THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR O ⁴⁴ MY NEW CURATE," ⁴⁴ GEOFFREY AUETIN : STUDENT," ⁴⁷ THE TRIUMPH OF PAILURE," ⁴⁴ CITHARA MEA," ETC. CHAPTER XXV.

ALTRUISM.

Dr. Wilson was in his study the following morning when a visitor was "A priest ?"

"A priest ?" Dr. Wilson shrugged his shoulders. "Show him up." When Luke entered the room in a caim, independent way, the following interrogatories were jerked at him. He was not asked to take a seat. "When place ?"

"Name, please?" Luke gave it slowly and distinctly. "Parish priest, or curate?" "Neither"

cular, or regular?"

"I have not come to consult you professionally," said Luke. "I have just come from England. If I needed your services, I would pay for them, and decline to be catechised."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the Doctor, sht fling around. "I really didn't mean-won't you please take

"I had some slight knowledge of Mr. Wilson and his sister in England," said Luke. "We travelled from Switzer-la.d together; and we had arranged to leave Euston yesterday together. They failed to keep the appointment, and I just called to express a hope and that nothing of serious important could have prevented them."

could have prevented them." "Then you know nothing further?" said the doctor, eyeing Luke closely. "Absolutely nothing," said Luke. "I now remember that your name was frequently mentioned in Barbara's letters, especially the latest. Then, you do not know that my son is dead?" Luke was howifed, thought he might

you do not know that my son is dead ?" Luke was horrified, thought he might have expected it. "Yes," continued the Doctor, "he is dead. And his sister has written to say that she too is dead to us and the world—she has entered some convent." "You surprise me very much," said Luke. "I understood that they

said Luke. "I understood that they were to return and remain with their uncle, Canon Murray. And I presumed that, at least, Miss Wilson would would return

"Of course, sir. And, in the ordinary and proper course of things she should have returned. And I tell you, sir, it is this unnatural and improper severance of family ties that is pre judicing so many people against the

Church." 'I am not the the custodian of Miss Wilson's conscience," said Luke. "I presume she has excellent reasons for her course of conduct. At least, she struck me as one of the most gentle and self-sacrificing beings I ever saw." "Qaite so, sir. There's the sting of it. If she were worthless, or likely to

it. If she were worthless, or likely to be troublesome, your convents would have nothing to say to her."

"I cannot enter into that question," stances that tend to guide young people in the direction of the religious life. But, at what convent or in what life. But, at what convent or in what Order has Miss Wilson entered ?"

"That I dont know. They won't allow her to tell even her father. She simply writes to say, she is dead to the world, and desires to be forgotten. That is all."

That means she has joined the Poor Clares, or the Carmelites. They are austere orders, and observe strict seclusion from the world." "I don't know. I dare say they have

told her to write thus. They dreaded my parental authority, lest I should re move her. And, by heavens!" cried the Doctor, smiting the desk before him, "I will!"

him, "I will !" Then the strong man broke down.

under cut of the sirloin. Say Fitz under cut of the analysis of the second seco he asked the waited. The waiter jerked the napkin over his left shoulder, placed his two hands on the table, and " Of course, of

placed his two hands on the table, and asked confidently: "Well, now, and what would yer reverence like? I suppose ye're thravelling for the good of yer health, and ye want somethin' good?" "Quite so. Then let me have a out of roast beel—the under cut, you know!"

all right ?

"Good!

tion.

'All right, thank you." 'Good! Tay at the Lim'rick June

Twenty minutes later, the same coll-

Twenty minutes later, the same con-comp would take place. "Well, and how're ye gettin' on?" "Very well, thank you." "Very well, thank you." "Mary Jane, isn't it?" "Mary Jane, isn't it?"

No, not this is Bessie Louisa."

