LUKE DELMEGE

mighty mazes of the silken net. Then

came a series of objurgations and apoiogies accompaning the tremendous conflict, whilst every moment seemed to
involve the Bishop more hopelessly in
the silken intricacy. The brettren
moved not. There was a faint sound
as of a titter; but no: British equasintity and of a sint a wars reconstraint.

as of a titter; but no: British equa-nimity and self-poise were proof against the temptation, and no one stirred from his statuesque position to help the struggling agonistre. It was too good to terminate or interrupt. They enjoyed it in British fashion by look-ing at one another. Just then the

his hands into the pockets of his soutane, looked a ound calmly, and said aloud: "Well, I'm blessed!"

said aloud: "Well, I'm blessed!"
Then, moving forward, he pushed Luke
gently aside with "Allow me!" and,
putting his arms under the tangled
silk and ermine, he gently lifted it,
turned it around, kicked back the long,
shining train, and it was done. Then

he ordered all forward, and Luke, with

burning face and tingling nerves, took his place in the procession. He found it difficult to compose himself during

Vespers, and forgot all about his sermon in the painful retrospect, until

Arthur bowed to him, and took him over to receive the episcopal blessing.

The Bishop saw his embarrassment, and showed, as only a Bishop can, some

Then Luke was in the pulpit. He stammered through his text; then re-

covered himself, and spoke the first four sentences of his sermon well. His

four sentences of his sermon well. This clear, metellic voice toiled slowly through the great overcrowded building, searching into every corner, as he

eaned on every syllable and accented

every final consonant. Then, in an un-happy moment, his memory reverted to his little gaucheries in the sacristy,

and, as the shame came back, he forgot the trend of his discourse and began to

and his heart began to pump blood into his brain, until all the faculties

fortified took up their work again, and the paralysis ceased, and the faithful

and pliant instrument obeyed the soul and without bluder or flaw, the beaut

ful discourse flowed on to the end, and

good!' After Benediction, and be-fore divesting himself even of his biretta, the Bishop came over, shock

Luke warmly by the hand and said : -

"I have rarely heard anything so beautiful and practical!" which, from a Briton, meant a good deal. Next day Luke was in his library.

The spirit of work had now seized him

and possessed him, until he felt work,

out of their horrors the souls that

Luke.
"Yes; I am sending you on to Drys

Whilst he was engaged in packing his few books and clothes, a timid knock was heard, and Father Sheldon

came in. "What's up ?" he cried in amaze

"What's the matter, Delmege? Where are you going?" said Father

"Never mind," said Luke, virus are round. "Look here, Sheldon, you are hypoprites.

all the same—a pack of hypoorites.

tried to believe otherwise; but now my turn has come."

Father Sheldon. "Are you going back

"Only that I have engaged myself for seven years, I should go back by the

I wish I were," said Luke bitterly

"It's all about this-that I'm ordered

off to Aylesburgh at an hour's notice as if I had the plague. Of course

should have expected it. The moment

he's shifted to some obscure place. "There may be some reason," Father Sheldon, diffidently.

-a remarkable, that moment

said Father Sheldon,

"I don't understand you,"

Luke turned away.

Sheldon, quite alarmed.

around.

first train.

is it all about ?'

"Be it so,'

'Come in !'

"I'm going," said Luke, briefly.
"I know it," said the old

known voice.

going out.

work, work, was the elexir of life.

and classical spot, called

"At work, Delmege?"

could you be ready?"

entered.

flounder through some dreary tudes. But pride came to his

men drew breath and said

invisible and intangible

ing at one another. Just then master of ceremonies came in. He

series of objurgations and apol-

SY THE REV P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR O

"MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC. CHAPTER XV.

AVLESBURGH.

