LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV P. A. FHEEHAN, AUTHOR "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN : ETUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," " CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

ECLECTIC CATHOLICISM.

It is quite certain that Luke Delmege regarded these four years at Aylesburgh as by far the happiest of his life. Here he had everything that a fine intellect and rather refined taste could require. He had leisure for thought in the intervals of almost unintermitting work; or, rather, this ceaseless work supplied material for thought, which again interacted and created its own again interacted and created its own outcome in ceaseless work. He gave himself a day's recreation every Mon day, after the great Sunday sermon. At least, he took out Pio, the great At least, he toor out Pio, the great brown retriever, and spent the day in the country. One of the relies of this time is before the writer in the shape of a bamboo cane, notched and indented by Pio's teeth, where he dragged it from the river. But on these excur-sions by the lonely river, the ever active mind was at work-now on the subject of the next sermon, now on the conversation the last night at the salon; again, on the many, very many societies for the general amelioration of the race, of which he was either an active or an honorary member. These included a society for the rescue of discharged prisoners, a society for the suppression of public vice, a society for the hous-ing of the poor, a society for the puri-fication of the stage, etc., etc. "I don't see your name, Father Dol-mege," said the dry old rector, "on the committee for making statesmen of which he was either an active or an

mege, said the dry old rector, "on the committee for making statesmen truthful, and introducing the seventh commandment on the Stock Exchange." Luke concluded that the old man was

The old man had a good deal alous. temptation to become so. He was body. Luke overshadowed him him nobody.

"You'll preach at Vespers on Sunday "You'll preach at Vespers on Sunday evening, of course, Father Delmege?" "I should be most happy indeed; but it is Dr. Drysdale's turn on Sunday

evening." "Oh! how unfortunate! And the Lefevrils are coming. Could you not effect an exchange ?"

"I should most gladly do so ; but, you know, the rector would hardly like

"Do try, Father. It's really more important than you imagine or I can explain. I'm sure, if you knew how very important it is—" "I fear it is quite impossible, Mrs.

Blaett-' 'Oh dear ! The doctor is such a

dear old soul, but he is dry. There, I've made a horrid pun ; bat, dear me, he is so tedious, and I shouldn't care but of all evenings-" No wonder Luke worked at his ser-

mons! He sat at his desk at 10 o'clock morning, and worked id day. By Friday even on Tuesday mornin steadily to mid day. ing he had written fifteen pages of sormon. On Saturday he committed it to memory, and, without the omissio alteration of a word, he delivered in on Sunday morning, at the gospel of the Missa Cantata, or at Vespers in the evening. And during these four years he never ventured to speak publicly without having made this careful and elaborate preparation. In after years he often wondered at himself, but ad mitted that he dared not do otherwise. He never knew who might be listening to him in this strange land, where every one is so interested in religion, because every man is his own pope; and so un-interested, because he cares so little what all the other popes, even the Archbishop of Canterbury, may hold or each. But the discipline was good for It gave him a facility in speak-Luke.

Luke. It gave him a factury in speak-ing which lasted through life. Now, Dr. Drysdale was not jealous. He was too old, or wise, or holy, to be aught but amused, ay, indeed, and anxious, about his young confrere. Amused he was, and very much amused, at the Celtic impetuosity with which Luke flung himself into every kind of work. His strenuous manner, generous, self-sacrificing, was such a contrast to his own placidity that it was quite interesting in the beginning. The became a matter of grave concern to the gentle old priest. "That is a valuable and interesting

and he had serious thoughts of patenting it. That chemical and its jam pot was wasa perpetual sourceof wonder to Luke. Wass perpetual sources involues to Data I fear the wonder was slightly con-temptuous. To see this excellent old man, Doctor of Divinity, Dublin Re-viewer, correspondent with French and Italian philosophers, studiously mixing that oil and wax, and then standing on ladder as he put up, and took down. a ladder, as he put up, and took down, ard rearranged candles and flowers, was a something far beyond Luke's comprehension. In after years, when his eyes were widely opened, Luke dropped some bitter tears over that

jam-pot and-himself. "Impossible, sir !" he would explain. in reply to his vicar's invitation. really have something serious to do. Can't you let the ladies or the sacristan attend to these things ?" The old man would not reply, except

to his unseen Master.

