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

## CHAPTER IX

CALLED BACK

When Bob Maxwell emerged from the cabin in the valley the darkness had fallen, and the heavy, drizzling rain preluded a wet night. He had some difficulty in making his way to the main road, for the rough passage seemed to branch out a hundred by-ways that might have led him hopelessly astray. But at last he knew by the evenness of the surface and the absence of rough boulders that he was once more on the County Road, and he pushed briskly forward towards home. But his heart was heavy; and the weight evenness of the surface and the absence of rough boulders that he was once more on the County Road, and he pushed briskly forward towards home. But his heart was heavy; and the weight of an unaccustomed fear pressed down upon his spirits. Once or twice he was about to return, and give back the book. "You have been guilty of a double slander, for which I intend, at some future day, to take full and adjoints."

about to return, and give back the book.

"For what use can it be now," he thought, "when I am leaving this uncanny place forever?" But the trouble of returning along the rock-strewn mountain path, and the aversion he felt towards renewing such an inauspicious acquaintance, determined him otherwise; and he moved down the mountain road, heedless of the fine, thin rain that was now soaking through his garments. It was late when he lifted the latch and pushed in the half-door in Owen McAuliffe's cottage. The family were seated moodily around the fire. The shadow of a great trial was over them, and kept themsadly silent. As Maxwell entered they looked inquiringly towards him, perceiving that it was no stranger they turned their sad faces again to the fire. He went over and sat silent on the settle. After a while the old man said:

"You have been guilty of a double s slander, for which I intend to take full and adequate the statisfaction. You will please give me Myour ame and address of your employer."

The fellow, taken aback. said something insolent; but Maxwell strodes over to the car where the constabulary to sat, and addressing the sergeant, said:

"You're here in the name of the law; and it is your business to see that the law is not violated. This fellow, as you have heard, has publicly slandered me. I intend to take proceedings against him. You will please give me Myour amen and address; alos the name your name and address of your employer."

"You're here in the name of the law; You're here in the name of the law; not violated. This fellow, as you on the sergeant sagainst him. You will please give me Myour and address of your employer."

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The fellow, tak

"An' I suppose you had no supper now a-yet?" he was asked.

"No, I had some milk—"
"Get the bhoy a cup of tay, Debbie,"
said the old man, "the kittle is boiling."
Before he had tea, however, Pierry came in; and it needed but a glance to see that Pierry was the worse for drink. He flung his hat defiantly upon the settle, then sat down moodily, his head between his knees.

"Oh, wisha, dheelin', dheelin', 'said the old woman, rocking herself to and fro, "and this night, too, of all the nights in the year."

"Whash matther wi' dis ni'?" said Pierry, raising his flushed face.

But he got no answer, and seemed sunk in stupid unconsciousness. When the tea, however, was placed to notice it; and stumbling across the kitchen, he placed himself opposite Maxwell and demanded tea also. They gave it to him, and the strong stimulant seemed to arouse him from his stupid torpor without restoring self-conciousness, for Pierry became facctious. With that maddlin, stupid smile that makes a drunken man so absurd and ridiculous, he looked towards Maxwell with swimming eyes, and shouted like with silenged, however, until the young in the service of the prescription of his drunken bout the evening before, and strange his drunken bout the evening before and was anxious to make reparation for his surdeness, 'or else he'd never have faced the peelers as he did. He's not in the country,' said another admirer. "The peelers and the balifilfs would meet their match. See now, how they shave clapped the handcuffs on us before we could say 'thrapsticks!"

"That's thrue for you, begor," said another admirer. "The peelers and the belief he country," said another admirer. "The peelers and the belief he a few match. See now, how they shave clapped the handcuffs on us before we could say 'thrapsticks!"

"That's thrue for you, begor," said another. "You'd be on the side car now, an' in Thralee goal to-night, if you have alterned before him. Begobs, they'd have clapped the handcuffs on us before we could say 'thrapsticks!"

