LUKE DELMEGE

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

CHAPTER XVI .- CONTINUED.

"Ah! but war," said Clotilde, "war, readful as it is, is but the sifting and selection of the strongest and the best. Nations emerge from war and renew their strength as the eagle's."

"And see," said a blue-spectacled lady, "how we have eliminated mendi-cancy from our midst. A mendicant is as extinct as a dodo."

as extinct as a dodo."

"I should give all the world to see a beggar!" broke in Luke, rashly.

"A beggar! a real, live beggar, with rags and things?" broke in the chorus of the startled multitude.

"Yes," said Luke, confidently, "a real, live, leprous beggar — a very Lazarus of sores, if only to help us to recall some things we read of in Scripture."

"Ah! but my dear Mr. Delmege, you quite forget that all this took place in Syria and in the close of the ancient cycle. This is England and the nineteenth century.

"Quite so," said Luke, appealing to a Canon, "but what says the Scrip-ture—'The poor you shall always have

"What, then, becomes of the evolu-tion of religion?" shrieked a lady. "If there is to be no progress, where comes in your Christianity "I think," said the senior Canon, that Mr. Delmege is right and wrong

right in his interpretation; wrong in his application. The text he has quoted means: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of

Of course. And that embraces u all," said Olivette. "I'm sure, now, that sometimes I feel quite emb rrassed these accessories of civilization by these accessories of civilization. Can we not do, I say sometimes to my-self, with less? Are not these ornaments of life unnecessary and a burden?
I sometimes feel, that, like dear St.
Francis, I should like to go abroad and -see the world."

-and—see the world."
"How could you get on without your easel and brushes and palettes?" said Clotilde. Olivette was the artist of

"Oh! I should hire a little Italian boy to take them for me, and we could spend days on the Umbrian Mountains, oh! such delicious bits o scenery, and eat nothing but olives and grapes, and drink only water-snow from the fountain-peaks of the Apennines, and-and-a little Falern-

"And ther, dear, said Clotilde, "you could go down into the convents, and copy those dear crucifixions of Angelico, and the sweet 'Ecce Homo's;' and oh! Olive, if you could bring me back one—only one copy of that divine Scourging, by Cortil"

Olivette shuddered, and said coldly "No! no! our Heine has stopped all that. No more painful realism, like visions of Emmerich; but sweet faced Agneses and Cecilias, and per haps, now and again, a divine Juno, or the flower-face of an Oread.

So Luke's little observation drew down this admirable discussion on Scripture, political economy, art, etc., and Luke felt not a little elated as the giver of inspiration and the originator of ideas. Dear me! to think that he, the child of an Irish farmer, should be not only a member, but even a leader, in this select coterie in the centre of in this select coterie in the centre of British civilization! And Carlyle took years to make the British public forget that he was the son of a Scotch mason! Luke was floating on the enchanted

He was accompanied to the door by

the sisters.
"I really think I shall paint your picturesque beggar," sa d'Olivette.
"No, no, dear, don't spoil your artfancies," said Clotilde. "What would the 'Master' say Luke felt half-jealous of that " Mas-

"If you could spare time, he said, "I should like much to have a picture of

that ship in the 'Ancient Mariner'— the sea smooth as glass, the sun setting, and her skeleton spars making a scaffold-ing against the daffedil sky!"
"You shall have it," said Olivette.

"Good-night, brother! Don't forget the Atta Troll "Good-night, brother!"

"Brother, good-night! The Laches for Thursday Bah," said Luke; "there's only a

"Bah," said Luke; "there's only a sheet of tissue-paper between the races; but politicians and pamphleteers have daubed it all over with ghouls and demons on both sides. When will the valiant knight come and drive his lance through it, and let the races see each other as they are?'

It was close on midnight when Luke reached the presbytery. A light was burning in Dr. Drysdale's room Luke went softly upstairs. The old man was at the d or of his bedroom.
"I must say, Father Delmege, that

you are keeping of late most unseason able hours-"I was detained by some gentlemen

from London," stammered Luke. "It appears that midnight is considered quite early in London."

