majesty of its seawar.

Here Luke sojourn

golden days that ev

German.

## LUKE DELMEGE.

ST THE BEY P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR C MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII. EUTHANASIA

Sir Athelstan Wilson had got all he coveted in this life, and all he desired in eternity, which he regarded as a vague, ill defined, and unscientific quality. He had snatched out of the melee of life and from under the teeth of Orange mastiff a dainty morsel. They gnashed their teeth in rage; and he—well, he was not satisfied. Who is? Well, where's the use in tearing a moral to tatters? But there were two things that spoiled his pleasure. That agile and most modest microbe still declined his solicitations, and there was a blank in his life besides. For he missed, in the morning and the evening, the face and figure of his child; the little caresses that smoothed out, at the face and figure of his child; the little caresses that smoothed out, at least in facey, the furrows and fisures of Time and Care. And then he did not understand why she should be sacrificed. He always thought Antigone a fool to trouble so much about a

a fool to trouble so much about a corpse.

"Why don't these clergymen mind their own business?" he said to his good wife. "They are forever intermeddling in family matters. Barbara would be here at home but for that excellent brother of yours."

"I'm sure the Canon is not to blame," she whispered; "Louis could not be left alone, and you know this house would be no asylum for him."

"I never intended it should," said the doctor. "That young gentleman must reap his wild oats where he sowed them. Bat if your charitable brother

them. But if your charitable brother is so devoted to Louis, has he not a room at his presbytery to give him?"

"He has already offered his hospitality to Louis and Barbara," said the mother, with a little of the old spirit. "When they return from this brief trip they will stay with their uncle until Louis' health is completely restored." 'Twill be a protracted visit, " said

the doctor.

"It will be a pleasant one," retorted Lady Wilson. "Thank God, my children have found in their priests their best and kindest friends."

Which shows that Lady Wilson had a little both of mother love and mother

Luke Delmege did not visit the prison on Tuesday. He came up to town to make definite and final arrange

ments with the Bishop to affiliate to his adopted diocese. He had already written home to demand his exeat from his native discovered to the second discovered to the native discovered to the nativ his native diocese; and, as Seathorpe had blotted out Lisnalee from the map of his future, he thought he might a of his future, he thought he might as well make assurance doubly sure by taking out his affiliation at once. The Bishop was from home, and Luke asked Father Sheldon for a walk, in which he might unbosom himself to his friend. The latter did persuade him to call on the Wilsons; but they were out for a short visit, said the old housekeeper.

So the two good friends, Celt and Saxon as they were, once more found themselves amongst soldiers and babies on the well-trodden banks of the Ser pentine, where Father Shelden some years back had cried to extract that alling tooth, and had failed egreg

iously.

"I need hardly tell you, Sheldon," said Luke, bluntly, "that I have come to town with a purpose. My seven years' probation is up, and I am about to affiliate, once and forever, to this

Father Sheldon walked along slowly

and in silence.
"I've made up my mind," said Luke,
continuing, "that my work lies here in
England. Everything points to it. So far, I have been fairly successful; and I have no doubt but that a still wider and more—well, useful career lies be-"You have given the matter a good al of consideration?" said Father

deal of consideration ?" "Yes. In fact, I have made up my mind on the subject since my last visit

"H'm. I'd advise you to return to

Whit?" said Luke, stopping and

looking angrily at his friend.

"I'd advise you to return home as soon as you are free to do so," said Father Sheldon, quietly. "You will do better there than here."

"I'd don't understand you, Sheldon,"

said Luke. "Do you mean that I've been a failure here?"

"N no," said Father Sheldon, lang dly. "But I think that eventually would make better strides with feet upon your native heather. as one not knowing, "You speak as one not knowing said Luke. "Why, man, if I were return now, I should have to commence

"How is that?" asked his friend, "You see, everything in Ireland is fixed in a cast-iron mould. They don't understand change, which is progress. Everything is judged by age. You buy a bottle of wine—the first question is: How old is it? You buy a horse: How old? Everything is old, and feeble, and decrepit; and no matter how distinguished a man may be in England or in America, you sink down to a cipher the moment you touch the Irish shore; and a Newman or a Lacordaire takes his place at the end of the queue. one asks: What can you do? or, What have you done? But, How old have you? How long have you been on the mission? Result: After a few spasmodic efforts, which become convulsive, you sink into a lethargy, from

which there is no awakening. You be-come aged, not by years, but by des-"That is sad. But you have work, nevertheless, have you not?" Of course, but uncongenial. Every round man is in a square hole, and every square man in a round hole. There's a great friend of mine (you

must come over to see him)—"
"No, thank you," said Father Sheldon. "I don't value life too highly,

but I don't care to throw it away in

curiosity."

