LUKE DELMEGE.

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TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII. DAGON DISMEMBERED. The last words of Father Cussen in the library at Seaview Cottage may be said to have commenced Luke Delmege's Illumination. The world's catchwords seemed to have lost all meaning in the appeal to God. He be gan to understand how divine was the vocation of the Church in its mission to the individual, and how sublime was gan to understand how divine was the vocation of the Church in its mission to the individual, and how sublime was her carelessness under that form of government she worked, so long as she was not interfered with in her quest after human souls. Side by side with this conviction there grew up the perception that his own race were following out this divine apostolate in secret and hidden ways. Sometimes, when entering a city convent, he would meet a batch of nuns just returned from Benin, or a young Irish Sister just about to start for Java. And they thought no more of the journey and its hardships than if it were a picnic to some picturesque spot on the Shannou. And he found the entire burden of their conversation was the souls of black, nude niggers, whom modern imperialism would gladly blow into space with lyddite and dynamite, or corrupt and corrode into disease and death by the agencies of modern civilization. And when these young martyr apostles left, they left behind them the divine contagion; and little Irish children, who, perhaps, themselves were in want manner tagion; and little Irish children, who, perhaps, themselves were in want of bread, brought their half-pennies to

of bread, brought their nail-pennies to the treasury of the convent, "to buy a black baby for God." And Luke's heart often wailed aloud, because he had turned his back once and forever on the same divine vocation; and his conscience murmured more than once,
Idiota! Idiota! But he gained two facts
by experience: (1) That the individual soul was everything to the Church
and God; and (2) that the feined and
fictitious watchwords of the new gospel
of humanity were the unspoken but
well-fulfilled vows of his own race.
"The horse-leech hath two daughters
which say, Give! give!" But "renunciation" is the motto of the
appetites of his race. the same divine vocation; and his con apostles of his race. So, too, there began to dawn upon tim, steatthily and insensibly, the narvellous beauties even of the most him. marvellous beauties even of the most commonplace landscapes of Ireland. The very solitude, which had oppressed him with such lonely and mel ncholy feelings, began to assume a strange and singular charm. There was a and singular charm. There was a mysterious light over everything that gave an a pect of dreamland and enchantment, or of old, far off times, even to the long, lonely fields, or the dark, sullen bogland. He could not well define it—There was some associations of the could be supported by the could be sup

tion haunting everything, inexpressibly sweet, but so vague, so elusive, he could not define what it was. The fields could not define what it was. The neture in the twilight had a curious colour or cloudland hanging over them, that reminded him of something sweet and beautiful and far away; but this, beautiful and far away; but this, memory or imagination could never seize and hold. And when, on one of these gray days, which are so lovely in Ireland, as the light falls sombre and neutral on all things, a plover would shrick across the moorland, or a curlew would rise up and beat his lonely way, complaining and afraid, across the ashen sky, Luke would feel that he had seen it all before in some waking dream asnen sky, Luke would leel that he had seen it all before in some waking dream of childhood; but all associations had vanished. The magic of Nature alone remained. But the mountains, the mountains haunted him perpetually. mountains haunted him perpetually. He never rose in the morning without asking, How will my mountains look to day? And whither the great Artist had drawn them far away in a beautiful mist of pencilled shadow, and they leaned, like a cloud, on the horizon; or brought them no close and defiant. brought them blue black faces seamed their blue black faces seamed and jagged, where the yellow torrents had rn off the soft peat covering and left the yellow loam and red pebbles dis-tinctly visible, the same dim, haunting memories hung around them, and he asked himself a hundred times, Where have I seen all this before? And how does Nature, as she pushes forward her mountains or withdraws them, and paints them every day with a different brush—how does she draw on the back ground of memory some shadowy elusive picture, and associate it so strongly with that marvellous colour ing on mountain, and cloud, and sky

The October of this year, too, was marvel of beauty. The weather was a marvel of beauty. The weather was so dry and frostless that Nature took a long time to disrobe herself, and she changed her garments in such beautiful, varied ways, that the landscape became a shifting mass of color. There was no sun, either, to make the gradual decay too palpable—only a hushed, gray color over all the land. And Luke watched the beautiful death from the moment the chestnut put out her pale, yellow leaf, and became a golden blot on the thick mass of foliage, which filled the entire hill behind the vilfilled the entire in the lage, until all was over, and only the evergreens vaunted their immortality. Every day was a new pleasure; and h think, with some contempt, of long, dusty streets, and the stupid uniformity of houses, and the asphalt pavements, and the miserable patch of blue sky, which one is privileged to see in cities. And to think, also, that there is such a thing as the populous deserts of civilization, where man is but an exile and a waif; and the delight-ful, home like feeling in Ireland, where you feel you are always sitting by your mother's hearth; and, come weal, come woe, this is home, and all around are friends and lovers.

