CHAPTER XVIII.

DISENCHANTMENT Luke Delmege crossed over from Holyhead by the night boat. He had called for a moment at his old presby tery and seen the dear old Vicar and Father Sheldon.
"More civilized," thought the Vicar,

"but not quite so attractive."
"Of course you'll run over to see the
Wilsons," said Father Sheldon. "They

are now—"
"I should like to do so very much indeed," said Luke, "but really I have no time. The mail goes about five or six o'clock, I think, and I have a few purchases to make."

"Miss Wilson will be disappointed,"
said Father Sheldon.
Luke ahrugged his shoulders.

Luke shrugged his shoulders.

Next morning, sleepy and discontented, he wandered around Dublin waiting for the down mail. If he had had time, he would have run down to see his own Alma Mater; but there was no time. He thought Dublin—the Dublin that had appeared to him in his student days now so long, so very long. student days, now so long, so very long age, a fairy city of splendour—dingy and mean. He shrank into himself as he saw coatless, grimy men actually treading the pavements of Gratton Street. The pyramid of humanity, that poverty piles around the O'Connell Statue, and Nelson's Pillar, seemed a revolting picture. He passed into Stephen's Green. He rather liked the ponds, and cascades, and the flowers; but the people seemed so shabbily dressed. And then he nearly stumbled

over a few corpses—not they were only tramps sleeping on the grass of the Green. "How horrible!" said Luke. And this is the University College Chapel! It sounds well. The very words have a glamour and a meaning all their own. He went in to say his Office and make a short visit. He was office and make a short visit. enraptured. The architecture, the marble of walls and pillars, the dusk in which the altar was hid, the pulpit where Newman had preached, all appealed to his newly formed fancies. He went into the dim twilight of the side chapel, and remembered having real that there on that altar, with that same small circular window letting in sun-light, and moonlight, and darkness, the great Oratorian used to say Mass. He called up the scene, and behind that scene, and above and around it, he saw what might have been; and the ghosts rose up under the spell of imagination, the spectres of magnificent possibilities that never had passed beyond ideas. He thought he heard the bell ringing for Vespers—a sweet, soft, mournful bell, that tolled out of the mists and shadows of dreamland. There was a shadows of dreamland. There was a murmur of voices suddenly hushed, and the shuffling of feet, and one by one a vast concourse of men filed into the chorch. They were dressed in academic fashion, their long gowns or togas falling loosely around the ordinary dress, and they carried the well known square caps in their hands. A few had blue hoods, falling down gracefully over their shoulders; and one or two, quite distinguished from their fellows, wore red. But there was a fellows, wore red. gravity, a composure, a sense of perdignity and reverence about all, that made Luke think he had seen nothing like it since the day of his ordina-Mayno th. When all were seated, a priest, clad in cope and accompanied by many acolytes, came to the altar and intoned the Deus in adjutorium meum intende. The choir took chant; the organ pealed out, and then there was a glorious burst of mas-culine voices, that echoed from side to side, as strophe and antistrophe in a great Christian chorus, and seemed to beat around the walls and to be caught up to the ceiling: and the pause at the antiphons became painful, until they alled out again into the rhy thunder of a thousand voices. But all the sweet, beautiful memories of his college came back to Luke when the Magnificat was intoned, and the great prophetic voice of the young Queen Mother swelled out into the deep unrilling accents of her followers and clients. n again a painful pause; and Luke heard a voice, at first plaintive and feeble, and then firm and resonant, and piercing like shafts of light into every corner of the chapel and every recess of the human hearts that are throbbing ander the magic of mighty words, and the strange overwhelming influence of a great and exalted character. And there was no eloquence such as Luke then understood it; no beautiful, rounded periods, emphasized by action; but simple, plain truths, and put in such a way as to admit of no contradiction or question, for they carried con viction even to the critical or sceptical, if such had found their way into such sympathetic circle. And it was all about life and its issues; its worthlessness in se; its tremendous importance

nature and importance.