"You're joking. They'll prayfor you in the Cathedral while you're in the proximste dauger of death; but I was saying that distinguished man, a graduate of Heidelberg, a good German scholar, is banished to a strip of sand down by the sea, which he calls a parish. I assure you he would do honor to any disease or a vehureh in England." any diocese or a y church in England."
"Pretty bad. Have you approached

Bishop here?"
No, not yet. But that's all right. "No, not yet. But that's all right. I don't want much. I'm not ambitious. But there's a little place down there in Sussex, where a resident priest is badly wanting. I shall propose to the Bishop to allow me to open a mission there. Of course, the income is miserable, but I can eke out a subsistence with my

"Have you tried as yet that exped-

"Have you tried as yet that expeditious way of making ends meet?"
"Well, no. But I know that Dr. Drysdale manages to make a clear hundred a year with his pen.
"Oh! Well," said Father Sheldon, shrugging his shoulders, "I suppose you must only await the Bishop's decision. By the way do you know Halleck?" now Halleck ?" Yes, well! A clever fellow. In-

deed, the only one in my congregation that I fear on Sundays." "Indeed? You needn't fear him

"Indeed? You needn't fear him much longer, I think,"
"How? Is he going abroad?"
"No. He has started a religion of his own, like all good Englishmen. He calls himself an "celectic.""
"By Jove! I didn't hear that. Now that I remember, Drysdale was speculating lately what he would do with certain people who were what he called latitudinarian."
"Well. And what did he decide?"
"He would not admit them to Sacraments. Rather hard, I thought. I didn't know he meant Halleck. Where did Halleck split?"

did Halleck split ?" "Nowhere in particular. Slipped his anchors and went aground."

his anchors and went aground."

"That's horrible. I must look him up, poor fellow, and bring him back. I always told Drysdale that these frigid sermons of his would do mischief. He couldn't understand that we must keep pace with the age and read up all that it has to say. You couldn't expect a man like Halleck to sit still under first, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, fithly, sixthly of the old-fashioued prones. But it is so hard to convince old fossils of these things that seem axiomatic."

that seem axiomatic."
"Quite so. But Halleck went further. It was an article in the Athen ocum that revealed him. Something about the Book of Thoth."

about the Book of Thoth."

Luke turned white and crimson alternately. It was a dread shock to a soul that, if anything, was faithful beyond measure to his old principles and beliefs. The thought that he, Luke Delmege, through false notions of culture, sprung from human vanity, should actually be instrumental in wrecking the faith of an able and distinguished convert, was too horrible. tinguished convert, was too horrible He could conceive no more dire calar it . He knew well what Father Sheldon meant; and the old text about Sheldon meant; and the old text about "the lying prophets" smote on his memory. He foresaw the consequences to himself. But he was too generous to heed them. He only thought that he hat been instrumental in imperilling, if not altogether ruining, the salvation of a soul. The two friends walked up and down in silence for a time. Then Luke meaned aloud: but. time. Then Luke moaned aloud; but, choking down his emotion, he said

"Let us return. I must catch the vening train to Aylesburgh. It was a very gentle, conscience-stricken man that entered the county prison next morning. In cell 21, on the first corridor, he found his prison-

"Pretty bad business, sir," said the "Pretty bad business, sir," said the warder. It was the old, old story. The proud and effeminate imperialist, fresh from the voluptuousness of the capital, and the strong-thewed gladiator from Scythia, grimed from the soot of battle, and hardened from the baptisms of fire. And it was all for England, and England did not know it. How could she? And how could that imbecile understand the awful death he was summoning from a smitten soul, when he walked around that clean, brave man, and called him, "a

dirty Irish pig."
"Wance more," said the pig, "and he's in hell."

"Keep quiet, ye ruffian," said his comrade, "and let the divil and his piper pass."

Too late. For the piper piped:

"One step to the rear, you, sir, till I examine your kit."

