LUKE DELMEGE.

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AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," " CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI. BOAST AND ITS CONSIQUENCES.

In the cool, gray dusk of his little parlour Luke saw things in a light somewhat different from their gaudy colouring under the gas jets. The clapping of hands, and the eager faces and the flattery had passed away; and there remained but the stinging remembrance that for the third or fourth membrance that life be had been accused of coquetting with heresy. With his clear-cut ideas on theological matters, he knew right well that this susplicion had been accused of a moment: sould not be sustained for a moment and he was so conscious of and he was so conscious of his own deep attachment to every jot and tittle of the Church's teachings that he grew by degrees very indignant at the shameful assumption. All the applause and enthusiasm were for cotten. Of the handsome become applause and enunquism were for gotten. Of the handsome bouquet of praise and adulation offered him a few nights before, alas! there only remained a few withered leaves and the

wires that cut his fingers.
"I don't think the game is worth the candle, "said Luke to himself. "Let me calculate the matter nicely."

And he wrote down this calculation neatly and in the most approved form of book keeping, thus:

1. A good deal of an- xiety and delib- eration about lec- ture subject, etc.	1, A little flattery.
2. Six weeks' hard work on encyclopedias, books. magazines, etc.	2, A little applause.
8. Three weeks' hard work at writing, correcting, revis- ing thirty pages of manuscript.	3. A good deal of crit- icism, mostly un- just and unintel- ligent.
4. Expense of typing	4. Accusation of her
5. Expense and inconvenience of jour- ney, hotels, bills,	5. One tiny paragraph in a local news paper.

Luke totted up, and then proposed seconded, and passed unanimously the resolution: "The game is not worth

6. The nervous fever 6 Oblivion.

resolution: "The game is not worth the candle."

And Luke said to his soul, "Sleep

now, and take thy rest!"
Beaten back, then, and baffled once more, it was a happy thing for him that just now all the flowers of human respect and affection were opening up their beautiful chalices in the warmth and sunshine of his own smile. the next few years —the years of per-fect manhood and strength, and alas ! dect manhood and strength, and alas! also of decay, for now his hair began to be streaked with silver and the lines deepened about his mouth—were very happy, and the mighty enigmas of life became no longer too personal, but only the puzzles of the academy and the porch. His ilumination was not perfect, and once again his mighty Master woke him up with the sharp edge of the sword of trial. But these years of middle life were very smooth years of middle life were ver, smooth and peaceful, and the prophecy of Father Martin was well fulfilled. Luke had found his America in Ross

He was helped on in great measure by a new experience. He had noticed, with mixed feelings of pleasure and surprise, that the village children were totally unlike in demeanour and contotally unlike in demeanour and con duct and methods of expression to any children of whom he had hitherto experience. And it shows how abstracted and wrapped up in his own thoughts he must have been when i was some months before he was aware of the contrast and the originating Then it was suddenly revealed to him that the respectful, subdued attitude of the children, their reverence in church, their brisk politefirm, were very unlike the rampant and reckless beisterousness of youth. For some time further Luke was either indifferent to, or unconscious of, the cause. Then, one day he came into school at an unexpected time and was the children ranged around the wall and holding their arms and heads in different degrees of attention and reverence. The silence was so deep and the absorption of the children so great that Luke's entrance was

dren so great that Luke's entrance was not noticed, and he heard the master, a grave man of middle years, saying: "Reverence is the secret of all relig ion and happiness. Without reverence faith, nor hope, nor love of each of Reverence is the motive the Commandments of Sinai-reverence of God, reverence of our neighbour, reverence of ourselves. Humility is ounded on it; piety is conserved by t; purity fluds in it its shield and buckler. Reverence for God, and all that is associated with Him, His minis-ters, His temple, His services—that is religion. Reverence for our neigh bour, his goods, his person, his chattels Reverence for our--that is honesty. Reverence for our-selves—clean bodies and pure souls— that is chastity. Satan is satan behe is irreverent. There never yet was an infidel but he was irrever-The jester and the ent and a mocker. mime, the loud laugher and the scorn er, have no part in the kingdom. These very attitudes you now assume betoken reverence, They are the symbols of something deeper and

Here he saw Luke, though the children's eyes did not direct him; and he said, without changing his

'Children, the priest is here !" The children raised their heads gently, their arms still crossed on their breasts, and bowed towards

'Now," said the teacher, "you will pass into your desks, and sing

' In the sunshine; in the shadow.'