fore, is an absolute necessity if life is fore, is an absolute hecessity into the to have a meaning; and hence, in every scheme of liberal study, metaphysics must enter and become a constituent tuent, nay, the principal constituent if it were only to show the mere materialist that, even outside and beyond are mysteries upon religion, there are mysteries upor mysteries ever waiting to be solved. And then the preacher passes on to Ireland, its history, its martyrdom, its missor; and told these young souls that the last chapter was not yet written, would not be written for turies to come; for that a race with a turies to come; for that a race with a priceless history, and a present unencumbered with material problems, must have of necessity a rich and glorious future. What that future was to be Luke could not hear, for already his mind was busy with many problems evoked by the preachers words, and for evoked by the preachers words, and for the hundredth time Luke was face to face with enigmas. Then the vision vanished, and Luke was alone. He shook the dream from him to see two shook the dream from him to see two young girls staring at him curiously. He took up his hat and passed down the aisle. Under the gallery he paused to look around and wonder where his beautiful dream had vanished. He saw only the sacristan testing the brass locks on the money boxes and looking suspiciously towards him.

At the very best, indeed, and under the most favorable circumstances of climate, the railway trip on the

climate, the railway trip on the Great Southern line is decidedly uninteresting. Ireland's beauty spots lie around her high coast-line, like jewels around ner nign coast-line, like jewels around the lips of an enchased goblet. But the gray shadows of an April sky also hung down around brown bog and scraggy field, and, though the promise of May was in the air, bud and flower wrapped themselves cosily in their cradles and would not venture into the light. They "did not like this weeping nurse; they wanted their laughing mother."

And so Luke thought he had never And so have thought he had have seen anything so melancholy and sad. There was a look of age and decay about everything. Here and there they swept by the skeleton of some old ruined abbey and castle, that was just kept from falling by the tender support of the kind ivy. That was history.

And here and there, more frequently, he saw standing the bare brown mud walls of an unroofed cabin, the holes, that once were windows and doors staring like the sockets of a skull There was the mark of the fire on the chimney wall. Where were they now, who had wept and laughed, and sung and mourned, as they sat around that sacred hearth? Perhaps it is an etching on the memory of some great capitalist in Omaha or Chicago; perhaps for him that ragged hawthorn before the him that ragged hawthorn before the door is the life-tree Igdrasil, waving its mighty branches and intoning in the night wind, though its roots are deep down among the dead.

It was evening, cold and raw, whe

Luke stepped from the railway carriage, and saw the quaint old side-car and the rough, shaggy horse, that were to carry him some miles to his home. He did not see the old servant at first, until a voice, as from far-off spaces, said close by : "Yerra, thin, Master Luke, and sure

I'm proud to see you."
Ho. Larry," said Luke, with an

rough hand of the old man, "and how is Nancy? But you're looking very old, Larry."

old, Larry."

"The years are tellin', Master Luke," said the old man, who was somewhat chilled by the appearance and grand manner of him whom he had known from his childhood; 'tisn't young we're gettin', Masther Luke ! young we're gettin', Masther Luke'.
"And the side-car looks so old and
shabby," said Luke; "why don't they
get it upholstered?"
"Well, thin," said Larry, somewhat

offended, as it seemed to imply a cen-sure on himself, "'twas only last sum-mer we got it done up; but the winther rain took a lot out of it, your

reverence. "And the poor old mare! Why,

grooming."
"She was at the plough all the spring, your reverence," said Larry, clip her.

He thought his old "Masther Luke" was changed a good deal. He dropped the familiar title.

As they drove along, the aspect of he landscape seemed intolerably nelancholy and dull. The gray fields, that had not yet sprung into green, the thatched cottages, the ruined walls, the broken hedges, the ragged bushes, all seemed to Luke, fresh from the prim civilization of Aylesburgh, unspeakably old and wretched. Ruin and