"O. course- Bessie Louisa! Where are me brains goin' to ? And did she

sleep?" "Yes. She slept tie whole way." "Good. An'ye're all right?" "All right, thank you." Good again. We'll have tay at the Lim'rick Junction." But the benevolence was not limited to the grand. Oh 1 no. Every one in

names to the ponies that scampered away from the onrushing train. He was half jealous when the hirsute guard

appeared, and the child smiled at her friend. And then da capo :

"No, no, no, no! Bessie Louisa." "Of course, of course! An' ye're

all right?" "All right, thank you." "Good ! We ordbered tay at the

That "tay at the Junction," was

such a number of improvised, amateur,

and volunteer waiters in the chambers of the great. A landlord, who had a

military swashbuckler who had stabbed and sabred a hundred Paythans in the

And on went the train merrily, the child eating, laughing, smiling at these worshippers of her unconscious attrac-

tions, until they came to the next junc-tion, where she dismissed them with

royal bounty. Luke had to go further. His young

flint in the place of a heart,

onderful ceremony. Every one

isn't it ?"

"An' how're ye gettin' on ?" "Very well, thank you." "And how'se the doll ?"

" Very well, thank you."

" Mary Anne Kate,

Junction.

asted.

"Begor, we're just out o' that. There was a party of gentlemin come in a few minits ago; and the divil a bit but the bone they left."

Well, let me see. Have you roast mutt.n, or a fowl?" "Bedad, we had yesterday. But this is the day for the roast beef." I see. WeR, look here, 1'm in a hurry to catch a train. Let me have a chop."

"The very thing. While ye'd b "The very thing. While ye'd b sayin' thrapsticks. Wan or two?" "Two. And some vegetables." "And what will ye dhrink?" "Water 1" "The waitar straightened himsel

But the benevoience was not indiced to the guard. Oh i no. Every one in the carriage, now well filled, became the self constituted guardian of the children. That boy must have been sick for a fortnight, after his return home, so well filled he was with cake The waiter straightened himself, ubbed his chin, and stared at Luke neditatively. Then he went to the

"Can I have some second course? home, so well filled he was with cake and fruit. Even Luke thawed out from his frozon English habits, and sat near the little girl. She told him wonderful things about that little doll, showed him all her trousseau, including a lace skirt, which she said paps wore in his baby-days; told him the names of flow ers by the wayside, and gave strange said Luke. "To be sure, yer reverence. Any-

thing ye like. " "Any stewed fruit?"

"Any amount of it yer reverence. But won't ye take anything to dhrink? It's a cowid day, and ye have a long

journey afore ye?" "I'll have a tiny cup of coffee after dinner. Is this the fruit ?" "Tis, yer reverence. Just tossed out of the tin."

What are they?"

"Well, begor, yer reverence, I'm not quite sure messelt. I'll ask the cook." "Oh, never mind. It's all right."

"Oh, never mind. It's all right." But the good waiter insisted, and came back in a few minutes with a mighty pile of rice pudding. "There, yer reverence," he cried; "take that. Sure I kem round the cook wid a bit of blarney. That's good for ye. Let them things alone." And he removed the stewed fruit con-temptrought. Like headed him a gov.

And he removed the stewed fruit con-temptuously. Luke handed him a sov-ereign. He almost fainted. When he had recovered, he went over to the window, Luke calmly watching him, and held the sovereign up to the light. Then he glanced at Luke suspicicusly. A second time available the solution of the solution.

A second time examined the coin, and then rang it on the table. Then he bit it, and rang it again. Finally he vanshed into the kitchen.

"You seemed to have doubts about that sovereign ?" said Luke, when he emerged with the change. "Is it me, yer reverence? Divil a

doubt. Doubt a priest, indeed! No, yer reverence, I'm a poor man, but I

Himalayas—even an attorney, volun teored their services. Luke was selected by the young empress; but he shared the honors nobly, by allowing the landlord to butter the bread and knows me religion !" "Then why did you ring it, and bite it, and examine it?" the attorney to pour out the tea. He gave Bessie Louisa to the bold sabreur.

"Is it me, yer reverence? Oh no God forbid that I should forget mesel in the presence of a priest." "But I saw you do it, " said Luke, who was fully determined to let no such

"Ah! sure that's a way I have," said

the waiter. "They try to break me av it, but they can't. I got it from me poor father-may the Lord have mercy on his sowl."