The children moved to their places, singing the part song, not loudly, but sweetly; and the master turned to wards Luke. A grave, silent man; his attitude, too, betokened reverence. He was a man of middle age; for his pointed beard was streaked with white

hairs. He was tall and angular in appearance; but his whole manner was subdued, not with the instinct of fear and watchtulness, but with the gentleness of an urbane and thoughtful spirit. And he was a mystery, which was another attraction to Luke. He had an only daughter, a girl of twenty years or thereabouts, living with him; but his antecedents were known only to Dr. Keatinge, the pastor, who had found him out somewhere, and brought him to Rossmore to take charge of his little school. So much Luke had heard; and then dismissed the subject. It was trivial and commonplace. In his former visits, too, he had seen nothing remarkable, probably because he was too much engrossed with his own reflections. To day, he was surhairs. He was tall and angular in

own reflections. To day, he was sur-prised and pleased.
"Where did you find material for that excellent discourse!" said Luke.
"In my own experience, sir," said

Mr. Hennessy.
"How have you trained the children so beautifully in the limited time at your disposal?" asked Luke, who knew well the red tape regulations of

the National Board.

"It would be impossible, sir,"
answered the teacher. "But I supplement the day's teaching at night."

"At night?" said Luke, wonderingly, "I thought night schools were

ly. "I thought night schools were things of the past."
"We don't call it school," said the teacher. "But, perhaps, sir, you would come up some evening to see what we are doing. It may interest you."
"I shall be delighted," said Luke

"But do you often speak to the chil-dren in the way I have just heard?"
"Yes," said the teacher, though "Yos," said the teacher, though this was supposed to be an assumption of a higher privilege. "I think the moral training of children the most necessary part of education. The National Board provides for the intel-lectual department; there is the midlectual department ; there is the mid day hour for doctrinal and catechetica day hour for doctrinal and catechetical instruction. But the training of youth in moral culture must be left to the teacher; and in my humble way, I try to discharge this duty."

With your permission I shall come up this evening." "At what hour?"

"We hold our little soirees, sir," said the teacher, smiling, "we dignify them by that name, from 7 to 9 o'clock."

"I shall be there," said Luke. "By the way, how many children on the

" Fifty-six," said the teacher.

"Fifty-six," said the teacher.
"How many in attendance?"
"Fifty-six," said the teacher.
In the evening Luke went to the school. It was well lighted; and it looked bright and cheerful to eyes that had just brought in with them the gloom of the night. The deeks were unmoved; of the night. The desks were unmoved but the school harmonium was open and here and there around the room full blown chrysanthemums threw out their colored blossoms of light frag-rance and great lov-liness. All the village children were there; the country children alone were absent. The master touched a gong when Luke entered: the children stood up re entered: the children stood up respectfully; and the master's daughter
presiding at the harmonium, they
sang a pretty glee in part time—a composition of the master's. When they
were seated, the master read for them
a poem called The House of Hate. The
children then took up their lessons children then took up their lessons for the following day, the master's daughter moving gently through the desks, and guiding their young hands and minds. Meanwhile Luke and the master were in close conference. The whole system appealed strongly to Luke's sympathies and ideas. Here, at least, was positive, practical work. No note of criticism, or complaint; no theorizing about great political possibilities; no flinging of charges; and above all, and this touched Luke more above all, and this touched Luke more closely, for it was his own great weakness, no fretting with enigmas; but the quiet positivism of work, ennobled only by the motive, and the eat possibilities it awakened. And it was quiet, unpretentious work, unacknowledged by the world and unseen—the work of great principle and a

"Why do you insist so strongly on reverence?" said Luke. "It seems reverence?" said Luke. "It seems to be the burden of all your teaching." "Because I think, sir," replied the master, "that it is the secret of all religion and therefore of all nobleness."
"And you think it necessary?"

