

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY ADAMS," "STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

In the home of the Good Shepherd the religion of our Lord reaches its culmination. No wonder that the favorite representation of Christ in catacombs and elsewhere for three hundred years was this of the yearning and merciful Savior. How well those early Christians knew His spirit, when they placed a kid, and not a lamb, on His shoulders! "I came not to call the just, but sinners." Yes! charity first and then the Crucifixion—the mystery of suffering. And here in the city of the Violated Treaty, under its crumbling, historic walls, and just outside its ruins, nestled such a home. You might pass through the city a hundred times and not know that such an institution was there. You might visit the historic bridge, and the Treaty Stone, and never know that here also was a place where the might of the Lord was visibly triumphant. You might hear elsewhere of the miracles of Christianity—here you could see them. You might read of battles, fought, won or lost, around the Standards; but here you can see the bleeding and agonized countenances of the soldiers scratched from the battlefield, and sheltered in the camp of Christ. And here, if you had faith, that is, if you opened your eyes, and brushed aside the film of habit, you might see miracles, and saints, and prodigies, such as you read of in the Gospel, or in medieval times, when perhaps you wished you had been born then. So at least, thought Father Tracey, "except when he deplored that crass stupidity of men, that will not see what is under their eyes."

"Nonsense, child," he would say to Margery, "to talk about the age of miracles as past. Here are miracles; and saints, as great as ever were canonized."

Then he would repeat of such rashness, and correct himself.

"Of course, I don't mean—that is my dear—I don't mean to say that the Church should canonize all my little saints that die. But you know—I mean that our Lord will—that is, I suppose, you know—my dear—"

"Of course, Father. That is, we, poor nuns, have no chances with your saints."

"No, no. I don't mean that. But, you know, you are all very good; but there are different degrees of sanctity—some Apostles, some Doctors—"

"Yes, But Mary Magdalene is the next to the Sacred Heart, just a little outside the Blessed Virgin, and she is dragging up all her little saints with her? Isn't that what you mean?"

"I'm not sure, my dear. The Imitation says that we must not make comparisons, you know."

"Yes, But tell me now, suppose you had your choice of a place in heaven amongst the band that follow the Lamb, withersoever He goeth, and sing that incomprehensible canticle; or of a place with Magdalene and her women following, which would you take?"

"That's a hard question, my dear. But, to tell the truth, my dear, I'd be far more comfortable with the latter."

"I know it," said Margery, exultantly. "I've won ten rosaries from Mechthildes."

But, whatever he said of the different beatitudes of Heaven, it is quite certain that living amongst the rescued sheep was not all beatitude on earth. Sometimes a poor soul would struggle in the arms of the Shepherd to get back to the horrors of the battlefield; would dream of gas lamps, and the midnight, and the fierce, exultant madness of sin. And sometimes, there would be depression and even despair, as the awful vision of the past arose before some poor soul; and the dreadful suggestion would paralyze every effort at reparation: How can I ever enjoy heaven, when so many souls, lost by my ill-doing, are tortured in hell? These were hard trials for Father Tracey.

"No use, Father, I must go!"

"Have you been unkind, my dear? Or, is there something else you could wish for?"

"Oh, no, no, Father dear; but I must go!"

"Well, dear, don't act hastily. This, you know, is a temptation from the Evil One. Go in, and say a little prayer to the Sacred Heart; and I'll send Sister Mary to you."

"No! no! don't! I won't see her. She'd make me stay. And I must go!"

"Well, sure, there's time enough. Go in, child, and pray."

He, dear saint, had great faith in prayer. But he believed the prayers of Sister Mary to be invincible. Was it not Sister Mary's prayers that had saved so many souls from perdition? Was it not Sister Mary's prayers that drove the evil spirits, howling in dismay, from the deathbed of Allua? Was she not the custodian of the King's secret, who could do as she pleased with the King's treasures? And never yet did a poor penitent, east or west, hear the dead attraction of the world, hear the voice of Sister Mary, but her eyes were opened and she saw beneath her feet the yellow flames curling up from the abyss.