And, as in a happy home, the very worries and vexations of life have their worries and versations own charm, so Luke began to find, in everyday simple and very presaic experiences, a relief from thought that

was quite refreshing.
It is true, indeed, that the eternal squabbles of the kitchen hurt his despair.

nerves, until he began to find that they meant but little; and that the up last winter," said Luke, late in the

strong language sometimes used was only the hyperbole of a people who are used to express themselves pictures quely. When Mary described John as "the most outrageous fool that the Lord ever created. He don't knew his right hand from his let';" and when John averred that "idary had the worst tongue the Lord ever put the bret' of life in:" and that her "looks would peel potatoes, and turn sugar into vinegar, and even sour the crame in the middle of winter," it dis turbed Luke very much, until he beard a musical duet of laughter from the kitchen five minutes after, and an ex-

a musical duet of laughter from the kitchen five minutes after, and an experienced friend assured him that it was a sound maxim of domestic economo that when the man and the maid fell out, the master's intrests were safe. So, too, when approaching the stable in the morning, he heard unmistakable sounds of dancing to the everlasting tone of "Welt the flure, Biddy McClure," and knew, by every law of sense and reason, that John was practicing a heal and-toe for the dance at the cross-roads the following Sunday; and when he found the said John, sitting demurely on a soap box, and polting demurely on a soap box, and polishing the harness for all it was worth

isning the narness for all it was worth, he began to think he had a Valentine Vousden in disguise.

"I thought I heard the sounds of dancing," Luke would say in a puzzled

Dancin' ? yer reverence. Ye hard the little mare stampin' her feet."
"Stamping her feet? What for?"

"Tis a way she has whin she's hungry, "John would reply. "She's not alsy in her mind since ye cut her off her oats." And Luke would give up the riddle.

He found, too, that in the horticultral department, John's knowledge was strictly limited to the cultivation of potatoes, and his experience of flowers was equally circumscribed. In young ladies "books of confessions," a favorite flower always has a place, the texts varying from a data a place, the taste varying from a daisy up to an amaranth. John had his up to an amaranth. John had his favorice flower. It was the homely masturtium; and he was so loyal to this love that he declined to have

this love that he declined to have charge of the more aristocratic gardenbelles which Luke affected.

"It costs no throuble," said John.

"It is only a weed," said Luke.

"Tis just as purty as thim that must be watched and tinded like a baby." said John.

baby," sald John.
"The very etymology of the flower condemns it," said Luke.
"Well, indeed, it hasn't much of a

cint," said John.
"I didn't mean that. I meant it has

"There's many a wan has a bad name as doesn't deserve it," said John. It is not difficult to sympathise with John's tastes. It is impossible not to feel a kind of pitying love for nature's homely creations. They are so generous, so prodigal of their beauties, that one cannot help being grateful; and, like gypsy-or ildren, they thrive in all weathers without care; and Mother Nature loves them because they do credit to her handiwork without any help from the bungling and blundering hands of man. There is reason to fear that contempt is largely blended with our admiration of the Lady Rose. She is a petted and spoiled beauty. She must have attention and admiration. She must have those ugly green parasites by the design of the land of the contempt of the lady Rose. She is a petted and spoiled beauty. She must have attention and admiration. She must have those ugly green parasites nasty name—''
'' There's many a wan has a bad ing; and chue infandum! have those ugly green parasites brushed away from her lovely petals and more dreadful still, the dainty lady has to be funigated and disinfected and, with all, as she hangs her lovely and languishing head with rain or du pearls in her bosom, no bird or bee will come nigh her. And here in the same bed, up springs a hardy tramp of a thistle, and careless of wind or rain, and untouched by parasites, he shoves his yellow, unkept head above the golden tresses of my rose, and the sparrows steal away his frow y petals, and the bees field something sweet deep down in his scraggy breast. Or that insolent, lawless beggar, Robin run-the hedge, draws his ill smelling coils insolent, lawless beggar, Robin ruc
the hedge, draws his ill smelling coils
around the dainty lady, and smothers
her in his embraces, and mounts up
higher and higher, until he flaunts his white, clear bell flowers, a summer anemone, high above the regal rose crests. Of course, the policeman, is the gardener, comes and carries off these tranps to jail or death—that's the way with the world—the hardy child of the people must give place to the perfuned a Nevertheless, there are a few that sympathize with Mother Nature's sympathize