But Luke was happy, and his great happiness was in his dealings with con-verts. Here he had a broad field for learning, tact, and sympathy. To lift these trembling souls over the quagmires and shaking bogs of unbelisf ; t enlighten, cheer, support under all the awful intellectual and spiritual trials of incipient doubt, until he had planted them safely at his feet on the firm ground of Catholic faith and practice; witness their almost exultant happi ness, when, the final step being tak with closed eyes and gasping breath, they at length found themselves in the they at length found themselves in the home of serene security; to open up to their wondering vision all the splen-dours and beauties that they had hitherto seen under distorting and bewildering lights; to share in their hap piness and gratitude, —ah me! this is ecstasy, and Luke felt : Yes! here is ation; here I have found my life And if over a doubt crossed his mind about his studies at this time, he ushed the complaining voice with the dogmatic assurance :

"The first step towards conquering the enemy is to enter the enemy's arsenals and handle his weapons."

There were some drawbacks, indeed. Now and again some giddy girl, or some conceited Scripture-reader, would go through the form of conversion, and then "revert." One day a lady wished to see him. She was closely veiled. She insisted on being received into the Church then and there. Luke demurred. He took her down to the Convent of the Faithful Companions and placed her for instruction under Reverend Mother's care. He fel quite proud. This was evidently a lady of distinction. A few days later h strolled down leisurely to ask after h Reverend Mother met him convert.

with a smile. "No; the lady had not returned. She "No; the lady had not returned. She was a lunatic who had slipped from her mother's carriage whilst her mother was shopping; and the bellman had been ringing the city for her since."

since. Lake got into a newspaper contro-There was a very, very High versy. There was a very, very High Church rector in the neighbourhood He had far more candles than the mere Romans, and his vestments cost twic as much as theirs. He reserved the Precious Blood (so he thought, poor man!), and had a special lanette made for the phial at Benediction. He gave awiul penances, in imitation of the primitive Church, and always, once or twice a year, he refreshed his sup lative orthodoxy by a farious attack his super the unoffending Romanists. Some of his congregation were edified and strengthened by these violent philippstrengthened by these violent philipp-ics, especially a few whose relatives had passed over to Catholicity and made them "suspect"; a good many were disgusted, for, even in Ritualism, the Weithener excets his individual the Englishman asserts his individual freedom of thought; but most of the congregation were amused. "He doth protest too much," they

averred. "It is all on account of that dog, Pio, who has the good taste to come to our Church on Sundays. Yes ; but not to worship. Pio had

Rugby football around his room, much to the amusement of his rector, who read that footnote with intelligent and comprehensive pleasure, and Luke broke forth into a hysterical soliloquy "Fair play ! British fair play ! bey're the greatest humburg and "Fair play i british fair play i They're the greatest humbugs and hypocrites on the face of the earth ! Here is an open attack, uncalled for, without pretence of reason or exciting cause. Here is a reply, fair, temperate judicious, and loi it is suppressed. It is the old old story. They talk of is the old, old story. They talk of truth when they lie! They talk of religion when they blaspheme! They talk o humaniiy when they rob, and plunder , and kill! They talk of fair effecting not only a knowledge of its mys teries, but even its extravagances of language. And there was a searcely con cealed desire to attenuate the doc-trines of the Church so as to fit them nicely to the irregularities of error. play when they are tying your hands to smite you!" Which shows that Luke's exuberant admiration of everything English did sometimes suffer a pretty severe frost-nipping. He never spol to his good rector on the matter. H disburdened his conscience elsewhere "Nothing reminds me so much o

