of his people's affections always pro-tected him from the temptation of con-

and the pen.

LUKE DELMEGE.

MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"GITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- CONTINUED. A LECTURE ON BIOLOGY.

He did; but it cost him a tremend-cus effort. He had trained himself so perfectly to self-restraint, particularly in his language, that his measured words fell, at first, on a cold and un-sympathetic audience. He introduced the subject in connection with the words fell, at first, on a cold and unsympathetic audience. He introduced the subject in connection with the great All Souls' Feast, which had just passed. He wished to prove that love for the dead was always a characteristic of the race, that soldiers prayed for dead comrades—ay, even for the enemy they had destroyed. Then he spoke of Cremora; of the two regiments, Dillon's (the old Mounteashel Brigade) and Burke's, that were quartered in the city. He drew a picture of the great French army, asleep in the famous Italian city—the stealthy approach of the enemy—their successful entry—their bivcuae on the square while the garrison slept. The congregation when the grant and the Crimean veteran rose in their seats. And as Luke went on to describe the reveiled.

veteran rose in their seats. And as Luke went on to describe the reveile at midnight, the sleepers arouse from dreams to the terrible cry: "The enemy is upon us!" the sudden rush for arms, and then the mighty valor with which the two Irish regiments, in very pronounced undress, flung them selves unaided on the foe and drove wery promotes unaided on the foe, and drove them, beyond the walls, and then drew up at the bridge-gate that commanded the town entrances, and drove back charge after charge of the cuirassiers — and all this, while their currasters — and all this, while their marshal was in the hands of the enemy—he let himself go, the first time for many years, and painted with all the emphasis of Celtic imagination the valour of this remnant of the Irish Brigade. There was a broad smile on the aces of the people as he spoke of the deshabille and unfinished toilettes of these Irish exiles; but when he went on to describe how, after the battle, the victors went out to bury the dead, and found some hundreds of their fel low country men amongst the Austri-ans, who had fallen under their own and how they knelt and prayed the dead, and then built a mighty cross over their remains, Celtic fire yielded to Celtic sorrow; and for the arst time in his life, Luke saw tears on the faces of his audience. He went on to speak of the Calvaries that were everywhere erected in Catholic countries on the Continent—by the wayside, on mountain summits, at the corners of streets; and he expressed great surprise that in a Catholic country like Ireland, such manifestations of faith and piety were almost unknown. He closed his discourse by a homily on Death—his own recent bereavement adding pathos to his words—and turned to the altar, with a full heart. everywhere erected in Catholic coun

to the altar, with a full heart. to the altar, with a full heart.

The first fruit of his sermon was visible in an excellent dinner. Mary's temper was variable; and her moods affected her cuisine. This day, she did not know whether to laugh or to cry. The picture of these Irish fellows rushing straight from their beds at the foe, and driving, half armed and marmonred. and driving, half armed and unarmoured four thousand Germans from the city, tickled her fancy. Then, the thought of Luke's mother ('o whose death he had delicately alluded) subdued her; but she walked on air all that day; and Luke saw delicacies whose very names were unknown to him. And Mary told John confidentially:

"I knew the ma ther was always

right; but priests can't talk out their minds, like common people."

There was a vast and sudden change,

too, in the attitude of the great bulk of the parishioners. Instead of the shy, furtive looks — half-frightened, half-respectful—men walked up to him with the strangely. A chemist's shop, respectful—men walked up to him with a certain gay freedom, and accosted him. Some ventured so far as to say, with a cheery smile, "A fine day, Father Luke!" And the women cour tesied, and whispered: "God bless

tesied, and whispered: your reverence every day you live !" The village butcher, who held very strong National principles, and who was usually taciturn, if not surly, to-wards Luke, grew suddenly familiar. wards Luke, grew suddenly familiar. And sweetbreads, and liver, and kid neys began to pour into Luke's larder. And from afar, poor women brought in their early turkeys, for which they could get ten shillings a pair, and the yard became melodious with the cackling. And now when he passed the young men on their Sunday walks, or going to work her suddenly and sweet her suddenly and set the suddenly suddenly and set the suddenly sudden going to work, instead of the silent, cold reverence of old with which they their hats as they passed by, doffed their hats as they passed by, there was assumed a certain junity air of familiarity; and with it, a sort of confidential smile, as if they would say: "Well, your reverence, it was a good joke—that of those Irish sans-culottes, tearing like mad through the streets and squares of Cremona."