Then the cartridge was slipped

I examine your kit."

Then the cartridge was slipped quietly into its deadly cradle.

"And thin," said the prisoner, "he kem in front ov me, and laughed. An' somethin' snapped in me head, and my finger tetched the thrigger; an' he was lying in a hear on the ground. was lying in a heap on the ground. That's a'l!"

There's no defence possible here,"

thought Luke.

None. And in a few weeks the sentence went forth. Death for death. "I've wan request to make, my Lord," said the prisoner. "Gi' me the priest, and let me be hanged in

half an hour.' Monstrous! That would be contrary to all precedent. It would be abominable cruelty. Four weeks at

least should intervene.

Four weeks of flendish torture — the torture of seeing a cruel and inevitable horror creeping hour by hour and minute by minute before one's eyes, without a hope of escape or mitigation Four weeks of slow death, to which the brutalties of the Sioux and the Comanche were mercy. For there, whilst the knives quivered in the victim's flesh, and the tomahawks sang over his head, his blood was on fire with anger and pride; and, as in the heat of battle men will not feel the sting and smart of wounds, so under physical torture men heed neither pain nor

the dread spectre of the fatal morning one day nearer; and Oh! the long hours of consciousness, unbroken by one single moment's distraction from the tense horror that haunts him; and Oh! the presence of these silent warders, watching, watching, lest the wretched victim should escape the vengeance of the law; and the very luxury of the food that is profiered and sent away uneaten, as if food could quench the burning wheels of a brain on fire with dread foreboding; and the cold, calculated sympathy, whilst the meshes are tightening around the cold, calculated sympathy, whilst the meshes are tightening around the doomed one; and finally, the hideous drams on the fatal morning, to which the horrors of the Roman arens were that are representations as call and the horrors of the Roman arena were but stage representations, so cold, and callous, and inexorable does the hand of man choke out the immortal soul; and then the unspeakable mockery of calling this hideous and hidden tragedy a "painless death"; Oh! 'tis all too dreadful even for this polished and cultured generation, that knows noth-ing and cares less for the charity of Christ.

Christ.

It was a happy distraction for Luke that his sympathies were engaged in soothing the last days of this unhappy man; for his own supreme folly would otherwise have driven him half-mad otherwise have driven him half-mad Yes! Halleck had apoststized; and the fine eclecticism of Amiel Lelevril could not mitigate the shame or the horror. The positive, divine truth of the Catholic truth never struck Luke Delmege so forcibly as when he realized that playing with the ineffable mysteries of faith was a dangerous game. Doctrines to be proved; objections to be met; principles to be defended—all this sounded commonplace to a dialectician, and scarcely affected his sense of responsibility. But "a soul lost by your misdirection!" The thought was too dreadful. The sad work of preparing a criminal for death work of preparing a criminal for death came as a relief. But how Luke was tortured during that month of gloom his diary testifies.

his diary testifies.

"August 18.—Said Mass for Halleck.
Poor fellow gone abroad. No trace,
Visited Donnelly. Bearing up well,
he says, but in the morning when he
wakes and the dread horror strikes
him! Is very repentant, poor fellow.
Discussion with Canon about capital
punishment, on theological principles.
Where and when was society invested
with the engrana attribute of taking with the supreme attribute of taking human life? He could only say, in the old formula, 'Commencez, Mess ieurs les assassins!'

August 20—Letter from Sheldon "August 20—Letter from Sheldon. Wilsons going abroad. Letter from Father Martin. Great annoyance at home at the thought of my leaving my native diocese. Saw poor Donnelly. The good nuns spent two hours with him to-day. Very much consoled. 'Father, if I could get my blood up, 'twould be all right. Would it be any harm to pick a quarrel with these poor fellows and have a friendly fight? If they'd take me out want a day and they'd take me out wanst a day they'd take me out wanst a day and scourge me, 'twould make me mad, an' I'd have somethin' to think about besides the drop.' Paid a short visit to the Lefevrils. Rarely go there now. They cannot understand my awful trouble about Halleck. 'He's made no change,' they say; 'he's as he always was.' The devil himself cannot kneek this notion of priva's indemant. knock this notion of private judgment out of the minds of these people. Why should he, indeed? 'Tis his trump

August 21 .- Sunday, Mass at convent. Preached at Missa Cantata. The Canon very kind about Halleck's affair. He actually, for the first time, a kind word about my sermon said a kind word about my sermon, which I considered commonplace. Why are the old so economical about kind words to the young? They are cheap; and God only knows what a splendid tonic is a kind word. I cannot get poor Donnelly out of my head. His face haunts me. The drawn look on the cheeks, the staring eyes, the cold, clammy perspiration on his forehead and in his hands. What a mercy if they had hanged him a fortnight ago! they had hanged him a fortnight ago ! Yet another fortnight—wenty thousand minutes of anguish, and each minute a hell! I cannot sleep these nights.

