

ing, and the substitution of the Rosary for the Office are bad signs. German snatches won't make up for it. Well, the retreat is at hand, thank God!

The retreat came, and the retreat was over; and Luke was the same—only worse. The preacher was a distinguished man, and, therefore, a failure in that line. Luke was delighted—and was lost. "He had never heard such a command of language before," he did not know, till then, how religion could be lifted so beautifully into the regions of transcendentalism; "how philosophy, in the hands of a master, can be made the handmaiden of religion," and how both together can be clothed in iridescence by the mastery of our mother tongue; "yes, of course, he was apologetic, and why not? He was speaking to his equals, and was quite right in assuming that they knew all that he knew," he said "shoo!" for "well; well, why not? It's the correct word, if you go so far," and he always spoke of "eschatology" in place of "eternity"; very well, isn't that the scientific term? etc., etc.

"An!" he said to Father Sheldon, "these are the men we want. I'd give half a year's salary to see him invited over to Ireland to give a series of retreats. Wouldn't he wake us up from their lethargy? Wouldn't he show them what culture and education can do?"

"I thought your country used to be called the 'Island of Saints,'" said Father Sheldon.

"Certainly, so it was. You tried to rob us of that as of everything else. But you can't!"

"But the preacher said that the saints and their lives were never intended for imitation, but for admiration."

"And quite right. Do you mean to say that Simon Stylites would be allowed to remain twenty years or twenty days on the obelisk in those times?"

"Perhaps not. But what then becomes of your countrymen and their distinguished titles? If there's no room for one saint, what do we want with a whole island full of them?"

"Look here, Sheldon, you are a horrible reactionary—a medievalist—an Inquisitionist! How in the world will men like you ever convert England?"

"I'm not sure that it's worth converting," said Father Sheldon, lazily; "but I'm sure of one thing—that that modern idea that we are to hold up our saints, our Alphonsas, Clares and Koses and Scholastics, as so many dime-mu seem freaks, to be looked at and wondered at as Divine Curiosities and no more—is the most horrible conclusion which our Catholic neologists have ever reached."

"I give you up, Sheldon," said Luke. "I'll write to-night to a confidential friend in Ireland to get over our dear Azarias as soon as possible. He has a big field there."

"I suppose so. Well the Lord grant you, Irish, a good conceit of 'yerself'!"

They were sitting at coffee in the library. It was Sunday, and dinner was at four P. M., instead of the usual hour, one o'clock. The Bishop had said a few pretty things about the departed, and the Bishop was inquisitive. He liked to gather opinions—an excellent thing. You need never adopt them, like the good Irish prelate who declared with emphasis that he never took an important step without consulting his canon. "But do you always follow their counsels, my Lord?" The Bishop, emphatically: "Never!"

But they were at coffee.

"How did you like the retreat?"

Luke was effusive and enthusiastic. The Vicar said: "So far as I am concerned, he might as well have been playing a flute the whole time. It was certainly very pretty."

"Father Sheldon, what are you poring over there?" said the Bishop.

Father Sheldon was a great favorite. In a solemn, but half-careless manner, as if he had stumbled on a chance passage, Father Sheldon read from the big, brass-bound Bible:—

"Michas said to Achab, King of Israel: 'Hear thou the word of the Lord. I saw the Lord sitting on His throne, and all the army of heaven standing by Him, on the right hand, and on the left. And the Lord said to Achab, and to all the lords of Israel, that on that day deceivest thou, and shalt be deceived. And one spake words in this manner, and another otherwise. And then came forth a Spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said: 'I will deceive him, and he will be a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophets. And the Lord said: 'Thou shalt deceive him, and shall prevail go forth and do so.'"

The Bishop was silent, and serious. The Vicar shook all over, and snorted once or twice, which was his way of laughing boisterously. A young priest said: "You haven't brought much charity out of the retreat, Father Sheldon!"

Luke said: "There is no use in talking here; Father Sheldon is a bronze statue, with his face turned to the past!"