"That's thrue for you, bego

a cartload of police, armed to the teeth, had come and had been baffled. Not a beast was on the premises except the huge collie who snapped deflarce at them. High words were being exchanged when Maxwell appeared. There was a groun of young men in the and taunting them with their ill success by every manner of word and gesture. The bailiffs, on the part, were doing all

in the yard. The bailiffs, escorted by

they turned their sad faces again to the fire. He went over and sat silent on the settle. After a while the old man said:

"Come over and set near the fire. Were the heifers all right."

"They were all right," said Maxwell, coming over and taking a chair. "Two men accosted me as I went up the hill; but I paid them no heed—"

"Same hard! so we hard!" said the

and, left them there," continued Max well.

"They kep' you too long up there, and you caught the rain," said Mrs.
McAuliffe, feelingly, as she saw the steam rising from Maxwell's clothes

McAuliffe, feelingly, as she saw the steam rising from Maxwell's clothes under the heat of the fire.

"Yes, we were talking a good deal," said Maxwell: "and I didn't heed the time. I should have come home when my business was done."

"An' I suppose you had no supper now a-yet?" he was asked.

"No, I had some milk—"

"No, I had some milk—"

"Dabbia"

"The words touched him. They who was also thoroughly ashamed of his drunken bout the evening befere, and was anxious to make reparation for his rudeness, "or else he'd never have faced."

"The words touched him. They appealed to his honour and to his conscience. It was the higher call, which he had been on harm, except to dent manner both to these dread myrmidons of the law, and to the police, myself."

"She kept her eyes fixed steadily upon his face, as she replied:

"But, having come among us, you have no right now to lave us!"

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chattering.
"For God's sake," she said, "if you don't want to be found dead on the road,

don't want to be found dead on the road, shtop your nonsense, and set down."

But he only shook his head, as he touched her rough palm. Owen McAuliffe, without looking up, grasped his hand, and said nothing. Maxwell, with a heavy heart, walked out through the yard. He had passed the rough straw carpeting, and was emerging into the field, where Pierry was awaiting him when he heard a footstep behind him. Turning around, he saw Debbie.

when he heard a footstep behind him. Turning around, he saw Debble.
"I quite forgot," he said, stretching out his hand, "to say good-bye! I was thinking of so many things!"
The girl did not take the proffered hand, and he stared at her in surprise. There was absolutely nothing in her appearance to attract the fancy for a moment. She had only the beauty of perfect health, and the glamour of perfect innocence about her. There were

her womanly instincts? Did she sus pect some love affair, or disappointment? Or did she know, at least, that he was far removed from the class to which he had stooped in his desire to elevate them? He could not conjecture; but he said candidly:
"You are quite right. I should not have come here. But I hope that at least I have done no harm, except to myself."

te had been on the point of refusing.

The girl placed her hand on his

And he followed her, like one who had no other will, or option. Pierry's apology remained unspoken.

CHAPTER X

IN THE DEPTHS
It was well for Maxwell himself that he obeyed that call. Somewhat shame-faced, he entered the dark cabin again and Debbie, with instinctive politeness, anticipated his explanation. She did so with that curious air of assumed anger which the Irish peasant often uses to cloak affection, or relieve the embarrassment of others.

The first product of the control of

Maxwell saw that it was useless to make further explanations. He took down his old valise that had lain there weeks on the top of the dresser, and began to pack in the few, very few things he possessed.

That night, perhaps, witnessed the climax of his sufferings and his despondency. He insisted on their retiring; but he asked that a candle, or parafflat lamp, should be left lighted by his side. He kindens and heer hand trembled.

When Maxwell had finished packing, When Maxwell had finished packing, Woman, for she alone seemed to listen. As the night wore on, he became worse. The burning heat became hold. And perhaps some day it may be roughly and between the heat of the kindens step. The canopy of wood that hung down low over the bed seemed to listed on their great was not sheep for many power to repay it."