And who was Sister Mary, or to give her her full title, who was Sister Mary of Magdalene? Well, a poor penitent, too, who had sought refuge here from the world. The report was that she had been a great sinner. Even hard as she was to hint at horrors; and sometimes when Sister Mary pressed too hard on a relapsing sinner, and spoke of hell, it was broadly suggested that she had sent a good deal of fuel to the fire.

"That handsome face of yours, if all were known, drew many to drink and kill."

And Sister Mary did not contradict, but only bowed her head meekly, and

prayed and argued ever so strongly for the wayward and the tempted.

It would appear, too, that she had been a lady of very high rank, and had toppled down from circle to circle of the Inferno, until God took pity on her and brought her here. And here she developed such sanctity that the community and her sister penitents were bewildered; but all agreed that there was a saint—a real, downright, heroic saint—amongst them. But by far the most surprised and bewildered amongst this sacred community of nuns and penitents was the confessor, Father Tracey. He did not know what to make of it. He was confused, humbled, nervous, and ashamed. The first time he saw this young penitent was at a "play." For this glorious Sisterhood used every human means that talent or the divine ingenuity of charity could suggest to wean away these poor souls from the fierce attractions of sin and the world. And so there were plays, and concerts, and dramatic entertainments, and tableaux vivants, and all kinds of innocent dissipation for the kinds of inmates. All these harmless amusements were very successful in cheating the poor souls of the more deadly draughts of sin, until grace and habit finally triumphed. Well, at one of these entertainments, Sister Mary of Magdalene was chief actor. She personated a fine lady of the world, suffering from nerves, and in consultation with a lady specialist. It was very amusing, and the audience were in convulsions. The venerable penitent who had done their fifty years of purgatory in this asylum; young penitents, fresh from the pollution of the city and with the remnants of rural innocence still clinging to them; dark, gloomy souls, the special prey of the tempter; and the gentle Sisterhood, presiding over all, all yielded to the irresistible movement. Sister Mary had doffed the penitent's dress and was clad in the finery of the well-dressed woman of the world. It became her well. She was every inch a lady, and all the sweetness and delicacy of her early training shone through the absurdity of the part she was playing.

"Ladies from the city, my dear?" whispered Father Tracey to Margery. "How good of them to come in and amuse these poor girls!"

"No, they're our own children," whispered Margery.

"But, that grand young lady, my dear? why, she's fit for a palace."

"That's Mary of Magdalene," said Margery, smiling. "She's now a great saint; but they say she was awful."

But, oh! the pity of it, when the performers disappeared amidst the plaudits of the audience and the rough criticisms of some poor creatures, and immediately reappeared in the penitents' costume—blue dress and mantle, and high, white Norman cap—and took their places amongst the inmates again. Father Tracey was choking with emotion, as he watched that young girl, disrobed of her natural dress and clad in the strange livery that hid, and yet hinted at, unseemable shame. And she so calm, so untroubled, without a blush at the frightful transformation, and accepting so gratefully the rough congratulations from her sister penitents, as she sat on the lowest bench and toyed with the beads of old Sister Paul and toyed with them like a child.

"I tell you, my dear," said Father Tracey, "that if heaven is the place for those who become little children, that poor child will be at home there."

And the good old priest became frightened at Sister Mary of Magdalene. He almost began to think he had been mistaken in not taking charge of the nun instead. And when he recognized her voice in the confessional he got a violent fit of coughing and turned away his head and pulled up his old caecock over his knees, and instead of the long, fervent exhortation he usually addressed to his saints, with such emotion that he set the most hardened aflame with the love of God, he only muttered with averted head:

"Yes, yes, to be sure, my dear, to be sure."

Margery and he used to have long spiritual conferences on this subject.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do, my dear," he would say. "Can you help me? Isn't there a book written by a good, holy man, called Serramelli, or something like it, for the direction of these holy souls?"

"There is, indeed, Father. But, sure you have knowledge and inspiration enough for these poor penitents."

"Me? I don't know anything, my dear. I was, you know, what they call minus habens in Maynooth."

"What's that, Father?"

"Well, it's the very opposite of what your great clever brother was."

Margery shuddered.

"He was at the head of his class; I, at the foot of mine. Why, I was 'doctored' twice."

"Doctored? O, I am so glad!"

"Yes, my dear—doctored." That is, I was compelled twice to read the same treatise for a second year."