"I have been thinking of making some changes in the Cathedral staff, said the Bishop to the Vicar in the library. "I'm not too well satisfies with the seminary and should like to would not Father Sheldon, with his very high ideas about the priesthood be an admirable guide for young stud

"Certainly," said the Vicar, "ex

cept that, like myself, he speaks too
plainly sometimes."
"Very true," said the Bishop.
"There would be some darger there.
And I must remove Dalmage." And I must remove Delmege—"
"Delmege?" said the Vicar, quite

alarmed. 'Yes, for his own sake. I see clearly he is rather too interested in the plat

-too little in the pulpit. form—too little in the pulpit.

"He speaks well, and is dong excellent work," said the Vicar. "True; but is all that he says either

edifying, do you think? "Well, he does rub the wrong way sometimes," said the Vicar, relunct

antly. "I had been thinking of speaking to him seriously about some of his utter-ances," said the Bishop. "That perpetual harping on the English schism and on Irish fidelity does not exactly please our English audience. 'We kept please our English audience. the Faith in Ireland when, at the dicta tion of a savage king, you flung aside the glorious heritage,' does not souther

British mind.

the British mind."

"I should say not," said the Vfcar,
laughing. "But it is the truth, not
its utterance, that is painful."

"Then," said the Bishop, resuming,
"I turned over a file of newspapers newspapers the other day, and came across

rgular passage in one of his lectures:
The English mind is by nature antagonistic to Catholic truth. It was ot Luther, it was the legend of 'Faust not Luther, it was the legels of the Refor-that prepared the way for the Refor-mation. The world was tired of asceti-mation. cism and saints. So were the English They wanted the gods, their liberty, their sensuality. They found their gods in such satyrs as Luther and Henry; they found their liberty in the Henry; they found their interty in the assertion of individual freedom; sensuality followed. And if all England were Catholic again, and the Pope presumed to order an additional fast day,

you would call out the Reserves and mobilize the fleet at Spithead."
"Yes, I remember," said the Vicar, laughing. "The fellow has the knack of putting the truth unpleasantly. I remonstrated with him. 'Is it true or false?' he said. 'Perhaps true,' I replied. 'Then why not tell it?' he He can't understand that it is not always desirable to advance un-

ssary truths.' "He wants experience," said the Bishop. "I was going to say correction.' But, you know, these fire eating !rishmen won't take correction.
Then I thought of sending him to
Whitstable. But that is too great a

responsibility."
"I shall miss him greatly," said the Vicar. "He is a fine, manly young priest; hits straight from the shoulder,

what a pity these high blooded natives won't bear the bit!"

"Then I thought of Aylesburgh," said the Bishop. "I could bring up old Collins here. But would Drysdale be able to control this young enthy. able to control this young enthu-

"I think so. Delmege, the moment

he recognizes the sanctity of his pastor, will be as wax in his hands. " Be it so, then," said the Bishop.

"I shall miss him sadly," said the Vicar, with something that seemed like " No doubt, we are a leader

The following Sunday evening there was an important function in the Cathedral. The Bishop was to assist in Cappa magna. Luke was to preach.

All were assembled in the inner sac-

risty just before the ceremony com-menced. Luke was slightly nervous It was the first time he had to preach in the Bishop's presence, and say what you please, it is an ordeal to speak be-fore an accomplished preacher, who fore an accomplished preacher, who also holds the keys of life and death. "Would you assist the Bishop?" said Arthur, who was master of cere-monies, "whilst I look after the altar."

Luke moved forward and took up the Cappa magna. Now, the Cappa magna is the most beautiful of all the beautiful vestments with which Mother Church, in her great love, clothes her children. cannot conceive how any lesser genit hat of Michael Angelo have devised it. A judge's ermine is nowhere in comparison, and even the nowhere in comparison, and even the coronation robes of royalty pale into insignificance before it. But like all beautiful things in Nature and art, it must be handled, with science and skill and delicacy. You succeed by a hair's breadth, and it is a sceess. You fail by a most trilling misdirection; and a consummate and irremediable Now Luke had neither science because he knew nothing about this airy, fluffy, delicate thing; nor skill-because he had never touched it before; nor delicacy-for his strong, muscula fingers had not yet tapered into sensitive, nervous points. But he had the confidence of inexperience. took up the beautiful silk and ermine in his arms, and tossed it lightly over Bishops's head. The Bishop ated. "Take care!" But it was shouted . The Bishop found that the too late. long, shining masses of crimson silk hung like a curtain before him.