"I think it the first necessity for ou race and for our time."
'Our race?" questioned Luke

with opened eyes.
"Yes, sir. We are always alterna "Yes, sir. We are always alterna-ting between reverence and irrever-ence in Ireland. Our literature and language are quite full of sarcasms, as well as of great ideas. And sarcasms, as about the most sacred things. Great

wit and madness are nearly allied. too, are great wit and irreligion."
"But now," said Luke, "with all our splendid idealism there can be but little danger ?'

"No," said the master, "except that one ideal may supplant and destroy another. All ideals are opposed. At least," he said modestly, "so I have read. Would you kindly say a great to be the said and say a said to be said word to the children, sir ?" he said, as

word to the children, sir 7" he said, as the gong again sounded. "Certainly," said Luke. And he did, generously, warmly, emphatically. It was work, work, with an object. And Luke realized that there was something in life beyond

The little soul for the little that holds the corpse, which is man.

At eight o'clock all work was suspended. And the remaining hour was devoted to the practice of singing, particularly the preparation of Church hymns, etc., varied with the little glees and part songs. Just before 9 o'clock the master read a chapter from the Gospel of St. John, recited one decade of the Rosary, and the children rose up te depart. The master and rose up to depart. The master and his daughter stood near the door. As the children passed the latter, they bowed respectfully. The master took each child by the hand as they passed into the night. There was not the

where," soliloquized Luke, as he went homewards. " Moral culture, ' rev-

home wards. "' Moral culture,' reverence,' attitudes,' where?

But this school was a perpetual wonder and attraction to him during these years, until at last came the great cross, and behind the cross—the great illumination.

The aged Canon having cast aside all the other subordinate anxieties and in terests of life retained but his love for his niece, Barbara Wilson, and his intense and beautiful pride in the prosperity of his parish. This, indeed, was more than justified by the happiness of his people; and the Canon's parish became the great object-lesson to his diocese and country. And eminent political econonomists came from afar to see the great Sphinx-problem of Irish contentment solved, once and forever. Only one held out against the general enthusiasm—one sceptic, The aged Canon having cast aside all the general enthusiasm—one sceptic, Father Cussen.

'You're a horrible Cassandra,' said

"You're a horrible Cassaudra," said one of his conferes, "if I may apply the term. You are forever croaking of ruin in the midst of success."
"Time will tell," said Father Cussen. The Canon's recreation, in his old age, when he rode no longer, and cared little for driving, was to stroll down in the evening to the village post office, and there watch, with intense gratification, the vast piles of Irish agricultural produce that were about to be sent by parcel post to England. It sent by parcel post to England. It was a rare and delightful exhibition. was a rare and deligned exhibition.

Huge canvas bags containing poultry;
square boxes full of rich, yellow butter; cans of cream; larger boxes yet,
filled with consignments of eggs, each egg nestling in its own dry fresh moss; and even small tin boxes of amber honey—these were the exports that filled the little office to the ceiling, and made Miss Carey, the postmistress, declare, again and again, to the infinite delight of the good Canon, that the Government should, by sheer force of such gentle circumstances, build a new post-office. One such evening, as the Canon entered the office, he saw a young man, entered the office, he saw a young man, leaning against the counter and chatting with Miss Carey. The conversation clearly was about the vast resources of the parish, for the young man, whom the Canon took to be a groom, for he was dressed in riding suit and flicked his boot with a short whip, was

ust saying :
"And you calculate the net profits from this admirable plan should be about—how much a year did you say? "The Canon knows better than

said the postmistress. "He has create the industry." She looked significantly and warningly at the Canon; but the latter took no heed. I have carefully-ha-gone into

"I have carefully—na—gone indo details, sir," he said grandly, "and I have found that, season with season, the net profits of these agricultural— ha—exports average from fifty to eighty

You quite astonish me," said the om. "I did not believe that such groom. "I did not believe that such things were possible outside of Belgium or Normandy." This might have shown the Cano

that his stranger was not a groom; and Miss Carey hummed significantly as she stamped the parcels, and looked at the Canon in a way that would have paralyzed or petrified any one else.

But the Canon went on:

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I depreciate rather than—ha—exaggerate our net income from these industries.

