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BY REV. P. A. SHEERAN, D. D.

CHAPTER I CARAGH LAKE

Certain travellers and artists have said that Caragh Lake is even more beautiful than Killarney. But let that pass. It is enough to say that this lovely and tranquil evening in the late summer of 189—, when the sun had gone down behind yonder hill, and left all the sky crimson, and when the crimson had faded into pink as reflected in the lake, and all the shadowed places were dark and tranquil mirrors of tree and shrub, the whole was a picture of peace, such as weary men long for in troubled dreams, and tire of so quickly when the dream becomes a reality. And the beauty was not marred, nay, it was emphasized by the dark blot of one shallow CARAGH LAKE near. He fossed two.

In the fossed two.

In t beauty was not marred, nay, it was emphasized by the dark blot of one shallow boat that just now lay very still and close to the shore. It had one occupant, a young man—that is, if one of thirty can be still considered young in these hot days when the hair blanches so quickly, and the wrinkles around the mouth gather so silently; but he looked young, and the crimson glow from the clouds seemed to add something to his youthful and calm appearance. His occupations, too, just now spoke of a cupations, too, just now spoke of a stillness that seemed the external sym-bolism of his mind; for he was watching bolism of his mind; for he was watching in some unconscious way a salmon-rod that stretched out beyond the boat, and was mirrored in a long dark line on the water. He was, again unconsciously, smoking tiny cigarettes, which he rolled up between his fingers, lighted, and was, again unconsciously, readand he was, again unconsciously, reading from a tiny volume on his knees—a
little book of three or four Russian
dramas, the first of which was called
"The Power of Darkness." The first
two dreamy occupations were comparatively harmless. The latter was perilous. For. certainly, of all dangerous amusements of the present day, that of reading is the most dangerous. If all the graduates who passed through Trinity College during the last fifty years had followed Bob Maxwell's example,

"This man—count, too, and nobleman—had the courage to go down into the depths, and see things for himself; and then the greater courage of telting his countrymen what he thought of them. Yes the grave clothes must be unloosed and the face cloth unfolded before a Christ can say: 'Arise and come forth!'"

There was a sudden tug on the rod and in an instant, the instinct of sport banished every other thought and senti-ment. He tossed the book aside, and it ment. He tossed the book aside, and it fell into the water. He gave it one thought only: "What will Mabel think of her pretty book?" and then he centred all his energies towards one

ous. For, certainly, the action amusements of the state o

be replaced. Father is in the sitting. and the sooner that decay is pushed into dissolution the better for the hope

resting on a pillow. He must have been sleeping, for he gave a sudden start as Maxwell entered the room.

"Look here, Major, look at this fellow!" said the young man enthusiastically, expecting appreciation here.

"Mabel would not condescend to look at him."

ant life in Russia, there are hidden springs of nobility, that only need a strong hand to spread abroad and sweeten all the land.

"He knows it," soliloquized Bob Maxwell, as he held the book open in his fingers there in the waning twilight.

"In over thought—this fellow tugged, and your book fell into the warrent through the first thing in the morning."

"In sorry," she replied, "the book belonged to Mr. Outram. It can hardly belonged to Mr. Outram. It can hardly as the life in Russia, there are hidden "Where is Tolstoi?"

"Where is Tolstoi?"

"What he read was this. That all the great work of the world has been done by those who, discontented with existing things, sought to break through the crust of custom and establish a new order; that purely human institutions have an invincible tendency to decay,"

"Time to turn in, Aleck!" said Maxwell, anxious to originate some conversation as a distraction to his thoughts.

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"Time to turn in, Aleck was much surprised, but said nothing.

"Time to turn in, Aleck!" said mothing.

"Time to turn in, Aleck!" said Maxwell, anxious to originate some conversation as a distraction to his thoughts.

"Time to turn in, Aleck!" said nothing.

"Time to turn

be replaced. Father is in the sittingroom."

And she turned away to her companion.

Thoroughly chilled and dispirited,
Maxwell took up the fish; and, after a
few minutes' deliberation, he passed
through the hotel corridor and knocked
at the Major's door.

"Come in !" said a gruff voice, and
Maxwell entered.

