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By arrangement with Longmans, Green & Co. English have a feeling for a fellow-LISHEEN

BY REV. P.A. SHEEHAN, D. D. Author of "My New Curate," Luke Dalmege," "Lisheen," "Glenanaar," etc.

CHAPTER XVII VISITORS AT LISHEEN

VISITORS AT LISHEEN A few days after the priest's visit, the little household at Lisheen were startled by the sudden appearance in the farm-yard of a lady and gentleman, evidently of superior station in life. The first guessed it was a landlord apparition ; but this idea was quickly dispelled, when the strangers declared they had come to visit the sick man, who had found refuge with the humble cottiers. Bob Maxwell, convalescent, was sitting by the kitchen fire, his hands still swathed in cotton wool, when he heard himself suddenly accosted by Hugh Hamberton : that hitherto his own mission had bee Hamberton :

lamberton: Well, my man, and how are you ? Had bad time, eh ?' Maxwell rose with some pain and con-ronted his visitors. He felt the least ouch of resentment at being ad-ressed so abruptly, and was about o answer coldly, when his eyes Maxwell rose with some pain and con-tonted his visitors. He felt the least ouch of resentment at being ad-to answer coldly, when his eyes Maxwell rose with some pain and con-bat time. He had suffered, but effected the had suffered, but effected to thing; and where's the use in needless suffering, where no results come forth ? What if he joined hands with this powerful man, this bright and cheerful girl, and, revealing his own wishes, en-list them in the same sacred cause ? fronted his visitors. He felt the least fronted his visitors. He felt the least touch of resentment at being ad-dressed so abruptly, and was about to answer coldly, when his eyes fell on Claire Moulton, who stood beside her guardian. She was clad in her usual simple fashion; and the long, black cloak, clasped at the throat with some fine silver ornment, revealed her face and saw Debbie McAuliffe's, silent pallid, suffering. He saw the old woman wiping away a secret tear with her check apron; and he made up his black cloak, clasped at the throat with some fine silver ornament, revealed her tall, shapely figure. The silk-lined hood was flung back on her shoulders, so that her head was bare, but for the coronal of hair that crowned it. She looked anxiously at Maxwell ; and the interest he excited gave a new animation to her features, which glowed from the fresh air and the soft winds that had played around them during their long drive. Maxwell was sorely puzzled. At once he divined that they belonged to his own class in life; but the aimple peasant dress of the young lady led him to think that perhaps they belonged to the better farming class, who come under

he divined that they belonged to his own class in life; but the simple peasant dress of the young lady led him to think that perhaps they belonged to the better farming class, who come under the title of "gentlemen farmers." How-ever, there was no mistake about one thing. Here, ware interacting visitors "Well," said Hamberton, "we're dis-appointed; and you are, like all your countrymen, a fool to throw away a splendid offer of a new home, good wages, light work—" He felt Claire's hand on his arm, and was suddenly silent. She interposed. "You will allow us to call again?" she said to Debbie, who was staring angrily through the epen door. "We sometimes drive around here, and would like to see you all again, if we may?" The girl was silent. The mother spoke. g. Here were interesting visitors, they manifested much concern and

about him. "Yea," he said, "I have been very un-well. It was a renewal of an old malady, caught in a severe wetting." "So we heard," said Hamberton, sur-

prised at the calm, easy independence with which Maxwell addressed him.