You have put it on wrongly," he said angrily.

Luke tried to remedy the blunder by shifting the ermine around. It refused to be shifted. Luke was as crimson as the silk. He pulled and shifted and

Take it off," said the Bishop. More easily said than done. Luke ifted it, and then found the Bishop's head supplessly entangled in the

It was a week before he opened the nvelope. Instead of £7 10s., the uarter's salary, the check was written for £15.

two hour's run brought the sa A two hour's run brought the sad and disappointed Luke to his new home. He drove rapidly to the pres bytery. The rector was not at home. The housekeeper left his luggage in the hall, and did not even show him his room. He went out to see the Church, muttering "brusque and British enough!" The little Church British enough!" The little Church was very dark, and the air was redolent with incense. He said a little prayer, and looked around, trying to imagine his congregation.
"Somewhat different from the Cathe

'al," he thought.
"I shall not have to raise my voice

here." He went behind the charge and examined the music. here." then studied the brass tablets on the benches, with the names of the pew proprietors. There was no "Lord," not even a "Sir." "The Canon would be disappointed,

he whispered. He meant himself though he did not know it. He started at some names. They were connected with art and literature. "I must mind my P's and Q's here, he whispered.
"Let me see." He went up to the
predella of the altar, and looked around
casting his release. casting his voice in imagination up to the stained Crucifixion that lighted the front gallery. "Twill do," he said. He meant "I'll do." He examined the cards in the pews again. "' The Misses Pardoe!" he said. "I wonder who are these. 'Fraulein von Essler; Mademoiselle Deshayes;' rather cos mopolitan. 'Je Hallo, Jeremiah! Jeremiah O'Connor.

'Arthur Henry Halleck!' Can this be the Nineteenth Century reviewer? After all, I shall have some one to speak to."

Just then a visitor arrived in the shape of a great brown shaggy re-triever, ringed all over with bronze Gravely and sedately he moved curls. curls. Gravely and sedately he moved up the aisle, until he reached to where Luke was standing watching him. He then as gravely lifted his right paw, which Luke instantly grasped. "Good-day, old fellow," he said; "you're the first to welcome me. I'd swear you are an Irishman." So they passed into the presbytery again. This time the reactor was at home. He

This time the rector was at home. rushed out, a fussy little man, his gray hairs all tossed awry, fussily shook hands with Luke., "You, Delmege?" —took up the hat box, bade Luke take had now determined to plunge deeper than ever into his slums, and to drag Come along to the portmanteau - "Come along to your room; you'll have to rough it here, you know. There! A place for your books, bed, chair, table. You'll were festering there. For this pur-pose he had drawn up a large map, showing every street, lane, alley, and court in his district, and was just giv-the finishing touches to an aristocratic

At the usual time," said Luke coldly. He thought there was hardly sufficient recognition of his dignity. Then he sat down and looked around Granby Court, Granby Lane, off Spittal
Alley.
when the door opened and the Bishop It was not a prepossessing kind of room. It was not a prepossessing kind of room. It was very large, with a very low ceiling, worm-eaten boards, pretty large rat holes in the corner, cupboards where ghosts might hide— "Yes, my Lord!"
"What would you think of going to
Aylesburgh?" altogether a rambling, antique, haunted mysterious kind of room, such as you might see in ancient castles, long "Ay-ay-Aylesburgh ?" stammered disused. One thing redeemed its dark ness and general mustiness. There was a noble window, opening on a tiny plot dale. He is a brusque Briton, but a good fellow. You'll like him. When of grass, and commanding an extensive view of a high, brown, bare wall which Luke soon found was the north "Oh at any time your Lordship pleases," said Luke, somewhat nettled, and thinking this might mean a fortern gable of a hideous Wesleyan con venticle. For hence in the long sum night's notice.
"Well, it's just now three. There's a train at half past four. Could you meet it?" ner twilights, and the long nights, did Luke often hear the dis mal wailings of Calvinistic hymns droned out by raucous male voices of the shrill trebles of women and the Then the whole thing burst on Luke's eternal burden was: mind, and he said, stiffly, as he rose:
"If your Lordship pleases!" — and
passed out of the room.