My parish has been called a happy Arcadia' in the midst of the-ha-how

ling deserts around."
"I'm sure I congratulate you, sir," said the stranger, flicking his boot im-patently with his whip. "'A noble peasantry their country's pride'—is it

You have quoted correctly, sir," said the Canon. "The peasantry are the backbone of the country." "It is really so interesting," said

the stranger, taking out a notebook,
"and I am so often asked in my—well
—travels about the prosperity of the
Irish people, that I should be glad to
have it, in black and white, from your

the porter will direct you back
your hovel, or place of residence.
"I'm really—ha—surprised," g
the Canon. "This is so utterly
pected. Perhaps you do notknow who I am." lips that such an account can be auth-enticated. I think you said the net income from these industries varies from fifty to eighty pounds a week; that is from three to four thousand per

annum ?" Precisely so, sir," said the Canon. 'And, as I have said already, this is rather under than over the real esti-

mate. "It is really most interesting," said the stranger. "I'm sure I'm extremely obliged for the information. One favor more. Whom have I the honor of ad-

ssing?"
The pastor of this parish, sir," said
Canon, with great dignity. "Canon

the Canon, with great dignity. "Canon Maurice Murray." "Oh, I should have known," said the stranger with great courtesy. "But I have been absent on my travels for ome years, and I am quite unacquaint ed with this interesting place. the honor to wish you good evening. "Good evening, sir!" said the Canon, bowing the stranger out.

'An extremely interesting gentle said he, turning to the postmis
"What a powerful educationa -ha-factor has travelling become !

Miss Carey did not reply.
"No letter from Austria or Hungary for me?" he asked.
"No, sir!" she replied. It was the hundredth time she had to say no

she almost wept for her aged pastor. A few days later there was a scene in a certain agent's office in Dublin. clerks saw an interchange of courtesies between a stranger and their master heard themselves peremptorily ordere from the office; thought they heard heated language and even profane; and one said he heard the swish of a ridingwhip and a heavy souffle and a fall. But, no, they were mistaken. For Cap tian Vermont and his agent were, like Mr. Kipling's canonized saints—" gentlemen, every one."

men, every one."

But, when the clerks were ordered back to the office, the agent was gone; and there only remained the stranger, and the who was dressed very like a groom. And he was very pale, and trembling

with excitement.
"Which of you is head clerk here?" he said, turning round.
"I," said a young Scotchman.

"Henry Simpson."
"Well, Simpson, you take charge here, until I appoint another agent. I am Captain Vermont. And when you are sending out notices for rent on my estates in Limerick and Kerry—when

The twenty-ninth of September."

said Simpson.
"Well, stop that reduction of 25 per cent., and call in all arrears. And, mark you, all of you, no more—non-sense. By G—I won't stand it." And

sense. By G—I won't stand it." And Captain Vermont departe!.
And so, over happy Arcady, the model parish of Lough and Ardavine, the shadow (ell—the shadow long threatened, but never feared. For had they not their mighty Samson, patriarch and king? and was it not a tradition in the parish, that landlords and they not their mighty Samson, patriarch and king? and was it not a tradition in the parish, that landlords and agents sourried about and looked for rat-holes to hide them from the terrors rat-holes to hide them from the terrors of his face? He was indignant. The old leonine spirit woke within him, when he found his people in danger At first he laughed the threats of the agent's office to scorn. Call in arrears! Nonsense! They dare not do it. But, when the rumble of the smooth mechanism of British law began to be heard afar off, and writs came to be served on two or three of the principal parish on two or three of the principal parish ioners, the Canon saw that business was meant. He called his people to gether, and told them he was going to Dublin to settle the matter without further ado. They gave a mighty cheer: and felt the battle was won. cheer: and felt the battle was won. Father Cussen was silent. He called his league together; and bound them solemnly to stand firmly shoulder to shoulder. He then demanded their receipts from the rent office. They brought the grimy bundles—yellow, stained, rumnled, torn. He examined

brought the grimy bundles — yellow, stained, rumpled, torn. He examined them closely. Quite so : The very thing he expected.
"Did you pay your March rent?" he said to one of the farmers.
"To be sure I did, yer reverence," he replied

Did you get a receipt in full?" he asked

"To be sure I did, ' the farmer re-plied. "There 'tis in your hand, yer reverence.
"This can't be the receipt," said
Father Cussen. "It is dated five

Father Cussen. years back." "Tis the last resate I got," said the

farmer, thoroughly frightened.
" Quite so. And you see there are due five years' arrears, amounting to over £260." Father Cussen examined all the other

receipts. One by one was antedated, thus certifying to arrears due.