dilapidation were everywhere.
"It's a land of tombs and desolation," he thought. As he drove up the long, hawthorn shaded avenue, that father's house, the gloom deepened. During his college course, when " home for the holidays, his heart used to beat, until he shouted with glee, as he passed up along the quick and thorn hedges! How he used to jump on the car to gather a leafy branch to be waved in his triumphal relatively, and the sacred responsibilities that are intrusted to a race, feeble march towards home; and how his cheery hallo! would bring out all the and impotent and transient, but endowed with infinite possibilities; and powers for evil and good, that cannot collies and retrievers with their glad oratorios of yelping and barking; and there in the background was the aged, measured in time, for time has only the transparent tissue of a cloud, but stooped figure of his good father, and must be thrown upon the back ground of eternities for the revelation of their the sweet face of his mother under the the crown of her beautiful snowy cap, and Lizzie and Margery—well, but 'tis But Luke drew all his faculties, now expanded just the same scene now! Alas, no! into admiration and enthusiasm, to-gether when the preacher went on to the disenchantment has come! dogs are barking, indeed, and there are the dear old figures, and there is say that everyone understood how utterly insignificant was this world and Lizzie alone, for Margery is pacing the man's life, unless a light was thrown on both from eternity. No man would care to work or suffer for a patry and garden walks far away amongst the Good Shepherds at Limerick. But it perishable race. All the vast cycles is not the same. Oh, no! nor ever shall be again. He hath eaten of the of human history are merely a point in time, just as our earth and the visible shall be again. He nature cause tree of knowledge, and the Eden of his childhood has vanished. They all childhood has vanished. Lizzie universe are but grains of sand in in-finity. All the dreams of mortals-therefore, all the aspirations of great, idealists, all the music of poetry, all noticed the great change. Lizzie almost cried. The father said nothing. A reticent, silent race, these old Irish fathers were. The mother, ever faiththe high and lofty conjectures after human perfection, are tales without meaning or moral, until you suppose man's immortality. Religion, thereful, could only feel pride in her glori-

" He was so grand and grave. Ah!

wasn't here! What a proud man he'd be this day!" she thought. But the rest felt that a stranger had

But the rest felt that a stranger had come to visit them, and there was restraint and a little affected formalism.

"Has the priest come?" said Peggy, when Larry was putting up the mare.

"He has," said Larry, crossly.

"How is he lookin'?" said Peggy.

"Oh! grand intirely," said Larry.

"But was must how the Converted.

"But we must borry the Canon's coach for him. Begor, he'll be wantin' me to put on brass buttons and a high

Peggy looked at him suspiciously. "Keep yer jokes for some one else, the said.

"And so, Lizzie," said Luke at the tea-table (dear me! how plain this white-and-gold china looked after the tea equipages at the salon), "you are going to be married?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, blushing, and with a little toss of her head.

"Well, I'm sure I hope you have made a good selection," said Luke.

"Well, thin, indeed he is," said the mother; "as dacent a boy as there is from here to Cork, and that's a big word. He hasn't all the money we expected; but, sure, he's a kind, graceful boy, and he comes of a dacent family." family

"And Margery has run away from ou?" said Luke. "I didn't think

you?" said Luke. "I didn't think her thoughts took that direction."
"Thim gay youngsters," said the mother, "are the first to inter the convents. They pretind nothing but coortin' and larkin'; and thin, all of a coordin and larkin; and thin, all of a suddint, off they go and laugh at us all. But you're not atin', Father Luke.' 'Oh! yes, thank you, I'm doing very well," said Luke. "And Father

"He has; and God be wid him, and

may his journey thry with him! Sure, manny's the wan will miss him; and the place is lonesome widout him. And the Canon, how is he?" said Luke.

Grand intirely; but this sickness the hinfluenzy they call it — took a shake out of him. He hasn't the ould spring in his walk, and he's stooped a But God will spare him to his people manny a day yet !"

"And who has succeeded Father

Pat ?" asked Luke. "Oh! thin, a man that will make us mind our P's and Q's I tell you. Glory be to God! he'd rise the roof off your

head if you hard him on Sunday merning-''
''He's a black, determined man, said Mike Delmege. "He appears to

mane what he says. doubtful if he and the Canon will pull together," said Mrs. Delmege. But this was heresy to Mike Delmege, who could not conceive anything of his priests less than absolute perfec-

Lave 'em alone ! lave 'em alone ! "They understan' theirselves he said. better than we do.'