Oh lilet us be joyful, joyful, joyful,

But there was one hymn, redolent o Calvinism and discord, which was sung morning, noon and night in this dreary conventicle. It haunted Luke like spectre, and he confessed that, to the very end of his life, it sent his heart to boots. It was all about being saved! saved!! saved!!!

"If these be the pens of the elect,' thought Luke, "I wonder on what un imaginable miner key are pitched the wailings of the lost ! It was his first introduction to the

gloom and desolation of the English religion.
"And these are the people who,

through their writers, through Dickens and Arnold and the host of globetrotting cynics, try to turn into cule the sweet, sunny religion of Italy and Spain! But they produced a Faber, Luke. Well, that saves them " But, for heaven's sake, man, what

There was a short service and Benediction on Thursday evening, at which, to Luke's surprise, there was a very arge attendance. And here he noticed that almost invisible but terrible line of demarcation, that in all English a young Irishman makes himself useful, churches, separates the imperialists fram the helots. The front benches were sparsely filled with well-dressed, stately English; the last two benches were well filled with poorly dressed "Of course there is. The universal reason of jealousy. I shouldn't mind so much, but the good Bishop was Iaish, whose very attitude was an apology. And back in the gloom of the porch, hidden in the shadows of and - hypocritical enough to pay a marked compliment last night, and the confessionals, the exiles thronged and swayed to and fro, and flung out "I'm extremely sorry," said Father their arms in adoration, and shool their beads, as long ago on the mud floor and whitewashed cabins in the Irish hills. Luke couldn't stand it. "There's more Saxon duplicity," said Luke, bitterly. "I'm quite sure there's not one in the house who is half so glad as you are—"
"Bo it so." said Fair.

"Stand up, and go on to those vacant seats," he said, peremptorily. "God bless your reverence; but we'd rather be here." And there they

As Luke passed down the corridor, remained. It was his first little rencontre with he stopped for a moment at the Vicar's door and timidly knocked. his pastor. He referred, in not very measured terms, to this heretical ex-clusiveness in the House of the Great "I know it," said the old man.
"There's a quarter due."

Father. "There should be no distinction of class here, as there shall be none on the Day of Judgment. And, from my ex-perience of England, Doctor, I tell you that the one secret of the Church is "I'm sorry for leaving you, sir," said Luke, with a gulp; "you have been very kind, and I couldn't go The Vicar was writing. He folded develop 't; don't waste your energies

the paper in an envelope, and handed it to Luke.

"Good bye, Delmege," he said.
That was all.

"All alike," thought Luke. "Made out of putty and then frozen."

It was a week before he opened the like was a week before he opened the country?"

"Two years and six months," stammered Luke, blushing at his own con-

ceit.
"Oh! I nearly sgree with you, my young friend," continued the rector; "but there are practical difficulties, which, perhaps, at some future time, you, too, may be invited to solve. For example, did it occur to you that there is a heretical gas company that insists on being paid every quarter; and a heretical corporation that demands rates; and an organist who, though not a heretic, wants bread and butter; and a sacristan who, though an excellent Catholic, must be fed as be comes a Briton; and last, not least, a most estimable young Irish confrere who, perhaps, too-but perhaps, I'm wrong?-Can it be that our idealistic brethren across the Channel live, in a

balloon like way, on fresh air?"
"You have left them precious little else to live on," said Luke, who was half angry, half amused.

Nevertheless, his training had al ready habituated him to common sense, and he rather admired the rector. Luke preached on Sunday evening

after Compline. Luke preached well. He did not anticipate a very distinguished or appreciative audience, and perves were calm under the in-erence. But when his practised eye detected quite an aristocratic and educated audience, he pulled himself together, and directed his train of ught in the channels that might suit them.