Donnelly and Halleck haunt me.

Which is worse—the dead soul or the

strangled body?
"August 22—The Canon and I have a bad falling-out about this poor fel low. I put it bluntly to him last night after tea; what right has society, if it has the right to destroy human life at all, which I emphatically deny, to heap up torture of this kind on a condemned up torture of this kind on a condemned man, and then plunge him into a fearful and appalling death? Why does not she—I suppose it is she—use the more merciful form, the Socratic hemlock or chloroform? Who gave society the right to torture as well as to kill? "Letter from Bishop. Rather am-

biguous. A great many it's and but's Who knows? Perhaps, after all, I shall return to Ireland. Infandum! "August 24.—Reading up St. Thomas to-day. Ugh! It's like eating sawdust after Mill and Stewart. Why—wall there I am again always upon well, there I am agair, always ques tioning, always puzzled. A letter from the old gentleman at Seathorpe, asking whether I had considered proposal. Certainly, my dear old friend, but others have to consider too. Wrote to day to Donnelly's P. P. in Ireland. 'Av I had took his advice I

Ireland. 'Av I had took his advice would'nt be here the day.' Sic damna "August 25.—Letter from Olivette Lefevril, enclosing one from Halleck and detailing his future plans. Evidently uneasy in his horrible apostasy and flinging all the blame on me!!!
'Quite clear,' he says, 'that a good many Roman Catholic clergymen are of my way of thinking. Indeed, it was the sermons of our good friend, Mr. Delmege, that gave this fresh bias to my thoughts!' What a beastly lie! "August 25 .- Letter from Olivette my thoughts!' What a beastly lie!
The fellow was always a free thinker
and hardly concealed it. I defy any one to quote a single passage from my sermons that is not orthodox!

"August 27.—Looked up all my sermons yesterday again. There's rot a word that could be construed, even by the foulest imagination, into an apology, or the faintest shadow of ex-

crites are forever seeking to fling over the blame of their apostasies on others. Even the good Cardinal: 'England did not abandon the faith; she was robbed of it.' Bosh! Poor Donnelly calmer, except in the morning. Yes; one gets used to everything in this world!

calmer, except in the morning. Yes; one gets used to everything in this world!

"August 29.—Nothing would do this old gentleman but to drag up this infernal question again. He seems to gloat over the horrible approaching death of poor Donnelly. I wonder was Christianity ever preached in this country? 'Coming near the end, sir!' said the old governor to-day, rubbing his hands, as if he were after playing a game of whist. 'Bearing up well, poor chap!' Casabiance complaining and whining that his nerves are disturbed by the sounds of the carpenters at the scaffold! Ugh! Isn't it horrible? I suppose I Il never sleep again. I was alone, after Benediction to night in the Church, trying to say a prayer for poor Donnelly. Alone with Him! Then a sudden horror seized me, and I fied.

"August 30.—A couple of days more, yer reverence, wouldn't ye say a little word to rouse me and make me forget meself? Whin the nuns come here!" m all right for hours after. I wonder what does the poor fellow ment? The Canon opened up the matter again tonight. Society has to use the law as a deterrent and a punishment, as well as a protection. This I denied in toto. Society has a right to protect itself—no more. Can it be protected by locking up oriminals? If

I denied in 1010. Society has a right to protected by locking up criminals? If so, then it has no right to murder. If it has a right to take life, then the should be done in the easiest and decentest manner. 'But this is painty and the contest manner.' But this is painty and the contest manner. contest manner. 'But this is " pain-less death!' No use in talking. The English have no imagination. A pain-less death! A death into which all the horrors of hell are concentrated; a death to which all the alleged tortures of the Middle Ages were the sweetest ecstacies. I wonder will I keep my reason the fatal morning? I have been thinking of asking Drysdale to take my place. But poor Donnelly won't have it. Oh! If I could but sleep. And Halleck attending Mass and going to Communion in Chalons, so