children, and amongst them may numbered John and—another. It may be presumed, therefore, that Luke, with his passion for flowers, got little help, and a considerable amount of embarrassment from his gardener. His large ambition to reduce the pic turesque irregularities of Irish life to the dull rectangular monotony of geometrical perfection, was here, too, large measure, doomed to disappoint-ment. It was quite useless to try to persuade John that all this digging and manuring and clipping and water ing and cutting was recompensed by the fleeting beauties of what he called a few posies," which hung out their a lew posies, which hung out their fragile loveliness and scented the air for a few days, and then peevishly threw down their pretty petals the moment a high breeze disturbed them or a shower of rain bowed them to the earth. Neither could he see the use of cutting flower beds into dia-grams of Euclid; and his heart smote him as he ran the razored edges of the lawn mower across the grass, and all the pretty daisys lay decapitated be-

neath the ruthless guillotine. "Begor," he said, "the masther was watchin' all the winther to see the first daisy put up her purty little head; and you'd think he'd go mad whin the first primrose looked out of the black earth. And here he's now with his: 'John, cut down them daisies;' 'John 'John, cut down them datases; 'John that grass is dirty; 'John, get away thim weeds.' Did ye ever hear the likes of it?' And John was discontented, and the "masther" was in tented, and the

October of this year.

"What balls?" said John.

"The tulip and hyacinthe bulbs which I gave you to put by against the winter," said Luke.

John was bewildered. Mary heard the conversation and giggled.

"Yer reverence giv me no hicense," said John, fairly puzzled.

"I gave you last May four dozen of tulips from this bed, and two dozen hyacinthes from these beds," said Luke, angrily pointing to where the geraniums and begonias had just been lifted.

John was still puzzled. Then a great

John was still puzzled. Then a great light dawned, and he looked at his master with all the compassion of superior knowledge.

"Oh! them inguns, your reverence, Yerra, sure the chickens ate every wan of thim."

"What?" cried Luke, now thorough!

"What?" cried Luke, now thoroughly angry. "Do you mean to say that you have thrown away those tulips that cost me four shillings, and those hyacinths that cost six a dozen?"

"Yerra, not at all," said John, smiling. "Sure ye can get any amount of thim up at Miss Smiddy's. They're hanging in ropes from the ceiling, and they're chape now. I'll get a dozen for ye for tuppen e."

Then Luke collapsed. He was genuinely angry; what florist would not be? And he half made up his mind that John should go. He was incorrigible and utterly incapable of being educated. After long and deep deducated. After long and deep descriptions and the accuracy of a

rigible and utterly incapable of being educated. After long and deep deliberation, in which the saying of a friend, whom he had often consulted on John's retention and dismissal, "If you hunt him, you'll only be gettin' a biggar blagard!" came frequently uppermost he at last decided that he you hunt him, you'll only be gettin' a biggar blagard!" came frequently uppermost, he at last decided that he could not stand this worry. He told Mary that John should go. Mary had been laughing at John all the morning, and had told him several times that it was all up now. The master would never forgive "thim chewlips." He should go. Luke was surprised to find Mary bursting into an agony of tears, and rushing wildly from the room. But he was inexorable. The misery was going on too long and misery was going on too long and should be ended. He moved out to wards the stables with a certain amount of nervousness, for he hated to do an unkind thing. Instead of the usual patter of dancing, he heard the sound as of prayer. He listened. John was pre-paring his confession, and making his examination of conscience aloud. Luke walked away, but he was determined. When he thought the examen was over, he returned. John was making his act of contrition. There was no harm in listening there. The voice came, broken with sobs — yea, the voice of John! It said, amidst the weeping:

What was Thine of sorrow and pain, O Thou, who in heaven dost reign.
O King, both good and great;
It comes not into my mind, the amount to find.