Luke had to go lurther. His young charge almost crowed with delight when he told her. And then, she fell fast asleep. Half dreaming, half con-scious, always waking up to smile, she lay wrapped in the warm rug that Luke had drawn around her, pillowing "Amen ! Go, get me a cab." Luke was hardly seated in a second-class carriage, when a commercial traveller entered, fussed about, ar-ranged wast piles of luggage everyher head on his arm, and watching in where, sat down, coiled a rug around the growing twilight the shadows deephim, and took out a newspaper. ening on the smiling face. Once or twice he tried to read his Office ; but him, and took out a new prover the few minutes he was staring over the letter edge of the paper at Luke. The latter was busy with his own thoughts-rein vain. He laid it aside. "God won't blame me," he said. "I didn't care what might happen to that young—well, he's dead — but my heart was in that girl. And to think she should have turned her back "It is the usual lot of families to be separated," said Luke, kindly. "Miss Wilson wight have married, and gone Wilson wight have married, and gone Wilson wight have married, and gone At least the new life would Well ! have the interest of novelty. And, then, he was not welcome in English clerical circles. "A fine evening, sir. Going south?" The poor fellow couldn't help it. He had tried to attract Luke's attention in sundry little ways, but in vain. He had to make a bold attempt. Nothing bad to make a bold attempt. Nothing could have annoyed Luke Delmege so surely. He wanted time for thought about a hundred things; he had been used to silence. The brusquerie of that Dublin doctor had irritated him; so, too, had the waiter's prevarication. He had met nothing like it in Eng land, where everything was smooth polished, mechanical; and there was no

"Very well, thank you," the child would lisp with such a pretty accent, and such a winning smile. "An', now'se the doll?" "Very well, thank you." "What's that her name is ? I'm always (creatin"." mewhere near, that I might be able somewhere near, that I might be able to see you sometimes." The Bishop was very kind, and would have wished to place Luke in some leading position; but all things in Ire-land, especially ecclesiastical, are gov-erned by iron rules, the hardest and most inexorable of which is custom. Luke got his appointment to a country mission. lways forgettin'." "Bessie Louisa. This is my youngest course, of course ! And ye're

"You will find the parish priest "You will find the parish priest nomewhat quaint," his Lordship said, " but a saint."

"but a saint." Luke called on Margery, now Sis'er Eulalie. She looked to her brother's eyes lovelier than ever in that most beautiful habit, specially designed by our Lord for his favorite Order of the Good Shepherd. Margery was enthus-iastic about her dear brother. "But, Luke, you're horribly changed. Where did you get that grand accent ? And you are so stiff and solemn and grave, I'm half afraid of you."

Yes. Luke was very solemn and rave, partly from natural impulse, artly from his English training. Mar ery said she didn't like it. But she grave, partly gery said she didn't like it. But she did, deep down in her heart. And when one of the Sisters whispered to her. "You ought to be proud of your brother — Margery was proud, very proud. And a little indignant, too. proud. And a little indignate, too. What did the Bishop mean by sending her glorious brother to a wretched country parish, all moor and mountain; whilst here, in the city, so much en-ergy and eloquence and personal mag netism were wanting?

ergy and eloquence and netism were wanting? "I don't know what's come over the "each thought." And he always "I don't know what's come over the Bishop," she thought. "And he always spoke so highly of Luke." "Luke dear," she said, "you mustn't mind. You are sent there just for a

time to save appearances, and to pre-vent jealousy. Before twelve months vent jealousy. Before twelve months, you'll be here at the Cath dral. Now, say you don't mind, do you ?'' ''Oh, not at all,'' said Luke, airly.

"I have had no reason to expect any thing better. I made my bed, and I must lie on it." "Now, that's a note of discontent," said Margery, with her quick intuition; "never mind ! I suppose this old par-ish priest is like dear old Father

Meade !' "Oh ! by the way, has that visionary

called ?" said Luke. "Yes," said Margery. "He called, We were full. But he would take no denial. 'God sent them,' he said, and take care you are not found fighting against God.''

guard, porters, passengers-was inter "It was the wildest expedition a priest ever entered on," said Luke. "Such utter contempt for prudence. And when the young waiter, in tight brown uniform, and with a ribbon of bright brass but ons running from collar to boot, came bearing aloft the and even for the properieties was never tray and its steaming contents, there was almost a cheer. There never was seen before.'