out a fortnight after, as Luke was going out to say last Mass, he thought he saw something unusual in the land-scape. He rubbed his eyes, and scrutinized carefully every minute feature, now so well known to him. At last he discovered the novelty. Beyond the red tiles of the village roofs stretched the precipitous slope of woodland and forest in which the Lodge nestled. The

Lodge was hardly visible in summer, so thick was the foliage of beeches, and thick was the foliage of beeces, and oaks, and elms. But there was always visible a white pencil of a flagstaf, crossed by a yardarm, and netted with white ropes. The gilt ball on its sumwhite ropes. The gilt ball on its sum mit glittered whenever the sun shone when the General was at home and the fresh clean at waspegment around like a cool garment on a fever patient, and the long lone vistas stretching away to the hazy hills that crowned the pathway of the lordly Shannon, was an unspeakable pleasure. the red flag of England gleamed like flame of fire against the black foliage. Sometimes it was the Union Jack, some-times the flyg of an admiral of the high

red, against the deep umbers and cohres of the autumn woods; and right behind it, and cresting the summit of the hill, and clearly outlined against the gray sky, was an immense black cross. Luke rubbed his eyes again, and called

rubbed his eyes again, and called Mary.

"Do you see anything strange there right over the Lodge?" he asked.

"Where, your reverence?" said Mary, smiling, and looking everywhere but in the right direction. She had been in the secret for the last fort-

been in the secret for the last fornight.

"There," said Luke, pointing.

"There seems to be something unusual
against the horizon line."

"On! so there is," said Mary,
slowly making the discovery. "There's
something like a cross."

Then Luke saw that Mary was smiling.

After Mass, Luke strolled around After Mass, Luke strolled around the road that swept through the village and ran behind the General's demeane even to the summit. On the highest point of the hill the road cut off the demeane from the farms that were in the vicinity. And inside a hawthern hedge and beyond the General's juris diction was a mighty cairn of stones, moss grown, and lichen-covered, and dating from Druid times. It was visible for miles around, and was still known as Knockane-na Coppuleen, the Little Hill of the Little Horses. No one dared touch it, though it was

o one dared touch it, though it was weil known that gold was piled be-neath; for didn't Farmer Mahony, a hard unbeliever, once remove a few stones from the cairn to repair a ditch, and wasn't he struck dead on the spot? and weren't the stones brought back to the cairn by invisible hands? Yet it the cairn by invisible hands? Yet it could hurt no one to place the all-conquering Sign there—and there it was, cresting the cairn, an immense cross, with the spear and sponge, and a crown of real thorns hanging in the centre. Luke gazed long at the mighty symbol; then, turning round, he noticed that the turf or grass surface had been removed in regular natches on the face of moved in regular patches on the face of the high slope. He moved down, far down, and then looked upward. Yes I unmistakably, in clear cut letters on

with your modest request, and the dictates of the editorial conscience, I read your paper from Alpha to Omega. Like the famous critic, who opened 'The Ring and the Bock' for the first time, the dreadful suspicion crossed my mind: Have I become suddenly demented? On the anggastion of mented the conscience of the anggastion of the anggastion of the anggastion of the anggastion of the conscience. unmistakably, in clear cut letters on the grassy swards, and so large that they might be read from the far hills of Clare, that to day looked near and threatening, were cut the words my mind: Have I become suddenly de-mented? On the suggestion of my sub, we read the paper backwards; and then a great light dawned. No-thing could give me greater pleasure than to oblige an old schoolmate; but PRAISED BE JESUS CHRIST, FOREVER It was fortunate for Luke Delmege if I published your paper, there would be an immediate demand for auxiliary that this momentary contact with the best side of human nature had softened asylums all over the country; and th asylums all over the country; and the doctors would at last have a tangible cause for the increase in insanity, instead of tracing it to that harmless drug, called tea. Accepting your theory, however, about the Identity of Contradictories, I accept your paper: and in the same sense, you will hereby find enclosed a check for £20.