Hamberton looked around at the poor rested on the face of Debbie McAuliffe, which just then wore a strong air of re-"I shouldn't be alive to the strong at the strong around at the strong around a the strong around the strong at the strong

rested on the face of Debbie McAuliffe, which just then wore a strong air of re-sentment. "I shouldn't be alive to-day had I not," said Maxwell. "I can never thank these good people enough for all their kindness to me." "So we heard, so we heard," said Ham-berton. "If ever I get unwell, you must lend me your young nurse here. There is more in kindness than in skill. But, look here, you are now convalescent, and you need sea air. Comortial convertions of the sector of the look here, you are now convalescent, and you need sea air. Come over to us at Brandon Hall, and we'll nurse you back to health again." Maxwell shook his head ; and yet the back to health again.

dainty figure as Claire Moulton was a Guardian and ward had driven a mile temptation. "I am bound to these good people," he

am bound to these good people," he said. "They could have sent me out on the world to die, and no one could blame them. They kept me here in spite of doctor's solicitations and their own in-terests. I am happy with them. There is no place where I can attain to health or happing a confluence here. "In this work or happiness so easily as here. That is," he added, looking around, "until they turn me out.

The dark shadow that had fallen on Debbie's face whilst Hamberton proffered his invitation now lifted, and she actually laughed with joy at Maxwell's

"True. And the thing is interesting in itself, is it not? We must watch the development of it. It is something to have a mystery to unravel so near us. But, everything is a mystery and a paradox in Ireland. We shall go

It was tempting was it not? To be near the sea, to see its ripples, to hear its musical and melancholy wash, to breathe its odours, to feel its invigorat-ing influence; and, then, to be nursed back to convalescence by such amiable and interesting people—surely, it was not in human nature, least of all in the heart of a solitary man, to refuse. And a paradox in Ireland. We shall go there again soon. Shall we not?" "I won't," said Claire. "Won't? You will. Or I shall say you are jealous of that little country girl. No; not jealous, but afraid." "Very well, I will," said Claire "The thing may be interesting. Whatever the man is, there is a story somewhere in his life; and I am getting tired of Ned Galwey and his potatoes." not in human nature, least of all in the heart of a solitary man, to refuse. And then! This man, of whom he had never heard before, was a philanthrop-ist. From what Pierry had said it was clear that he had brought a new soul into his own neighbourhood; that he was one of nature's workers, who would clear the bog and sweeten the fen and drain the moorland, and lift the people out of the Slough of Despond; and be, in fact, a man of light and leading to himself. And there was no doubt, so Maxwell swiftly admitted to himself, Ned Galwey and his potatoes." Which allusion will be explained in

subsequent chapters

CHAPTER XVIII TESTING FOR GOLD

The anticipated victory over Father The anticipated victory over Father Cosgrove had its origin in one of those frequent conversations between him-self and Hamberton that went on at Brandon Hall. Nothing pleased the cynical Englishman more than refuting the optimism of the humble priest, who saw all things in the mirror of his own sublacement and self-offacement sawall things in the mirror of his own guilelessness and self-effacement. Many a debate, that would have been heated but for the gentleness of the old priest and the laughter of Claire Moulton, took place as to whether pure disinterestness could exist in this world, and under the ordinary conditions of humanity. For a long time the priest had the victory in the very immediacy d the victory in the very immediacy

Guardian and ward had driven a mile or so in silence before the latter said: "You see, Uncle, Father Cosgrove was right. There is some virtue in

countryman in distress. We wish you would allow us to help you. We do

It was tempting was it not? To be

He looked away from Claire Moulton's

But, then !

was right. There is some virtue in the world." "Yes, by Jove !" he replied, "there is. What a strange people ! To take in a tramp, a beggar, and keep him and nurse him through a dangerous illness,

without hope of recompense! Yes; there is a little hope yet for this most disastrous world." "You'll have to make a humble admis-

sion of your incredulity and conversion," said Claire Moulton. "Yes, I will," he said. "The priest is right, even though this is probably the

"Yes, your 'anner," said the poor woman. "They're wanderful intirely this year, Glory be to God !" "They look nice and floury," Hamber-ton said. "But they seem rather hard." "They'll come all right when they're well biled," said Ned, looking suspicious-ly at Hamberton out of the corners of his eyes. "And this," said Hamberton stirring up the bag which, in another pot, held the auriferous gravel, "a leg of mutton, by Jove! That's right! That's just what we want !! can boast now, like

by Jove! That's right! That's just what we want! I can boast now, like the French king, that there is foul or something better in every pot in my little kingdom." "God bless your 'anner. Sure, 'tis to you and to the great God we owe every-thing." Hamberton should bring Claire to see the wonderful property of his neonle.