O King, both good and great;
It comes not into my mind, the amount to find.
Nor, if found could my tongue relate
The bitter anguish and smart of Thy Sacred
Heart,
And the spear-cleft in Thy side.
That moved with a holy awe of Thy Sacred
Law
Even kings on their thrones of pride.

O Father ! O Jesus mine! Who by Thy Death

Divine
With life our souls dost warm,
Thou, in creation's hour, Whose plastic power
Made man to Thy own blessed form.
Is it not, O Christ! O King! a cruel, cruel

That naught has been loved by me Save sine that the soul defile, save all things base and vile. That are loathsome unto Thee? It was the beautiful old lay of the Sacred Heart, translated from the ancsacred Heart, translated from the and ient Irish, (by D. F. McCarthy) and which John had picked up at the church door and retained—as it appealed strongly to his fancy—as an act of contrition. Everything in prayer and proverb that rhymes or sings touches the heart of Ireland. And Luke heard the

sound of sobbing again as John went Is it not, O Christ! O King! a ca-ru el, ca-ru el Then he turned away, muttering, Poor

Fellow! and John was saved.

A few days after, Luke was summoned to his mother's tunerat. She had lingered on through the summer; and though Death had taken up permanent lodgings in the house, he was afraid to ask his hostess to leave with him. But one night he stole through the door and was with him. The good old mother had passed away in her whilst the household slumbered. was spared the pain of weepers and watchers around her as she stole over the threshold and out into the night.

With all his intense dislike for noise or demonstration, or too much monial for the dead or for the living, Luke was hoping that his mother's ob-sequies would be celebrated as qu'etly as possible. The last wish of the de ceased, "to have a dacent funeral," did not quite agree with his instinctive hatred of fuss and noise. But the mat-ter was quietly taken out of his hands. To his intense amazement, nearly thirty priests had assembled on the of the funeral. They had come from al parts of the diocese. Some of them Luke had never seen before. The names of others were unfamiliar to him No matter! This was a priest's mother. She shared in the Levitical consecration of her son. She should be equally honoured. There was to be a full Office

and Mass for the Dead. The morning was wet. Some one said, "It rained ramrods." The little said, it railed rainteds.
sacristy was full of priests, whose friezes
and mackintoshes created little lakes
of water everywhere. Some had come e twelve, some even nine teen, straight away from the stations, that last through October and into the first week of November. Luke, touched

to the heart, had great pity for them.
"We'll have but one Nocturn," he whispered to the master of ceremonies.
The latter went over to the Canon, who was to preside. He breught back word that the entire office should be sung. It was the wish of all the priests. And Father Daly, too, was one of the chanters; and very beautifully he intened the noble antiphons of the sublime Office of the Dead. The church was packed to its farthest extremity by a silent, devout congregation. From their wet, sodden clothes steamed up a cloud of vapour that mingled with the incense smoke and filled the entire church with a heavy haze. They too

had come from far distances to testify their reverence for the dead. And Luke remembered there, in the dawn of his great illumination, that all this was alightly different from the cold, me-chanical heartlessness of England, where the dead were unprayed for and unre-membered; and a few black mouraing coaches were the only testimony of res-pect to the lump of clay which had to be hustled from the sight of the living as speedily as possible. The long probe hustled from the sight of the livin as speedily as possible. The long pro-cession commenced. Larry, the old re-tainer, jealous for the honour of hi-family, counted carefully every car.— "There wor wan hundred and thirty, he told old Mike Delmege atterward

"and twinty horsemen. There should be wan hundred and thirty-six, if she had her rights, and if thim who ought to be there hadn't stopped away. But we'll remimber it for 'em."

we'll remimber it for 'em."

Down came the weary, weary rain as the long, slow procession filed along the slushy roads. A group of beggars were assembled down near the house, who gave vent to their feelings in language that was only measured by gratitude. True for them I It was never known that neighbour's child was ever "broke" on that farm; or that a beggar was ever turned from that door. And many a pleee of rusty bacon, banging was ever turned from that door. And many a piece of rusty bacon, hanging from the ceiling, and many a huge semi-circle of griddle cake disappeared in the wallets of the indigent, to the consternation of Nancy, who crossed her-self devoutly and prayed Heaven to guard the house against the depredations of the "good people."