"Well, sure, I'm only sayin' what everybody says," apologized Mrs. Delmege. "But. Father Luke, what Delmege. "But. Father Luke, what about yerself? Sure, we saw your name on the paper; and didn't me heart swell when Father Pat brought it up and pointed to it. 'There,' he said,—God be wid him, my poor, dear man! — 'there's your sou for you! He'll never come back to this misfortunate counthry again! They'll make him a Bishop over there!' Poor Father Pat! Poor Father Pat!"

"Well," Luke said, "we're getting on pretty well. A good deal of work; work must be done over there, tell you! It isn't like the old country!" It was Luke's first criticism, at by no means his last, on his native land.

"But, father," he said, "why don't you touch up the old place? I'm sure it looks very shabby and—old."
"We were thinkin' of that same, in-

deed, said his father: but we were puttin' it off from day to day; and, indeed, we could do it aisily," he continued, "for we have made by the butther this year alone the rint and when was she clipped, Larry? She doesn't reflect much credit on your doesn't reflect much credit on your make a pinuy of money with the eggs, and the butther, and the chickens, we were never better off, thank God! and every family in the parish can say the

> "The new curate doesn't like it," said Mrs. Delmege. "He says 'twill all come toppling down some day like a house of cards. He believes in the

The League?" said Luke, half angrily. "It seems to me that you'll never be done fighting in this unhappy country. It's always agitation, agitation! Now, it seems to me that the Canon is not only the superior in station and ability to any of your priests, but he alone appears to have priests, but he alone appears to have struck the one thing that was necessary to make the country a happy Ar

"Ah, yes! He's the good man, God him long to rule over his spare

'And when is Lizzie to be married?" said Luke. He was already impatient of home, and anxious to be back in

Aylesburgh. "On Thursday, wid God's blessin '!"

said the mother.
"And I hope now," said Luke,
"that there shall be no scenes of rioting and revelling, but that everything shall be conducted in a Christian,

civilized manner. of course," said the mother. "We'll only have a few of the neigh bours; and, I suppose, the little boy will be bringin' a handful of friends wid him. We'll have a bit of dinner in the barn; and, perhaps, the boys and girls would want a little dance that's all."

It was the portrait in miniature of what was really before the good mother's mind; but she was afraid that the dignity and grandeur of her dis-tinguished son would be ruffled at the

Next day Luke called on the Canon It was evening, and it was deepening into twilight, as he walked up the well-known gravelled path, and knocked, no longer timidly, but with an air of assurance, almost of contempt.

wisha! what a pity poor Father Pat He was shown into the drawing-room, wasn't here! What a proud man he'd as of old. There everything was the as of old. There everything was the same as he had ever known it; but there was a vast change somewhere. Where? In himself. He looked now with critical disdain on the Cenci portrait, and he thought the Madonna commonplace. And that glass case of artificial birds! Olivette Lefevril would have given it away to a tramp.
And here, not quite three years ago,
he had sat, a timid, nervous, frightened young priest, and there had leaned against the mantlepiece that wretched young roue, who actually had the effrontery to argue with him. Yes, indeed, there was a change. The gentle, timid young Levite had departed; and here, in his stead, has come the self-reliant, collected, inde pendent man of experience and—of the world. The birds shook their wings, as of old, and chirped. The gong toiled musically, and here is the

"How do you do, Mr. Delmege?" a of old "Well, thank you," said Luke, with

a pronounced accent. The Canon callapsed. Luke was merciful. callapsed. Luke was merciful.

"I hope I see you well, sir," said
Luke. "I was rather sorry to hear
from my father that you were still
suffering from the effects of this most
unhappy epidemic."