The Major was sunk deep in a soft
armchair, one leg swathed in fiannel
resting on a pillow. He must have been
sleeping, for he gave a sudden start as
Maxwell entered to his tent and to
his man.

"Between eleven and twelve!" said
his man.

"But to tell ye the truth,
I m alraid Darby won't lave the masther
he wages—"

"You have a poor place here, my poor
deficited the flap of his tent. Then he underested, and slept on till the morning
as flar advanced, and the moon was but
as in the moral order the ancient
armchair, one leg swathed in filannel
resting on a pillow. He must have been
sleeping, for he gave a sudden start as
Maxwell entered to his tent and to
his man.

"But to tell ye the truth,
I m alraid Darby won't lave the masther
he wages—"

"You have a poor place here, my poor
woman," said Maxwell, suddenly turning the conversation. He was touched
in spite of himself.

"The roof will fall soon," said have
it we succeeded by reformer after
reformer, who perished on the gibbet
for an idea: so in the order of science
Aristotle was pushed aside by Bacon,
Bacon by Cant, Newman by his many
successors: and in the social order all
the mighty men of the race were nontomer vital condition of things; that all
the mighty men of the race were nonformists, that is, they refused to accept
the things that ought be head on to
the things that ought be detend and read, until the dawn wind
lited the flap of his tent. Then he undevended the moon was but
as flar advanced, and the moon wa

This is what he read:

for truth,

the world.

This will I do who have a realm to lose, the deeper the degradation, he

Saved by this sacrifice I offer now."

"All the same, and everywhere the same," cried Maxwell. "That divine ideal of losing oneself to help on the common cause of humanity has been ever haunting the mind of man! There must be something in it, some echo of a far-off divine revelation, once articulately spoken by God to humanity, but some the common cause the common cause of humanity has been ever haunting the mind of man! There must be something in it, some echo of a far-off divine revelation, once articulately spoken by God to humanity, but some constant of the common cause of humanity has been ever haunting the mind of man! There must be something in it, some echo of a far-off divine revelation, once articulately spoken by God to humanity, but some cause of the common cause of humanity has been ever haunting the mind of man! There must be something in it, some echo of a far-off divine revelation, once articulately spoken by God to humanity, but some color of the common cause of humanity has been ever haunting the mind of man! There must be something in it, some echo of a far-off divine revelation, once articulately spoken by God to humanity.

be harried along the stream of become adreamed of daves and many the stream of the stream

And yet, why?

The thought became so troublesome, and that Why? would repeat itself with such damnable iteration, that he took up the book again to distract himsabout five or six feet high, pierced by This is what he read:

"If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save
a pool of slimy fetid water before the door, where four or five ducks cackled proudly; which are not mine, except as I am man:—

If such a one, having so much to give, Gave all, laying it down for love of men, And thenceforth spent himself to search grain that crossed the road, sparkling cally in the morning smillight and the gaily in the morning sunlight, and the sweet, clean birds that perched every-

Surely, at last, far off, sometime, some-where,
The veil would lift for his deep-search-ing eyes,

weet, clean brus that perchet etc.
where without soiling themselves, and
sang their little song of freedom and
happiness.

Maxwell looked at the place for a ing eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be done for which he lost
the world.

Maxwell looked at the place while, doubtful whether he would place was thoroughly uninviting place was thoroughly uninviting cause I love my realm, because my flected, the higher the resurrection. Because I love my realm, because my heart

Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,

Known and unknown, these that are mine and those

Which shall be mine, a thousand million more

Saved by this sacrifice I offer now."

Saved by this sacrifice I offer now."

"All the same and everywhere the sought to drive away the fowls, whilst

decent wages."