This is not London. This is Aylesburgh. There is a parcel and some letters in the dining-room."

Luke went downstairs. He was

chilled and depressed at this repr He eagerly opened the parcel. He had ordered from a bookseller on the Strand a pretty fair collection—Goethe's "Wil a pretty fair collection—Goethe's "Wil-helm Meister," Comte's "Catechism of Positivism," Mill on "Liberty," Herbert Spencer on "Progress and Education," etc. Instead of the bright. spruce volumes he had expected, foun i four dingy, clammy duodecimos. Turning to the gas-jet, he read the almost obliterated words on the back: BREVIARIUM ROMANUM PARE AESTIVA.

he said. "I suppose Sheldon, who is so much encouned about my eternal salvation."

He tore open the "est letter. It was from Father Shelland, and ran thus: "My dear Delmege-A Miss Wilson,

from Ireland, called here to-day to in-quire for you. She said you were deeply interested in her brother, Louis, a young medical student, at St Thomas's. She had not heard of you removal to Aylesburgh, and seemed disappointed. She has come over to act as housekeeper and guardian angel to her brother. From our brief conver-sation I could gather that she is eminently qualified for both offices. I don despair of the Island of Saints yet. think there's one left. She wished that I should enclose to you their address."

The second letter ran:

"My dear Luke—We expect you over without fail for your sister's wedding. Your protracted exile is causing some anxiety here. It is probable, as you have already heard, that Margery will enter in Limerick. You know that poor Father Tim has gone to meet his brother, Ecclesiastes, in heaven. He left you his Breviaries and a parting word—to hold your head high! Yours affectionately.

" MARTIN HUGHES, P. P. Seaview Cottage, Knockmany. Luke took up the Breviaries rather gingerly. The cover had been origin ally of red morocco; but the years had wrought havec with red and gold They were black, grimy, clammy, from constant use; for then, as now, Breviary is the poetical authology, manual of philosophy, the compendium of theology and patrology to the Irish priest. Luke put down the volumes with a shudder, and then washed his

CHAPTER XVII.

A LAST APHORISM.

'Twas true, indeed. Father Tim was of wisdom, and merged it in the great upernal Wisdom that guides, oh supernal Wisdom that guides, on 1 80 unerringly, yet imperceptibly, the little currents of our lives. There never was a man so proud of his philosophy as Father Tim; never a man who knew so little of the world. His happy consciousness of the former faculty, his happy unconsciousness of the latter. happy unconsciousness of the latter defect, or blessing, made him a most lovable

During this spring the influenza, then quite an unpleasant novelty, was raging in his parish; and night and day he swept the mountains from cabin cabin on his little cob. Then when the epidemic had ceased and the flock was saved, the pastor was struck down, and fatally.

Father Martin was beside himself with grief. Father Pat was too scienti-fic to be oversolicitous about his friend. But he did all that a scientist could do and wonderful were the pharmaceutical remedies that he prescribed. Alas Father Tim was a fatalist.

"When a man's time comes, where's the use in putting back the hands on the clock?" he said. There was no

possible reply to this.

And so, one evening in March of this sad year, Father Martin made up his mind to discharge conscientiously his duty as a friend and brother priest, and warn his good neighbor that the sands were running fast, and it was high time to prepare for the last great journey.

"Of course, Martin," said the poor, patient, feebly, "it is a long road, and there's no turning back when you start. But there are no cross reads either, Martin, where a man could lose

That's true," said Father Martin. "Now we'll see about the spiritual first, and then the temporals." The ceremony did not take long, and

then he made his profession of faith.
"It isn't faith, Martil," he sobbed,
"with me, bision, thalk God."
"That's true, Tim," said Martin,
deeply affected. "I'm sure the Blessed

n herself will come for you. "Ha! ha!" said the dying man no wonder she should-no she should! She'll be very ungrateful, and that's not her way, you know, if she doesn't be standing ther

foot of the bed when the light is going out."
"And you're quite sure you're not

afraid to die?"
"Afraid? Afraid of what, man Better soon than sudden, said No I I; and it is something to go before God with your senses about you." "That's true," said Martin, gravely.