"I dare say they have heard of me," the dear little idol whispered, "and expect something. I must not dis int them."

And here let it be said that in these last two years and a half Luke had picked out of reviews and pamphlets more theological imformation than he had acquired in a four years divinity course. And now he had to study more closely, and address his studies to special subjects, because he found in a few weeks, that he was addressing not only a congregation of converts, but that, every Sunday evening, his out that, every sunday evening, his audience was largely composed of Pro testants of every shape and hue, from the eager solicitor, or doctor, or banker, down to the dragoon from the barracks, who, during the dis course, sliced oranges for his best girl. This latter episode, indeed, rather disturbed Luke's equanimity at first, and his Celtic temper brought him perilously near an explosion; but he came accustomed to the unintentional irreverence, and, after a few Sundays seased to notice it.

Then he found that, on Monday o Tuesday, a Baptist, or Sociaian, of Unitarian would claim an interview with the object of controverting statement in the sermon of the prev ious evening; and Luke became sud-denly aware that there was a good deal to be studied and considered be fore he could break through the crust of self-opinion that gathers round right of private judgment.

But we are anticipating. On the first Sunday evening, when Luke entered the presbytery, expecting to re-ceive the congratulations of his rector, he was surprised to find the little parlor full of parishioners. Three or four families were represented, from father grave and solemn, and mother smiling and happy, down to grow maidens and youths with great blace eyes and pale faces, and even little children, who looked up boldly and inquiringly at the new assistant. There was a little amicable rivalry amongst them, and the question was—who was to secure this clever, handsome young

Irishman as guest for the evening.
"Now, Mr. Godfrey, you are always monopolizing our priests. There was no such thing as getting Father Collins to come to us. "Oh! dear, dear! and we used to say that Father Collins lived at the

Hermitage. " Now, Mr. Godfrey, we really must we must have Mr. Del-Delsaid Luke, smiling

upon. We must have Mr. Del—Del"Delmege," said Luke, smil
happily at this battle in his honor. "We have Mr. Delmege every Sunday evening and on alternate Thursday." days

"Really, Mrs. Bluett, you are most grasping and intolerant. I appeal to The doctor was tossing up the long ringlets of a little maiden of five sum-

"I'm sure," be said, shrugging his shoulders, "I shan't interfere. If you could manage to divide him, as Solomon intended with the baby, it would be

all the better.' Mr. Godfrey, however, bore away the prize triumphantly. ense enough to whisper to his rector : Shall I go ?"

"By all means. But don't stay later than ten. They'll like you al the

And this was Luke's first introduction to a good pastor, whom ever after he regarded as the greatest and dear-est of the "dii majores" who were enshrined in the secret temple of honored friendship, and to the circle of the gentlest and sweetest people that he had yet or ever known. It is quite true, indeed, that he had some ademic discussions from time to time with his pastor, generally on political topies, but these, too, were tacitly avoided after a while. And for a time he was embarrassed and puzzled at the idiosyncrasies of English life. He couldn't manage cold roast beef and cheese and ale at 80 clock at night; and old John Godfrey was considerate enough always, when placing his hand on the cover of the Stilton, to shout: "Look out, Father Delmege l" So, too, he found it bard to understand to the still of th good men of forty or fifty could spend hours over a stupid game of dominoes, with nothing but counters in the pool; and he thought whist in in his chair as he sat around a winter's fire, and a calm, Carthusian silence pervaded the whole family circle. "Iso'! this enjoyable, Father Del-

mege?" John Gcdfrey would say, tak.
ing the long clay from his mouth and
exhaling a m'ghty cloud.
"Very," Luke would answer, adding

"Very," Luke would answer, adding in his own mind, "not quite as bad as a jail, but a great deal worse than a college."

