the inner room. The old man, dressed in a green soutane, stood up, and, without asking his name, greeted him warmly, and asked him to be seated, while he broke the seal on the Bishop's letter. The contents must have been pleasant. The contents must have been pleasant

The contents must have been pleasant, for the old man smiled.

"I have for a long time cherished the idea," said Luke, "that I should wish to make your acquaintance. My sister at the Good Shepherd Convent has again and again asked me to call, but one circum-tance after another prevented me."

"Then you have a sister at the convent?" said the old man, nervously, fussing about and showing not a little trepidation.

Yes, Father—Sister Eulalie—you God bless me, you don't say so, said the old man, rising up and greet-ing Luke again warmly. "And you are Luke Delmege, the great theologian

and lecturer!"
"My name is Luke Delmege," he id meekly.
"Well, I heard of you long before I said m

saw you," said the old man. "God bless me! And you are Luke Del-mege?"

"I have had a rather bitter trial to-day," said Luke. "I was summoned before the Bishop to repel a most cal-umnious accusation."
"God bless me, now! And what

did you say?'
"Of course I defended myself," said
Luke, "and I think I satisfied the Biswrong. But the sting remains. "

The old man remained silent, looking

steadily at Luke. The latter grew em barrassed now.
"You seem to think I have been wrong," he broke out at last. "What can a man do but defend himself?"

"God bless me! quite true, quite true! But he could say nothing you know, my dear. "
" And remain silent and condemned

under a frightful accusation?" No theologian binds a man to that," said

"Of course not, of course not, " said ather Tracey. "But I think, well— Father Tracey. "But I think, wen-I'm not sure—but I think our Lord was silent before His accusers, my dear. And He was justified by His Father! "That's very true, Father," said Luke, twisting around on the hard chair; "but these things are written for our admiration, not for our imitation." At least "be continued notice."

tion. At least," he continued, notic-ing the look of pain on the aged face, "I heard a distinguished man say so very many years ago. 'And then the old man opened up to Luke a wondering eyes, out of the treasures of his own holy experiences, the riches of knowledge that come not to the learned, but to the simple—the wisdom of the child and the angel, of Bethlehem and Calvary. And just as a light falls behind light, and scenes blend into scenes, yet are ab-olutely distinct, so did this old man show to the wondering Luke how the mighty

elever artist shifts his scenery so that empire of the Precious Blood permeater and leavens the entire world, and holds andisputed possession only where its laws and maxims are fully acknow-ledged. And that elsewhere, where laws and maxims are fully according to the deged. And that elsewhere, where that most agreeable and fascinating amusement of men—the neat mortising and fitting in of the world's maxims with the Church's precepts—is practised, there the shadows are deeper and the lines that bound the empire fainter. And Luke also learned that the one central decree of the empire is: Lose thyself to find all; and that the tion and vicarious suffering was in reality the peculiar and exclusive posses-sion of Christianity and the Church. And he looked back over his own life and saw that his own soul was naked and ashamed. Then he flung aside the

riddle.
"Let me see but one or two examples, and it is enough forever," he

There was one before him. The other, even more noble, more divine, he was about to see.

'le bade the old man an affectionate

farewell, and bent his steps toward the Good Shepherd Convent to see his sister. The lay-sister who answered the door told him that his sister would be engaged for some time in the Orphanengaged for some time in the orphanicage; but that, it he would kindly wait till Vespers were finished, he could see Reverend Mother. On second thoughts, she invited him into the outer sacristy, where he could assist at Vespers. He aw for the first time the beautiful choir; he saw the sixty professed Sisters, the white veils, the postulants standing in the choir-stalls; he heard the Magnificat chanted by these young daughters of Jerusalem; the poetry, the beauty, sank into his soul.

"Ah!" he said, "if this were all re-ligion, what a poem Christianity would He quite forgot the pause that is

essential to melody—the chords in the minor keys that are the essentials of all The choir broke up, and the Sisters passed swiftly to their duties. He heard a rustling behind him, and a

"Sister Eulalia will be engaged for about half an hour, Father. Perhaps you would like to see the institution in the interval?"

"I shall be very pleased," said Luke. She led him into the corridor, fuil of

flowers and fragrance; thence by a rapid transition into the first workroom. He was tace to face with the Mag-dalens. The shuder that bouches every pure and fastidious soul at the very name crept over him as he saw the realittes. The awful dread that the sight of solled womanhood creates in the priest would like to see him."

After a long interval she reappeared at the top of the stairs and called Blessed Lady—made him tremble. It.

was only for a moment. othing repulsive or a Seven or eight long ta parallel to each other, fi and at each table, eight ranging from the young to the woman of sixty, occupied in laundry work appliances to save hum there. The workers dressed and happy, if or by their smiles. No h tion, however powerful, these eager workers with streets, the padded cell jail, or the river. It was terhood, working in per discipline. Aud over sided a young novice, in who stood calmly working sisters, taking up now a a collar, and giving her tions. "It is the old mech

fection I once desired," but the motive power They passed into a Here was miracle num Cistercian silence no l

but over the boom a machinery came a Ba "Yer blessin', Feyth and in a moment all knees for Luke's benthen, with easy familia girls took Luke arou ith intense pride the of the machinery; ho on and shut off; how t on the rails in the d them, in an attitude of potless habits careful

floor was wet, and the toiled like the rest. "Tis the common Christ," said Luke. ward, an octogenarian, all her treasures and oratory, with all its da he asked.

Fifty years, yer Michaelmas. Then your purgate Luke. "I don't want

heaven ayther," she a God laves me with the The Sister and Lu the steamy atmospher of the machinery into dor, which led to the engine house.
"I should like yo

boiler," she said; "tell the engineer to This is our infirmar would like to see it. patient here." She opened the doo the bed where Laur went over at once, the sick girl, said

Then looking around figure over near the her face bent down was reading. He seem unkind to pass over and said cheeril Convalescent, I She rose up, tre

shame flushed her fac their eyes met ; but to a pallor deeper faces of the dead. I if stung, and cried: on !"
"Hush!" she sa
her trembling floger
poor child is watchir
"But what? wi
stammered. "Wha

this mystery? Why simply."
"Of course," he
manner; "but in w
ity?" Are you inf
"No," she said,

"And how lon here?" he cri.d, vaguely over he dress, and searching her face. "Ten years," i

tone. "Ever sine
"Ten years! A
father searching a
What is this horri long are you profes
"I am not :
Father," she said l "Then you ar

breaking with sh she plunged deeper valley of humilistics as the horrible th his mind, and he the Magdalens. said coldly, and do you belong to

No Father," was the Consumm of ten years—" I She was looking and shrubs, looking like a consumptivi flushed, and he strained in agon steadily through scarcely conceale

him for this yo him for this yethere, apparently der he felt on where the May which gave way sublime spectacition, now filled here, he thought Neither ignoran heredity to pal was side by sid woman, but a lo formation was per read it in her facould be -no re he would do. A

the Schweizerho