' Now, about your will. "There in the cupboard, such as it

"," said the patient.
Father Martin went over, and after some careful searching amongst old re-ceipts and rubbish, he found the will. It was written on a sheet of notepaper, and ran thus :

"In the name of God, Amer. "I, Timothy Hurley, make my last will and testament. I leave my dear friends, Father Martin Hughes and Father Pat Casey, £50 each for Masses for my soul, to be said at ace. Bis dat ai citodat. I leave my successor £50 for the poor of the parish. Dispersit, dedit pauperibus. I leave the Reverend Mother of the Presentation convent, Limerick, £100 for the children of the convent schools. Sinite parvul os ad me venire. I leave the Superioress of the Good Shepherd, Limerick, £100 for her poor penitents. Errav sicut ovis que periit. I leave my parish, with the Bishop's consent, to Father Pat Casey, because he's a silent man, and knows how to consume his own smoke. And my Breviary I leave to Father Luke Delmege, with the parting advice : Hold your head high, and always put a good valuation on yourself! My soul I leave to Al-mighty God and His Blessed Mother,

for they have the best right to it.
Signed: "TIMOTHY HURLEY,
"Parish Priest of Gortnagoshel."

without a smile. Then—
"There are a good many legacies, here, Tim. Now, where's all the wealth lodged?"
"Wealth?

penny, except you find some loose silver on the mantelpiece." "But you have bequeathed in this will nearly, let me see, over £350. Why did you make such a will if you had no-

thing, as I suspected."
"But didn't the Bishop order us under pain of suspension, to make our wills in three months from the re-treat?" said Father Tim, struggling

with the fading breath.
"Of course. But that supposed you had something to leave. You have been very generous with nothing,

"Well, I thought sure that a full measure is better than an empty sack. And sure, if there's nothing there, they

can get nothing."
"Pat and I will take care of the the Masses, whatever," said Father

Martin. "God bless you, Martin. I knew you would."
"I'm afraid, Tim, the Bishop will hardly admit that you have the right of presentation to your parish."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Martin "Well, to tell you the truth, Martin, I never thought he would. But he's fond of a joke; and I said to myself: 'Well, now, Tim, when His Lordship hears this, he'll clap his hands and say, that's a good joke, and I won't balk him.'"

"Ah! but the preaching," said

Martin.

"Look here, now, Martin, there's too much preaching altogether. I there's anything I'm sorry for, it is that I talked too much. Sure, 'tisn'. the water that runs down the river that the water that runs down the truth the mill, but the water that's caught in the mill race."
"That's true, Tim," said Martin;
"but Bishops want men to preach;
and if you remember your Selva, you

know that it is laid down as the first duty of a parish priest."
"And you think the Bishop won't heed the joke?" said Father Tim,

faintly.
"I fear not," said Father Martin

"He has been very hard on poor Pat for that same thing." There was a long pause, during which the breath of the dying priest came the breath of the dying priest came only in gasps and sobs. Then for a moment it became easier. " Martin."

" Yes, Tim." " Martil, i'b goib to leave you some thib," said the poor priest, with a sob.
"I wouldn't doubt you, Tim," said Father Martin.
"Martil, we were always good

friends."
" Always, Tim." "Yes, Tim."
"I'b goib to leab you Tiny."
"Here Martin became quite affected as his friend.

' I won't take her, but on one condition." he said. 'What is it Martil ?" " That you throw Tony into the bar

God bless you, Martil! I knew could depend on you."

Here it may be remarked that Tiny and Tony had been baptized in a Christian manner and with Christian names.