"Those are the men that move moun said Margery. And Luke tains, didn't like it. Then Margery drew out of her little

treasury sundry little gifts-a pyr-case, a little bundle of corporals and

case, a little bundle of corporats and purificators, an oil stock cover, a num-ber of Agnus Deis for the poor, etc., and Luke took them with half a sigh; thinking of the new life before him is then he kissed his little sister, and de parted for his mission. "We cannot stand you now, Eulalie,"

said one of the Sisters. like that would turn any one's head.' But Sister Eulalie felt a little sinking of the heart somehow. There was something wanting in that grand, stately character. "I wonder will the poor like him,"

she said.

Luke passed an uneasy night. Whether that quilt was too heavy, so very unlike the soft down quilt at Aylesburgh, or this feather bed was too soft, or these blankets were too coarse or hard, or whether it was that heavy doe around the yourn as if the grin odor around the room, as if the win dows had not been raised for a long -at any rate, he was restless and bled. And when in the gray dawn he Ostober morning, he heard a troubled. of the October morning, he

had recommended the children to go back to the dist of the famine years. CHAPTER XXVI.

OCTOBER 5. 1907.

THE SECRET OF THE KING.

Father Tracey, ex-parish priest, chaplain to the City Hospital, was re-joiced, humbled, elated, stupefied, one

of these days in early October. His conduct, indeed, gave rise to not a little comment. When a man stands

He had his wish ; but never after

He had his wish; but hever after spoke of his charge as "penitents;" that implied some harshness. They were "his little children," or "his saints." Now he had seen wonderful miracles wrought amongst his 'saints-miracles of grace and mercy unimagin-able-souls, visibly snatched from hell; souls, litted to the highest empyrean of earce itw, and the holy old man wor-

souls, litted to the highest empyrean of sanctity, and the holy old man won-dered, exulted, and was glad. "There isn't in the world," he said, "a happier old man than I. What did

" a happier old man than I. What did I do, that God should be so good to me?" And he plunged his stick into the ground. Well, Alua, little chi'd of the con-vent school, had passed through the hell of London life, and had been snatched from the deeper hell by the mercy of her Lord. And Al'ua was about to die. The poor child had pssed through terrific temptation, since she had been safely housed beneath the sheltering arms of the Good Shep-

the sheltering arms of the Good Shep-herd-temptations from circumstances

tents-'

your dinner at 3 o'clock, and your tes at 8 o'clock, if you like. I never take it. That's all." "Oh I very good, sir," said Luke, reddening. "I didn't know. I only wanted to be quite sure, and punctual about the time." "That needn't trouble you much," said the old man. "If there's anything in this country we've enough of, 'the time and water."

e and water.