"I am, dear Luke, yours etc.,
The EDITOR. his feelings towards men. Because was just now face to face with that most deadly temptation—to despise and snrink from his kind, and to live in such solitariness of thought as would barely allow a margin of time for the discharge of sacred duties. The mighty abstraction, Humanity, which be had worshipped in the high which he had worshipped in the high atmosphere of thought, had been rudely dispelled, and had left only the sordid precipitate of a few wrecked fragments of bones and dust. And in the awful revelations of the grave he read the utter insignificance of human

life. He began to perceive, too, in his close observation of nature, that

nis close observation of nature, that the same law was everywhere—life springing from the bosom of death, and then chased back into death again by the operations of some inexorable law. It was with infinite pity he saw how, in the springtime of the year, buds had scarcely unfolded themselves in tender, silky leaves, when frost, or canker, or blight withered and dried up their infantine beauty; and, on the other hand, the leaves were hardly

when tiny buds shot forth only to be paralyzed and shrunk under the icy

with all its sights and smells—its iodo-form and creosote, and carbolic, the ill smelling wardens against decompos-

ition and dissolution—made him sick. Death and decay haunted all Nature

was merely ephemeral. History he could not bear. What was it but the

record of human passion and folly— the amateur theatricals of a race that

must cheat time and ennui with its

crous? No. There was nothing last-ing but the Idea and the Soul; and

Luke turned away with loathing from his race and sought earth's only bles-sing of peace in solitude and thought.

self by the attitude of his brethren

towards him. They were kind, but critical. Their swift, impetuous ways,

ways unhappy in society, except, in deed, the society of his beloved pastor

streams and the pine-woods, and came home happy from his association with

was driven further inward on him

its unimportance did not make it lu

stage mimicry would

and diplomacy, and whose nimicry would be a tragedy, if

were

hardly

other hard, the leaves were changed in color under Octobe

"P. S .- You will pardon an editor a joke, for auld lang syne's sake. But, my dear Luke, you are a hundred years behind or a hundred years in ad vance of your age. "Don't you know we are just now passing through the bread and butter cycle? that we have hung up Erin to Reach; and age we are just now passing through the 'bread and butter' cycle? that we have hung up Erin go Bragh; and are taking Sidney Smith's advice about Erin-go bread and butter — Erin go-boots-without holes in-them, etc. etc. 1 boots-without noise in-them, etc. etc. write me something practical, thou agricultural curate—the quantity of nitrogen in a cubic foot of solid guano, how to get sulphur out of turnips, and sugar of phosophorus out of apples, or anything that will help on the material preservity of the country; but abanprosperity of the country: but aban-don your idealism, and not only for a time, but forever. How I envy you! paratyzed and shrunk under the ley breath of winter. So, too, in the fairest child, death and decay made themselves manifest. Scarcely had life begun, when death stood by the cradle, his thousand-winged messenger of disease hovering around that infant form to arrest its growth and decrees

O, fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint! My only chance of exercise is on d, which is my triped; an on which I make conscientiously thousand gyrations every day. you, on your gallant steed, sporning the earth, and climbing the heavens! Ah me !!!'

times. He was disappointed; but he could not be angry. The good humour of his old classmate disarmed him. And certainly t was a good joke, that Luke Delmege, the methodical, the practical, the realist, should be warned off from the dangers of a too exuberant like a hideous spectre. So, too, in his reading, Luke gave up everything that was merely ephemeral. History he

"There is no end to the human
"There is no end to the human
anisma." he said, as he tied the roll and flung it into the recesses of his bookcase.

Some months after, he was invited to lecture at a great literary club in the city. The letter of invitation implied city. that Luke's estrangement from the active life of the Church around him was extremely unlike all that they had read about his career in England, and gently hint d that a persistence in these solitary habits would infallibly lead to his being considered peculiar and strange. The subject of the lecture was left to his own-selection, with one proviso-it should be up-to

always seeking action, action—their emphatic principles, their intelerance of abstractions, and their insistence on With all his morbid shrinking from of abstractions, and their insistence on facts; and all this coupled with an idealism that seemed to him utterly visionary and impractical, alienated his sympathies from them. He was alpublicity, partly the result of the secret contempt of men of which we have spoken, and partly arising from a dread of being misunderstood, Lake would have declined the invitation; but that word "peculiar" stung him; and he determined to go, and show the whose suave gentleness subdued all riotous questioning on his part. And he haunted the mountains and the world what he was; and what he might world what he was; and what he might have been. He ransacked his brains and his library for an up-to date sub-ject; and, at last, decided that bio-logy—the latest of the sciences — was the peace of Nature. A day on the lonely mountains, sitting over the rough bridge which spanned the yellow exactly suitable to his own tastes and the capacities of his audience. He wrought laboriously at his lecture, de-termined it should be his last cast of orrent, with the furze and the bracken torrent, with the furze and the bracken waving around him, and a hare leap-ing out to wonder at him, and the whir of the partridge over his head, and the fresh clean air wrapping him