When have to go," he said to the old woman, for she alone seemed to listed and worse. The burning heat became hold. And perhaps some day it may be raised on the wittewshed womans for the first time the old womans and the sheep of the words. The canopy of wood that hung down low over the bed seemed to make a required to the kindens step."

When have ye go the words to say his farewells.

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That night, perhaps, witnessed the elimax of his sufferings and his despondency. He insisted on their retiring but he asked that a candle, or paradial lamp, should be left lighted by his side. He knew there was no sleep for him. The terrible dry neat was stidling him; the well-known agonizing pains were too, but her face was white, and her hand trembled.

When Maxwell had finished packing, he came forward to say his farewells.

"I have to go," he said to the old woman, for she alone seemed to listen, but I assure you I shall never forget the kindness I received in this household. And perhaps some day it may be in my power to repay it."

Then for the first time the old woman saw that he was ill; for his face was a bluish purple and his teeth were the thing had been the wast ill; for his face was a bluish purple and his teeth were the thing the wast in the the old woman saw that he was ill; for his face was a bluish purple and his teeth were the same worse. The burning heat became worse. The burning heat became worse. The burning heat became worse was a bluish purple and his teeth were the my power to repay it."

Then for the first time the old woman saw that he was ill; for his face the was a bluish purple and his teeth were the same worse. The burning heat became worse. The burning heat became worse. The burning heat became worse was a bluish purple and his teeth were the hadden walls, and stretched up towards the haked roof. Drip, drip, came the awful rain outside, as it fell from the rotting thatch into the open channels. Reat less, severed, tormented, so the druk he began to imagine all kinds of dreadful between the saw the sum of his dependency. The same worse was a bluish gran late of the same there was no sleep for him. The terrible dry neat was stifling him; the well-known agonizing pains were creepi less, fevered, tormented, somewhat excited by the spirits he had druck, he began to imagine all kinds of dreadful things—that he had been decoyed thither, betrayed, and left to die in such awful surroundings. He recalled his last illness. It was painful and agonizing enough; but he remembered with a pang all the delicate attention he had received; the comfortable, warm, luxurious bedroom; the dainties on the table near the bedside; the scrupulous table near the bedside; the scrupulous attention of the doctor; the cool-handed, dexterous, silent, unobtrusive attendance of the two skilled nurses. He recalled the days of his convalescence; the numerous visits; the card-plate well filled; the presents of fruit; the sweetness of coming back to life. And then he looked around him. The bleared and smoking lamp could hardly be said to have lighted the dark apartment, but it threw light enough to reveal its misery. table near the bedside : the scrupulo have lighted the dark apartment, but it threw light enough to reveal its misery. The wrotched fireplace bricked up and whitewashed, the dark recesses of the open ceiling, the mud floor, rough and uneven and pitted; the tawdry and somewhat hideous engravings on the walls—all made a picture of desolation so terrible that, coupled with his severish condition, it throw him into a kind. so terrible that, coupled with his feverish condition, it threw him into a kind
of delirium, during which he afterwards
suspected he had said many wild, incoherent things. He remembered but one.
He had been staring for some time in a
kind of blank inquiry at a rough representation of the Virgin and Child that
was niqued on the response at the forsentation of the Virgin and Child that was pinned on the cretonne at the foot of the bed. Somehow, in his great agony and desolation, he found a comfort here. And then, suddenly turning around, he came face to face with the Man of Sorrows, hanging on the gibbet of Calvary, and looking the embodiment of all human suffering, which there had culminated in one concentrated agonizing death. Old words a state of the concentrated agonizing

minated in one concentrated agonizing death. Old words, old thoughts, heard long ago in infancy, came back to bim, My God, my God, why hast thou

"My God, my God, why hast thou fersaken me?"
When he woke from a deep sleep, although it was troubled with horrid dreams, he found himself in a perfect bath of perspiration. Sweat was dripping from every pore. His hair was wet, as if sponged; and he kne... that the bedelothes were saturated through and through. But he felt quite light and relieved from that dry, burning heat that had been torturing him; but when he attempted to move hand or foot, a terrible pain racked him, and he dared not turn on his wet couch from the agony in his shoulder. The lamp had flickered out; but in the gray dusk he ickered out; but in the gray dusk he ould discern the form of the old woman moving around the wretched room. He ughed to attract her attention; and

she came over.