The fire that burned so hotly in the aged Canon's breast on his journey to Dublin, burned up also his little physi cal strength. And it was a bowe weary man that tottered down the steps of the Shelbourne Hotel next morning. The waiter helped him to

the pavement.
"Shall I call a cab, sir?"

"Oh! no," said the Canon. "I feel quite strong—ha—quite vigor-ous!" The excitement of entering the agent's office, and making a stand for his poor people, gave him a little unnatural vigor, as he asked, in

his own grand way, the group of clerks that were writing behind the screen:
"Can I see Mr. Noble this morn

ing ?" No," said Simpson, shortly, "you "Then when might I have thehonor of an interview with Mr. Noble?

said the Canon.
"I suppose," said Simpson, "whenever you have the honor of meeting

"I regard that reply as an impertin "I regard that reply as an impertinence, sir," said the Canon.

"Now, look here, old gentleman,"
said Simpson, coolly, "if you have
missed your way, and strayed in here,
the porter will direct you back to
your hovel, or place of residence."

"I'm really—ha—surprised," gasped
the Canon. "This is so utterly unex
matted. Perhams you do not—ha—

"I have not that honor," said Simp-on, "and to be very candia, I don't much care." "I pass by that gross discourtesy, sir," said the Canon, "as I'm here on business. My name is Maurice Canon

Murray, parish priest of Lough and Ardavine."

"Well, Maurice Canon Murray, parish priest of Lough and Ardavine, would you now that your busterness." would you now state your business as braffy as possible, for our time is

pr_cious?"

"I came, sir," said the Canon,

"I came, sir," said the Canon, enquire the meaning or object of this gross outrage on my parishioners."
"What outrage do you speak of?"

queried Simpson. This serving of writs, and demand for a wholly unreasonable rent," said

the Canon.

"You call yourself a Christian clergyman," said Simpson, "and represent a legitimate demand for moneys due, and which, under proper management, would have been paid at any time for the last five years—an out

rage ?" I see," said the Canon, who felt his strength rapidly ebbing away, "that it is—ha—useless—to discuss matters with a subordinate. Please let

me know Captain Vermont's Dublin "He has no city address," said Simpson. "His country address you should know better than I." "I regret to say-ha-I have not-

the honor—of Captain Vermont's ac quaintance," said the Canon, as the room began to swim around. "Oh! dear; yes, you have," said impson. "At least it was you that

Simpson. "At least it was you that gave Captain Vermont the happy information that he was steadily robbed of three or four thousand a year by your excellent parishioners. "Me, sir? How dare you, sir? That is an un—sertion—rantable—wa

please, might—chair—have?"
One of the clerks rushed out and

One of the clerks rushed out and placed the falling Canon in a chair. "Yes," said Simpson, bitterly and mercilessly; "and they would have met their demands were it not for the interference of disloyal and turbulent

priests like you—"
"Stop that, Simpson," said the

clerk, who held the fainting Canon upright in his chair. "Don't you see the gentleman is fainting?"
"Me, sir—distur—loya!—turb—"
"What is your hotel, sir, please? and I shall fetch a cab."

"Shel—tel," murmmured the broken voice, as the lips fell twisted by para lysis, and the right hand lay helpless at the cide.

t the side.
"The Shelbourne!" cried one of the

"The Shelbourne!" cried one of the clerks. "Quick, Harris, or we shall have an inquest here!"
And so the poor Canon, on his mission of mercy, met the first forerunner of dissolution in an agent's office. His limp, heavy form was pushed into a cab, and in an unconscious condition, he was carried to the Mater Hospital where he remained many a geary he was carried to the Mater Hospital where he remained many a weary month. And despair settled down on Lough and Ardavine. They had the bon fires built there that were to celebrate the Canon's truimphal return, and the League Band that had serenaded him so many years ago, and tried to infuse some patriotism into him, was practising, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" Their the news arrived. Their king, their patriarch, their mighty champion, was stricken down in the fight. And what hope remained?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DISILLUSION.