time and water." Luke strolled out, and looked. It was a dreary sight. The stone wall that surrounded the presbytery grounds had fallen in several places, and the moss-grown stones lay piled in hope-less confusion. A few scraggy haw thorn trees, now loaded with red berries, sprang up here and there. The yard was littered with dirty straw; geese, hens, and turkeys wadled around, pleking the fallen grain, and cocasionally quarrelling; the mare was conduct, indeed, gave into the little comment. When a man stands still in the midst of a crowded street and stares at the ground, and then drives his stick into it forcely, and the air. walks away with his head in people are apt to be unkind in their conjectures. But to have seen him read his Office these days was a tare conjectures. But have have been and read his Office these days was a mare and portentous experience. For he kissed the ground, and abased himself a hundred times before his maker; and, then, at the Laudate's flung out his arms, like a cross, and sang them into the ears of heaven. It was all about something that had happened at the death of Allus. For Father Tracey was also chaplain to the peni-tents at the Good Shepherd Convent. He had been offered the chaplaincy to the nuns, but declined it with a shiver. "Who am I," said he, "to take these saints up the steep ladder of per-fection ? But, if Your Lordship would let me look after these poor peni-tents—" geese, hens, and turkeys wadded around, ploking the failen grain, and cocasionally quarreling; the mare was stamping in the stable; and the boy was nowhere. Oh, yes! he was. Leaning luxurioualy against a hedge, the dripping of whose bushes he did not heed, and smoking leisurely a short clay _pipe, was the boy. He did not see Luke. He was in a reverie. It must have been a pleasant one, for occasionally he removed the pipe from his mouth, and gave vent to a long, low chuckle. Sometimes he grew seri-ous, and even angry, as he held the pipe poised in one hand, and the other came down on the unresisting air, hot and heavy. Then he resumed his pipe with philosophical placidity. It was a pity to disturb such dreams, but Luke was inexorable. He had a mission, and that was to wean away the Irish char acter from its picturesque irregular-ity, ard to establish in its stead the mechanical montany of Encland. He ity, and to establish in its stead the mechanical monotony of England. He mechanical monotony of England. He did not say so, because the grinding of the macinnery was still hateful to him. But he had a firm, deep-rooted con-viction that the one thing wanting in Ireland was the implanting of English ideas, English habits-thrit, punctu-ality, forethought, industry; and that he was the apostle of the new dispen-sation. Hence he broke the dream of this hedge side visionary; and the pipe, at the same time, fell from the mouth of the dreamer, and was shat-tered.

tered. "You have nothing to do, I suppose this morning ?"

nera-temptations from circumstances in her former life, temptations from the unseen-lastly, temptations to de-spair. Margery, who was privileged to be near her, described these tempta-tions as fearful in the extreme.

this morning ?" "I have, your reverence," the boy answered sullenly. "Then, why not do it ?" sold Luke. "I was waitin' for the min to turn up about thim mangels," said the boy. "And, whilst waiting, could you not "You can see everything that the Saints have told," she said ; " everyget that grease for the priest's horse ?'

"What grase, your reverence?" "The parish priest says the mare is ruined for want of elbow grease," said Luke.

Saints have told," she said; "every-thing but the faces of the evil spirits." Father Tracey was troubled during these eventful days. He asked for re-doubled prayers, for daily communion. Then in his great anxiety and humility, he sent for Father Meade. And so, when the and had come the near during The man looked at his interrogator The man looked at his intertogator keeply, looked him all over, laughed deep down in his heart as he had never laughed before; but said, with a face of preternatural solemnity; be sent for Father Meade. And so, when the end had come, the poor dying penitent saw bending over her the two familiar faces of the priests who had saved her, and then came a moment of

" Very well, your reverence; I'll see to it.

"'Tis all over now, Father. But ohl it was terrible whilst it lasted." see to 10. The parish priest was very much surprised for several days at the very unusual hilarity that prevailed in the unusual huarity that prevailed in the kitchen; and sometimes Ellie, the under servant, found it difficult to avoid tittering, when she brought the dishes to table. Luke visited the school at Dorrha.

it was terrible whilst it lasted." And then in profound peace and ecstasy the poor trembling soul passed into the arms of the Good Shepherd. It was early morning, and Father Tracey went straight to the altar and celebrated Mass. Margery was priv-il-ged to bring him his humble break-fast; for Margery was a great favorite. It was very amusing to see the voung Luke visited the school at Dorna. It was a poor, little mountain school, with about seventy pupils. A few tattered maps, from which the sharp pointers had long since worn away the political divisions of countries, hung around the walls; a clock stared silent-lus at the calling: and on a blackboard t was very amusing to see the young Sister putting little dainties into the old priest's plate, and the old man as carefully putting them aside. Somely at the ceiling ; and on a blackboard were certain hieroglyphics supposed to be geometrical. The teacher made a profound bow to Luke. Inbe times Margery succeeded by clever little stratagems. "Most people don't eat that, Father. They say it isn't nice. I wouldn't eat ponded.

"Indeed ?" the good old man would reply, as he gobbled up the dainty. And then he would gravely shake his Would his reverence take a class?" "Which would his reverence please

o examine ?" head. 'It made no difference. Say the

OCTOBER S

transfiguration of wore the penitent were wreathed a which clasped a of flowers were pinne-her dress. But t the face of a lit sculptured into t the chisel of death maized for he work the chisel of death waited, for he wor and seemed to s can beautify befor shall the reincarn struction.