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

what we read about the calm consta or and fortitude of the early Christians,' said the great "Master" one of these evenings, "as the peace that seems to come down and hover over the sculs of ent converts to Catholicism.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," said Amiel (refevril; "the whole motive and gen-Lefevril : esis of Catholicism seems to be found in seeking pleasure in pain. I consider our religion higher and deeper, for that we seek pain in pleasure." The master smiled. His pupils were

advancing in Plantonism. "This is one reason," she continued,

' why I cannot embrace Roman Cathol icism, attractive as it otherwise is. It seems to be founded on selfishness. Its charity is forever seeking a guerdon either in the esteem of others or in the exquisite sense of self-exaltation, or in the final reward of a heaven. Is it not higher and nobler and loftier to act and think for the abstract Idea of benefiting humanity ? So with prayer. can understand prayer as an ecstasy of thought of the Infinite; an uplifting of

soul to the spheres ; a conscious merg-ing of the Ego in the All. But your ovation the Book of Thoth, with this from aneverlasting whinings for mercy, your prayers against the laws of Nature, are other : unintelligible. And as for penance, With ease he maketh strong, with equal ease With ease he maketh strong, with equal ease The strong abaseh; the illustricus He minisheth, and him that is obscure He raiseth up; yea more, even He, Who wields High thunders, and in mansions dwells above, With ease makes straight the crookt, and blasts the proud. Hear, and behold, and hed, and righteously Make straight the way of oracles of God, what is it but the delight of pain-the subtle, emotional suffering that bathe the self-conscious flagellant in an ecs tasy of bliss ?"

"You seem, Miss Lefevril." said Luke, timidly, "to overlook what lies at the bottom of all ascetic practices and prayers - the essential dogmas on truths of religion.", "Oh," said Miss Amiel, "thruth ?

caby: "Did ye ever hear the like o' that ? There is no such thing, except as an abstraction. Hence I always hold that we see all—that is, all good people are -practically the same. And each soul liberty to select its own beliefs and form an aggregate for itself.'

Luke looked wonderingly at the laster, who appeared to be highly Master. leased with his pupil. He ventured nowever to protest.

"I cannot really follow you, Miss Lefevril," he said ; "it seems to me logical sequence from no truth to no "I spoke of beliefs," said Miss Amiel. There is a natural and logical sequ-

ence between belief and principle." "And how can there be faith without an object - and that object, Truth ? sald Luke. " Dear me ! how shall I explain ?'

said Miss Amiel. "You know, of course — indeed, I think I have heard you say so - that mathematical proofs re the most perfect ?" Luke assented.

"That there is nothing so certain as that two straight lines cannot inclose space ? Luke nodded. And that every point in the cir-

cumference of a circle is equidistant rom the centre ?" Quite so ! " But these things do not and cannot

exist, except as abstractions of the ing said anything indiscreet or liable to disedify." to disedify." "It is quite possible that you have not disedified," said the rector : "I'm sure I hope so. Because our own people are pretty indifferent to these

"and Catholics trequent it. Halleck was right, and that he would be more at home with old John Godfrey and his pipe. But the toils were around him, is always there." "Halleck is a good fellow," said the rector; "Bat he has brought into the Church a little of the Englishman's inwhi at his faith was perfect, th and, whist his faith was perfect, the grace of illumination was as yet far away. He was groping in the dark vaults of what he was pleased to call "the energy's arsenals." defeasible right of private judgment. If I were you, I'd give up these liter-ary seances and look more closely after your own poor people." "Very well, Sir," said Luke. He

"the enemy's arsenals." Hence, too, issued a wonderful sermon which Luke preached one Sun-day evening about this time. He was hardly to blame; for an idea had sprung up about this time in England that heresy was to be conquered by effecting not only a knowledge of its mys said to his looking glass very soon after : "The old story. These Englishmen want the aristocracy all to them-

CHAPTER XXI. THE SUBMERGED TENTH.