"Yes, indeed!" said the Canon. "I

cannot say that I have—ha—yet quite recovered from the effects of the disease." The Canon was watching disease. The Canon was watching tuke narrowly. He hoped to see some faltering, some weakness. No! Cool, calm, self possessed, Luke sat bolt upright in his chair, and held his hat and gloves without nervous awkward had made a change,
"And you have lost your curate?"

said Luke.
"Yes!" said the Canon, blandly "at last! at last! the Bishop took com passion on his grey hairs, and—ha—as the valgar saying is, he threw a parish

"And Father Tim gone also?"
"Yes, poor fellow! Kind and good but inexperienced. Really," said the Canon, looking at his visitor keenly, "our clergymen seem to want a good deal of that—ha—mannerism and—ha—polish, and — ha—knowledge of life - ha - intercourse with other nations seems to create or develop. Luke

"I'm hardly prepared," said Luke, who swallowed the compliment as a morsel of sweet savor, "to offer an opinion; but I certainly do think that there are a good many customs and habits at home that probably would be permitted to fall into desuetude if we had larger experience. I have already said to my good people at home, and you will permit me to say so to you to say so to you, sir, that nowhere have rational efforts to promote the welfare of the people as in your parish, and at your suggestion, and under your super-

'I thank you, sir," said the Canon; "and yet there are some who not only do not share that opinion, but who actually strive to — a — embarrass me in my efforts at—ha—ameliorating me in my efforts at—ha—ameliorating the condition of my people. But let us dismiss the subject. You are—ha— thrown a good deal in contact with the better classes-the aristocracy in England ?' The better classes? yes! The

aristocracy of talent? yes! The aristocracy of birth? ro! My mission is in a cathedral town, and there is a good deal of select society, both amongst Anglicans and Catholics."

nd I should—say, a total
of distinction, not to sence bigotry?'

"Such a distinction is utterly un known," said Luke. "There is more deference "paid to a Ca priest than to an Anglican. have said more than once that between the races, Irish and English, and be-tween the different forms of religion, there is but a sheet of semi-transparent paper; but demagogues have daubed it all over with hideous carica-tures on one side and the other."

I most cordially agree with you Canon, quite delighted. "I'm very pleased, indeed, to see that your—ha—experience of our brethren coincides absolutely with the-ha-convictions by calm reasoning on a vexed question.

"By the way," said the Canon, after a pause, "have you met my nephew, Louis, in London?" For the first time Luke showed signs

of embarrassment. He shifted uneasily on the chair and stammered.
"I have met him," he said, "but under circumstances rather unfavor-

able to—a—to our further intimacy.
But you know I no longer live in
London. I have been itransferred for
some months to Aylesburgh." 'Oh! indeed!" said the Canon.

"My niece has gone over to act as— ha—superintendent of Louis' little menage; I am sure that, if I am to judge from his letters, he is mixing in excellent society, and is quite—well,

excellent society, and is quite—well, respectable."

'I did pay him a formal visit," said Luke, "but, unfortunately, he was absent, probably at the hospital."

"Very probably," said the Canon. "Indeed, I might say certainly. He is rather too devoted to his profession."

There was a pause. Luke found it hard to continue the conversation and maintain his respect for truth. "You have come over for your-hasister's marriage?" said the Canon at

length.
"Yes," said Luke. "She wishes that I should marry them."

"By all means! my dear young friend," said the Canon. "By all means. I understand that this—young - flance is an extremely respectable young fellow." 'I have heard so," said Luke rising

"I should like that my father and mother should be made comfortable in their old age." "Of course, you will dine with me on Sunday," said the Canon. "Shall we

say 5 o'clock?"
"Many thanks, sir," said Luke,
thinking, as he passed down the

gravelled walk: There are changes here too; the Canon has grown to be very, very old — everything is old! And he no longer dines at seven, but at five! What a change backwards! Retrogression everywhere! I would have preferred a 7 o'clock dinner! I hope Father Pat and Father Tim won't ask me. What am I thinking of? gravelled walk: There are changes ask me. What am I thinking of?
They are gone!
Was Luke sorry for his dear old

friends? He ought to have been, and he knew it. But then, what can a man do who has been obliged to adopt new ideas of life? You must adapt yourself ideas of life? You must adapt yourself to your environments—that is a cardinal principle. You must go with the tide—that's another. Yet he was not quite surs. He looked out over the mysterious sea. It was cold, chill, irresponsive. There was no voice. Or irresponsive. There was no voice. Or was it that the inner sense of the man was stifled, and that Nature, failing was stifled, and that Nature, land the human sympathy, refused to send back its echo ?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANGER AND HIS GODS.