" Maybe your 'anner is thinkin' of imployin' the poor bhoy yerself," said the

"Between eleven and twelve!" said old woman. "But to tell ye the truth, his man." Im airaid Darby won't lave the masther

all moral development is on the same lines as physical development, from some great secret principle of strength and vitality. Is that principle wanting in these people altegether; or has it been checked by malignant influences? Yes,

that is the problem.
TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE RESURRECTION OF JOHN FURLONG

What will you do, love, when I am going, With white sail flowing, the seas beyond;

What will you do, love, when waves divide us And friends may chide us for being

St. Malachy's concert hall was crowded as usual on St. Patrick's night, and pretty Nellie Hyland had just begun the pretty Neilie Hyland had just begun the first number on the program, a sweet old Irish love song, when John Furlong quietly entered and sat down in one of the ushers' seats against the rear wall. There was a strange pulling at his heart as his eyes took in the unfamiliar scene, which the song and the sweet-voiced singer transformed into an Irish cottage wherein a young mother, leaning over a wherein a young mother, leaning over wooden cradle, sang a baby to sleep. A dreamy boy of twelve sat on a stool

A dreamy boy of twelve sat on a stool close by, a book on his knee and his eyes on his mothers face.

"Now, Johnny," she whispered, "go on with your spelling, Baby's asleep."

"Ah, wait, mother, till you finish the cone." song." And then, moving his stool, he laid his head on his mother's lap.

"Tho' waves divide us, and friends may Oh, heart of mine, I'd still be true,

And I'd pray for you on the ocean With deep devotion, that's what I'd do!" Now he felt his mother's hand on his

head. His lids closed over the un-accust med tears that were welling up into his eyes. "What ails me at all?" he murmured to himself as he looked he mumured to binself as he looked around shamefacedly.

He was recognized as he turned, and an usher bounded forward with apologies and assurances of a fine seat in front, but John held up his hand in a way that effectually discouraged the man's good offices, and leaned over to drink in every word of the song.

"What would you do, love, if home re- down to the front seat, but he refused to

With want and sorrow, that left me you, Will You Do, Love When I Am Going?'

Ah, where did they get his mother's song? And would these tears never stop? It was forty years since that day in the Irish kitchen, and it was nearly thirty years since he had put a foot in-side his own church or mingled in any side his own church or mingled in any way with people of his mother's faith. A passing impulse had brought him into the hall to night. He remembered smilling at his man when he told him, as they drove home, that it was "wondtherful entirely how manny counthries loved the ould sod. Sure everybody's wearin' the green to day." he said 'end I'm. the green to-day," he said, 'and I'm tould the Queen of England herself gives out shamcocks to the army and navy. Didn't ye notice, sor, how all the flower shop windows do be filled with clover? They think its shamrock sure, an' it's all the same if the heart is there." The man could not restrain his icr at overy hit of fresh evidence at her joy at every bit of fresh evidence of loy-alty to the "ould sod," as he always called it.

the woman, "would be better imployed. The woman, "would be better imployed. The woman, "would be better imployed. The work is that have poor people to do but work; that have poor people to do but work; that had just been handed up to her. This time she sang Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's lim decently!" said Maxwell. "He's a rich man, and he can well afford to pay decent wages."

"Maybe your 'anner is think'r'
ployin' the poor the said the said that had just been handed up to her. This time she sang Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's light ways and the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. This time she sang Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's light ways and the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. This time she sang Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's light ways and the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. This time she sang Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's light ways and the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. This time she sang Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's light ways a standard the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. The standard the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. The standard the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. The standard the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. The standard the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks that had just been handed up to her. The standard the girl came back holding a dainty ribbon-trimmed pot of shamrocks t

Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride."

"What ails me at all," said John Forlong, as the plaintive melody pierced his heart. "Is it old age that is making me soft and childish all at once?"

"I'm very lonely now Mary,
"I'm very lonely now Mary, For the poor make no new fri But, oh, the love is better still

And you were all I had, Mary, My blessing and my pride; There's nothing left to care for now, Since my poor Mary died." Thirty years before, John Furlong had come to America from a little town in the County Meath. Luck had been with him from the first. He had made with him from the first. He had made money and married money, and talked money and dreamed money, until it had taken the place of every other ambition or desire that ever stirred his soul. His wife's constant maxim, "Get money first, John, and then you can get everything else," never ceased to urge him on, until she had lain down panting from the train of social competition, and had until she had lain down panting from the strain of social competition, and had never gathered strength to get up again. Her daughters, after a decent interval of mourning took up the battle where she gave up, and an hour ago, as he left the palatial brown stone mansion where they were presiding at a bridge party, John Furlong wondered with some bitterness what was the "everything else" that money was to bring him.