We must not do Luke Delmege the

injustise of supposing, even from his good rector's allusion, that he was The idea, of course, was the exclusive property of neologists, and was re-garded, not only with suspicion, but with condemnation, by older and wiser heads, who preached in season and out good rector's allusion, that he was altogether careless about the primary obligation of a Catholic priest—the care of the poor. Indeed he rather prided himself on being able to pass, with equal zeal, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, and from the castle to the cabin His farme way a families of season that it is not to mind and in tellect that the Church looks, but to conduct and character, that is, the the cabin. His figure was a familiar one to the denizens of Primrose Lane. soul. But it is hard to convince young beads of this. So Luke had been for For here congregated a small colony of exiles from Ireland and Italy : and here, into the dread monotony of Engsome time introducing into his sermon strange quotations, very like the Holy Scriptures, yet most unlike, and they lish life, were introduced the picture-squeness and dramatic variety which appear to be the heritage of the Catholic races. Sometimes, indeed, Luke, with his admiration of English habits and ways, was not a little shocked at irregularities which are anathematized by the English religion. The great pagan virtues of cleanliness and thrift were steadily ignored. In their place came faith and plety, enthusiasm and idealism, that were utterly unintelli-gible to the prosaic neighbors around. "A family of Hirish peddlers, sa, and a family of Hitalian horgan grindside scenes became more attractive than the great central picture, until at

and a family of Hitalian horgan grind-ers," was the answer of a portly dame to one of Luke's inquirles. "They are very huntidy, sa, in their 'abits." "Thim English, yer reverence, they're haythens. They don't go to Church, Mass or meeting. They think of nothing bat what they ate and last the sermon began to descend into mere defence of naturalism. It was all very nice and flattering to human nature, and Luke narrowly escaped an

ovation when he wound a brilliant sermon, after several quotations from drink.' Which sums up neatly the contro-versies between the races, with which

conomists have filled not only volumes, but libraries. Luke at this time was quite flattered

at being considered an Englishman ; and when his country was decried, instead of flaring up in the old passion-ate way, he politely assented. And yet, he really loved his own people, would take a pinch of snuff from Mrs. Mulcahy, and say the Bunacht Dia-the beautiful prayer for the Holy Souls that is never omit ed on such an occa-sion in Ireland. And he loved his ittle Italians-their strange, grotes-que gestures, their beautiful liquid tongue; and he went so far as to nurse and fondle the bambinos, and to be in terested even in the intricacies of the "horgan." And he did shudder a little occasionally when he had to pass through a crowd of English girls, with white, pale faces, and when he their ad to undergo a bold scrutiny from the irreverent gaze of some English laborers. In the beginning, too, he had to submit to an occasional sneer-"I confess," or "Hour Father," as a of young Britishers passed by; gang but by degrees he became known, and these insults ceased. But it was in the county prison that he became most acquainted with the "subclosely merged tenth," and here he had some novel experiences. A quick pull at the jangling bell, a

courteous salute from the officer, a jingling of keys, the monastic silence of the vast hall, laced with the intricacies of iron fretwork in the staircases that led to the galleries, from which again opened up and shut the gates of the tombs of the living-nerves shrink at the thought until nerves become accustomed to the ordeal. Then, an unceremonious unlocking of cells and a drawing of bolts—an equally uncere-monious slapping to of the heavy iron door, and Luke is alone with a prisoner. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, he faced his congregation. It consisted of six servants, the lord of the manor, and a

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usually so phlegmatic, flared up. "The people must be protected, and what is to protect the people but th

law ? "But seven years' penal servitude for a freak in a fit of drink! Do you understand it? Can you imagine the horror, the desolation, the misery, the despair, of these seven years of hell?" "That's all right. But the law-the

The law was the fetich. You dare not whisper a syllable against it. Not the law of God, but of man. "You, Irish," said the rector, "are

the rector. "Commit crime? Ireland is the most crimeless country in the world, said Luke. "Tell that to the marines !" said the

rector. Luke didn't. He knew that on certain subjects the British mind has one of the symptoms of incurable

ineanity-the idee fixee of Charcot. He thought it would be a nice subject for the salon. Such social prob lems were often debated there, and there was as much theorizing as in Parliament. He broached the matter lelicately-the dreadful inequality of punishments under the English They gnashed their teeth. He had blasphemed their God. lasp

"Your countrymen are curiously sympathetic with crime."

There is more crime committed in one day, one hour in England than would be committed in Ireland in a century," said Luke, repeating the usual for mula.