There was a full house; and a brilliant gathering of priests and laymen on the platform. The president happily and generously spoke of Luke's splendid career in college, and his after-successes on the mission; and he times the flyg of an admiral of the high seas, sometimes one symbol, sometimes another; but always the flag of England. And some of the villagers passed it by unnoticed, and some stared at it curiously; and some, especially on days when the staff was garlanded by all the flag signals in the British Navy, cursed low and deep at the symbol of their subjection. This day, it was a gleam of

Luke rebuked himself. "It is self-knowledge," he said, "that has made me uncharitable." Surely the heart en hrines mysteries and secrets beyond the power of its own divination!

His young spirits bounded back at this generous introduction; and he spoke under the intoxication of atimulated genius. His reception by the audience, too, was cordial, almost enthusiastic. His fine figure, a face animated with the glow of talent and the excitement of a novel experiment, his clear, well-modulated, ringing voice, that sounded quite musical even after the splendid chorus of the Orchestr: Union of the society, seemed to awaken all present to the fact that his lecture was to be something quite unique in their experiences. tested him from the temptation of contempt.

Immediately after 'he events narrated in the last chaptar, he made two gallant attempts to get into touch with the outer world. He was stung into making the attempts by some unkind things he had heard. They were but two simple phrases and they meant so much. "Sub nube!" He only heard in a whisper; but oh! how much it signified! And that crue! and unjust saying of Lactanius: "Literati non habent fidem!" so untrue, yet so easily applicable on the lips of the uncharitable, out him to the quick, as it magnified the episcopal warning into a grave censure, which might be removed by Mother Church but never by the that his lecture was to be something quite unique in their experiences. Nor were they disappointed. It was a clear, well-knit lecture, full of facts, as well as arguments; and when Luke completed a peroration in which he welcomed every fact, and scorned every conclusion of modern science, and declared that the cry of the Church in every age most of all in our own, is for "Light! more light! that all knowledge may flually expand and be lost in the Light Supernal," — the audience, mostly young men, arose, and gave him an ovation that seemed to console him for all his years of enforced sectuation. One member after another stood up to express his grati grave censure, which might be removed by Mother Church but never by the world. He determined to assert him-self—to come out into the arena, as he had so often stepped into the palse strum of his college, and show him-self for all he was worth. There were two ways open to him, literature and the pullit; two weapons, the voice and the nem. He took down his books-some, alas ! mildewed and damp from want of use
—and set to work steadily. He gave
himself full time for careful elabora tion; and in six weeks he had a paper ready for the press. They were the happlest six weeks he had spent since stood up to express his grati his return to Ireland. Blessed is work! Blessed, the sentence: "In the sweat another stood up to express his gratification; and then—well, then—there was the "little rift within the lute," that was tingling so musically in his cars. For one member made a comic speech about the "blastoderms" and "gemmules" and "amce as" which Luke had introduced into his lecture; and another blatted the apprision that it Blessed, the sentence: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labor all the days of thy life!" He got his essay carefully typewritten, though typing was a costly novelty at the time, and sent it to the editor of the great Quarterly that was just then setting out boldly on its career as the organ of Science, Literature, Polemics and Art, for all that was cultured in the country. In a few weeks, alas! the little roll was returned, with this letter: "Office of The Indicator, April 6, 188—"My Dear Luke—In compliance another hinted the suspicion that it was fine, but was it sound? It was eloquent; but was it sound? It was eloquent; but was it orthodox? Luke fushed angrily. The president intervened. He took Luke's part nobly; and, being a man of vast erudition and properties and the second and, being a man of vast equition and unimpeachable honour, his words were regarded as final. But the sting remained. And for many months did Luke puzzle himself with the enigma that the more closely he studied, and the more accurately he expressed himself, the more was he minunderstood. "My Dear Luke-In compliance with your modest request, and the dic

He spoke angrily on the subject once to a lively confere. "I'd advise you, Luke," said the latter, "to keep to Grattan and O'Connell, or that venerable subject —
The relative merits of a monarchy and a republic, or—Was Napoleon a greater warrior than Wellington? You can't

But I didn't trip," protested poor

Luke.
"Of course not! of course not!" said the confrere.