Father Meade Mass and breakfas of the great secre "It's a beaut

you for this beaut Him." said Father Trac

But Father M down, and blesse little child, and w "Good bye, Al And when Mar old chaplain to

made sundry co coat, and his bu and fringed habil to mind, but now and plunge his st and ask. as if he "God bless me

" Bat I do :] unbeliever you a " And I mustn to know anything "No. You're

nothing, and s mouth ! God bless m

And, you really end Mother knet " There, now show by sign or anything, you'll

what will your s "God bless m Very well, you was wink one eye. But he was ha tion. Every on tances knew th And some wise estatic feature

selves : "He has see be the Blessed Margery wal very thoughtin cell. Not the some Sundays la ter to her great passing through

"I can see th not see the sand man," said Luk mer, and chatte ing a time hon years, had n punch, and push

ate. "You'll only he remarked, "I never tou

with a contemp " Oh !" said was a rather pr "Here, Jer when the glass was the medita found in the about dinner t though, faith, "Ellie, will

said Jerry, gave him a loo "Here's yo Jerry, adding the Lord hel keep his pledg of his life."

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happened. The perturbation i ed Jerry abu

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" May l ha said Luke. " Coffee ?

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" Thank y

think she should have turned her back upon me in my old age—" "It is the usual lot of families to be separated," said Luke, kindly. "Miss Wilson might have married, and gone to India; and you might never see he

"True ! true ! let us dismiss the subject. Will you see Lady Wilson? She will be anxious to hear all about that last journey from Switzerland."

Luke remained a long time in Lady Wilson's drawing-room going over detail after detail to soothe the mother's feel-But, ever and again, when ing. assed into a eulogium of the sister's virtues, the impatient mother would bring him back from the digression. Louis ! Louis ! it was of him she wanted

to hear. The delightful altruism of the Irish character broke suddenly upon him at luncheon in the coffee room of the Montrouge Hotel. As he washed his hontrouge little. As he washed has hands in an adjoining room he was accosted by a great, tall, bushy-whiskered man, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was making his ablutions rather demonstratively.

'Nice day, sir ?'

"Nice day, sir" "Yes. Rather cold for October." "Oh I perceive you're from across the Channel. I have the greatest the the Channel. I have the sector, sir 1 esteem for the English character, sir 1 I always say we have a great deal to learn from our neighbours. Coming to om our neighbours. Coming to and, sir? You'll be delighted see Ireland, sir? Going south to Killarney, of course ?

"Yes. I am going south," said Luke, on whom the familiarity grated. "I

on whom the failt and the failt of the failed of the failed of the failed of the failed of the familiar brogue. "Begor, now, we don't know our priests from the parson's. They dress all alike."

'An Irishman always distinguishes,'

said Luke. "To be sure! Now, whenever I'm in England, I always go to Sandringham. I have a standing invitation from the Prince of Wales to

invitation from the Prince of Wales to stay with him whenever I'm in England. 'Wire me, Fitzgerald,' he said, 'and I shall have my carriage waiting for you. No ceremony. One good turn deserves another.'' Are you lunching here, your reversance? As good as you can get in the city. But ask for the

room for sudden and abrupt departures from recognized rules. He answered coldly. The traveller

was offended, drew his rug more tightly around him, and anath ematised priests in general.

But, just then, that beautiful side of Irish altruism, which is not vanity and curiosity, was revealed. A lady placed two children in the carriage ; and left them, on their long journey to the far-thest extremes of Kerry, to the care of the guard and the benevolence of the public. The little girl, a child of five years, hugged her doll, and beamed on her fellow passengers. Her brother curled himself up on the cushions, and

feil asleep. "You don't mean to say," said Luke to the guard, "that these children's mother has left them thus unprotected

for such a journey?" "Ohl yes, your reverence. They're as safe as in their oradles. They're Prodestans," he whispered, as a caution.