"Ah! yes, perhaps so; but they are a lawless race

"They don't break God's laws," said Luke. "God," said Amiel, "is another

name for order-Kosmos, as satan is dis-order-Chaos. It is the universal order of nature that any deflection from its rules must inexorably meet its punishment. The English law is the inter preter of nature, that is-God !"

Luke bowed; but he thought he heard the snarl of a wild beast somewhere. He said diffidently: "I; seems to me that Carlyle, not

Christ, is the prophet of the English people.

"Christ interpreted by Carlyle," said Amiel. "I never met His Name in Carlyle's

twenty-two volumes," said Luke. But ever after, as he watched curiously the little, shy, half suppressed indications of affection in the families to which he was welcomed, and which revealed their inner secrets to him, he ild not shake aside the thought that had fastened on his fancy of the and her cubs-

Mouthing her young in her first fierce kise But this awful, unbending, retribu tive justice-this appeal to hruta] ity of nature-made him shudder, whilst it fascinated him. It was the dread grinding of the blind mechanism that vas always haunting him-the voice of a soulless creation.

Luke was asked, the following Sunday, to officiate at Seathorpe, a fashion-able watering-place, just then springing into eminence on the south coast. He had to travel forty miles by train, and he reached the village at dusk. was directed to a lonely house down by a sheltered quay, and called Aboukin Mansion. Here he was met by the ubiquitous Irishman and his wife, and it was a warm greeting from hands that had dug in the silver mines at Nevada, and had held a musket in the trenches before Sebastogreeting and pol. And he needed it, for it was a large, roomy mansion, bare of furniture, except such as was absolutely neces-sary-just the kind of place where Dickens would locate a mysterious murder and make the walls tell of it. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, he faced

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heir. For the old man h heir. For the old man in Irish cook, who had control to heaven

Then she went to heaven reward. The estate was Dinner was announced. looked at Luke. Luke gaze calmly. The old r pointed. it was the dur lain to wheel him into had failed to understa nephew dutifully took his the old man out of the into the corridor, right the table, the huge m gravely by his side. Lu to say grace. In the dinner the nephew touche and looked at his und

clergyman, and in his fif "Might I have one, s "Yes, one," said the c It was a beautiful act.

old age, or was it-mam When the ladies had three gentlemen sat an There was solemn siles His nervous te uneasy. not yet wholly subdue had acquired the art of ten minutes; but a qua was too great a strain.

the old man: "I dare say a good n in here in the summer months?" The old man was asle

"Did you see Sta Luke said to the nephe " Stanley? Stanley ergyman. " Never h clergyman. "Never h "He has just retu tour through Egypt

Land. He accompanie Wales. He must have ha Franked all the way, I Luke saw the trend

poor fellow ! "I like Stanley," he he's as hard on celi

Kingsley-" "The awful fool!" clergyman. "But then he had thousand a year, and n

The poor man groan "Now," continue always pray for two p that invented celibacy man that invented tea "So do I! So do I! bor. "That is, I d that Chinaman ; but

God bless him !" Luke watched the fi

" Look here," the "'tis all rot !"

"I beg your pard "I say, 'tis all r companion. "'Tis al

companion. "118 an "I can't qui subject," said Luke, stand the predicate." "All this rubbish Why, any man can be thousand a year. A holy on two thousand man can be a saint o year. It's all this aint you must be at

world. Very good. thousand a year, whe Why, man, you can' Who'd say boo to thousand a year, a p riage ? Phew !"

"I hope your ex twice five thousand Luke, consolingly. But there came su

on the poor fellow changed the subject

"That's a magnific A true blood ! him to my uncle !" That was kind."

"I suppose they nard would like i English, you know !" "I did not know terested." "I don't know

things ; but I hear ours say that St. Pope of his day

fellow," said Luke, "Oh, yes! An Bernard must be on

" I see. Any one " Exactly. Any row against things

opening his eyes.

old man dropped as

Eh? eh?'