"How are you, agragal," she said,
"after the night? Sure, we wor
throubled about you. Will you have a
dhrop of tay or milk now; or will you
wait for your brekfas?"

"I'l take it now, if you please," said
Maxwell. "I've perspired freely during
the night."

"Wisha, thin, sure they say that's the
best thing in the suremid for a could as

"Thin the faver is ketchin'?" said the

'Tis nothin' of the kind," said the doctor. "No more than a cough or a cold. But he can't have proper attendance here.

"Begor, thin" said the old woman. "Begor, thin" said the old woman, bridling up, "av all we hear is thrue, the divil much of an atindance he'll have there aither."

"That's all possense my good woman, or years and years. There were days

"What's his name?"

"We never 'xed him; but we hard him say 'twas Robert Maxwell."

"I see," said the doctor, writing his prescription at the kitchen table, "I "You may be sure he will," said owen McAulifie, in a state of high de-

## THE FINAL LAW

divil much of an attindance he'll have there aither."

"That's all nonsense, my good woman," said the doctor. "Old women's talk and gossip. If I were sick myself, I'd go into the hospital."

"Begor, thin, you may," said the old woman. "But onless the poor bhoy likes it himself, he'll stop where he is!

The doctor did not reply; but went into the room again. "You know the nature of your malady," he said to Maxwell. "You went through it before. I want to send you into hospital were you'll have proper care and attention. These good people have old-fashioned prejudices against it; and they want to keep you here. As your malady is not contagious, I cannot insist. Please yourself."

"What hospital do you speak of?" said Maxwell, again deeply touched by the affectionate interest of these poor people.

"There's only one—the Workhouse Hospital," replied the doctor. "But it is well managed; and you'll have every care."

"Yes, an' if he die, he'll be lef' die without priesht or minister, and been tramping through swoods, over fields, through small towns, for years and years. There were days when food was scarce, and even water became a treat. But for the most part when food was scarce, and even water became a treat. But for the most part a treat. But for the most part

Hospital," replied the doctor. "But it is well managed; and you'll have every care."

"Yes, an' if he die, he'll be lef' die without priesht or minister, and be buried in the ban-field," said the old old woman, coming in.

"Here, I wash my hands out of the matter," said the doctor. "Of course, I'll come to see you; but in your case, nursing is everything."

Maxwell remained silent for a long time. Then, suddenly starting up, he said;

"As these good people are kind enough to keep me, I'll remain with them. The matter is in higher hands."

"All right," said the doctor, going ont. "Just let me know from time to time how things are going on. You'll get that medicine and liniment and medicated cotton at the dispensary," he turned back suddenly, and said in an undertone:

"He's no poor boy or tramp! Take my word for it!"

And so Robert Maxwell was now, for life or death, in the hands of these unskilled and more or less ignorant peasants. He thoroughly understood his

"He's no poor way
my word for it!"
And so Robert Maxwell was now, for
life or death, in the hands of these unskilled and more or less ignorant peasants. He thoroughly understood his
risks; but he was content.
In the afternoon he dropped into a
deep slumber, broken by some fitful
dreams. When he awoke, the old man
this time was his nurse. He noticed
some change, he thought about
the bed; and, after a good deal
the bed; and more the man instant.