"That's all right, Delmege. But when a man comes to dress and drill one hundred priests, so as to refit them for better work amongst a few hundred thousand souls, and when, perhaps, one of these captains is himself stumbling in the balance, we expect something else besides 'Sing a song of sixpence, and 'Isn't that a dainty dish to lay before the king?'"

You'd like to see a portrait of Luke Delmege just at this. Well, here it is:

11 Albemarle Bldg, Victoria St. W. C.

"Dearest Mother:—I went up for my first-half a week ago, but got plucked. The questions were beastly. MacKenzie, an old Scotchman, who lived on oatmeal till he came to London, and now doesn't know himself, was my chief examiner. He asked the most absurd questions—the percentage of fibrin in the blood, the specific difference between enteric and adynamic fever, the effect of hydrocyanic acid, etc. I was thoroughly made up in surgery, for which I have a peculiar taste, yet he never asked me a

question, except something ridiculous about the treatment of embolisms, and I could have given him lights in psychological and mental science, where I am A. 1, but he never asked a question. Then, he's not a gentleman. "Young men," said this red-headed Highland savage, "I'd recommend you to qualify as a hairdresser. It is a branch of surgery, ye ken." I have reported him to the trustees, and demanded a second examination. Dr. Cathrop is down here, examining in bacteriology, and, pardon the pun, he's backing me up. By the way, tell Barby that her clerical friend is coming out. He now parts his hair in the centre, and has assumed an Ionic-Doric accent. But I must say he preaches well and effectively. In fact, he's becoming a crack lecturer on this side. I cannot compare him, of course, with the Master of the Temple, for there will be always wanting the esprit and those little nuances of thought and expression that denote the university man. But he is strong and versatile, and I think, when he gets into the Attic accent, he will do fairly well. Just tell Pap that there was a blunder in the examination programme, and I am going up again. Perhaps he may write to Cathrop, who is a power here. I'll let him know later on about MacKenzie, he'll probably give him a wiggling. Evidently, the uncouth fellow didn't know who I was.

"Ever affectionately,  
"LOUIS J. WILSON, B. A.

One of the effects of which epistle was this:

Dublin, Sept. 8, 187—

Rev. Dear Father:—I must write to tell you how proud and pleased we all are at seeing your name so frequently in the Catholic Times and Tablet, and in so honored a way. And now comes a letter from Louis, enthusiastically sounding your praises. I should give extracts, but I am afraid I should hurt you. But he is a great admirer of yours, and I cannot help thinking that our dear Lord has created this revelation and admiration in order that you may exercise in a holy controlling influence over poor Louis in the midst of London temptations. I am supposing that you have not met him as yet in London; but his address is: 11 Albemarle Buildings, Victoria street, London, W. C., and I am sure, if you could spare time to call on him, he would be highly pleased and flattered by your condescension. Do, dear Father! It is a question of a soul and its future, and your reward will be exceeding great. Siphly Kennedy, an old schoolmate of mine, now in Kensington, has also written to say she has been to hear you; and when I told her you were a friend of mine (this was presumptuous, of course) she actually sent me congratulations, and doubted if I'd acknowledge a small people's any more. I'm taking up too much of your valuable time with my nonsense; but our next letter from Louis will be a breath from Paradise.

I am, dear Rev. Father,  
R. respectfully yours,  
"BARBARA WILSON."

"A pan of hot coals on my head!" said Luke. "I must really look up the lad. I dare say he has forgotten our little rencontre. Of course, he felt he deserved richly what he got."

And, accordingly, some days later, he again crossed Westminster Bridge, and found his way to Albemarle Buildings. The buildings were laid out in flats, on the French system. A respectable, middle-aged woman kept the keys. "No, Mr. Wilson was not at home," and would not return till late. He rarely dined at home.

Luke was turning away, not too disappointed, for he dreaded the interview, although prepared to be very conciliatory and condescending, when the woman said: "I perceive you're a clergyman, sir, and perhaps a friend of this young gentleman."

"Well, we are acquainted at least," said Luke, straining at the truth, "and I am much interested in him."

"Well, then, sir," she said, "if some one would take him in 'ands, I fear he's not doing well. Would you walk upstairs, sir?"