The nephew was

You were sayin

Sh! No, sir,

" Well, you impl

everything clean a

capacious sheets

day to one of your

singular fact that i

sion of the New

every rationalist

quoted, there's no

writer even mentio

said the nephew, w

"'Tis the tradit

said Luke, " and

" Eh ? eh ?

dropped asleep ag: "For God's sa the fire," said t

If he hears any

So they watch old man became re

pered Luke. " The view," w

in an alarmed way Luke got up and

It was a somethin

lizzy height, ov

tached villas, eac

dark-green foliag

quiet village to

looked do

" What's his

All right," s

exclaime

die-

up.

dying ?

Of course no

oticed that. I r

'Tis like a sthrame of honey comin from his mout'. It takes the ould The Canon took a different stand. He prayed earnestly, during Benedic tion, for light. Then, after tea, with slight nervousness, and most careful to select his words judiciously, he opened up the subject : "Was that sermon, Father Delmege. might I ask, prepared or was it ex

Clotilde declared the sermon magni-

Mary O'Reilly said to Mrs. Mul-

mpore ?" Luke, who was expecting a compli-

ment, said promptly: "Prepared, of course. I never speak in that pulpit without commit-ting every word of a manuscript to ory.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the old man, with some heeitation. "I was hoping that, perhaps, its indiscretions were attributable to haste and nervousness. I cannot conceive how a Cathc-lic priest could sit down calmly and write such irrelevant and injudicious

things." Jealousy again ! thought Luke. He said :

said : "Perhaps, sir, you would kindly ex-plain. I am quite unconscious of hav-

were a grievous puzzle to his good rector. This evening, for the special illumination of a very large section of his audience, a number of commercial men, who were in the habit of flocking to the Catholic Church on Sunday evenings to hear this brilliant young orator, he chose for his subject the "Sacred Books." An excellent subect, excellently illustrated. But unfortunately, in the inexperienced hands of Luke, who was at this time probably penetrated by his growing love for Plato and his schools, the

book," he would say, pushing over a volume by some great Catholic author for he was a member of St. to Luke Anselm's society, and this was one of the societies of which Luke was not a member. "Take it to your room and read it at your leisure.

would take it; but Mill Luke and Hoine and Emerson had got hold of him just now, and he would bring it back uncut after a hold

few days, with a remark that was meant to be pregnant and suggestive : "All the poetry of the world is in the Catholic Church ; and all the literature of the world outside it."

" It seems to me that the whole of our philosophy consists of junks of indigestible propositions, garnished with syllogisms of froth."

The rector would rub his chin and y, "Humph !" which is eloquent, say,

Sunday afternoon the recto On would say, "Spare me half an hour, Father Delmege, and help me at the altar 1

The " Altar " was a privileged one in this sense, that no one, not even the president of the Altar Society, was allowed to touch it for any purpose what-soever. The arrangements of the soever. cloths, the vases and their flowers-all cloths, the vases and their howers—and were the rector's exclusive province, where no one dared interfere. But he took especial pride in the decoration of the high-altar for Sunday evening Banediction. It was a labor of love that extended over three hours of the There were some-Sunday afternoon. There were some-times from one hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty candles to be placed ready for lighting ; and the vicar had a fancy that there should be a special design for each Benediction. Then, as a final touch, he tipped the wick of each candle with a preparation of melted wax and parafin-a chemical of compound in which he took great pride, As on a former occasion, Luke played

the amiable habit, acquired in some mind. mysterious manner, of trotting down to the Ritualistic church every Sunday morning, and there, posted at the gate, of scrutinizing carefully every face and figure that passed in to service.