But there was one member of the audi ence that (amous evening who was utterly disgusted and disedified. Matthew O Shaughnessy was a retired merchant, who had accumulated merchant, who had accumulated a pretty fortune in the bacon and butter line; and, having provided well for his family, he wisely determined to retire from business, and, with his excellent wife, to spend the twilight of their lives in peace. He was a very pious man; kind, and good, and charitable, almost to a fault. But he had one imperfection—only one; and that, very venial. He was critical, especially about matters affecting religion or the Church. He always raised his siik hat—for he was a dreadful formalist and belonged to the old school—when passbelonged to the old school—when passing a priest in the street: kindly, if he met an acquaintance: ostentatiousnet an acquaintance : ostentatiou ly, if he met a stranger. But he would not salute a priest who was cycling. He thought it undignified and unbe-

eoming. He sat, on Sandays, a little distance He sat, on Sundays, a little distance from the pulpit; so near, that, being somewhat deaf, especially in the left ear, he might hear the preacher; so far, that he might see him, and watch his expression and gestures. When the gospel of the day had been read, which Matthew followed word by word from his prayer book to see was it correctly rendered, he sat with the audience, but slightly turned towards the wall, and with his right hand folded over and pressing down his ear. folded over and pressing down his ear. If the remarks of the preacher pleased him, he punctuated them with several nods of the head and half-audible re marks: "That's good!" "Brave!"

him, he punctual nods of the head and hair auditions of the head and hair auditions of the head and hair audition marks: "That's good!" "Bravo!" If the preacher was weak or irrelevant, Matthew turned around, wiped his spectacles, and read his prayer-book. He chiected strenuously to "priests in the priest of t

tacles, and read his prayer-book. He objected strenuously to "priests in politics"; and often asked: "What in the world are the Bishops doing?"

On the evening of Luke's lecture, Matthew, as an honorary member of the committee, should have been on the platform with the priests and distinguished laymen, and grievous was the disappointment of many who had been anticipating a great treat from Matthew's remarks on biology. But he came in late—they said, purposely so came in late—they said purposely so and was accommodated with a seat at the furthest end of the hall. He took it graciously, bowed all around to the young men, took out his red silk hand-kerchief and folded it on his knee, leated slightly forward, folding his right hand over his ear, and listened right hand over his ear, and listened. Luke was just saying that scientists had not yet fully determined whether man was a regenerate and fully-evolved anthropoid ape, or whether the anthropoid ape was a degenerate man; and he instanced experiments that had lately been made in London on a certain simian, called Sally, who was made to come numerals up to ten by placing tain simian, called Sally, who was made to coun numerals up to ten by placing straws in her mouth. Matthew's face lengthened, as he listened with open mouth. He couldn't believe his ears. He looked around cautiously to see what effect these extraordinary statements. what effect these extraordinary state-ments were producing on the faces of the young men around him. They were preternaturally solemn. He listened again. This time Luke was using managain. This time Luke was using maniestly profane language. Matthew looked areund. The boys shook their heads mournfully and nudged each other. They then looked to Matthew for a clew. "I thought so," he said, drawing in his breath sharply. "I knew my sinses didn't deceive me. Did are my sinses didn't deceive me. Did any mortal man ever hear the like from a priest before?" But, then, he e was a chorus of congratulation from presid-ent, vice president, and committee. "I wouldn't stand it, if I was you,"

Mary, to help out her husband's inabil-

ity to explain.

"About? I'll tell you thin. It appears that this young gentleman was in England; and there, like here, the blagards will call names. But what was the manin' of telling a respectable congregation about Jim the mule, and Mike the rogue? But that wasn't all. There was a poor half demunted crach

stage, and asked her to count tin. And whin she couldn't, they put sthraws in her mout' and then made her take 'em out, wan by wan, to count 'em. But,' continued Matthew, as he laid down his wine glass, "that waan't the worst of the business. Mary O Shaughnessy, did you ever hear a priest curse?"

"Yerra what's comin' (year year)

husband intently. "Curse? a priest curse? Niver, nor you syther!" "Did't!?" said Matthew. "Faix, an' I did. Not wance or twice nay-

ther; but every second word from his

"If I didn't know you, Matcha O'Shaughnessy," said Mary, with some anger, "I'd say you wor dhramin." "Faix, I wasn't, nor more nor you this minit," said Matthew. "Egor, I thought he'rlse the roof av me head. 'Blast yah, Jane Ettick,' he says; not 'you,' at all, but 'yah,' wid his grand English accent: 'Blast yah, Jer Minahal! Blast yah, Dermody."