Luke Delmege was disgusted, utterly Luke Delmege was disgusted, attenty and painfully disgusted. He was able by an effort, to reconcile himself to the solemnities of the marriage service especially as the great Canon was only the attention of the control of the contr especially as the great Canon was only in a subordinate place; but the after-events chafed his nerves and did violence to his conceptions of the pro-prieties. For at an Irish wedding all the barriers of caste, wealth and posi-tion are taken down and there is a detion are taken down and unto the training ting thin open-he artedness, which sometimes, it must be confessed, has a tendency to become riotous and orgic. Hence the loud, clamorous benedictions of the blind, the halt, and the lame, parishes, burt the nerves of Luke Del-mege, and offended his sense of sight and hearing, and did with gathered in from all the neighboring and hearing, and did violence to his theological principles. It was hardly a month since he had declared amongst a month since he had declared amongst the esoterics his passionate desire to see a real, live, Scriptural beggar—a very Lazarus of sores and rags; and lo! here they are, qualified every one lo! here they are, qualified every one to sit by the pool of Bethesda, or wash in the pool of Siloe. And now he heard for the first time, of the "seventeen angels who hould up the pillars of heaven." and the "special blessing of Michael, the Archangel," and the "sowls in Purgatory who would be relieved that day," and many other stranger and mystic sayings, too sacred even to be written. And yet Luke even to be written. And yet Luke was not enthusiastic. Then there was glorious musical duet, that Crashaw might have immortalized, between the famous blind fiddler from Aughadown and the equally famous piper from Monavourleigh. Nothing in the Home-ric ballads could equal it.

Now, your soul, Thade, give it to him.

"Gi' me that rosin, Kate." Kate would hand the rosin to her blind husband, a splendid, stalwart Tipperary man, but "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." And then, as the fine fury rose, and the spirit of music and of rivalry possessed him, the sight less orbs would roll in their sockets, as if demanding light! light! and face would whiten and his feet tremble under the divine intoxication. And such music! Weird, and tragic, and melancholy, till the merry audience were hushed into solemnity and tears; and the divine chords would wail out into an attenuated echo, and the music-ian would lean down and hearken, as if he were not quite sure whether he held the strings or was only dreaming that the soul of his violin was sobbing itself away into sleep and silence. For this big Tipperary man was a horrible big amist! He had two wives: the one at his side, who ministered to his temporal wants, and the other, the sweet spirit woke to music from his instrument. there was jealousy; but what And could the poor woman do, when it was that detestable rival that earned the daily bread? So now she effected pride, pride in her husband's power, as she gazed on the entranced audience. But hark! here are all the fairies in Manster, with Cleena at their head! Such a mad revel of musical s unds, s unds, one another aside, and rnnning along in mad, tumultuous riot, until the spirit seized the multitude, and every pair of feet was going pit-a-pat to the contagid, purely, indeed, I may say, ous and imperious merriment.

"Begor, Den, you'll never bate that. That's the grandest chune wos ever hard. Hold up, man! Here, have a sup

to rouse you!"
No! Den, the piper, could not disturb the fine harmonies of his brain with that dangerous liquor. The occawith that dangerous liquor. The occasion was too critical. His honor depended on his interpretation of his thoughts on the magic keys. Bate? No, no! Wait till ye see! "Will ye have the 'Mcdhereen-na-Sidhe,' or the 'Fox Hunt,' byes?" he said, with an affectation of forced calm

"The 'Fox-Hunt,' the 'Fox Hunt,'" shouted all. Well they knew it was his masterpiece, the ultimate of perfec-tion on reeds and stops. Then, if you shut your eyes, you heard the soft patter of the horses' hoofs at the meet, and the move towards the covert, and the occasional crack of a whip, and the faint bugle call. Then the awful silence as the hounds are put in, and then the deep, solemn bay and the mighty chorus of a hundred dogs as the quarry was found, and the harkaway! shouted by the huntsman. And you needed no in terpreter. Every man in the audience

"Good, Den, yer sowl to glory! Give it to 'em, man !"
"They've found him! they've found

"There, they are aff I Tally-ho!"
"Whisht, ye divil, there they are acrass the ploughed field!"
"Gor, wouldn't you think you saw
"em!" him !'