"And wasn't that good, Father?"

"Yes, my dear; but it meant awful stupidity. Somehow I could not understand things. I used to look at those books and papers; but my head would swim round and round, and I used to see the words without understanding what they meant. Why, it was the wonder of the whole college that they ordained me at all."

"I suppose so, Father," said Margery, trying to keep back her tears.

"It was, my dear. And I suppose I'd be digging potatoes to day, which would be my proper vocation, but for old Dr. Whitehead. They said I'd do that I should go. They said I'd disgrace the Church, which was quite true. And the senior professor of theology said that I knew no more about theology than a cow about a holiday. But poor Dr. Whitehead asked, could I manage to get up the ceremonies of the Mass? and they shook their heads. 'Well, I'll teach him,' he said; 'and he must be a priest.' May the Lord be kind to him—and forgive him."

"Well," said Margery, "and did you learn them?"

"In a kind of way, my dear. Some-

times I do be puzzled; and I look up, when I should look down; and, at the Conference, the Bishop never asks me anything, lest I should make a fool of myself."

"I'm afraid you want Serramelli badly, Father. It was well for you you didn't get charge of us."

"Ah, that was out of the question, my dear. And the Bishop saw it the moment I hinted at the thing. I'd have had the all of ye half cracked by this time."

"And so you think Mary of Magdalene is a saint?"

"Think? I know it. And suppose now, I should misdirect that grand soul, or fall to lift it upwards, what a frightful responsibility! I'm thinking of asking the Bishop to remove me, and—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Margery, thoroughly frightened.

"You'll just stay where you are."

"Perhaps so, my dear. But I'll tell you now what you could do for me. You could read up all about St. Catherine of Siena, and Blessed Angela of Foligno, and Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, and let me know what their confessions need to do. Or, I'll tell you. If you'd be so good as to write to your brother (he's a very distinguished theologian, you know), and pretend nothing, but 'the way thing,' said Margery. Adding in her own mind, "Tis a direct inspiration."

"Then, you know, I could feel sure that I was supported by sound Catholic theology; and I couldn't go very far astray."

"I will," said Margery. "And so they were going to turn you out of Maynooth?"

"So they were, my dear, but for Dr. Whitehead."

"And you would be now digging potatoes?"

"Yes, my dear, in a flannel waist coat and hobbled boots."

"H'm. A decided improvement. I should say, on your present wardrobe. At least they'd keep out the rain."

And Sister Mary of Magdalene was quite unconscious that she was exciting such interest; but went around in her penitents' garb, and washed and scrubbed, and ironed, and did all kinds of menial offices for the aged and the sick, and took gratefully their awkward gratitude.

"God bless you, alanna!" or, "God bless you, Mary, and forgive you and forgive all, for all we ever done against His holy and blessed Name!"

And they wondered, poor souls, in their own dull way, at the wonderful skill of the Divine Artist, Who could raise this spirit of sweetness, this lily of light, out of the sordid and reeking refuse of the regretful past.

such lovely faces, turned upwards to the skies—such peace, such happiness, to which, we poor women of the world, are strangers."

"Let us change the subject," said the doctor. "You wished to consult me?"

"Yes. And the consultation went on. And lo! as a result, the pretty nun faces vanished, and a grim death's head appeared, floating through the eyes and in the words of that horrid doctor. And she besought him, implored him to reconsider his verdict. So young, and the world so bright!

"I regret to say, Mrs. Wenham, that everything you tell me seems to confirm my judgment."

And Mrs. Wenham wept. Death and Judgment seemed to follow this family as footmen.

The Canon, too, was deeply interested. He had written piteous letters to great ecclesiastics in England. He had always written on his created notepaper with the family arms and motto, *Sons tache!* and he signed himself *Maurice Canon Murray.* He would have given a good deal to be able to add Archbishop, or Dean of X— But that was not to be, yet a while. He received, after some delay, very courteous replies; but there was no news of Barbara. If she had entered an English convent it could hardly have escaped the notice of the authorities. At last, one day a letter came from the south of England, stating that a young lady, answering in all respects his description of Barbara, had entered a branch of a foreign institution, lately domiciled in England owing to the persecutions in Germany, but hinting a doubt that there must be a mistake, for this Order admitted as postulants only the children of noble or, at least, aristocratic families. The Canon was indignant, and wrote back a dignified letter to his correspondent, asking, somewhat sarcastically whether he was aware that her father was a Dublin baronet, and her uncle Canon of X— The next post brought an apologetic reply; and it assured the Canon that all doubts were cleared up, and that it must have been his niece who had entered the novitiate of the *Dames de Saint Esprit.* She had been sent to Austria to complete her two years' novitiate.