They were the children of a young They were the children of young medical doctor who had come down to Gortnagoshel, and after a desperate fight had secured a dispensary worth \$100 a year. When he had secured him. this prize, almost at the cost of his life, he won himself another prize, this time a real one, in the shape of a young wife, brought up in a Dublin hot-house of luxury and ease, and suddenly transferred to this Libya by the seashore. But they were very happy together, and very much happier Christina was baptized on Christ when Christina was happased or Christina was bay; and a year later when Anthony was placed under the direct patronage of his mother's favourite saint. For she had a great devotion to St. Antony, and always sealed her letters with the mysterious G. Then one day the cloud S. A. came down. The young doctor tool typhus fever in a mountain cabin and died. And the young mother could not be kept back from him even by the exceeding leve she bore her children but she, too, sickened and died. And on that lonely evening, when her soul was straining between God and her is that word "coor." bairng it was Father Tim tha loose that sweet spirit for God by tak-ing on himself the duty of father and

rotector of the motherless ones.
"Sure 'tis as easy to fill two m tis as easy to fill two mouths as one." he said : and they came with him and grew into his soft and affectionate heart.

"I'll tell you what it is, Martin," said the faint voice; "you're doing too much; but God will bless you."

"I tell you what it is Tim," said fartin, "I'll take the children home Martin, "I'll take the children home now, and come to see you again." "God bless you, Martil," said the grateful heart in its sobbing. Easier said than done, though, to

borrow an aphorism. Tiny and Tony were done up by the housekeeper and brought in in solemn state. Tiny was gorgeous in pink and white. was almost supercilious. He assumed the toga virilis, and, by natur al instinct, had his hands plunged deep in his pockets. He looked curiously from Martin to his guardian, and al most shouted with joy when he was told to say good bye, for he was hence forth to live and lodge at Seaview Cottage. Not so Tiny. When she was placed high up on the pillow to

was placed with the guardian, sobbed and wept and pleaded.
"Come now, Tiny," said Father Martin, "and we'll go home together." "Noa, noa, noa, noa, noa," sobbed Tiny, with her arms around her guardian's neck. Who said "La donna

" Martil," said Father Tim, sobbing

"Yes, Tim," said Martin.
"I dilk I'll keeb Tiny until—until
until 'tis all ober," said Father Tim, 'I'll be back in a few minutes. Come Tony, old boy !"

A few minutes drew on to few hours.

and when Father Martin returned it was clear that the end was at hand. "Martin," said the dying man feebly. '.Yes, Tim."

"Yes, Tim."
"Do you think will that omadhaun,
Daly, be at my Requiem?"
"Very probably, Tim. Every man in
the diocese will be there."
"Could you keep him out of the
choir?" said Father Tim. "He's an

awful roarer."
"I'm afraid not. He generally leads

you know."
"If I hear him yelling, Martin, and
if I see him twisting his head around
to see are the people admiring him,
'twill make me turn in my coffin."
"Never mind him, Tim. He won't

you, I'll promise you. Martin

"Yes, Tim."
"Would you read one of the psalms for me ?" Which, Tin ?"

'The Benedic-, Martin. 'Twas you introduced me to it.' introduced me to it."

Father Martin took up the timestained Breviary, and read that glorious psalm. He was murmuriag along
verse after verse, until he came to
"Quomodo miseretur pater filorum,
misertus est Dominus timentibus se;
paralem less receive demantum por quoniam ipse cognovit figmentum nos-trum. Recordatus est quoniam pulvie sumus : homo, sicut foenum, dies ejus flos agri, sic efflorebit."

"Yes, Tim."
"My mind was wandering when poke about Daly. Give me anothe ballation." spoke

beolution. Martin imparted the Sacrament again. Then, after a pause, Father m said :
"Martin."

"Yes, Tim." "Are you there?"

"My sight—is—leaving me. But -tell-you, Martin?'