Wearily and anxiously the months passed by in the parish of Lough and Ardavine. All work was at a stand Ardavine. All work was at a standstill. The people were paralyzed.
No one knew, from day to day, when
the dread messengers of the law would
swoop down and commence the work of
destruction. The post-mistress was idle.
The great export of trade of the parish
was a thing of the past. Worst of all,
the great father and friend was lying
on his bed of sickness in a Dublin hos
pital. They had not heard from him
for some time; and then his message
was fairly hop-ful. He assured them
that the landlord would not proceed to
extremities. He was partly light. that the landlord would not proceed to extremities. He was partly right. The case had got into the English press; for the buyers at Manchester were losing heavily by the enforced inactivity of their clients in Ireland; and the Canon had written from his sick-bed a strong letter to the Dublin sick-bed a strong letter to the Dublin the contractions. and London press on this new instance of injustice and rapacity. And so the office hesitated to enforce instructions, and repeatedly received from the land-lord in Paris; and all was wrapped in surmise and uncertainty.

Father Cussen was savagely exult-ant. His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. He had foreseen the evil day and was prepared for it. It was sure to come, he said. Better now than to come, he said. Better have that later on. One sharp tussle; and their tenure was secure forever. Only let them stand shoulder to shoulder, and all the might of England could not disodge them. Luke went over to Lisnalee. The

good old father was grievously troubled. Lizzie and her husband were anxious, but determined. Was there no chance of a settlement, asked Luke.

"None whatever. The landlord was demanding an impossibility. That margin of 25 per cent reduction just kept them alloat, and gave them heart to carry on their industries. If they paid that, al: the profits of their skill and labor were sacrificed. And then, to demand arrears, due over thirty vears-the thing was monstrous!

Father Cussen said the same, adding: "You see, Luke, it's all your beautiful law and order! The man is doing a strictly legal thing; and a strictly brutal thing. He wants this three or four thousand a year, which your sister four thousand a year, which your sister here and the rest are making, not out of the improved condition of his prop erty, but from their own industry. He wants it to stake it on the red at Monte Carlo; and he must have it, or roin!
And the law says, Yes! It is brutal,
but strictly legal! And it will be
carried out at the point of the bay

onet."
Luke returned to Rossmore with a

There was a great mission given in the parish of Rossmore during the month of May in that year. Like all missions in Ireland it was weil attended. People flocked from near and far to hear the sermons, and go to confession. The good Fathers had a busy time, and Luke was kept in church from early morn till late at night. This distracted his thoughts, and made him happy. The closing demonstration-that m touching ceremony of the renewal of baptismal vows-was a wonderful sight There were over fifteen hundred per sons in the large church. The heating was stifling; but they did not heed it.

Mothers brought their babies from
their cradles, lest they should lose the
glory and benediction of that night;
and they held the tiny fingers around the wax candles, and spoke their vows even for the little ones, who had no need of renewal. All felt regen erated after a good confession and communion; all were happy, with that strange, beautiful sense of lightness and peace that one feels after a good sincere confession; all were prepared to live for God, and to die rather than all into the hands of His enemy. Luke was more than bappy; he was buoyant, even enthusiastic. He had had a glor-ious week's work, and he felt sustained by the mighty tonic. And he knew his good pastor was pleased and grati-fled; and this, too, was a great pleasure. But there will be always some little accident to mar great events; and it occurred this evening. One poor fellow forgot himself; but not-mithetending his condition he had in withstanding his condition, he had in sisted on coming to the closing of the mission. He kept fairly quiet during the sermon; but just before the candles were lighted for the concluding cere-mony, he became troublesome. Luke mony, he became troublesome. Luke saw the commotion, and, gliding down by the side aisle, he ordered the delinquent to rise up and follow him.
The poor fellow obeyed, and came out into the yard. Luke ordered him home. But this was resisted. The young man stood, with legs wide apart, and sway-ing to and fro. His candle, bent with the heat, was twisted around his hand, and he was weeping and blubbering like a child. "Come now, like a good fellow,"

said Luke ; "go home, and no one will

miss you."
"I wo'not go home," was the reply.
"I wants the blift of the bission; I

"How can you gain any spiritual beneat in your present state?" pro-tested Luke. "Go home, and go to

"I wo'not go home," the poor fellow protested. "Oh! oh! to be turned out ov the House of God, and the last night of the bission! Oh! oh!" "Twas your own fault," said Luke.