"The Roman priests sent him," said the vicar, "to see if any of their s sheep had wandered into the fold." ee if any of their stray

But the vicar was mad. And the Aylesburgh Post was just the vehicle r his insanity. Such scorn, such tred, such cool, undiluted contempt hatred, such co for "his" parishioners, " these Romis priests," were only equalled by the mighty organs of the sect elsewhere; and the fierce philippic was generally

followed by an angry demand for due or tithes from "his parishioners." Th The rector read the paper with a smile and put the letter in the fire. Not so Luke. Luke wore a good, broad seam of white along the fine red carpet in his room,

and a good, broad path along the tiny square of grass in front. Luke was deep in thought, and Luke's thoughts found issue in words. The excellent editor of the Aylesburgh Post had never received such a document before, even from the High-Church vicar. Deep cutting sarcasm, quotations from An-glican divines that would make a statue blush, refutations that were irrefutable and logical consequences that were un-deniable—and all couched in language

that seemed to set the paper in a blazel The editor read with a smile, and dropped the paper into the wastepaper basket, then looked to see if there were

danger of a conflagration. Luke went around with his burning secret for twenty four hours. He expected to cause a sensation in the city, probably a large secession from Ritual ism,-at least, a long, fierce, angry controversy, in which he, calling on al his vast resources, would infallibly, come out as victor. The second day was a day of fever and unrest. The third morning came. There was a second sarcastic letter from the High was a Churchman, and just a little editorial

note : "We have also received a communica tion from L. D. on this interesting sub-ject. The gentleman knows well how to use his pen.

Ed. A. P."

There is no objective there, because there is no object at all. The same with all truth, for all truth, s immaterial and purely subjective.

"Then you don't believe in God ?" said Luke, bluntly. "Oh dear, yes. I believe in my own concept of God, as do you !" "Or in hell, or in a future life ?" "annot Luke.

gasped Luke. "Dear me ! yes, yes, I believe in hell - the hell we create for ourselves by misdoing; and the immortality of myself, my soul, passing down through the endless ages in the immortality of my

I regret to say, Miss Lefevril, you can never become a Catholic with such

"But I am a Catholic. We are all Catho ics. We all have the same spirit. Mr. Halleck is a Catholic, yet not the same as you--'

"I beg pardon. Mr. Halleck is a communicant at our church and has made profession of our faith.

"Of course he has. Bat Mr. Hal-leck's subjectivity is not yours, or Mr. Drysdale's, or Mrs. Bluett's, or mine. Each soul dips into the sea and takes what it can contain. Surely, you can not say that these poor people, who live in Primrose Lane and frequent your church, and the learned Mr. Hal-leck, hold the same subjective beliefs ?" "So much the worse for my friend Halleck, if that be true !" Luke had

enough nerve to say. "Not at all! He simply is an eclectic Catholic, as we all are — the Master, the Dean, Canon Merritt, even Mr. mentioning the name of his High

Church friend. Luke started back in horror.

"How can you associate the names of Mr. Halleck, the Dean, Mr. Merritt, with that-that vulgar man ?' "But, my dear Mr. Delmege, we are

not now speaking of vulgarity and re-finement, but of opinions - thoughtsbeliefs-

"And the whole of your beliefs is pure scepticism," said Luke. "Not at all," smiled Miss Ameil ;

"you do not understand. You really must read Plato on Ideas, until you grasp the meaning of Subjective Idealism, or what I have called eclectic Catholicism."

very learned subjects. But do you consider the fatal effect your words might have in retarding or alto tether destroying the incipient operations of grace in the souls of others?"

"You may not be aware, sir," said Luke, playing his trump card, "that these lectures are the main attraction to a rather important section of our separated brethren, who come to our church on certain evenings to hear

e instructed. "How long have you been here,

Father Delmege ?" said the rector. " Very close upon four years," said Luke.

"How many converts have you had under instruction ? "I cannot count them," said Luke.

"How many have you received into the Church ?" asked the rector.

Luke found he could easily count them on his fingers. He was abashed. "And of these, how many have persevered ?" said the old man, driving his investigations home.

Luke had to admit that nearly half had verted again. "Yes !" said the old man; "and if

you ask the cause, you will find it to be your too great liberalism, which to me seems to be-pardon the expression a half apology for heathenism.