Down still came the rain, when the onely propagates a resolution of the control of the contr

lonely procession reached the Abbey grounds. But no one heeded, except to repeat the distich :

Happy is the bride the sun shines on! When the coffin was lifted from the bier on to the shoulders of the men, among whom there was heated rivalry for the honour, the cortege, instead of moving directly to the Abbey across a smooth pathway, made a circular detour around the entire graveyard. This entailed much discomfort on priests and people, for the high grass was sodden with rain, and the nettles and hemlocks threw a spray of crystal drops on the passers-by. And down into hollows, and over the crests of graves, and stunbling against fallen tombstones, and falling into pits, the priests and bearers went on, whilst the mournful Miscrere was carried out in strong currents of wind and rain across the landscape, or echoed sadly over the graves of thirty generations of the dead. No matter. It was the custom of the land, and no power on earth could change the tradition of the most conservative people on earth. And for the hundred th time Luke Delmege concluded that there was but little use in attempting to transplant foreign civilizations here. When the coffin was lifted from the to transplant foreign civilizations

This race must create or develop civilization peculiarly its own. When the circle of priests was c pleted around the open grave, the Canon resumed the funeral service. Luke stood near him and held his umbrella over the old man's bare head.
Just before the Benedictus, as that glorious antiphon, Ego sum Resurrectio et Vita, was being chanted, Luke resigned his umbrella to a young priest resigned his unbreist to a young pressivanding near and went over and stood by his father, who, bowed and sorrow-stricken, was gazing mournfully into the open grave. And here a sight met his eyes which was a shock, and then—a his eyes which was a snock, and themrevelation. The gloom which overhung
the whole proceedings had deepened in
his soul into a strange overpowering
melancholy, which the leaden skies and
the weeping landscape intensified. All
through the Office in the church he had tried to close the eyes of his mind to its terrible significance. The mourn-ful music of the Psalms, with their alternate cadences of grief and hope—now sinking almost into despair, and then soaring aloft into an exaltation that seemed almost to presume too much on the Eternal—did not affect him quite the Eternal—did not anect him quite as deeply as the lessons from the Book of Job, which, read slowly and solemnly by dignified priests, seemed to sound as the death bell of poor humanity. And all that he had ever read in the poetry all that he had ever read in the poetry
of mankind blended and mingled with
the inspired threnodies of the man in
the land of Hus; and it was all, all
about the nothingness of man and his
momentary existence on this planet.
Remember, I beseech Thee, that

Thou hast made me as the clay; and hou wilt bring me into the dust again Has thou not milked me as milk, and curdled me as cheese? Against a leaf that is carried away by the wind, Thou showest Thy power; and Thou pursuest a dry straw. Who cometh forth like s a dry straw. Who cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in the same state. I should have been as if I had not been, carried from the womb to the grave.

And -A little soul for a little holds up the corpse which is man, And-

They wrought with weeping and laughter, And fashioned with loathing and lave; With life before and after, And death beneath and above; For a day and a night and a morrow, That his strength might endure for a span, With travall and heavy sorrow, The holy spirit of man.

Not a word about the " perfect man that is to be, or his immortality on this his little theatre! Not a word about the "deity in embryo," or the "slumbering god-head." He shall pass! he shall pass! That is all!

The grave was dug close beneath the great northern window of the Abbey which almost filled the entire gable its slender shafts holding aloft, like the stems of candelabra, the beautifu the stems of candersors, the seasons tracery that spread itself into fame shapes, terminating in one sharp jet at the apex. The floor of the abbey had been raised, in the course of centuries, six or seven feet, for only the curve arches of the sedilla were visible in the side walls; and Luke, staring into the open grave, saw that it was lined on all sides with human remains. Brown bare skulls filled every inch of its walls; and here, tossed also on the grass were fragments and shells that once held together the little pulp that makes man's body. Some one, pitying the people, had ordered the coffin to be lowered; and the rude labourer who

acted as sexton had eaught up a handful of earth-stained bones and finng them into the grave as carelessly as a woman flings a handful of twigs on her are. Then he lightly hicked a large round skull after them. It fell with a heavy thud on the coffin, turned up its ghastly visage and grinned, rolled over in another sumersault, and was finally jammed between the angle of the coffin and the brown walls of the grave. There it leered up hideously at the indifferent spectators. Luke felt sick. Here was the end of all his youthful dreams. There lay the little god of this planet. And his dreams of humanity was burled in that grave where Dagon lay dismembered before the face of the living God!