And Luke thought of "the lady with the bright gold ring on the wand she bore,'s and her dazzling beauty, lighted safely around the island of purity and

chivalry. And it was delightful-the little interludes at the stations where the train stopped for a moment on its rapid course southwards. At every stop the guard thrust in his peaked cap and bearded face to look after his pretty

charge. "Well, an' how're ye gettin' on?"

It is the shadow of His might that envelops us; and He hath given His angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways." And Luke, too, fell asleep, the child

resting on his arm. He reached home at night, and had an effusive welcome at night, and had an enusive welcome. The following day he called on the Canon. The good old man looked stooped and aged. "Have you any news-of — ha-Bar-bara, Miss Wilson ?" he said.

bara, Miss Wilson ?" he said. "None," said Luke, "but what her father told me — that she had entered some convent." "Quite so. I am quite sure that she will—ha—rise to something responsib'e and — ha—respectable." "I hops Miss Wilson wrote to you, sir, explaining her intentions," said Luke

Luke. "Ahem ! yes. But she has not en-tered into details. I dare say she will

tered into details. I date say she will write again. The Canon, too, was nettled. He could see no cause for such great seo-recy and such haste. "I understand that—ha—in England

young lady, well connected and talented, might rise to-a-very dignified position ?

"Yes, indeed. Amongst the Carrelities at the old convent at Lanherne, the Reverend Mother has the dignity the Reverence Mother has the dignity of a mitred Abbess. At least," said Luke, hastily correcting himself, " she has the privilege of a crosser, which ought to be equivalent to a mitre."

"Then believe me, sir," said the anon, "the day Barbara's virtues and Canon, talents are recognized, the-ah - com-munity will raise her to the most dig nified and respectable position in their power."

There was a few moments' silence. "And you have returned to -ah - re-ume work in your own diocese ?" said

"Yes, sir. I was hoping, indeed, to be able to give my services to the cause of religion in England ; but it was decided otherwise. I am just going to see the Bishop about my future arrange nents.'

" Quite so. You will kindly take s "Quite so. You will kindly once a letter from me to his Lordship. I would wish very much that I could detain you -ah - here; but you know it might establish a dangerous precedent—"

" I'm sure I'm extremely obliged to you, sir," said Luke. "But I hope "There's no such thing here, young that I shall be placed, sooner or later, man," said the paster. "You'll get

and of moaning in t occupied by his pastor, he rose up, and fearing that the old man was ill, he knocked gently at his door. In answer to "Come in !" he entered. The old man, fully dressed, was leaning over a chair, on which was a large black crucifix, and there he was pour-ing out his soul to God with sighs and

"I was afraid, sir," stammered Luke

" that you had been taken ill-" "Go back to bed, boy, and stay there till I call you," said the old man. Luke returned, wondering and looked at his watch. It was just 5 o'clock. Luke shivered. But when, after break-Luke snivered. But when, after break-fast, he strolled out to see the sur-roundings of his future life, he groaned aloud: "Good heavens! It is Sibernia, and

"Good heavens i it's showing, and I am an exile and a prisoner." The morning was fine, and a gray mist hung down over field and valley, and wet the withering leaves, and made the red haws, that splashed the whole landscape, as if with blood, glisten and shine. But the mist could not conceal the gray longly fields. the cocks of shine. But the mist could not conceal the gray, lonely fields, the cocks of hay, half rotten, left out by some care-less farmer to rain and frost; the brown, black mountains, seamed and torn in yellow stripes by the ever lasting torrents. Here and there, across the desolation, were green nests, where some comfortable farmer resided; and here alone a few scraggy trees broke the monotony of the landscape.

"It's a land of death and ruin," said He returned. The old man was Luke.

Luke. "Oh, to be sure, to be sure," said the old man. "You might look at the stables, and see how is that little mare. That ruffian spares the elbow grease, I promise you. And see if he has got in them mangolds; and if the thatch is teeping right on that hay. And, the afternoon, you might drive over to see the school at Dorrha. I'm afraid that teacher is pulling a cord with the assistant, and the children are neg-

"They'll be afraid of your rever ence," whispered the teacher. "They have been reading all about you in the paper; and they know all about May-nooth."