But he got used to it, and his nerves were gradually toned down into the silky smoothness that reigned everywhere around him. And he began to see great deeps of affection and love far down beneath the icy surface; and every day he was made aware of genuine kindness, gentie, undemonstrative, unobstrusive, until he grew to love these bstrusive, until he grew to love these grave, pleasant people, and they loved

"Bah!" he used to say angrily to himself sometimes, "there's only a sheet of tissue paper between the two races, but politicians and journalists have daubed it all over with the vislons of demoniacs. When will great man arise to drive his through the obstruction and let two peoples see each other as they are ?

And the great, white-haired Canon at home began to rise steadily in his esteem, and Lisnalee, became more shadowy and cloudy than ever. Luke would not sing "The Muster

"I really must write to Sheldon," he said. I am almost tempted to write the Bishop to thank him. But I'll express it later on."

CHAPTER XVI.

ENCHANTMENT.

The Canon sat in his favorite arm chair in his rectory at home. The morning sun streamed in, and made a glory of his white hair, as of an Alp in the sunlight. The Canon was happy.
And he was happy because he had not et attained everything he could de sire. For, you know, the unbay man is he who, like poor Herder, the unhapp got everything that even Shakespeare offers to old age, and has nothing to look forward to this side of the grave. There were some things yet to be desired, to be reached unto, to be seized -to be enjoyed? No! The enjoymen is the pursuit; it ceases when the hand closes down on the prize. And yet, with every consolation around him, and that most sublime of consolations, the growing happiness of his people, forever under his eyes, there were some misgivings-the rift lute, the fly in the amber, which are inseparable from all kinds of human felicity. A letter lay open on the table. It was a pathetic letter, and, more pathetic still, it contained a This the Canon read over and ver, and the tears were in his eyes Yet the Canon was happy, for he was good man, and he had the power of relieving misery always within his reach. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which was the happier—the benevolent Canon, who presented some poor woman with a brace of Orping tons, with the assurance that she would have a glorious "cluck" in the springtime, or the poor woman who was just about to enjoy the pleasures of proprietorship. And when he had got thirty per cent. knocked off the rents of his tenantry, he walked on air for several days afterwards. So the Canon pappy, for he was writing a check for

£10 this morning, and the check was made payable to Louis Wilson. The old fool! says some one. Not at all! You'd do the same your self, my indignant friend, if you had little account at your banker's, and it you chanced to have these lines addressed to you:

He stood afar, as one without a God,
Waiting in darkness for the deeper night,
When sleep would come—the long and soulless sleep,
That seemed to him more peaceful than the
hope
Of future immortality. In the silence of that solemn midnight hour,

While calmly slept the world, and stars kept And the land was flooded; with the moon's weird light, And the heavens and the earth were steeped in beauty. He laid him down thus wretchedly.

And a ray of moonlight glittered on the blade That leaped with deathly swiftness to his That leaped with deathly swiftness to his heart: And the stars looked down in pity as he sank With closed eyes among the sleeping flowers. To rest forever peacefully.

The Canon was not a critic; nor had he an ear for music, or a finical respect he an ear for music, or a finical respect for accents and syllables. He had only an imagination. And he saw the moonlight, and the sleeping flowers, and the crushed grass, and the blade with the dark stain—ugh! and the Canon wept with pity, and debated with himself long and carnestly whether he would not change that check and write fifty. But the check was posted to No. 11 But the check was posted to No. 11 Albernarle Buildings; and the good housekeeper, whose rent had fallen into sad arrears, chuckled as she guessed "A check from his huncle!" But the Canon went around these days in an anxious and happy mood, fearful that every post would bring him an account roner's inquest. But to all outor a coroner's inquest. But to all outward appearance he was the same grand, majestic Canon, and the people said: "How great and how happy!"