Luke had been quite unconscious of the singing of the Benedictus, so absorbed was he in his reverie. He now woke up to hear, in a kind of triumphant prean, the words: acted as sexton had caught up a hand-ful of earth-stained bones and flung

Visitavit nos, Oriens ex Alto !

The words seemed to unlock the secrets of the grave, and to open up the far vistas that lay before the fallen race. Oriens ex Alto! Oriens ex Alto! The far visions of the prophets Alto! The far visions of the prophets—the proximate revelation to the Father of the Precursor—the mighty apparition of the Sacred Humanity seemed to hover over that charnel house of bones; and Luke saw, what long ago he had maintained as a theological thesis in the halls of Maynooth, that there is but one, and can be but one, perfected Humanity; and this it is that shall lift the whole race into itself, drawing the certainties of eternity from the doubts of time, and out of the despair of earth, deriving the hope and the bliss of heaven. "Seek ye the man in God."

The aged father, stooped with years

The aged father, stooped with years and sorrow, hung over the grave to the end. Then Luke gently raised him, and offering the feeble limbs the him, and offering the feeble limbs the support of his strong arm, they moved towards the abbey entrance. All else had gone: but there lingered a small group of peasants at the gate that led into the inclosure. They, too, were sodden with wet and damp, and tiny rivulets of rain ran down from their felt hats. Luke, with his head stooped in sorrow, was about to pass them without noticing them, when one stepped forward shyly and held out his rough hand.

"We kem to tell you, Father Luke, he said, "that we are sorry for your throuble." Luke grasped his hand, but looked

bewildered at the speaker.
"I'm James McLoughlin," the latter said; "you remimber, yer reverence, where we had the little dissinsion, you know?

en Luke remembered his former parishioners, who had given him all the trouble, and had procured his dismissal from their parish. The poor fellows, anxious to make up for past delinquency, had come across the country from a great distance to testify try from a great distance to testify their respect. As Luke did not immediately respond, they thought he was resentful.

"We thought that bygones should be

"We thought that bygones should be bygones, yer reverence," said James McLoughlin. "and we kem—"
"Don't speak of it, my dear fellow," said Luke. "I have long since for gotten and forgiven everything. And I'm infinitely obliged to you for your kindness in coming so far on such a day. Father, these are my former parishioners, who have come miles from home to attend mother's funeral." And they had to go back to Lisnalee

And they had to go back to Lisnalee and were well entertained there. And there is some reason to fear that the statues of the diocese were ruthlessly broken, and Luke made no protest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CREMONA AND CALVARY. It was the wish of the good Canon that Luke should spend a few days at his rectory. But Luke preferred Seaview Cottage. The Canon was always court ous, kind, hospitable. Father court.ous, kind, hospitable. Father Martin was always outspoken, some times even brueque. Yet Luke preferred the easy comfort of Seaview Cottage, even though it sometimes blew heavy guns, to the calm, untroubled dignity of the rectory. The best of men like an arm chair and the best of men like an arm chair and the luxury of crossed legs. Yet the atmosphere even of the sunny library was sombre these dark days. It was only lighted by the eyes of Tiny and the laughter of Tony. Some time in the course of the evening, before they were dismissed to bed, the former, after a long and careful study of the grave, solemn stranger, drew a chair silently solemn stranger, drew a chair silently behind his, mounted on it, and flung her arms, and closed them, like a spring, around Luke's neck. He drev the child around and kissed her.

"There's somethin' hurtin' you all wint to confessioner," said the child, pointing to his to Father Walsh."

breast pocket. breast pocket.
"True, Mignon," he said, drawing
out a bundle of letters, which in all his
hurry he had brought from home unopened. He had now leisure. The

opened. He nau first was from his Bishop. "A letter of condolence!" conjec tured Luke. As he read it, his face fell. He handed the document to Father Martin. It was a gentle repri Father Martin. It was a gentle reprimand; but it was a reprimand, and a Bishop's words cut like an acid. Luke had been reported to his Bishop for not only permitting, but even encouraging, proselytism in his parish. The matter had been referred to the parish priest, who tried to eftenuate it. Neverthence the facts remained: and the less, the facts remained; and the Bishop warned Luke to be more circum-

spect in future. "I am hopelessly doomed," said Luke, "to desire what is good, and to accomplish the reverse."