"September 1 .- The Canon hints broadly that I'm not wanted in the diocese. He bien! The world is all before me, where to choose. But have I cut the ground from under my feet at home? Let me suppose that the cut the ground from under my feet at the Bishop sent over my exeat, as I requested, where am I? Nobody's child. Donnelly, I fear, will lose his reason, and so shal' I. There's a look as of a maniac in his eye. The nuns soothe him wonderfully with the story of the Passion of our Lord. Spake of me of th.t,' he says, 'an' I'm all right.' I try to console him with the assurance that we are all moving in the same direction as himself. 'Spake to me of that,' he says. Poor fellow! And he had look-d into blank mouth of the cannon without fear, in the mutiny, when the Sepoys had actually touched the powder with the fuse.

the fuse.
"September 2.—Said Mass for poor Onnelly. Looked up all my past sermons again. I offered to submit them to the Canon last night, and let him say was there anything objectionable in them. 'No thank you!' was his reply. Letter from my clerical friend at Seathorpe, asking me to use my great influence with his uncle to secure an advance of a few pounda; or, if I preferred to advance the money if I preferred, to advance the money myself. Donnelly in a bad state. Eyes staring; hands trembling; no food. Something will snap in his head again, I fear. He told me this morning he had had a sunstroke in India. This

accounts for a good deal. speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

"September 3.—Visited Donnelly, orehead orehead than he has been since he has been since he has been since his sentence. Poor fellow! He int ago! The speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Celtic impetuosity refused to accept the hint; and half sure of himself, and yet afraid to commit a stupid blunder, he approached, lifted his hat, and said; the proventies of the hint; and half sure of himself, and supposed.

"Wherever," he said, "you, my be scattered in a proventies are acquaintance."

The definition of the proventies of the hint; and half sure of himself, and supposed.

"Wherever," he said, "you, my be acquaintance."

The definition of the proventies of the hint; and half sure of himself, and supposed.

"Wherever," he said, "you, my be accurated in a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as pro made me sole legatee. Medals, Lucknow, Onde, a cane wreathed with serpents, an idol stolen from a Burmese pagoda, and a stone—topaz, I think—which, he says, seen under a peculiar light, breaks into fiames, etc. What a strange history! The history of a vagrant and ubiquitous race, that hate their country when they are in it, and yearn for it when they are absent. I wonder shall I sleep to-night.

Broke down in resolution this afternoon, and asked the Canon to accom-

noon, and asked the Canon to accomnoon, and asked the Canon to accompany poor Donnelly to death. I can never face it. 'No, thank you!' was his reply. I wonder what strange chemical did the Lord mix with the olay from which He fashioned these good English?"

Here the diary breaks off and is not resumed for many a day. It would appear that Luke, after a sleepless night, woke, sick and weary, to the dread dawn. The excellent Canon was to say the convent Mass, and Luke was to come straight from the prison, after to come straight from the prison, after the execution, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice for the poor dead soldier. That programme had to be altered. Luke did brace himself for the fright ful ordeal; did go to the prison, where a strange thing took place. For the strange grace was given to the poor condemned of a moment's distraction from his awful fate; he saw the horror in Luke's face worse than his own. He noticed his trembling hands, his white, drawn face; and, with the sympathy of his race, he forgot himself in his anxiety for his poor priest. "Bear up, yer reverence!" he said, as they pinioned his hands; "'twill be all over in a minit; don't let thim Prodestans," he whispered, "say ye broke down." In vain. With horror, shuddering through every limb, Luke stepped the execution, to celebrate the Holy In vain. With horror, snuudering through every limb, Luke stepped through every condemned man realong, the poor, condemned man reciting the litanies, and at the same time, trying to console the priest. Stupefied and only semi-conscious, he stood on the scaffold, shuddered at the cool, calculated arrangements for destruction; watched, as in a dream, the stare of the warders, and the doctor, with his watch in his hand, and the cruel machinery. The priest dare not look on the face of the doomed man, death. But lo I that awakening in the morning from dreams of childhood—from dalsied meadows and laughing streams and briliant sunshine to the whitewash of the condemned cell, and by the foulest imagination, into an cornel machinery. The priest dare not look on the face of the doomed man, apology, or the faintest shadow of exhibits calm september day, fretted the which at this supreme moment was white as the condemned cell, and loathed. But these hypo