"You have disgreed us all to-night. Go home now, like a good fellow!" "I wo'not go home," he replied, reeping. "I wants to go back to the

weeping. "I wants to go back to the House of God, an' to get the bilift of the bission. Oh! I do—a."

"You shall not return to the church," said Luke, determinedly.
"I cannot have the congregation disturbed this evening. There, I'll get some one to take you home. You can sleep it off, and come to-morrow for the pledge. There, your candle is gone.

pledge. There, your candle is gone and 'tis all over."

That extinguished cardle was decisive. The poor fellow turned away, ashamed and sorrowful, and went towards his home in misery.

asamsed and sorrowin, and went towards his home in misery.

Luke was very angry. He quite
ignored the vast, plous congregation
inside, and the glorious work that had
been wrought during the week. He
saw only the one blot, and that saying,
"the bilifit of the bission," haunted
him during the week. He had worked
himself into the fine fury of those who
are angry and sin not, by Su iday morning; and at last Mass on that day he
delivered a fierce invective on the
abu e of divine grace, on the folly of
mistaking the means for the end, on the
superstition of supposing that the mission was a light coat of armour, that
would save them from relapsing during
the year, without any corresponding the year, without any corresponding effort on their part to co-operate with

effort on their part to co-operate with grace, etc.
On Monday morning he set out on his annual holiday. It was now ten years since he had left England, and although repeatedly invited by his old conferes to cross the Channel, he had always declined. He dreaded the returned the conference of the conf turn of his first experience of the contrasts between the countries. He was now fairly happy; and he did not care to plunge again into the fearful des-pondency that haunted him during his first years on the home mistion. But now he had cast the past so thoroughly behind him that he no longer dreaded the experience; and he had a secret longing to see once more the place where he had spent the first years of his preisthood, and the faces of old friends. He called at the Cathedral. All was changed here. The old staff had passed away, removed by promotion or death; and new faces were all around him. There were the old dinaround him. There were the old dis-ing-room and library; there was the table where he was drawing his map when suddenly ordered to Aylesburgh; there his bedroom? But the Bishop? Dead. The good, kind old Vicar?
Dead. Sheldon? Gone to Aylesburgh. Oh, yes! he knew that. That
faithful friend had never forgotten his
Irish comrade; in fact, it was Father Sheldon's querulous invitation that had conquered Luke's repugnance to visit England again. Was had conquered Luke's repugnance to visit England again. Was his name remembered? Oh, yes. The story of his struggle with the Bishop for the Cappa magna had come down by tradition; for, whenever a young priest tried to put that splendid vestment on the Bishop, he was warned, Remember Delmege! Oh, yes! And it was also remembered that he it was who had brought around the lamentable anostave of Halleck.

lamentable apostasy of Halleck.
"It's an utter and calumnious false-

hood," said Luke.
They lifted their eyebrows and looked at one another. Luke was glad to get away.
Father Sheldon, really delighted to

see his old friend, received him in English fashion, with cool, courteous wel-"Good heavens!" thought Luke; they're all stricken into stone

By-and-bye Father Sheldon thawed

out, and the old spirit of camaraderis "The years are telling on us all, Delmege," he said. "I'm as bald as Julius Cæsar, and you have more silver

than silk in your locks.' "Everything seems changed here," id Luke. "I'm just wondering how I

said Luke. "I'm just wondering how I ever liked this place."
He looked around and contrasted this place with his own little home in Rossmore. He thought of his garden, his flowers, his books, his pictures, his horse, his freedom, the total absence of anxiety about debts, his sense of freedom from responsibility, the patient gentleness of his people, their rever-

ence, their love. "How is John Godfrey?" he asked.