"You look too much to principles— too little to men!" replied Father Martin. " Could snything be better than to seek to reconcile and made nutually tolerant and helpful the two great classes in this country? Surely, it is classes in this country? Surely, it is the only solution of this apparently in-

soluble problem."
" Quite so. But did you ever consider that in this attempt you are seeking to reconcile not only interests which are hopelessly conflicting, but

the very spirits of affirmation and nega

cannot see it," said the bewild.

"Don't you see the gist of this com-plaint?" said Father Martin. "The people object to the dethronement of their saints and heroes. These stand to them in the light of the embodiment ered Luke. to them in the light of the embodiment of a great idea or principle. It is an affirmation that there have been, and therefore there can be acain, herolsm, bravery, truth, in this weary world. Now, you fine ladies come, and with the best intentions introduce the spirit of denial. 'Who art thou? What is thy name?' said the student to the Spirit of Evil. 'I am the spirit that denies,' was the answer. And the little poodle of Reformation heresy that has been running around in circles for little poodle of Reformation heresy that has been running around in circles for the last three hundred years has now awollen into the big monster behind the stove. And out of the swollen monster, Materialism, and to the music of the spirits of Poetry and the Fine Arts, steps the urbane, cultured scholar, who makes his bow: 'I am the Spirit who device!''

denies!"

Luke shuddered.
"And yet," he said, "there are the sweetest, beautifullest souls I ever met over there across the border. Oh, what a riddle, what a puzzle!"
"Well, don't puzzle!" said the matter-of fact Father Martin. "Keep less to some people—the people.

close to your own people—the people of eternity! Let alone the sons and laughters of men !"

daughters of men !"

"The people of eternity!" Yes, indeed! so they are, as Luke was every day more fully ascertaining. Time and the world were nothing to his race, who seemed to look at everything as if they themselves were already disem-

Luke sat in the dim sacristy of Ross more on the evening of All Saints'—the eve of All Souls' Day. A long list lay before him—the names of the de-parted, who were to be prayed for on the morrow. The sacristy was filled with an eager crowd, and there was a murmur of voices outside. One by one they came to the table, laid down the little offering, and with scrupulous ex-actness had the names of the deceased registered. There were tears on many faces, and many broken voices repeated the names of the dead, and always with a note of gratitude and respect. And not only relatives, but even passing acquaintances of life, were

"For me poor boy, yer reverence, that's lyin' out on the snows of the Himslees.

"For the good father that reared me, and brought me up clane and da-" For the poor sowl, yer reverence,

that's in the greatest howlt." Luke put down his pen.
"Any relation of your own?" It was his first blunder. He was coming

round.
 Faix, it might be, yer reverence. How do I know? But no matther who

it is—if it wor the blackest stranger from Galway, so long as they want it." Luke wrote down his own transla-"For Mary Carmody, yer rever-

"For Mary Carmody, yer reverence," said a voice in a whisper, that was made still more gentle by the hood of the shawl wrapped around the face. "Your sister?" said Luke.
"Yerra, not at all, yer reverence! But a poor crachure, that we picked out of the sthreets. The old boy had his glaum upon her; but faix, we chated him in the ind."
"For me cummerade, Mike Mulcahy, yer reverence," said a stalwart pensioner, putting his hand to his forehead.
"Killed?" said Luke, who never

"Killed?' said Luke, who never

wasted words.

4 Begor, he was, yer reverence, said the pensioner, settling down for a long parrative, and utterly heedless of the fity or sixty persons who were waiting behind him and who had heard the story a hunger times. the story a hundred times. "It was in the Crimee, before S. bastopcol, and we were lyin' in the trinches up to our nicks in mud; and the Rooshian shells flyin' ever our heads, like a flock of crows cummin' home of an evenin', 'Look,' sez I, 'an' put up yer head. 'Look,' sez I, 'an' put up yer head.
'There's'n room,' sez he. 'Niver
min', so,' sez I; and shure I'm thankin'
the good God every day since, that I
didn't sind him to his death. 'They're
quiet now,' sez he, 'and here goes !
'What did you see?' sez I. No arswer. 'What did ye see?' sez I sgin.
No arrows. 'What did ye see, ye of No answer. 'What did ye see, ye—of an omadhaun,' sez I. No answer. I looked round. His head was blown clane away. There was nothin' left but from his nick down, and—"