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was tapping the Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was tapping the brass fender with her slipper in an ominous manner; and her eyes were glinting, like the sparks in the grate; but Matthew, with all the unconsciousness of a fated mortal, went on, twisting poor Luke's scientific terminology into horrible profanity. Then the storm broke suddenly.

"D'ye know what I'm after thinkin', Mr. O Shaughnessy?" she said, in an accent of forced calmness.

surprised.
"I'm thinkin', Matcha O'Shaughnes

whispered a young man, who read Mat-thew's mind as it were a book. "'Tis a burning shame, and you're one of the

But just then the one critic wa pening his batteries on the lecture and expressing grave doubts about the lecturer's orthodoxy. Matthew was delighted.

"Good man!" he whispered. "Go on! Pitch into him! Right you are!

Sand it home !"

He then folded his silk handkerchief with a sigh, took up his silk hat, and turned round. He saw the expectant

turned round. He saw the expectant faces.

"Well," said he, "if that doesn't bang Banagher, I'm—a—I'm—a—street-preacher. What the——is comin' over the counthry at all, at all?"

He went out into the night. It was a moonlit night, very bright, and soft and balmy. The streets were deserted. The audience had remained for the final chorus. Matthew was puzzled, angry, shocked. He had to relieve his feelings. He addressed Diana, as there was no one else around.

"Egor! 'tis a quare business altogether! We don't know whether 'tis on our heads or heels we're standin' with these young men! Did anny wan ever hear the like before from the lips of a Roman Catholic clergyman? Egor!

of a Roman Catholic clergyman? Egor Jim the mule, and Mike the rogue, an Sally the ape! Wasn't the poor 'uman as good as God made her? An' if He didn't make her as handsome as me young backo, wasn't that His business? An' why should any poor 'uman be

called an ape?"

Diana looked solemnly down, consci ous of her own beauty, on these mic robes of earth, but did not reply. Matthew went further towards home. Then his feelings overpowered his again, and striking the reverberating flags with his heavy stick, he again ad-

dressed Diana.
"That was bad enough; but whin he comminced cursin' and blasphemin, I thought he'd rise the roof ag. 'Blast ho! Jane Ettick,' he says; 'blast ho! Jer Minshal!' Egor! the ind of the world is comin'! What will Mary say, wondher !"

Mary had been taking a gentle snooze over the parlour fire, while the cat slept at her feet and the kettle sang on the hob. She woke up on Matthew's entrance, rubbed her eyes, and said

dreamily:
"'Pon my word, Matcha, I believe I
was akchally asleep. How did ye like

the leckshure?"

Mary looked well in her black silk dress, and the thin gold chain around her neck; but Matthew was too indig nant to heed such things just then.

"Lave me alone, 'uman,' he said.
"Where are the matayriels?" "Where are the matayriels?"
Mary said nothing, but touched the
bell. She was accustomed to these
moods. The "matayriels" were
brought in, and Matthew, with sundry
grunting soliloquies, brewed his tumbler. He then bent forward, and placing
the tips of his fingers together between
his knees, he aid:

nis knees, he aid:
"Mary O'Shaughnessy, you and me are a long time in this wurruld, and maybe we li be longer, place God; but of all the demonsthrations and exhibitions you ever hard of, to night bate

He moistened his lips. Mary woke

" If it was a Methody, or a Prosbyterian, or wan of these new acrostics, that I hear'em talk of sometimes below there, I wouldn't be surprised. But a R man Catholic clergyman, an ordained minister of God, who'll be standing at the althar to-morrow mornin'

Here Matthew's feelings overpowered him. He threw out his hands in an attitude of horror and unspeakable disgust, and then moistened his lips.

"What was it about, at all?" said

ure over there, called Sally, and what did they do wid her, d'ye think? Brought the poor 'uman up upon a stage, and asked her to count tin.

Yerra, what's comin' over you, cha?' said Mary, reering at her cand intently. "Curse? a priest Matcha ?'

"If I didn't know you, Matcha

accent of forced calmness.
"Somethin' good, Mary, I'm sure,"
said Matthew, a little frightened and

"I'm thinkin', Matcha O'Shaughnes sy," said Mary, beating time with her slipper, "that you litted yer little finger wance too otten since yer dinner."
"If you mane, Mary," said Matthew, apologetically, yet sure of his defence, "that I took dhrink, ye were never more mistaken in yer lite. Since the day I took the teetotal pledge for life from Father Matcha, me friend, down there in the bowlin' green, exactly "Fine? Fine is no name for him. He's wan of the grandest min ye ever saw in a day's walk."