frightful crash. a stifled mean of human pain, and the swish of the body, as it plunged into the gloom of the pit. Luke felt the rope tightening, as it dragged the shricking soul from the body; then easily vibrating, as a beast that holds its prey, it swung to and frow within a foot from where he stood. Then, like's drunken man, he staggered from the scaffold and made his way to the corridor. He heard some one say, "Not a hitch!"

The Governor followed hastily to profer hospitality. That must never

be forgotten.

'It passed off well, sir! Quite a painless death! You look pale! Have But Luke had fainted and faller heavily on the tiled pavement.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE BHINE FALLS.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." And Father Meade, successor to Father Tim in the parish of Gortnagoshel, had a dream. And although he had been teaching for forty years that it was sinful to give credit to dreams, fortunetelling, or to attach any importance to omens and accidents, it is regrettable to have to record that Father Meade believed in that dream. He thought he was down by the sea, near Father Marbelieved in that dream. He thought he was down by the sea, near Father Martin's, and it was a wild, tempestuous night; dark as Erebus, but for the white flecks in the tumult of waves and the white sheets that floated to his feet. He did not know what brought him there; but as he gazed out on the midnight desolation he heard a cry afar off; and out from the swirl of waters, and conquering the screams of the storm, came clearly and distinctly to his ears the words: Allua! Allua!! Then he thought Luke Delmege rushed down from the Luke Delmege rushed down from the cliffs and plunged into the boiling waters, and—Father Meade awoke, and cliffs and plunged into the boiling waters, and—Father Meade awoke, and when he had gathered together his scattered senses, he asked himself angrily: What did I eat? For he prided himself on his constitutional habits, and had arranged with his stomach and the Fates that he would be account of the stomach and the states that he would be account of the state of the sta see a century at least. Then he de-cided it was "corned beef," a dish rather dangerous from its attractive

ness.
"I should have taken a second tumbler," he murmured, and dropped

to sleep again.
But when morning dawned, and he sat meditatively by his fire, for the frosts had come early this year, his dream recurred to him again and again; and Allua! Allua! rang in his ears and floated across the lines of the psalms in floated across the lines of the psalms in his Breviary. And somehow the syllables were familiar, although memory refused to unlook the secret for a long time. Then, very suddenly, as is the wont of memory, a scene flashed out upon his mind. It was a convent school, there in the heart of the city; and there was an "exhibition." That school, there in the heart of the city; and there was an "exhibition." That is, the children were all in their Sunday dresses, and there were great piles of currant-cake on the side tables, and very beautiful singing of grand old Irish melodies, and an address to himself. And then a dear little child the contact to the front and with inmit. stepped to the front and, with inimitable self-possession, commenced to reable self-possession, commenced to re-cite Callanan's famous poem:

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra.

But she tripped at the next line, for the Easter hymns were in her ears, and she blundered into— Where Alleluia of song rushes forth like an

And Allua became her nickname from

that day forward. Now, Father Meade, then a dashing young curate, was enthusiastic; and in his delight and ecstasy, he made a speech and the speech contained a

America, England, Australia, New Zaland—you must count upon me as your father and your friend, and appeal to me, nay, command me, to come to your assistance should you ever require He often thought of that promise in