"I thought so," said the Canon grandly. "And I shall be very much surprised if she does not reach the highest—ha—distinction in her Order!"

And fancy—an old man's loving fancy, swept him even farther; and he would dilate at length on the present and future prospects of his niece. And when the poor old people, who had been recipients of Barbara's charity, when she was a girl, asked him, with the tender and tenacious gratitude of the poor: "Wisha, your reverence, may I make bold to ask you where Miss Wilson is, God bless her?" the Canon would answer: "Yes, my poor woman, I am happy to inform you that my niece, your benefactress, has—entered religion—become a nun, you know, in a community exclusively reserved for the highest continental families." And when the poor would express their joy and surprise: "Wisha, we knew God would always have a hand in her, the sweet young lady—" the Canon would say: "Yes, indeed. Some day Miss Wilson will reach the highest dignities in her Order, and probably become its mitred Abbess."

And "mitred Abbess" became the standing puzzle and enigma to the parish, for about six months. When the word "mitred" came to be understood it caused grave head-shaking and heart-trouble.

"The notion of a bishop's hat on a little girl like that was almost a scandal," said the parson, and he consulted Father Cussen was consulted.

"Psha!" he said. "Mitred, indeed! 'Tis the mitre he wants high on self. And it should be a pretty high one. His head is always in the clouds!"

Nevertheless, the Canon was gratified; and the people conceived a larger idea of his power and might, and the greatness of the family.

And even Dr. Wilson was reconciled to the idea, when he discovered that his beloved child was enrolled amongst the nobility of France and Austria.

After all, he said, the Church is a beneficent mother, and happily provides shelter for her children in every grade of life.

lady to inspire me with warmer feelings than the rest of the sex generally.

But my life was not to remain by any means so monotonous. Scarlet fever and measles broke out amongst the children of the district, and at the same time influenza was rife. So between all these I had a very busy time of it. To say the least of it, I was run off my feet, and, as was to be expected, I used to be very tired in the evenings.

One evening during this time, as I was seated in my armchair opposite the fire in my library, worn out by the worries and labors of the day, I fell into a fitful slumber—such slumbers as one may expect to have dreams in.

As I slumbered I dreamt the most curious dream imaginable.

I thought I was in a strange street in a strange town. It was night, and the street was deserted. It must have been about eleven or twelve at night, and the lights of the city were all out, but here and there a solitary light glimmered in a window.

By the little light there was I was enabled to read some of the names over the doors, and from the form of the letters I drew the conclusion I was in a German city. Strange to say, I didn't feel it to be in any way extraordinary for me to be there, so far from home in an unknown spot at such an hour. I felt just as much at home at home as if I had been there all my life.

As I was looking round me one building in particular caught my eye. It was evidently a private house and of moderate dimensions. There was nothing extraordinary about this house more than any other in the street, except it was one of the few which had lights up; yet I felt myself drawn towards it by some strange, unaccountable influence.

It was separated from the street by a brass railing, inside of which was a grass plot sufficiently wide to admit of three walking abreast. There was a little gate on the railing, from which a little path led across the grass plot to the door.

Across this path I went and in at the door. As I entered I stood in a hall, from which a door opened on the left, and from this a light was streaming. I stood at the door and looked in. It was a nice little room, nicely furnished, but what I admired most in it was that the walls were paneled, and the panels were artistically ornamented. The color ornamentation looked the form of roses amidst an exuberance of leaves. As I was admiring this tracery, my attention was attracted in particular to one rose on the panel of the wall which was next the street. It appeared to me brighter than the rest, and I was fascinated by it.