"I'm bidding you a long farewell, My Mary kind and true, But I ll not forget you, darling, In the land I'm going to. They say there's bread and work for

And the sun shines always there, But I'll not forget old Ireland, Were it fifty times as fair."

The sweet old song was ended now, and another volley of applause was greeting Father Nugent, the pastor of St. Malachy's as he rose to speak.

"Now, why didn't you take my advice,"

"Now, why didn't you take my advice," he began, smiling, "and get some bright young speaker for to-night who'd have something new to say to you? Haven't I been telling you the same old things over and over these twenty years? Still I know you understand that, like the dear old songs you have just enjoyed, the story of Ireland is always as sweet and fresh as the hawthorn on the fragrant hedges at home.

grant hedges at home.

"Do you mind the old St. Patrick's Days, and all the days for that matter, when we talked of nothing but bayonets and gunpowder and dynamite? But that's all over now, thank God. We have gotten over expecting to save have gotten over expecting to save Ireland by blowing up England. Now the Irish are cool and clear-headed at home and abroad. We are no longer nome and abroad. We are no longer fire-eaters, or what is even worse, personified apologies. Self-shame was our most pitiable trait, and really came from the old fear of being caught at Mass or at the hedge school. The poor Irish mothers lived in constant fright, and the poor children were born with fear and trembling in their hearts. Their language and songs and dances were forbidden them. Every throb of gladness ceased for them, and it took gladness ceased for them, and it took many years for even the glorious free-dom in this land of promise to make them men who could lift up their heads

is being awakened; the is being awakened; the old laint has conquered, and made Irishmen strong and free, and soon the dear land of saints and scholars will take her place, and hold it, please God, among the nations of the earth.

"I'm not going to keep you from your programme," continued Father Nugent.

programme," continued Father Nugent.
"I just want to say that the old lands struggle is in good hands to-day. The men at the helm are strong and well balanced and capable. Stand by them

balanced and capable. Stand by them and be patient yet another while. God has not forgotten the race whose loyalty has cost it so dear."

As the old priest sat down, a slip of paper was handed to him on which the following words were pencilled:

"Reverend Sir—If the young lady who sand the first young on the programme. who sang the first song on the programme,

will repeat it, I will give you my check for \$1,000 to present to her or use as you deem proper.

"Respectfully,
"John Frances." "John Furlong."

"John Furlong! It can't be John Furlong of Furlong & Fields! What would be be doing here?" said Father

would no be doing nere? said rather Nugent hastily, as the usher stood waiting for the return message.
"I believe it is Father," answered the young man. "Some of the boys back there recognized him when he came in and wented to bring him. came in and wanted to bring him

turning
With hopes high burning and wealth for you,
If my barque that bounded o'er foreign foam
Should sink near home, what would you do?

Should sink near home, what would you hope and sit with me."
Before he could realize it, John Furlong found himself scated beside Father Nugent on the stage, and Nellie Hyland was singing again, "What a cloing." I'd welcome you from the wasting billow.

My heart thy pillow, that's what I'd do!"

Ah, where did they get his mother's song? And would these tears never the old song says, 'a stranger's always welcome where the grass grows recently."

green.'"
"God bless you!" murmured the millionaire, as he took the little sing-er's hand, at the close of the song. "You've raised my soul from the grave in which it has lain for nearly thirty

years."

He spoke with such depth of feeling that the audience, though they did not catch the words, were moved to call upon him to repeat them. "A speech! upon him to repeat them. "A speech! A speech!" cried those nearest to the stage, and soon the whole assemblage took up the shout. "Speech! Speech! John Furlong sat in a daze for a moment. Then he rose, as if compelled by command of the crowd, and walked slowly to the front of the platform. He speech every quietly in a silence that

spoke very quietly in a silence that could be felt. could be felt.

"My friends, in all this great city there is no man more unworthy than I to speak to an assemblage like this. In all probability you will tell me so yourselves when you hear what a renegade I have been. I was passing your hall to-night when I saw the your nail to-hight when I saw the lights and heard the music and aimlessly drifted in. I was a lonely, miserable man—how miserable you will perhaps understand when I tell you that I have not been inside a Catholic Church for close on to thirty years. But to-night a little Irish song, a song my dear Irish

mother sang, has raised the posoul in me, and made the little I come back after many buried ye sit again in the Irish cabin sit again in the Irish cabin wonther who loved him as no ever did—the mother whom, money madness and greed, he fully neglected.