"What ?" "That the-Blessed Virgin - would

"You did, Tim." "There—she—is, Martin!"
"Where?" said Father Martin, star-

"Look - there-over her - picture. Yes," he said, speaking to the invisible, "I'm ready. Never—refuse—a—good—eff—"

And Martin was alone in the room.

There was a vast gathering at the Antiphons; and the most magnificent music of the Catholic burial service; and I am afraid he did twist his beau around sometimes to see the effect on his audience, but the silent slumberer made no sign. These things were of no concern to him now or forevermore. When the white ring of the assem-

bled priests was broken up around the grave after the wailing us, and of all assembled only the dead priest and Father Martin remained the people closed around the coffin

And then
"In all arose a great wailing. The men stood silently weeping; the men were demonstrative in their outbuist of sorrow. Some knelt and beat the coffin with their open palms; some lifted hands to heaven; all cried: be with him that is gone !" could hear strange stories narrated his goodness and self-sacrifice; and his wisdom had passed into a proverb

amongst a proverb-loving people.
"Many's the time he said to me
'God is good; and He said He would." said to me "Ay, indeed, 'A stout heart for a long road,' a used to say. And sure we wanted the pleasant word to keep

our sperits up."

""Darby,' he used to say, 'Darby,
never let a fox get on your shoulder to
pluck the grapes. If you do, Darby,
believe me very few will drop into your

"Wisha, what'll become of thim little orphans, I wonder? Sure, they have no one now but the grate God!
"Whisht, 'uman, they're 'uman, they're down at

"God bless him! Sure he has the kind heart. But poor Father Tim! poor Father Tim! The heavens be his hed tanight!" Father Martin's.

There is no harm in feeling a sense of justifiable pride when one makes a great discovery. Hence, we congratulate ourselves on the unique distinction of having found that the distinctive term of popular canonization in Ireland The man who is s that word "poor. The man who is spoken of as poor is an admired and loved man. "Poor Father Tim!"
"Poor St. Joseph!" "The poor Pope!" Is it not significant that an impoverished race, to whom poverty, often accentuated into famine, has been the portion of their inheritance and their cup for nigh on seven hundred years, should take that word as the expression of their affection? Happy the priest to whom it is applied; he has a deep root in the people's hearts. It was never applied to the great Canon. He was so lofty, and great, Canon. He was so forty, and great, and dignified, that every one felt it would be a misnomer. But we retain a lingering affection for him, for he was a most worthy man; and this time we

shall oppose the popular verdict, or rather supply the popular omission. The poor Canon was convalescent. Ie, too, had been attacked by that most irreverent and undiscriminating invader, the influenza. But he had curate, and Father Tim hadn't. That made all the difference in the world. Father Tim went to heaven; the Canon remained in the valley of tears. And he was weak, and languid, and de-pressed. He had heard of his neigh-

ur's demise.
"A good poor fellow," he said, "but somewhat unformed. Quaint and almost—ha—mediæval, he could hardly be styled—ha—a man of the world. was a simple, unadorned priest. This was said to Barbara, who had come down from Dublin to nurse her

uncle.
"I understood," said Barbara, in reply, her kind heart always anxious to say the kind word, "that he was guar-dian to Anna Bedford's little children.

oh! it was so sad!"

"Imprudent, my dear child!" said
the Canon. "Or, rather a series of—
ha—imprudences. Think of that young
lady, leaving the—ha—luxuries of her
Dublin home to live in such a remote and-ha-uncivilized place. And this on one hundred pounds a year! And then the imprudence of that—ha—ex cellent clergyman in taking the grave and serious obligation of their—ha -maintenance and education. We shall never learn ordinary-ha-prud ence in Ireland.