In the room, sitting at the fire, which was directly opposite the street, were two young people—one a man, the other a girl. They were both tall and handsome and about my own age. The girl was the most beautiful I had ever seen. She was tall and fair. Her every feature was perfect. Even in my dream I fell passionately in love with her. Ah! I think I hear some of my cynical bachelor readers say such a thing to me, saying that for the time I was deprived of my senses.

She and her brother were talking, for I could see their lips moving; but one syllable of what they were saying I couldn't catch, although I was quite close to them.

After a short time the sister arose and went out, passing quite close to where I stood, without being aware of my presence; but that was natural, seeing it was a mere dream.

When she was gone my eyes again wandered to the artistic panelling of the walls, and to the one bright rose in particular.

As I watched, to my great astonishment the panelling on which the rose was situated, and the three corresponding ones forming a square, slid aside disclosing a dark aperture. I was speechless with astonishment, and my astonishment was increased twofold when I saw a man showing himself at this opening. He was dark and handsome, but his features were rendered evil-looking by a diabolical smile which played round his lips as he was watching the young man, who was quite unconscious of his presence.

My horror I saw that he was fingering a dainty little jewelled revolver in a dangerous looking manner, and as he did the diabolical smile deepened in malice, rendering his face perfectly fiendish.

Even as I gazed with horror he coolly levelled the revolver, aiming at the young man, and pulled the trigger—A flash!—A report!—A crash!—Then oblivion!

"Wake up doctor." It was my servant woman who spoke. Mary was my only woman servant. She was a good hearted, broad-minded, typical Irishwoman. . . She evinced as great care for my health as my poor mother—God rest her—would were she alive, and that is speaking highly of her.

I awoke with a start, and looked around me, gazing in a startled manner at Mary.

"Alanna, doctor, I am afraid," said Mary, "you have got it now as bad as any of the rest of them. My goodness! you are covered with a cold sweat. That's what comes from not taking my bidding. I told you to wrap yourself well up; but you wouldn't do it, so now, you see; but here is your supper, nice and hot for you, so let you take it."

I listened laughingly to Mary's long tirade, and laughed at her reason for my being so feverishly excited; but I refrained from telling her the truth, as she would, without doubt, be construing my dream to mean all classes of frightful things. So as I said, I left the truth untold, and turning to my supper I was soon engaged in realities.

Mary having seen I had everything I wanted withdrew, leaving me to my thoughts, and these were by no means

tranquil. Before I tell you any more I may as well say I didn't believe at all in dreams. I considered them nothing more than "the vapors of a diseased imagination;" but still, the vividness in every detail of this dream struck me as curious, and I found myself unconsciously trying to put a construction on it. The beauty of my "dream-lady" haunted me, and the bright rose on the panelling was constantly recurring. But at last my aversion to giving heed to dreams came to my aid, and I banished it from my mind as being the natural effect of an overworked brain.

A short time after I had this dream, I found myself gradually falling into bad health, owing to the terrible strain of overwork, and I determined to take a turn on the Continent for the good of my health. So I started to prepare for my journey.

I hired a substitute to do my work in my absence; and to Mary I entrusted the care of everything I was leaving behind me, including the substitute.

In a few days I was ready to set out, and with the farewell blessings of honest Mary ringing in my ears I started.

Little I thought my journey would be fraught with so much adventure, Little I thought of what importance it was to be in my after life.

CHAPTER II.

"THE RHINE."

The castle of Crags of Drachenfels. From the wide and winding Rhine, whose breast of waters broadly swells between the banks which bear the vine-

I have not much to say of my journey to France, save that I was very sick, it being my first journey by sea, and was very glad when we reached the land.

I went straight to Paris, and there I spent a few days, but I grew tired of the noise and bustle of the capital, and I determined to spend the rest of my time in Germany, where I could see the Rhine—the swift rushing Rhine, so famed for the beauty of its scenery.

Leaving Paris I reached Mannheim visiting Nancy and Metz on my way. Mannheim, which is the most beautiful city in the Palatinate, is situated at the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine. In fact, it is almost surrounded by water. In it is situated the beautiful palace of the Elector Palatine.

Here I was where I most desired to be—on the banks of the lordly Rhine, and here I determined to spend the remainder of my holiday.

On reaching the city a few minutes' walk took me to a long street which like all the rest was perfectly straight.