"I'm suppose he li be coming to see me," said Mary, "if only on account of his poor mother."
"D ye think will he come to-night?" said Matthew, in alarm.
"Faix, he might. He might dhrop over ather his supper."
"I'm better be puttin' these things

forty-five years ago come this Christ-mas, on two dhrinks a day, and what-ever the doctor would ordher as medicine, I never tasted a dhrop since." "Thin can't you let yer priests lone?" cried Mary, angirly turning around.

around.

"Yerra, is't me 'uman? cried Matthew. "Yerra, I'd die for me priests!"

"Thin why are you always nagging at 'em and placin' 'em and faultfindin' with 'em? Begor, the poor gintlemin can't please ye, at all, at all. If they were a high bayver, they're too grand; an' if they wear a Jurry hat, they're demanin' thimselves. If they're goin' about their juty in the sthreets, they onght to be at home; and if they stay at home, why aren't they walking the sthreets? If they go to Kilkee or Lisdoonvarna for a bret' of fresh air, they're spendin' the money of the poor; an' if they stop at home, they're savin' and miserly. If they take their masheens an' go out for a whist of fresh air, afther bein' cooped up all day in their boxes, plous craw-thumpers an' althar-scrapers won't take as their hat to God's ministers—"

"Yerra, 'umsn take yer tongue as "Yerra, is't me 'uman? cried Mat-hew. "Yerra, I'd die for me priests!"

"Yerra, 'uman take yer tongue all me," cried Matthew, in agony. "Sure, I'd lie down in the mud of the sthreets, and lave me priests walk over

me body—
"Begor," continued Mary,
"Begor," continued vere Pa "Begor," continued Mary, now thoroughly roused, "wid yere Parnellites, an' yere Independints, an' yere Faynians, there's no respect for God ror man. Ye'll be soon tellin' the Pope of Rome what he ought to do. But 'tis only sarvin' 'em right. Manny and manny's the time I tould 'em'. Do and manny's the time I tould 'em: 'Do as the ould priests did—give 'em the stick acrass the small of their back an' they'll respect ye.' But, begor now, the priests of the Church must take aff their Caroline hats to ivery little whipster of a girl that comes home from her convent school wid her row

of music under her arrum-' "Go on !" said Matthew, resignedly, "Go on I said matthew, resigneday, turning round to his only consolation. "What the Scripture says is true: There's no stoppin' a burnin' house, nor a scouldin' 'uman."

"An' what'd ye be, without yere priests?" continued Mary unheeding.
"Who looks after the poor and the sick? Who goes out into the house where there's sickness and faver, and browncheeties, and mazles? Who gets up yers Young Min's Societies for ye? An' yere concerts? Who's at the top, bottom, and middle of iverything that's good or gracious-in the counthry-"Yerra, 'uman, shure I'm not deny-ing that our priests are good!" pleaded

Matthew, in despair.
"An' there ye are, like a parcel of unwaned childre wid yere mouths open unwaned childre wid yere mouths open to be fed. 'Tis the priest here; an' the priest there! An' very little thanks they get for their throuble afther all. But, believe you me, Matcha O'Shaughnessy," continued Mary, in a tone of great solemnity, "an' believe you me agin, there's a day of reck'nin' comin'; and manny a poor crachure, who hasn't as long a bade as you or your aiquals, may inter the Kingdom of Heaven afore ye. But take me of Heaven afore ye. But take me advice—let the priests alone! They belong to God; an' if they go astray let Him dale wid them!"

There was a deep, solemn hush of ten minutes' duration after this tornado. Matthew was struck dumb. What can Matthew was struck dumb. What can a poor fellow do but bite the dust after a cyclone? "Tic-tac," solemnly went the clock on the mantle-

cyclone? "Tic-tac," solemnly at the clock on the mantle-ce. "Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick," piece. "Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick," went Mary's gold watch in her belt. At last Matthew raised himself with a deep sigh, and commenced to compose an Eirenicon. When this was ready, he said, in a gentle and deferential whisper:

There was no reply.
"Mary!" he said, more loudly.
"Well?" said Mary, without looking

round. "Mary, I'm makin a little sup for

you. "You won't," said Mary crossly. "But I say I will," said Matthew.
"Mary, I've been noticin' for a long time that you're not lookin' quite yerself. You're only pickin' and pickin' at your males like a young chicken. Why, you ate no more for your brekfus thin a child of four. You thin' every day for nourishment. Here, nust see the docthor, and take

"'Tis too sthrong," said Mary, making a grimace over the steaming wine-

"'Tis not too sthrong," said Matt-hew, in a tone of righteous indignation. 'Twill rouse you up."