"You have had a letter from Louis.

uncle?" said Barbara, arxious to hange the subject.
"Yes!" said the uncle, whose many

imprudences there now flashed on his mind. He thought Barbara was person "I want you, Barbara, for the-hafuture to remain here. I shall give you up the keys of this—ha—establish-

ment—"
"I'm afra'd, uncle, much as I should like to be your companion, and the quiet country life would have many at ractions for me, I am called

"Mother can manage without you now, my dear child," he said. "And now, my dear child," he said. "And suppose you were to form a respectable —ha—alliance by marriage, she would have to dispense with your services."
"It is not mother that needs me, uncle," she said, weeping softly, "but poor Louis."
"Then you have heard constitutions."

'Then you have heard something to cause grave apprehension?" said the Canon. "I thought that Louis was promising to have a most respectable— He did not finish the diplomatic phrase

It hurt his conscience.
"I don't know," said Barbara; "but
I have presentiments, and I am anxi-

"You don't think he has any ency now towards—ha—well, evil com-panionship?" "I don't kno v," she murmured.

"London is a dangerous place."
"You would not suspect that he had any leaning towards—ha—I can hardly express myself," said the Canon, blandly, "towards—well—intoxicating drinks?"

I hardly dare think on the sub-

ject," she said.
"And, of course," said the Canon, "And, of course," said the Canon, with that consummate diplomacy in which he considered himself past master, "it never entered into your mind that—that—ha—he might have -it is only a-suppositious case, you know-ha - contemplated self-destruc-"Oh! uncle! uncle!" cried Bar-

bare, in a paroxysm of grief, "why did you not tell me sooner? Oh! Louis, Louis! I shall never forgive myself." The Canon was greatly troubled, le hated scenes. They disturbed his He hated scenes. They disturbed his equanimity, and left his nerves tingling for hours after. And he felt how unreasonable it was of Barbara not to have accepted his diplomatic suggestions in a diplomatic manner. are so unreasonable; their intuitions and instincts rush so far ahead of

Now, Barbara, this is unreasonable, and not at all—ha—what I expected from you. A young lady brought up as you have been should have acquired—ha—more composure of manner. " But, uncle dear, if what you have

hinted at were only remotely possible it would be dreadful beyond endurance. Poor Louis! we have not treated him well! " Now, now, Barbara, please let us

not continue the painful subject. I am not well. I am depressed, and—ha— these harrowing subjects are really il—embarrassing."
'I'm sure I'm so sorry, uncle; but when could I go?''
"Well, dear," the Canon said, his natural benevolence conquering, "I think you are right. Indeed, I must

say now that I suggested to your—ha-excellent mother months ago that Louis "Mother never told me—Oh! dear!
Oh! dear!" sobbed Barbara, in her

"Well! never mind, child; there is no harm done. You can make prepara-tions at once; and leave for London as

soon as—ha—you are able."
"Oh! thanks, dear uncle." said Barbara; "I shall leave te-night, with your permission. And you mustn't think me cruel or ungrateful, dear uncle, to leave you until you are quite beyond conval-escence. But, you know—" "Quite enough, Barbara," he said.

"I understand you my child. I shall give you money for your journey; and or-rather parishioner of mine in London—a young priest—I think, by the way, you met him here at one

"You mean Father Delmege, uncle," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes! he has been very kind to Louis—that is, I mean, I think he has been-

"Well, I shall give you a letter to that estimable young clergyman, and ask him to help you in the—ha—exceedingly arduous task you have undertaken.

There was silence for a few minutes. "And, Barbara!" exclaimed the Canon. 'Yes, uncle dear." "If you thought well of it, perhaps

you might deem it—ha—prudent bring Louis back to Ireland—'' "Father and Louis do not seem to understand each other," she said adly.