'em ! "There! he's run down at last. Lis ten! listen! how the dogs yelp!"

And the bellows and the chante

"Parsifal" and " Lohengrin," I be lieve, in some far away places yet. Some day they'll find that the germ and soul of all art and music is still haunting the enchanted shores of I

But Luke was disgusted; and still more so when the sounds of merriment arose, and jokes and laughter passed around the mighty table in the barn, and all the rude chivalry of one sex, and all the rude chivalry of one sex, and all the primitive coquetry of the o her, accompanied the loud laugh and the scraps of song that rippled around

the sighty gathering.

"Mother, how long is this going to last?" whispered Luke. Mother was wiping her eyes with delight and pride. That wedding at Lisnalee would be the talk of the country for the next twenty

years.

"The fun is only beginnin'," she said; "God ble s the good neighbors; sure we never thought we'd have sich a crowd. Many a good match will be made to day. God be wid the time

when Mike and me—"
"I think I shall slip away," he said;
"they won't mind, I suppose?"
"Wisha! no' indeed. Plase yerself.
And there's the Canon risin'."

There was a hush of respect and attention, and the whole assembly rose as the Canon said good bye. Where in the world is there such tender, rever-ential courtesy to the priest as is shown by their loving flocks in Ireland?

Luke had said good day to the Canon, and did not know what to do. He was engaged to dine at Father Martin's at 5, and it was yet but midday. He strolled down the fields to the sea, and entered the fisherman's cottage. There was no one there but Mona. The child had grown, and was passing over the borderland into self consciousness. • He

"How de do ?" The frightened child courtesied and blushed; he got a little ashamed of himself, and said kindly: "Is this my little Mona? Dear me

how tall you are grown! Where are they all ?

"Up at the wedding, sir," she said demurely; "but I'll call father." She was glad to go.

She went to the door, and gave a giow help.

view-hallo, which was answered far down the beach. Meanwhile, Luke, not knowing what to say, began to examine the rocks and shingle, and tried to recall old times. But the old times were shy of the stranger and refused to come back. At last the fisherman came, struggling and panting; and, after a few salutations, the old pet boat was again on the deep. There was a faded sunshine, like dull gold, on sea and land, and Luke pulled through the sunlit waves without seeing them. Then, a mile or so from land, he shipped the oars in the old way, and lay back in the stern. No use, Luke, no usel Land and sea are the same; but not the same. There is the same inextinguishable loveliness on sky and wave. There are the brown cliffs and the purple heather; there are the sheep and the lambs of spring; but oh, how young desolate, how lonely !

"What has come over the country?" asked Luke. I could not believe such a change in such a short time. It

is a land of desolation and death. Ay, indeed, for Nature, jealous mother, has turned a cold, icy stare on her recreant son! He has abandoned her, and, like a woman as she is, she must have her revenge. And here it must have ner revenge. And here it is! She has disrobed and dislimned herself. She has taken all the color out of her face, out of her seas and clouds, and she shows the blank, white visage and the irresponsive stare of a corpse. She can never be the same again to him. He has abandoned her for other loves—for the trim and painted and artificial beauty of England, and she hates him. He put down his hand into the sea with the old gesture, but drew it back in pain. He thought the cold wave had bit him. He pulled back dreamily to the shore. The old fisherman met him to take up the boat. "Where is Mona?"

But Mona, the sunny-haired child, was nowhere to be seen.

Only four sat down to dinner in the neat, tasteful parlor at Seaview Cot-tage. Father Martin introduced Luke tage. Father Martin introducessor at to Father Meade, the successor at to dead Father Time Gortnagoshel to Father Cussen, the Canon's new curate e had met at the wedding. A cloud hung over the party. The "Insepar-ables" were separated. Death and the Bishop had done it, and Father

Martin was sad.