" And Mrs. Bluett?"

" Dead."
" And the Lefevrils?"

"Clotilde is married to your friend Halleck. The others are in the South of Europe, Cap St. Martin, or some other English hive."
"But Halleck is not here?" said

Luke, somewhat nervously.

"Oh, no. He gives lectures occasionally at the Royal Society; picks

up stray apostates from France or Italy, lionizes them, and then drops "Then he has never returned to the Church ?' "Never. You put a bad hand in

him. "If I didn't know you were joking, Sheldon, I would resent that remarks. They flung it at me at the Cathedral also. It appears to be the one un-fragrant memory I have left. And Clotilde?"

"Remains an artist, and haunts South Kensington. "But her religion?" "Oh, she's an 'eclectic.' So she says. Which, as you know, is another

savs. and a prettier name for heretic.' " And poor old Drysdale! Gone too,

to his reward. He was a good man. He never knew how much I reverenced him; and how grateful I am for his example."
"So he was," said Father Sheldon,

rising. "Now, you'll s holidays here, Delmege one or two of your fine heresy, though, mind." Luke was going to But Father Sheldon cont "Ah, what a pity, Delme let me draw that tooth the

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Serpentine. You would us to-day."
"Thank God for the said Luke. "I li stroll a said Luke. "I listroll a see if I can recognize an He passed a ong the H recalled to memory the shop doors. He visitee house. It was a largestablishment. The shathim. Was Mrs. At No; but Miss Atkins Miss Atkins tripped of stared. Oh, yes! shouther speak of Father and ministered there me had ministered there m Perhaps he would cal mother might be at hom "How did I ever con

strange people?" asked e passed down en mesmeri must have b He turned from a st found himself in Prim was abominably paved v stones, and an open g the centre of the lan But it was dear to him. it in the broiling days He had slipped over the in frosty January. I en welcome.
Dead and forgotte

suppose," he said. Hof loud whisperings beh open doors. you 'tis him! Would grand walk annywhere at all. Sure, he's av counthry!" "But I I'd know him if he was

In an instant every There was a hurried co

doubtings and fears; Moriarty, rubbing her in her check apron, door, flung herself on rough stones; and so weeping, smiling, she hands, covered them kisses, whilst her gre out word after word, other in their fury of: Oh! wisha! wisha! I'd see this day? Of ree! pulse of my headred thousand welcoday! Oh! praise be Lord an' Your Holy Father, sure we thouse you again! Ye Mary McCarthy! Ye over ye all? Don't y priest? Yerra, yer and manny's the time Oh! wisha! wisha! w on! Wisha: Wisha is agin! Yerra, and ye, how are ye? An parish priest now it thry!" And da capo "Wisha, yer reveother, "sure 'tis w

other, "sure 'tis wyou. An' here's l her! 'Twas you bapt "And this is James Don't you remimber, christenin', because open all the time?" Oh, Lor', sure the forgive theirselves fo blessed day. Mike all. That's all about

"But, perhaps yes be goin' away so s min would have a cha "I shall remain for Father Sheldon," sa has kindly asked m Sunday, and to say a old congregation."
"Is't to prache, ye

glory, did ye hear ye hear that, Kate? goin' to prache or Prodestan' in the cit "Wisha, yer revel hard a right sarmon "That's thrue fo they mane well, po haven't the flow." "Look here," so touched by this over come back with me all about it. Ireland and, and she wants

"We wish we coul thousand times over use ? We've a little give us at home."
"That's true, too, the bailiffs and the

troubles.
"An' sure they're are all lavin' the reverence, an' flying "The fools are," could live at home what's become of ians?"
"Oh, they're he

ence," said Mrs. little pitying smile ity. Then, going of staircase, she shou at once, Jo Kimo. rotty ? Come down see yere own priest
"Don't spake al
she warned Luke,
an' the poor man
his child."

And Gioacchim Stefano came dow wept, and kissed and he caressed their own beauti went away, feeling hundredth time the words: "Love th

And he wonders to love this gray, s lamp and asphalt; except in that one the aliens. And h joy he would get and its mountains, its pretty cottages of his people. An a new set of brevia pastor, with good