The Canon paused, debating the prudence of what he was going to say. For the Cauon in his youth had been a most unselfish, imprudent creature given to all kinds of generous, mad im-pulses (witness that girl in typhus whom he had placed in the ambulance

waggon, as he would now call it), and therefore it behoved him to be guard. "I meant." he said. "that perhaps. -it is only a suggestion, -that perhap Louis and you might take up your resi dence here until such a period as would insure his thorough reform-I mean

convalescence."
"Oh! uncle, you are too good; you are too good! I will bring Louis back;

we shall be so happy." little girl And Barbara, rash, daring actually took the soft hand of her un-resisting uncle and kissed it. He did not withdraw his hand, nor was he

And so a few days afterwards Louis Wilson stared with wide, colourless eyes, in which the pupils were but a pin-point, and out of a very glassy face at an apparition that framed itself in the doorway of his room. And some one, he dreamt, took up his shaking hand, from which the finger nails were mouldering, and kissed him. And the good old housekeeper announced to the

other lodgers a few days later that "a hangel had come hall the way from Hireland to the puir young gentleman;" Hireland to the puir young general as at and that her honest conscience was at rest. And Barbara was very happy, for things were not altogether so as she had dreaded; and she knew

as see had dreaded; and see knew that she had one great friend in London— the Rev. Luke Delmege.

And the Canon had a letter from his Bishop to the effect that his Lordship was premoting his curate, the Rev. Patrick Casey, to a parish in a far part of the diocese; and that he was sending him another curate. Who will say that a Bishop cannot enjoy a joke? Well, hal!-way! For Father Pat did not succeed to Govtnagoshal as his ceed to Gortnagoshel, as his good friend wished; yet he got his incumbency at last, and he owes his benefice to that stray joke that found its way lnto the most absurd and informal will that even a Lord Chancellor could de viee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE RATIE O'CONNOR.

"Your sister will have to be removed to the hospital to-morrow," said Dr. Lawton, drawing on his gloves and glancing sympathetically at the palefaced young man in the invalid chair, whom he was addressing.

"I know it will be rather hard on you," continued the physician, "when you cannot be near her all the time to know every minute just how the case progresses. But this is a very slow nalady she is booked for, and the changes come at lengthy intervals, so you can be kept informed by telephone exactly as well as if you were at her bedside. She has typhoid fever, with the serious complication of a sort of nervous breakdown, and the hospital is the only place where she can have really proper treatment and anything like hope of ultimate recovery can be assured. If she were to remain here, it would be necessary to have a trained nurse and relief in constant attendance, and even then conditions would not be and even then conditions would not be nearly so favorable as in a situation where ventilation, temperature and everything else is regulated—can be regulated on an exactly proper basis. But cheer up, Mr. Hathaway, the young lady has a good constitution, and is just the age to be able to bold the even almost squipst any odds. With her own almost against any odds. proper care, you may expect to have her home with you in from six weeks to two

months more."

The youth who listened to the pro nouncement sat alone a few minutes later gazing out through the gathering shadows of an early spring evening over a very dreary scene. The view within his range of vision was chiefly dingy housetops, near at hand ill-kept back yards and alleys, with huge rubbish heaps here and there, and no break

in the dismal monotony.

But dreary as the scene was without in the perspective of the observer's mental view there were discomfort and gloom yet more disheartening. He was a cripple, had been thus for For care and maintenance he years. For care and maintenance he was entirely dependent on his cheerful, robust sister, Margaret, who was four years his senior. At fourteen this only brother had, by an accident, been thrown helpless on the girl's hands. But she was equal to the occasion. At the time she was just completing a course in a business college, and, taining employment at a fair salary, she had been able to maintain a respec-table and even cozy home for the two

ever since. But the girl's income, with the tax upon it constantly, never permitted any attempt at saving, so that when she was now stricken with grave illness there were no funds on hand and no means in prospect to provide the neces-saries required. "Margaret must go saries required. "Margaret must go to the hospital," the doctor had said. "Yes, as a charity patient," brother, with tears in his eyes, flected. And he left alone! W his eves, rewas he to do? Where was the rent for their little flat to come from, not to speak of the food and assistance in

daily require? He could hear his sister in the adjoining room tossing about restlessly and muttering at intervals as the fever grew on her apace. The darkness gathered like a mantel about him in the room where he sat, but, ah, it was a cold, comfortless garment, yes, a shroud. Yet he would accept that gladly if it only meant release from the torture he was suffering. But, no, this was an appareling for a living death. Oh, why was he so helpless? he, a man, almost twenty now, more helpless than a young child? He beat his head with his clenched hands, wept and moaned in intense misery.