"A change since you were here,
Luke," he said. "Dear me! do you
remember how we coached you for the Canon's dinner?' Yes," said Luke ; "there's nothing

but charge here, and for the wors The country appears to me to have sunk into a condition of hopeless men-

dicancy."
"Do you perceive so great a change in three years?" said Father Cussen.
"Yes," said Luke. "I cannot tell you how the piteous whining of those beggars shocked me this morning. This indiscriminate charity, which means noresonable mendicancy, appears to unreasonable mendicancy, appears to be unreasonable and uneconc You did not say 'unchristian?' " gasped Father Meade. "N no!" said Luke.

"N·no!" said Luke.
"Because it isn't," said Father
Meade. "There now for you, my
young man! Because it isn't!"
"Perhaps not," said Luke, who was not in his argumentative mood; and, indeed, he thought the poor old man

"Because it isn't!" said Father "Because it isn't!" Meade again, aggressively. "Whatever you say about your political economy, which, I suppose, you have picked up in England, where every poor man is a criminal, we love the poor in Ireland and will always keep'em with us!" land and will always keep 'em with us!'
'Pretty safe prophecy, Father,'
said Luke, who rather disdained arguing

went puffing along, as the music interpreted the minds and moods of men, until, at last, it died away into a soft moan or echo of pain.

"He's dead, begor! Listen to him crying!" Who's got the brush?"

Dear me! and people talk about said Luke, who rather disdained arguing on such a subject. "Nevertheless, totally object to indiscriminate almaging and degenerate into culpable sanction of the vicious and dishonest."

"Fine language, fine language, my young friend; but suppose you turked."

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way a saint from your our Divine Lord Himse you feel?" "Uncomfortable," sai I never heard of such a

"Well, I did, and wh Was the guilty one me forgive me!" forgive me!"
This was delightful.
expected such a pleasure
supernatural so closely
He flicked away the coat and settled himself
"You'd like to hear i
"Certainly," said Lu
"Well," said the old
ing a tone of deep

ing a tone of deep happened to me twice; if I am forgetful of God be my last. A few yesitting at dinner, whe was rung violently. was rung violently. I day and I was fairly beggars. I resolved twould, nothing should to another penny that day, tongue of the bell wag to meself : 'That'll do, then came a second pul the bell was down. I ju and went to the door dusk. There was a tal He had no the porch. He had no and a kind of belt or waist. He handed me ook at it, but handed word. Without a bowed and passed do the road. I went bac No! I couldn't tor figure haunted me. and rushed out. The from my wicket for a direction. I looked There was no one vi up to the police ba that description had ; the opposite direction No; the boys had see back, uneasy enough

tell ye!"
"Whom do you s been?" asked Luke. "St. Francis hims man. "Within a w with the worst fit had. And the-a-sec

said Luke, humoring "The second was the old man, solemnling from the summer little money left. I the quay from the l Bridge, and, with a had been examining outside a second-han before we came to opened on the quaraccosted me. He wand had a look of un face. Again, like r he said nothing, bu his hand. I shook n on; but in a momen self, and wheeled the long quay, stret eye could reach. N I hurried back and dealer, whom I had stall. He had not s more: but at dinne

young friend. Did you notice on the quay?
"'Yes,' he said;
"'Did you thin
peared to be in pair
"'I never saw si
ing before,' he said
"'Did he—now.

"'Did he—now, consciously, 'did h one in particular? man replied, 'if I again, and no one recover. The thir "Well, the th Luke, smiling inci "The third tin Lord leaves me

old man. It was really de brought into such with mediævalism story for the sale the "Master's" And perhaps Oliv Franciscan pilgri stead of Assisi. There was no The two guests we and Father Marti

"I make." sa most frantic re tempted into disc cause, although national tendency not be always su You did ver Martin, dryly.
"Yes, indeed! old gentleman mi

he took such a to

"It was forth ularly on the re should have ha blow-up from F clares that every Of course ; l of his country, must see Engla

Ireland in pers the vast and rad "He has on England," said "A flying vis years."
"It is incomp "Why, his acce "He has reta

"Then he ca ence of the bett said Luke. "I my pro-remove beautiful trait acter. It seem lot to learn." " For exampl mildly.