On entering it, a curious feeling took possession of me. I felt as if I had seen it before. Ah! There was no mistake in it. It was the street of my dream.

My heart beat wildly against my ribs. Undoubtedly this was the street of most interesting adventures.

I looked all round me. Yes! There it was on the right hand side of the street—the house that played such an important part in that strange dream. It was the same except that it was evidently uninhabited. The window blinds were down, and grass was beginning to show itself on the neat little gravel path.

Inquiring for a hotel, I was directed to one. I went to it and got something to eat. Immediately afterwards I got my luggage conveyed to this hotel, where I made up my mind to stay during my visit.

My great joy I discovered the hotelkeeper could speak broken English. Even that was a great pleasure, for although I knew German fairly well, it was only with difficulty I could converse in it.

This German proved to be a jolly old fellow. Very chatty. One of the first questions he put to him was, as I pointed to the home of my dream, "Who owns that house?"

"Dear reader, don't be afraid. I am not going so burden you with the broken English of this German landlord. So I will give his conversation in plain English.

"That house," he replied, "belongs to a nobleman, belonged to one Herr von Schofenberg. It now belongs to his sister, Lillian, or more correctly speaking, she is the Crown, for she is imprisoned at the present time, in connection with the murder of her brother, Herr."

"He, poor fellow, was shot in his library some months ago. The revolver with which the deed was done was found lying at a good distance from the body in the opposite direction to which the latter had fallen."

"This concerned death instantaneous excluded the possibility of suicide."

"One of our 'policemen' who happened to be near the house at the time, immediately the shot was fired, rushed up the step to the door and during the time he was endeavoring to force it open, a French chap, Devereaux, who was stopping in the city at the time, came up, he also apparently being attracted by the report."

"Between them they forced the door, and Devereaux remained at it to examine the flight of the culprit, if it should be attempted. The 'policeman' made his way to the library, and there he found the dead body and the revolver in the position I have described. Life was quite extinct."

"Miss Schofenberg was leaning over the dead body of her brother when the 'policeman' entered and he arrested her on suspicion. He searched the house, but there was no one else in it. Only those who know Miss Schofenberg will believe she isn't guilty. Everyone else is certain of her guilt. The weapon was a family one—a little jewelled one. The culprit could not possibly have escaped. There was no backdoor, and Devereaux was keeping guard on the front door, and still there was no one found. Who could doubt that evidence of guilt?"

"An although almost everyone believes her guilty, there isn't one who can put forward a really plausible

A STRANGE DREAM AND ITS SEQUEL.

CHAPTER I.

A DREAM.

A form more fair, a face more sweet. 'Scer' hath it been my lot to meet.—Whittier.

Before I lay before you this strange tale of mine I may as well introduce myself. I am by name Dermott O'Kelly, and that name lets you know without my saying it that I belong to the poor practice is situated in the picturesque hills of Wicklow.

I am not an old man—some forty years. Some of my younger readers may smile at my considering forty years young. But let me tell you that when you are forty you will consider yourself only starting life.

At the time at which my story opens I had just taken out my degrees and had obtained through the kind influence of some friends the practice which I now hold, and let me say, I would not leave this place for the best in Ireland, or I love the simple country people, and my wife loves the scenery, because it reminds her of—, but there I am forestalling events.

I found it fairly hard at the first to settle down to the monotonous run of a rural doctor's life after the rollicking times of a college one.

A fact which added to the monotony of my life, was that I had not yet fallen in love. Ah, dear lady readers, don't think it was owing to any lack of admiration on my part for the "better" sex!

No! I was not one bit less susceptible of their charms than another; but, as yet, I had not met any one particular

theory as to her motives naturally a good one, and besides, as far as she loved her brother, everyone knew that she had been trying to make man she disliked. The reason that has any app about it, and it even I like!"

"Oh! indeed!" he said, "afraid she shall be better naturally a good one, and besides, as far as she loved her brother, everyone knew that she had been trying to make man she disliked. The reason that has any app about it, and it even I like!"

"How I indeed!" he said, "afraid she shall be better naturally a good one, and besides, as far as she loved her brother, everyone knew that she had been trying to make man she disliked. The reason that has any app about it, and it even I like!"

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