"Poor fellow!" said Luke, seeing the impatience of the crowd. I hope he was prepared."
"Prepared?" Faix, he was. We all wint to confession a few days before

"I'll tell you what you'll do," said Luke. "I cannot afford to lose any of that story. Will you call at my house to morrow night, and let me hear the whole this a few house to me hear the

whole thing from beginning to end?"
"Faix, I will, with pleasure," said
the good pensioner; and he went away
with his head in the air, six inches higher for the honor. He always spoke of Luke after the interview as "me friend, Father Luke," adding: "That's

friend, Father Luke, "adding: "That's the kind of min they want as army chaplains. If the Juke knew him, he'd have him in Aldershot in a mont'."

"For me parents and deceased friends," said a strong, rough man, who spoke in a rather superior manner, at the ware offended by the want of as if he were offended by the want of tact shown by his predecessor. Luke

wrote the names.

"Put down now, yer reverence," said the man, "the name of Martin Connolly, soldier of the Federal Army, who died from wounds received in the gallant charge of the Irish Brigade at Vendenickburg."

Fredericksburg."
"That's hardly necessary," said Luke. "Oh, but it is, yer reverence. I want me poor cummerade to ge his rights in the next world, as he didn't

get them in this."
"That was Meagher's Brigade," said Luke, in a moment of forgetfulness and

The poor soldier smiled, drew him

God bless you! Put the Luke placed his habroad palm. The old " Put down the se "Put down the se Francis Meagher, the ence," said he, sobb isn't I should forget near to him as to yen minit on that day. remimber who ve are the proud man to be l rederal Army. Boys, your flag, don't disgrac God, boys,' sez he, 't the slopes of Silevna we make the redecats fi thin, as if he wor think

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self up erect, and put

"Ah, you know it,

and cummerades. 'Di the bandmaster, 'play march. Slope arms, ward!' And on we will Father Walsh, not the Walsh," he said, jerkin temptuously at the temptuously at the wid him, he was the his horse, as we passed big man, wid a big bla was risin' his hard marched past. I put knee, and sez I, Farme a double blessin'. knee, and sez I, 'Fatt me a double blessin', (blaggard.' He laugh 'twas the last we seen weren't twinty minit thryin' to take that hi as well be thryin' to t Heaven,) whin down splinter of a shell in m wint poor Martin, wit left lung. We wor ou night in the cowld, wa widout a bit, bite or wounded moanin' as around us. About 12, and whin they kem saw they wor the Con come out to see after t come out to see after t goes,' says Martin, sh ridge; 'one shot at th and thin I die aisy.' ye ruffian,' sez I, and said ayther, yer re want to go before Go your sowl?' 'They brave man tc-day,' blood. 'Fair play is I,' taking the rifle

be among us in a mi shootin' like the afeared I'm delayin' said, turning round, mean pinsioner kep "This offering is to said Luke, pushing be "I'll keep just half." "Not a bit of it, said the old man, push again. "We're not

I, taking the rifle An' shure, if he fire reverence, all the re

again. "We're not English angashores -He passed out tr limping from that spl a few minutes he rett his way through the c

"I thought you mi your reverence. Die Martin Connolly, sold Army, who died of received in action—" 'It's all right, it's

Luke.

"And Thomas F
Brigadier Gineral—"

"Tis all right, 'tis Luke.

It was a gloomy i moonless, and with a pall, as of faded vel over the world, as from the iron gate, as carefully down the u village street. H placing his latch-key became aware of figure, evidently wa the doorway. The f the doorway. The uninvited, followed

"I have made bo reverence," said the a wizened old woma figure were hidden

"I had nothin" said, "and I didn't the vesthry; but would remimber in of Father O'Donnell ' Father O'Donne nell?" said Luke.

"Ay coorse you ence," she said. "Gob bless you! He years. 'Twas I nur sickness, and he us don't you forget me prayers! The peo ave no purgator know what a hard for all the graces we the words well. As poor dear pr'est! forgotten thim word an All Sowls' Night tin' him mintione "It shall be done said Luke, affection

"God bless yer And Luke sat do are. He didn't re things to think of while, became unbe his biretta, and a little garden walk. tremely dark, and light shone in the lights are kept bu Ali Souls' Eve, as And, far above the

black breast of dark the lights of the Lo moaning dismally; wind; and if one spirits in pain searth to do pena gressions, and to