Luke was hurt. Luke was hurt. "I'm sure," he said, "I do not know exactly where I'm standing. Our lead-ing men glorify the learning, the re-search, the fairmindedness of these

very men I have quoted to-night; and the very books I drew from have been favourably reviewed and warmly re-commended by our leading journals. Do you want me to go back to the catechism and to explain 'Who made

the world' ?' "You might do worse," said the rector. "But, to be very serious, Father Delmege, I think the sconer you give up the company of these liberals and free-thinkers the better. I have often blamed myself for not speaking to you plainly on the

"It was Mrs. Bluett introduced me 'It was Mrs. Bluett introduced me to that circle," apelogized Luke; matter,

He is clad in brown serge, with just a loose linen muffler around his neck. His name?

"Casabianca. Is as innocent as ze "Casabianca. Is as interest of French babe unborned. Was in ze French navee. Quartur mastere. Yes. Saw some foreign serveece. Has a vife. (Weeps sadly.) And leetle childrens. (Weeps sadiy.) And lettle childrens. (Weeps loudly.) Ees a Catolique. Knows his relegion vhell. Ees starved. Eferyting is so tirty. Did noting. Vhas arresteed, he know not vhy; but he has six monz to serve."

Later on Luke found he was not quite lessons in prison life; showed him how to take out the stopcock when the water was shut off in the pipes, and

through the empty pipes to establish telephonic communication with his eighbors; showed him a new telegraphic system by knocking with the

knuckles on the wall ; showed him livers ways of hiding away forbidden material.

Allons! The bell rings and he is Alions! The bell rings and he is ushered into another cell. Here is a stalwart Irishman, awaiting trial for having, in a fit of drunkenness, ab-stracted a pair of boots that were hanging outside a draper's shop. "You'll get three months!" said Luke. vas.

Luke. "I hope so, sir. I may get sever

years' penal servitude. It's my second offence: and if they find I'm an Irishman, I shall be certainly sent to penal

servitude.' "Impossible! nonsense!" said Luke The prisoner got seven years. His little wife from Kerry fainted.

Here, too, were sailors from Glas-gow, and Paisley, and Liverpool, in for refusing to go to sea in water-logged vessels, and who purchased their lives

Luke was very indignant. The per-fect mechanism of English methods was It Was s beginning to pall on him. silent, so smooth, so deadly, so indif-ferent. He had a row with his rector over the matter. And at the Lefev-

rils he said ; "I know it is civilization; but there's something wanting. What is

He expressed in emphatic language his difficulties to John Godfrey. John,

knuckles, and that doctrine of the In magnificent St. Bernard dog. The two latter were located within the sanctution." "Indeed ! That The

ary, as became their dignity. others were without. The chap the old dining-room ; but the altar had been once in the place of honor in a famous Capuchin convent on the Adriatic coast. Luke was about to com-mence Mass, when a certain figure. clothed in clerical costume, arrested his arm and said aloud, with a strong nasal accent :

Come, let us adore !" Luke was about to resent the interruption when the figure knelt and grave-

ly intoned : "Come, let us exult in the Lord, let us rejoice in God our Helper; let us come before His presence with thanks-giving, and make a joyful noise to Him with psalms."

And the congregation muttered :

"The King to whom all things live ; come, let us adore." So the superb psalm went on to the end. But Luke was nowhere. He in quired afterwards who the interloper

A village tailor, who had received into the Church a few weeks before. Then came the "Missa Cantata," sung by the choir; and at the Gospel

Luke preached for thirty minutes. The old man slept; but he congratu lated Luke warmly afterwards. The rishman was in ecstasies.

'Why, you are akchally an orator, ver reverence!

Luke admitted the impeachment. He was to dine at the manor at 8 clock. He held an afternoon service at 5. This time there was a crowd, a curious, gaping crowd of villagers, who gathered in fear and trembling to see Amongst what the Papists were doing. Amon them Luke noticed two ladies in bla

"They have been attending the church for ten years," said the sacri-

"Then they are Catholics ?" asked Luke.

"No! nor ever will be," was the

Luke was received in the drawing room with frigid politeness. The old man sat in his arm-chair, his dog beside him. There was a clergyman room and his four daughters. I ra. He was the old man's nephew and expectant

stretching its vas horizon, the word Charmed magic cas Of perilous seas, in f

But it was the

answer.