"We shall see," said Hamberton. Swifty and suddenly came his prophecy and his justificatio. He was, as we have said, much in the babit of searching for minerals, and picking up bits of quartz, etc., in which might be a possibility of gold. And a few times he journeyed to London to have these specimens tested. This did not escape the sharp eyes of his work-men, who at once attributed their own musual wages to the fact that Hamber-ton had found gold, and, "was coining." The marbles, they argued, bits of colude at extributed their own musual wages to the fact that Hamber-ton had found gold, and, "was coining." The marbles, they argued, bits of colude stone, could not pay him; nor-could any explanation of his presence on this wild Kerry coast, and his muni-ferous vein, and was secretly working it. These poor workers had as poor an opinion of human nature as Hamberton. Scorn the idea that any man could do good from purely philanthropic mityes. Their school had been a hard one; and there had been on place for hind. The ring-leader in this new suspicious The ming-leader in this new suspicious

E CATHOLIC RECORD
until every (grain of esrth or clay were eliminated, and unless he gravel were similative bolied in a leathern bag, the similative bolied in a leathern bag, the similative bolied in a swas his out had the solution strong must be next for weeks to boll the potatoes and cabbage for the midday dinner, while Ned's stout pots were simmering with buge deposite if quartz and gravel.
Hamberton wailed for a few days; familiar style-tailed about the result and taiked to the cortagers in his easy, familiar style-taiked about the weather and the erops and the hay and the potatoes.
"By the way, Mrs. Galwey," he ried going over and stirring with the ferrat that were being bolied in one of the going over and stirring with the ferrat that were being bolied in one of the sing the potatoes.
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ery chance to prove your optimism. sheen ! Lisheen ! Claire, remember Mrs. Jocelyn mothered and petted Nellie and made herself believe that she was really fond of her, for it was her way

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regulated organ to be. She brought to bear all the persuasion and logic gleaned from a long experience among both heathens and Christians, but to no avail; her sen was as stubborn as she was firm. Then, with fine discernment, she sud-denly charged front and assaulted the situation from an altogether different direction. "The Irish girl," the tele-phone girl, he would marry, but Catho-lic she would not be. She would con-vert her, and that would change matters onsiderably. Nellie's religion was a possible point of attack, and it was not

terestedness again. There's no such thing." "There is, there is, there is, "said father Cosgrove triumphantly, at which Hamberton bent his eyebrows and Claire Moulton laughed. "Another mare's nest? O man, great is thy faith 1" said Hamberton. "Moulton laughed. "Another mare's nest? O man, great is thy faith 1" said Hamberton. "What would you think, now, of a family in this parish," he continued slowly, trying to make his description graphic, "and within a few miles from an unsteady father. She was of the law you faith at insight that insight that is spirate the said father coss of Christ said. "Another mare's nest? O man, great '' have the faith 1" said father Cosgrove, "in this parish," he continued slowly, trying to make his description of the said said the second that in a few miles from an unsteady father. She was of the law you have the sought openly to the pilgrim of the ages, with no better weapon than the cross of Christ said. " That's better," said Hamberton. " " That's better," said Hamberton. " " That's better," said Hamberton. " " What's this again, again the second the second that and the second that a second that the second the second the second the second the second the second that the second the second that the second the second the second the second that the second the second the second the second the second the second that the second the second that the second the second the second the second the second the second that the second the second the second that the second that the second that the second the second that the second that the second the second that the second the second that the second that the second the second the second the second that the second the seco

the mention of an operation; now it would be a beacon of hope to their dis-tracted minds, but the time to act had

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