after life, although he was seldom called upon to redeem it, For somehow, there, in their humble homes and by lonely firesides, the hearts of these Irish priests are forever stretching out Irish priests are forever stretching out and yearning after their exiled chil-dren, and wondering what has become of the lade who served their Masses in the mountain cabins, or held their horses' heads during a sick call; or the horses' heads during a sick call; or the little maids, who peeped from their humble snoods, and wondered at the awful might and dignity of the priest, or blushed at the faintest praise in the dingy school. But now, after a lapse of thirty years, "Allua of song" has called to him to keep his p omise, and Allua is in trouble and wants him. He was puzzled, and thought of consulting was puzzled, and thought of consulting his housekeeper. Then he dreaded her earcasm. She was always trying to make him practical, to keep him from giving good shoes, "that 'ud bear to make him practical, to keep him from giving good shoes, "that "ud bear to be toled agin," to a tramp whose toes were in evidence; or stealing some of her fine, home-cured bacon, that she was reserving for a grand party. Then he tried to shake off that dream and that memory. No use! There it was, and the voice of the dream in his ears. Then he thought of consulting his neighbor, Father Cussen. The worst thing a parish priest could do is to consult a curate about anything. He'll tell the world about it and crow over you ever after. Father Madde finally you ever after. Father Meade finally decided to go down and see the scene of the midnight horror, and judge how far it was real and how far imaginary. It was a good, brisk walk; but Father Meade intended to be a centenarian, and that was a long way off as yet. So he took his stand on the shelf of rock, just where he had stood in his dream, and looked out over the mighty waste. All along, over to where a faint dim line of haze marked the eagle beak of Loop Head, the sea stretched in almost

faint ruffling marked where the great leap of the mighty river was challenged by the insweeping tide. But there was neither wind nor wave; and yet, as the old priest looked, he found it not diffi-cult to imagine that Allua! Allua i was borne to his ears across the waste cult to imagine that Allua! Allua! was borne to his ears across the waste of waters. He turned homewards, puzzled and anxious: but as his road ran down by the shrubbery that fringed the outer wall of Father Martin's garden, he thought he might give a call. The result was that a few days later, here Lute had accovered from the when Luke had recovered from the shock he had received and was able to open his correspondence, he read :

"My dear Father Delmege-If you "My dear Father Delmege—If you should come across, in your travels through London or elsewhere, a little girl (but now, I suppose, a young woman), answering to the name of Allus, tell her I have got her message, and will bedriend her, if she is in trouble, as I suspect. Faithfully yours, "WILLIAM MEADE, P. P."

"That's an exact counterpart to the letter addressed: 'My son in American,' 'said Luke; and he thought no more of it. Especially as the same mail had brought him a letter from his Bishop, very kind and sympathetic, warning him of the seriousness of the step he was meditating, and assuring him of a mission at home if he could only make up his mind to return. only make up his mind to return.
"I think," his Lordship wrote, "as
you were educated for your own diocese,

you ought to serve in your own diocese. But I shall not recall you against your "Then the ground is not quite cut

"Then the ground is not quite cut from under my feet," said Luke; and he wrote promptly to say that he would return for the 1st of October, after a brief trip on the Continent, whither he had been ordered by his physician.

He ran up to the city to explain his intentions. He remained for dinner. He was seated next a mighty traveller—a kind of latter-day Abbe Huc, who was infinitely polite and condescending, asked Luke many questions, and gave him valuable information as to his route to Switzerland. Luke was very happy in thinking that his own amiability promptly secured friends in all directions. There was not a word about Halleck, or the slightest allusion to Canon Drysdale or Aylesburgh. His Halleck, or the slightest allusion to Canon Drysdale or Aylesburgh. His seven years' apprenticeship was un-noticed. Nor was there a syllable of regret that he was no longer to labour

Two nights after, Luke stood on the platform of the station at the frontier town of Herbesthal. His train was shunted to make way for the great shunted to make way for the great continental express. Luke walked up and down, having given his valise to a porter, and he saw representatives of every nation under heaven. At twelve every nation under heaven. At twelve o'clock the great express rolled in, lighted from stem to stern; and the long corridor that ran from end to end of the train was thronged with passengers, whose very presence indicated that their lines had been cast in pleas and place in this life and the train that their lines had been cast in pleasant places in this life, and that they were determined to make the most of the opportunity. Luke was half afraid of these elect of society; for, although he had learned a good deal during his apprenticeship, he was fortunate enough as yet to have retained a little of his idealism. He had not yet reached that dread stage in life where everything has become mean and commonplace under the gray

mean and commonplace under the gray aspects of experience. But he ven-tured to look at all these grand person-ages, and one figure and face arrested him. The gentleman was dressed in a gray travelling suit, and had a Scotch plaid shawl rolled round his shoulders; but it is—no—it must be the face of the Abbe Huc. The face was looking down with calm indifference at Luke, with the unmistakable expression : know you well, but I don't want to improve the acquaintance." But Luke's Celtic impetuosity refused to accept the hint; and half sure of himself, and

Catholiqe—"
The traveller drew himself up proudly, and said stiffy:
"Et moi, je suis aussi un pretre
C.tholique."