Here was the First of First, buried in silence for seven long years, trotted out again in dear, magnanimous Ireank.

The children did look frightened enough, especially when Luke ordered them to keep their heels together and held up their heads. Alas ! that is not so easy. The weight of seven centuries of setfdom is upon them. How can they stand straight, or look you in the me.

Then, Luke was too precise.

" If you want to read well, ' he ex-"If you want to read well," he ex-plained, "you must give full expres-sion to every vowel and lean on every consonant. There, now, what crime did that final g commit that you elide it? I don't see h in water. Hold up your heads. Look me straight in the face," atc. atc. ce," etc., etc. Luke thought the lesson quite absurd.

Luke thought the least of dirts assured. It was about political economy, and was very dismal and abstruse. He flung the book aside. He would commence the education of these children on new lines.

" Do you know anything of hygiene

"Do you know anything the children ?" No. They had never heard of the goddess Hygeia. "I notice that your teeth are, for the most part, decayed, or in process of decay. Do you know what that proceeds from, or how it may e arrested ?

Atin' sweets," they said in chorus. " Perhaps that is the remote or

"Formaps (nat is the remote of secondary cause. The immediate cause is want of phosphates in the blood. Do you know what phosphates are ?" "We do."

" Well what are phosphates ?"

"Guano-manoor." "Not quite. You're confounding two things." And Luke went on to explain the arterial supplise to the explain the arterial supplies to the teeth, and the reflex nervous action on the brain; the absolute necessity, there-fore, of eschewing tes, and living on phesphates, like oatmeal. He was a confirmed tes drinker himself. Before the Angelus bell tolled that

evening, it was reported through the parish that a Protestant parson from England had visited the school, and

"Why don't you brush your hat, Father? There, I've done it now. Can't you send up that old coat, and we'll have it dyed here ? There LOW, you're horrid this morning. You came ont unshaved.'

And Father Tracey would blush, like a girl, and apologize for his negligence. a girl, and apologize for his negligence. "You want to make me like that grand brother of yours, who'll be our Bishop some day, I suppose. Ah me! Those clever young men! Those clever young men!" And Margery, with her hands folded beneath her accurate would silently

And Margery, with her hands folded beneath her scapulary, would silently pray that her grand brother might some day be even as this poor, de-spised old priest. But this morning there was great colloguing. They had heard or seen something supernatural, there in that Infrarry; and Father Tracey was crying with joy and ecstasy, and Mar-gery was crying to keep him company. "I can't believe it," said Father Tracey, trying to gulp down his tea. "I can't believe it," said rather Tracey, trying to gulp down his tea. "It's too grand—or, God forgive me, why should I say, 'anything too grand' for the Father of all miracles and

why should rasy, any densities and mercies?" "It's quite true, then," said Mar-gery. "I didn't notice it myself, until you called for prayers for poor Allua in her; agony. Then, I went straight to Mother Provincial and told her. She warned me that I was not to speak of it to any one but you' And, I suppose, you'll never keep the secret. Men never can, you know." "I wish," said the old man in his ecstasy, "that I could shout it from the housetops and the mountains, and call all men to pray and glor-ity God. But, my dear, to tell the truth, I was surprised that our prayers were heard so soon. God does not give way so easily, always. I ot give way so easily, always. does n

see it all now. He paused for a moment. "And you positively tell me -?"

" Positively. Do you doubt me, again ?"

No. But-"

" No. But-" " I tell you 'tis true. And our good Mother knew it all the time; but not a word. She is very prudent, And I saw her once or twice, when she thought no one was looking, going down on her knees, and kissing the ground i" " God bless her !" said the old priest. He went back to the infirmary. The frail, shattered form lay, oh ! so peaceful and calm, in the glorious

all, why c Canon had lee? That Well, the bends und task. He " Now, I feelings, C

lected. " At what hour is luncheon ?" asked Luke. "Wha-at ?" said the pastor, in alarm.

"Luncheon, sir? At what time is luncheon on the table ?"

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"Have I anything to do, sir ?" said