The was a slight weight f

Why not keep this child? He was alone, the boy would soon be alone.
"Sonny," he said almost in a whisper, "would you like to stay with me and grow up here in this house?"
The child nodded, and, tightening his clasp, laid his cheek against the priest's, The compact was made. Gently Father Medhurst set the little fellow down and they entered the received.

At sunset Joe's father had been set free from the world that had held many sorrows for him. He was so thankful for the great good that had come to his son, that his last moments were very hanny. Access the still forms the set. happy. Across the still form, when was over, the priest and the doc was over, the priest and the doctor looked into each other's eyes an instant, and Father Medhurst said in his deep voice: "What a sublime faith! What a life of simplicity and hidden sanctity this man was! I thank God that mine is the privilege to do what remains to be done for him, and his son."

The doctor nodded, and walked hastily to the window.

to the window. In the days that followed Father Med-In the days that followed rather Med-hurst gained new experience that little in former years prepared him for. Many were the matrons who case to advise him concerning his boy—many offers also to take the child into homes where also to take the child into homes where there were other children. The good priest listened patiently, and thanked all who came, but he remained firm

himself and according to hi "I have been a boy myself," he would say, and while it is some few years ago, I remember it, and Joe shall have the benefit of all the years have taught me." Often, after a hard day of varied duties, the priest would find refreshment of spirit, new and strange to him, in the companionship of his boy. The two talked together on all subjects with ease and confidence that was mutually de-lightful. As time went on, Father Med-hurst realized with delight that Joe's mind was capable of great things, and a glowing ambition surged up it is here.

fixed in his resolve to bring the h

"Listen to this, Joe," he would say, interrupting his office to translate some interesting bit for the child's benefit, as they sat together. So Joe became familiar with the breviary lives of many of the saints, and where other children learned nursery rhymes he learned beautiful sentences of invitatories, hymns, antiphons and responsories. It was not that the child was able to understand all that the priest told him; the inequality between childhood and age, between his experience and knowledge, was bridged by the love of the one who gave, and upheld by the love of the one who gave, and upheld by the love of the one who gave, and upheld by the love of the one who gave, and upheld by the love of the one who gave, and undeach in his own way aiding the other; so that by degrees there grew to be a wonderful comradeship between them, and constant, delightful interchange of thought.

Joe was a very human little fellow not was a very numan little fellow, und there were boyish scrapes and troubles in plenty when she began to go to school. His delicate appearance, together with his sedate, quiet manner, conveyed to his school companions an expension improved.

Medhurst the "You see, "you can be beating then your pockets start to wall 'em."
"So you've
of creation
claimed.
"Yes, Fatl
wise little st
different ki than there a

APRIL

"Well, Jo houghtfully over-much. myself, and l Joe picke meditatively answered. "ent. Now I ent. Now I And I mes friends, so a bout life." "Bless the Medhurst, an "Joe," said be when y

Again the bright eyes captain."
"That's a
priest grave
while I go or
As he were
were busy w
but they did
beat captain poat captain Fast flew whose early ships and to of the present hing for his where he live horseback to thon, hear comparison to the work of the way to the work of the work o whose early

"Well, thi

Now in the had compars gation, a p time for the the cultiva midst of th human tie o Peace for gave to his ous tone. however, ha however, ha natural gent hidden itsel tiveness ha Friendships plenty, and his people was duty. I rather than had no relations of his own fixers of his own f years of his stantly receifacements, ories. With days with g Slow drag

boy, who g meaning of When Joserious talk boy and the happy light a sort of li had decided and Fathe and Fath-leaped bey as if his boy holy state. same, but as mind of the fect sympatous happing ous happin mood fell elderly price gone years
It was a mer
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sion," he sa
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> "Different suing different for turned Joe "That's Father Me owing a doesn't acc Not so lon to be sure; clearer kn Nowadays must have so general spirit of que one wants self, and t tion the w Church. is to judge sible it see laws of the highest me have devi-ary law is what the c

in their me
"Differen