"To-morrow may cover him with the closk of human rest avarice. It is not easy to cothe ways of years, be they good but while the tender momories o good I ever knew are uppermo

but while the tender momories o good I ever knew are uppermo heart I must tell you—I who the emptiness of all save fa loyalty to the best that is in us "Is there any young man here fresh from the old land, with the fresh from the old land, with the and prayers of a mother still his lips and in his heart? Aret and riches and luxury of the nealready fascinating him and drithe memory of the songs art freside at night, the innocent wholesome laughter, above all of parents and friends and the has made him free? If such account you, let him pause. among you, let him pause think. Can any man rise in th estimation by being assumed origin? You may not realize but the day will come when wonder why you lost yourself

wonder why you lost yourself you got for it.

"When I came here thirty; few of our people had wealt tion. I saw the power of me before I landed; the poor stee sengers were treated like of let like driven beasts, too, as let out of the pen in which held while they proved their enter. I remember on the sitting cold and hungry, becauses might be set to eat, and watching was notit to eat, and watching was nofit to eat, and watching food and other luxures being feed and other luxuries being upon the cabin passengers or ward deek. I thought bitte poor siek women and child amid the foul odors below, as a vow that, whatever else I i would gain money in the gtry I was going to. Money me the key that would oren the goal of all earthly enteredide, think of anything har. didn't think of anything but n didn't think of anything but of when I flushly began to a couldn't stop. I talked or thought money, dreamed of married money. The only sidered of any account was the could make money. The only wanted or courted was the money.

money.
"How could I keep in touc cabin when my wife was storm

cabin when my wife was storm and earth to be conside blooded, and I had to play it descendant of a distinguis wellian Irish family?"

"There was a little girl too, to whom I had pledged thought I could forget her, it did. When my wife died fiv we both saw at last that o been one of emotiness and v. But she, at least remained to fath of her fathers, and died lived, a staunon M sthodist. however is Episcop slian, thes claim, being much more fas the Episcopal churca—so y. the Episcopal charca—so you are worthy chips of the old b

"I am keeping you from gram, and you are kind and let a lonely old must arrust his troubles upon you. I ca to you as I would wish, for t my heart choke the words i my heart choke the words it want to tell you. my frie would give all I have on a fresh from the old sod to-nig of you are, with a chance to start. I would put manhoo before everything. They a count in the beginning, all is the end. B. want you at the end. B. want you at the end. Be wast you the best that is in you, and happiness will abide with y

happiness will abide with yall your days.

"And, now, Fither," said long; trendloudy, as he sat beside Fither Nugent, "withave the honor of again hand of the young lady wimbher's song and made a ma?"

mother's song and made a me?"
"Certainly, Mr. Farlong the priest. "We will all house when the concert is lives with an anat who co way, from the village in the Meath that you sooke of."
"And her name?" askelong eagerly. long, eagerly.
"Roche-Miss Mirgaret

came over only a lew year after her sister's childre sister died. She is the parish. There is not a sick soil that she does not a comfort and enoureage. I is here to-night, he add Nellie to bring her to meet Two hours later the mul was walking up Fifth av springing step and the gl And on next St. Pat

boy. Aul on ext 52. Put and his wife, the swe golden hearted lady who h Margaret Roche, presided in the bro vn stone mans Father Nugent was the gr Nellie Hyland was also Walter Furlong, John's el had been baptized that mo to be married to Nellie in At miss challed the walls. At nine o'clock they all M dachy's where a banque to the whole parish by Jo honor of the little girl, as who had raised his soul for

of darkness and despair b

mother's song. - Teresa Be in Rosary Magazine. How to Treat Non-

Because people differ religion, is no reason whate them. They may be as we are. They were their belief and they thin We should pray for t We should pray for the Hoty Ghost may grant to We should take occasion Catholic books to read, plain to them our relig more important, we should them see it in practice. To love them and do them all is in our power.

is in our power.

That's the way for us Catholics. That's the converts.—Catholic Colu