Luke was dumbstricken. This was the man by whose side he had sat two nights ago, and who had been as polite and solicitous as if he had known Luke and solicitous as it he had known black for a life-time. Luke drew back now, atung with the cold refusal of acquaint-anceship; and the train moved on. But the Abbe Huc watched him, watched him to the end. Luke was learning a little of the world, and the knowledge was creating a strange yearning for home.

There was a pretty little episode just

as his own train was about to start. Like all good travellers, Luke was determined to guard against imposition but to be generous. And so when a gorgeous official approached him and said something in German, of which Luke understood but one word, commissionaire, Luke shook his had sadly. But when the porter came up with his valise, Luke was generous and even royal. He handed the porter a coin, which he thought amply rewarde for his labor. The porter smiled, lifted his hat, bowed, and departed, but rehis hat, bowed, and departed, but re-turned in a moment furious. He leaped into the carriage, and gesticulated wildly, holding the wretched coin in his hand, and muttering pfennig! pfennig! It would be difficult to say by what process of reasoning Luke had persuaded himself that a pfennig was a German equivalent of a franc; but so ti was; and this accounted for his royal gesture. But there was a difference of opinion clearly; and it emphasized it-self in sundry gestures and objurgations, the magnificent commissi

looking on approvingly.
"Un plennig! oul, oui! c'est un franc!" said Luke. The porter stamped about the car-riage and tore his hair.
"Cela suffit pour vous!" said Luke.

calmly, and determined not to swindled.

The German appealed to the stars and angels. These failing, he appealed to the commissionaire. The latter rolled out a string of decasyllables. Luke was convinced it was a conspiracy. He talked wonderful French. They talked

train moved out slow clung to the carriage d he leaped down, panti as they plunged into congratulated himself And then through a Cologne and the Rh through the Black M Hartz, through the thi way, swallowed the tra it; up, up, through along the crest of hill nestled the loveliest its church and spire until at last they r. Then a plunge down were at Schaffnausen, legendary river curvin childish humor bef

> resplendent from the That Sunday at the a dream for a lifetime to early Mass at the beautiful Gregorian since he left Maynoo understanding, the breakfasted at 11. through the day unde the great river fret feet, and the horizon In the afternoon he walk and climbed H the narrow and lin surroundings of the p surroundings of the p superb panorama the eyes from the high fairly took away his he said, lifting his h us to be here." If The clear air, the The clear air, the horizon, the vast in tain barriers, closi opening the imaging sublimities, the lo Rhine flowing amids orchards, the village red roofs here and landscape, a hill cre ing castle, as if her 'prentice hand to her eternal master here and there, lit ful Germans, enjoy bath air — Luke the as he sat and listen children, singing a samongst the pines, feetor, the smoke an mill called Englan mechanism were said Luke. "Tha with it and the ug He turned round to ity and came face t Had they been t

have passed each One was a Briton, a 'How do you This is a rare pleas surprised to say mo I did not know abroad," continued hope that you inte this delightful cour "A long sojour hours," replied Lul

THE SALTING

TO BE C

sav. stunted! An potatoes, or carrot plaguey old maple plaguey old maple an' it's got to com
"O father I—No lovely tree? Why so much of it!"
"What d'ye sur Mis' Millray thin think of my garde these last twenty; though, this last though, this last limbs hev spread

all creation. I say her favorite tree, the fence from th peared a plump an 'Fine day, Mr. "Not much fine this confounded o 'My tree, do y

do vou go under a want shada? In est place in Taylo Yess, siree,coldness does for an' turnips? Ha by that plaguey raise garden sass pull teeth out of " Now that's to

began the widow rowgrass—"
"Sparrowgrass man. "You'll be next, an' I'd as li Seein' we're on as well hev it o should cut off all over an' shade m twill 'bout spli trunk's only tw fence, but rights no man nor wome me outer my gare "Why, Jim Be ish idea!" said to of her usual pl know as well as call that our 'wouldn't hurt it,

Jessie there."
"I hope I'll b from injurin' of an' you don't see that air tree. mean to be res was. We'll cut time, so's 'twont bout as good on in' it's at the k tree, anyhow?"
were in a rather as the widow ker jaw set and he e