Suddenly a movement at the door attracted his attention. It was a stealthy movement, and almost noiselessly the knob was turned, the door pushed gently inward and a little girl's head thrust through the opening.
"Oh, you are in the dark, Mr. Hat'way," said a little voice. "Shall I come in and make a light for you?

ean make a light, Mr. Hat'way. I can light the gas and a lamp, too. You needn't be afraid; I will take care of the match. Mamma often lets me; she says I do it just as rice as can be-Mamma sent me up to see if Miss Maggie wants anything. She will be up herself by and by, mamma will."
"Thank you, dear," said the young man, "but I don't need a light just yet. man, "but I don't need a light just yeur Come in, little one, and go in softly to see Margaret. Perhaps she is awake and may have some message to send your mother. If she is asleep, don't disturb her." In a few minutes the little girl, a child of about eight years, tinteed out of the service of th

tiptoed out of the bedroom.
"She is asleep," she said, "and she didn't speak to me. Oh, are you sick, too, Mr. Hat'way? You look just as

though you were crying."
"Do I?" said the young man. "Well, that is very silly, I suppose, for a big man like me. Your mamma will soon be coming up here, will she not, dear? When she comes, if she finds me asleep, tell her not to mind me; I guess I will get along all right to-night somehow.

Little Katie O'Connor, daughter the kind-hearted janitress of the build daughter of ing, went down to her basement home,

her mother in a grant her busy mind was a 'Oh, mamma,' know, I believe Mr. and I want you to le supper. He says he has been crying, I must be hungry, think?" Well, he might O'Connor, smiling; at this time of day about a thing like doctor has told his electric sickness. his sister's sickness

anxious to secure t

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will fix him up a little pot of tea and to him, one thing at him to cheer up as things are not alw seem. He will find of tea all right, any So in a very lit good fairy Katie ha viting repast spreatable beside the g To satisfy the chawakened appetite the food, he ate an "Now, I hope y Mr. Hat'way," said ant, as she removed am going to ask i Miss Margaret in row, and I will ha if you want me in the praye g man. "W

young man. "Widear? I am afraid "Why, you see, in her tidying peri when we know any body tells Sister they are having, s prayers; then we Mary for them — gether—and, of or have something of something awfu been expecting.' Why, that is ster Hathaway Lester momentarily light countenance. "I Margaret and m for we do

get well and l happen." You are sur want if you say too. Sister says, again, arrested Catholic and th prayers like ours. catechism you n Mary and say it v It is real short, sure to get what "Certainly, de man. book with the pr

it and say it ea be sure, if it will good you promise heart would best So Eatie O'Con thumbed catechi chair, pointing the subject of st the young man, & body and heart. cident afforded ing diversion o benefit.

That night the a confidential janitress, when t up to see what d his fever-ra retired to rest. terview was a pr nor's part to m doctor with the two invalids, a the sick girl under the circur When the do different aspec

anxious brother

able to find go

ing for her one

endowed refuge

The obtaining

occupied. The

young man, he provided for s was left with day—the broth herself, who c transport himse All that day alone, listening moaning of th loved and upon ly dependent. multitudinous ministering to and bringing whose require very light inde with apprehen loped future juthe great presorrow. He w

hand of chari from the touc From time t took up little l and dog-eared tions and answ he did this h himself by and to the extent of chapters, saying declare, if I we mind I would doctrines it tr As he had

factress, he g prayer she p read it ove then repeated

and devotion in his depress "Holy Mary, us sinners no