" Put a little hot water in it," said Mary, pleadingly.
"I will not put hot wather in it,"
"I will not put hot wather you said Matthew. "Is it to make you sick, I'd be?"
"Well, I'll lave it up there to cool,"

said Mary, placing the wine-glass on the mantelpiece.

After a long pause, during which the emperature settled down to normal,

Mary said:
"That young priest is a cousin of mine !"

mine!"
"What young priest?" said Matthew, with affected indignation.
"The young pracher," said Mary.
"Is't Father Delmege you mane?" said Matthew.

"Yis," answered Mary. "He's me second and third cousin be me mother's

second and third cousin be me mother saide."

"An' why didn't ye tell me that before?" said Matthew, "Did I iver see such people as women are? They draw you out, an' out, an out, like a talliscope, until you make a fool of yerself, and thin they shut you up with a sna. But fair an' 'tisn't because a snap. But, faix, an' 'tisn't because
I'm sayin' it to yer face, ye have raison to be proud of him."

"I'm tould he's a fine-lookin' man,"

said Mary.
"Fine? Fine is no name for him.

out of the way," said M removing the glasses. 'hates this, as the div

NOVEMBER 23,

Just then, a tremend

heard at the hall door.

"Here he is!" said hening herself up, and toilette. "Do I look a

cha?"
"Never better in y
Matthew. "He'll be
whin he sees you."
There was a collequy then a heavy foot on the swer to a rather timid k shouted "Come in!" T just a little, the serva her tousled head, and sa "The milkman, ma'ar that tuppence for the m "Bad luck to you ar together," said Mary, pockets. "Here!" But Luke did call the

and he was very grand and even affectionate. learning that in this amongst its simple, there were mighty tream and love, for which to polish of other lands was polish of other lands wa change. And Matthew on the honor for days cut out the paragrap about "The Lecture o Matthew went around, one, "Did they ever fore?" and "Why the the Bishop bring that g into the city?" And her mantelpiece, side i portrait of the Bishop photograph, gorgeously answer to all inquiries,

Me cousin, Father TO BE CONTI

MAY AND DE A STOR

"I was an old fool old fool; that's all the ought to have known not to blame, poor this child yet, and these her ambitious mother's the old man, but his m might have known December—pshaw! he have believed that M love an old fellow like Ware surveyed hims parlor mirror.
"See! It reflects a

fifty eight, with rudd

hair, and eyes from w youth has long since o yet there is fire in the

too, as now he strided pet ejaculating, with 'Yes, I was an old to Bat I will be kind to man to tyrannize ov er mother to nursery to make her now it is not in rea thing like her to ste home with my frosty feet. Poor little Ma punish her because shahe shall cave wha go where she likes. too proud to trot her rich Mark Ware. I them roth happy, let and Mark Ware paus she has seen what the the world—is made back and love the o maybe-who knows? who is believed in makes a bad wife. bad wife yet but the band first. That's go pel, anyhow, and Ma to act upon it. Man ball to night with will stay at home patience and my go no evil in her—she's and if she wants to shall see it; and t dancing round with dim her bright eyes;

She was guileless at said, but when the realized the import had been made to ut us part," she looked ing dread to the weary years before seemed a prison as keeper. Its very and she chafed gilded fetters, while cried out, "Anywhe she sit there in the day, listening only her own troubled he and the butterfly or in the bright sunshi her beauty to fade i the complaints of Every pulse of her could her mother to marry him? Ho have so unmagnani compulsory sacrific shown her the work shown her for herself? Oh, s from such a home There were no

Mark Ware had r

fashionable horizo comet, eclipsing all ties. No ball, no thought a success after night found h gay assemblage. I ment, and her fool her husband never the contrary, she c dressing table som ment which he had occasion, and Marin her hair or he bitterly. "He is the other appendament, should reflect less taste." Mistaken Mary

Time passes of His evenings were for his little babe the reprieved nu escape to her pink with John at the pretty sight, Mari