

LUKE DELMEGE.

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CHAPTER XXV. ALTRUIUM.

Dr. Wilson was in his study the following morning when a visitor was announced. "A priest?" Dr. Wilson shrugged his shoulders. "Show him up." When Luke entered the room in a calm, independent way, the following interrogatories were jerked at him. He was not asked to take a seat. "Name, please?" Luke gave it slowly and distinctly. "Parish priest, or curate?" "Neither." "Secular, 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."

under out of the sirlolin. Say Fitzgerald recommended it." Luke had vanished. He was afraid the standing invitation might be expected from himself. "What can I have for luncheon?" he asked the waiter. The waiter jerked the napkin over his left shoulder, placed his two hands on the table, and asked confidently: "Well, now, and what would yer reverence like? I suppose yer're travelling for the good of yer health, and ye want somethin' good?" "Quite so. Then let me have a cut of roast beef—the under cut, ye know!" "Begor, we're just out of that. There was a party of gentlemen come in a few minits ago; and the divil a bit but the bone they left."

"Very well, thank you," the child would lip with such a pretty accent, and such a winning smile. "An' how's the doll?" "Very well, thank you." "What's that her name is? I'm always forgettin'." "Bessie Louisa. This is my youngest doll, ye know." "Of course, of course! And ye're all right?" "All right, thank you." "Good! Tay at the Limrick Junction. Twenty minutes later, the same colicky would take place. "Well, and how're ye gettin' on?" "Very well, thank you."

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 Ireland, especially ecclesiastical, are governed by iron rules, the hardest and most inexorable of which is custom. Luke got his appointment to a country mission. "You will find the parish priest somewhat quaint," his Lordship said, "but a saint."

your dinner at 3 o'clock, and your tea at 8 o'clock, if you like. I never take it. That's all. "Oh! very good, sir," said Luke, reddening a little. "I didn't know. I only wanted to be quite sure, and punctual about the time."

had recommended the children to go back to the diet of the famine years. CHAPTER XXVI. THE SECRET OF THE KING. Father Tracey, ex-parish priest, chaplain to the City Hospital, was rejoiced, humbled, elated, stupefied, one of these days in early October. His conduct, indeed, gave rise to not a 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 forcibly, and people are apt to be unkind in their conjectures. But to have seen him read his Office these days was a rare and portentous experience. For he kissed the ground, and abased himself a hundred times before his maker; and, then, at the Laudate's sung 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 Allua. For Father Tracey was also chaplain to the penitents 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 ascites up the steep ladder of perfection? But, if Your Lordship would let me look after these poor penitents—"

transfiguration of the face. But the flowers were pinned to her dress. But the face of a life sculptured into the chisel of death waited, for he would and seemed to scan can beautifully before shall the reinforcement. "Father Meade Mass and breakfast of the great secret said Father Tracey you for this beautiful Him!" But Father Meade down, and blessed a little child, and w "Good-bye, Allua!" And when Margold chaplain to made sturdy, and coal and his br and fringed vail to mind, but now and plunge his st and ask, as if he before: "God bless me! unbelieve you at And I must know anything. No. "God bless me nothing and sh' mouth!" "God bless me! And, you really And Mother knew "There, now show by sign or anything, you'll what will your "God bless me! Very well, you w as wink one eye. But he was hation. Every on tances knew th And some wise ecstatic feature selves: "He has seen be the Blessed Margery wall very thoughtful cell. Not the same Sundays later to her grat passing through periences. "I can see the not see the sanc man," said Luke, ner, and chati a time-honou you 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 th though, faith, y "Ellie, will said Jerry, gave him a look "Here's a young Jerry, adding the Lord how keep his pledg of his life." This went The fourth e happened. The perturbation in ed Jerry abun reflection as h hawthorn. W Had the and got meditated. I swallowed bot Then, the fol tumbler came henceforth, but pective of tur extending to pleasant dress What had the good old man heading Luke ing, continue tumbler on th "May I ha said Luke. "Coffee? not. There i in this house breakfast, and of good punct all!" "Thank yo The fourth brewed the done for thir towards Luk intended as a steaming tum raised the liquid into down the w the empty gl old man said "Each of the precisely at assembled fo lights were to his bedro memories m remembrance intellectual future with frightened the? Canon and unprof helpless and dreadful ev escape from the compan verged on his lan attempt on his side He had bur why, why Canon had lee? That Well, the bands und task. He v "Now, I feelings, O