They went upstairs, although Luke felt that he was intruding somewhat unwarrantably on the privacy of another. The woman unlocked a door and ushered him into an apartment filled with some strange, pungent, aromatic odor, such as hangs around a druggist's or perfumer's shop. There was chaos everywhere. Pipes of all shapes and forms, pots of unguents, masks and wigs, photographs, some quite fresh, some faded, of actresses and beauties. There were two side by side in a frame. One was subscribed "Clara"; the other, which Luke recognized as Barbara's, was simply marked by one red spot, which Luke soon discovered was a heart on fire. Over the mantelpiece hung a splendid enlarged photograph of the Canon, and in the frame was inserted a shield with the arms of the Murray family, and their motto, *Sans tache*.

"It would cost me my situation, sir," she said, "if it were ever known that I brought you here; but I am a mother, and I know what it is to see the young go astray. Has this young gentleman a father or mother? I know he has a sister, for every post brings me a letter from her. He never mentions his parents."

"Yes, I understand his parents are living. I know little of them; but I know his sister and your uncle." He pointed to the photograph.

"Well, sir, the poor young gentleman is doing badly. He often comes 'ome intoxicated, has picked up with a dangerous lot—"

"Does he read?" queried Luke, looking around in vain for thick folios and bones.

"A good deal of these," she said, pointing to a heap of tattered novels. "But these are the real dangers, and she pointed to the photographs, and took down a phial from the mantelpiece.

"He can take all that in a day," she said, pointing to the label, "enough

to kill ten men. And he won't stand much longer, sir; mark my words, he won't stand much longer, unless some one steps in to save him.

"You won't see him sometimes for days together," she continued. "I knock and knock, and, thinks I, 'we'll have a crowner's inquest here soon. And then he comes out a snaking all over like a happen, an' his face a shing like the hangings. But it ain't hangings, but devils, he has seen.'"

"I'm much obliged to you for your confidence," said Luke, coming downstairs. "I must see to it at once."

"And you won't mention to no one what I have showed you?" said the woman.

"Never fear," said Luke.

"A pretty bad case!" he thought, as he wended his way homewards; "a pretty bad case. I must write to his sister or uncle. And this is the fellow I was half afraid of a couple of years ago in that drawing-room. It needs travel and experience to know the world after all, and to know that there are few in it that are not beneath you."

Which shows that Luke had now fully adopted the philosophy of one of his Mentors, and was holding his head—

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

He was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested as a vagrant. He spoke thus to the judge: "I am called Jean Francois, and for six months I was with the man who sits upon the bench at the Place de la Bastille. I sang the refrain with him, and after that I called, 'Here's all the new songs, ten centimes, two sous!' He was always drunk, and used to beat me. That is why the police picked me up the other night. Before that I was with the man who sells brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name was Adele. At one time she lived on the ground near Montmartre. She was a good workwoman and liked me. She made money, because she had for customers waiters in the cafes, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sundays she used to put me to bed early, so that she could go to the ball. On week-days she sent me to Les Freres, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville, whose beat was in our street, used always to stop before our window, to talk with her—a good-looking chap with a medal from the Crimea. They were married and after that everything went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned mother against me. Every one had a blow for me, and so, to get out of the house, I spent whole days in the Place Clichy, where I knew the monte-banks. My stepfather lost his place, and my mother had to leave the house, and I was left to take care of my little sister. This gave her a cough—the steam. She is dead at Lambouise. She was a good woman. Since that I have lived with the seller of brushes and the catgut scraper. Are you going to send me to prison?"

He said this on a cynical, like a man. He was a little ragged street arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow hair.

Nobody claimed him, and they sent him to the Reform School.

Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy with his hands, the only trade he could learn there was not a good one—that of reseating straw chairs. However, he was obedient, naturally quiet and silent, and he did not seem to be profoundly corrupted by that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was thrown out again on the streets of Paris, he unhappily found there his prison comrades, all great scamps, exercising dirty professions, teaching dogs to catch rats in the sewers and blocking shops on hall night; in the passage of the opera, amateur wrestlers, who permitted themselves to be thrown by the Hercules of the booths, or fishing at noontime from rafts—All of these occupations he followed to some extent, and some months after he came out of the house of correction he was arrested again for a petty theft—a pair of old shoes, priggled from a shop window. Result: A year in the prison of Sainte Pelagie, where he served as valet to the political prisoners.

He lived in much surprise among the group of prisoners, all very young, negligent in dress, who talked in loud voices and carried their heads in a very solemn fashion. They used to meet in the cell of one of the oldest of them, a fellow of some thirty years and already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pelagie—a large man, the walls covered with colored caricatures, and from the window of which one could see all Paris—its roofs, its spires and its domes—and far away the distant line of hills, blue and indistinct upon the sky. There were upon the walls some shelves filled with volumes and all the old paraphernalia of a fencing-room; broken masks, rusty foils, breastplates and gloves that rusty long their toes. It was there that the "politicians" used to dine together, adding to the everlasting "soup and beef" fruit, cheese and pints of wine, which Jean Francois went out and got by the can—a tumultuous repast interrupted by violent disputes, and where, during the desert, the "Car-magnole" and "Co Ira" were sung in full chorus. They assumed, however, an air of great dignity on those days

when a newcomer was brought in among them, at first entertaining him gravely as a citizen, but on the morrow using him with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there: Corporation, responsibility and phrases quite unintelligible to Jean Francois—such as this, for example, which he once heard imperiously put forth by a bright little hunch back who blotted some writing paper every night: "It is done. This is the composition of the Cabinet: Raymond, the Bureau of Public Instruction; Martial the Interior, and for Foreign Affairs my self."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cock chafers made by cruel children to fly at the end of a string. He became one of those fugitive and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turn—something like those platonic fishers who, in order that they may not exhaust the fish pond, throw immediately back into the water the fish which has just come to the net. Without a suspicion on his part that so much honor had been done to so sorry a subject, he had a special bundle of memoranda in the mysterious portfolios of the Rue de Jerusalem. His name was written in round hand on the gray paper of the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Lecture; 'the original Lecture,'" and at last "the original Lecture."

He was two years out of prison, dining where he could, sleeping in night lodging-houses and sometimes in lime kilns, and taking part with his fellows in interminable games of pitch-penny on the boulevards near the barriers. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers, and a short white hair curl. He had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's at Montparnasse; bought for two sous to sell for four at the door of Robino, the pack of hearts or the ace of clubs serving as a countermark; sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse market. From the lottery of all sorts of miserable employments he drew a goodly number. Who can say if the atmosphere of honor, which one breathes as a soldier, if military discipline might not have saved him? Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied very earnestly having taken part in their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were accepted for three years to Poissy, where he made coarse playthings for children, was tattooed on the chest, learned thieve's slang and the Penal Code. A new liberation and a new plunge into the sink of Paris; but six short this time, for at the end of six months, at the most he was again imprisoned in a night robbery, aggravated by climbing a wall and breaking a serious affair, in which he played an obscure role, half dupe and half fence. On the whole, his complicity was evident, and he was sent for five years at hard labor. His grief in this adventure was, above all, in being separated from an old dog which he had found on a dung heap and cured of the mange. The beast loved him.

Toulon, the ball and chain, the work in the harbor, the blows, a stick, wooden shoes on bare feet, soup of black beans dating from Trafalgar, no tobacco money and the terrible sleep in a camp swarming with convicts; that was what he experienced for five broiling summers and five winters raw with the Mediterranean wind. He came out from there stunned, was sent under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked some time on the river. Then an incorrigible vagabond, he broke his exile and came again to Paris. He had his savings fifty-six francs; that is to say, time for reflection. During his absence his former wretched companions had dispersed. He was well hidden, and slept in a loft at an old woman's, to whom he represented himself as a sailor, tired of the sea, who had lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and who wanted to try his hand at something else. His tanned face and his calloused hands, together with some sea phrases which he had dropped from time to time, made his tale seem probable enough.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.