During these happy months, Luke Delmege was floated along in a current

of calm peaceful work, broken only the innocent pleasures of refr and beautiful social surrou-ings. He had time to think surroundlast, though he never ceased to work. And one of his thoughts was this: This fever and fret of work, work, work—What is it all for? What is the object of it? The answer was: Worlneeds no object but itself, because work is its own reward. There was something in it, but it was not quite satisfactory ; for, in that case, an immortal being had no higher object in life than a steam engine. He proposed the question often to himself; and he proposed it at a happy gathering at a certain house, which had gradually be-come his salon and academy. Here in-variably once a week, sometimes twice a week, Luke had the inestimable

privilege of meeting a small, select coterie of esoterics, representative of every branch of literature, science and art, and even divinity. For here came many soft-mann red, polite, well read through with gold and c imson throads

Anglican clergymen, who stepped over from their snug, if dingy, houses in the cathedral close, and brought with the man atmosphere of learning and refine-ment and gentle courtesy, which had a perceptible effect on the character and manner of this young Hibernian. And here, mostly on Wednesday evenings, were gathered celebrities, who slipped down from London by an afternoon train and went back at midnight; and Luke began to learn that there were in and teachers forever to a First of First And Luke grew humble, and began to sit at the feet of some Gamaliel, and his quarter's salary was spent long before he had received it in buying books, the very names of which he had never heard before. And with his plastic Irish nature, he had begun to fit in and adapt himself to these environments, and even his dress bespoke change. And he studied as carefully as a novice in a monastery, to subdue the riotous and impassioned elements of his nature, and to become as silky and soft and smooth as those with wh

But he proposed the question to Amiel Lefevril, one of the three maiden sisters who presided over the salon, and who had heard a good from Catholic friends about this new light, which had suddenly dawned from Ireland on the gray monotony of a dull English cathedral town. And it came around in this way. The lady had got a letter from the great Master of Balliol, who had just finished his work on the Republic of Plate, and one sentence ran thus :-

us:"You have endless work to do in your own sphere; and you must finish that, and not fancy that life is receding from you. I always mean to cherish the illusion, which is not an illusion, that the last years of life are the most valuable and important, and every year I shall try in some way or other to do more than in the year before." "You see," continued Amiel, "these are the words of an old man, — a great old man; and how applicable to you, before whom the years are spreading

n a long, sunlit vista."
"But—but," said Luke, with the old sic-argumentaris style, but now, oh ! so modified, "life must have an object.

There must be an ideal — an object to

"Distinguo!" said the lady, and Luke almost jumped from his chair at the old familiar word. "If you are the old familiar word. "If you are selfish and self centred you need no other object than the tonic of daily work to strengthen and purify every mental and moral faculty.

is a higher plane to which you will

and where you become divinely mental and moral faculty. But there reach, and where you become altruistic. That is, when you acknow-ledge and understand that the crown of life is self-surrender, and when the interest of the individual is absorbed in the interests of the race.'

It sounded sweetly, and wrapped Luke's senses around as with an atmosphere of music and perfume; but his judgment was not convinced.

I thought I heard some one enlarge a few nights ago — yes, indeed, it was Canon Mellish — on the world-weari ness of all our great writers and workers-on the dread despair of Arnold Rugby and Matthew Arnold - on the justification of suicide by George Eliot, and the wish that it could be

justified by Carlyle."
"Quite so," answered Amiel. "The necessary result of too great enthu-siasm—the reaction from the Schwar-merei towards ashes and weeping. But merei towards ashes and weeping. But brother, you were unhappy in your illustrations. Those bright lights whom you mention burned for themselves only, leaving smoke and darkness behind them. You and we must seek better things."

"I cannot quite grasp it," said Luke vainly stretching towards the insoluble.

vainly stretching towards the insolubl "I see some great idea underlying your thesis, but I cannot seize it."

"Then I must take you by the hand, and lead you into the inner circle of the mystics. You know, of course that all great thinkers now understand the nature of Life's symbolism - that the whole world of experience is but the appearance or vesture of the divine idea or life, and that he alone has true life who is willing to resign his own personality in the service of humanity, and who tries unceasingly to work out this ideal that gives the only nobility and grandeur to human action -that is :-

Seek God in Man!

not

which latter has been the great human heresy from the beginning."

It sounded nice, and it gave Luke a good deal of food for reflection. This self-surrender, this absorption in race, the Ego lost in the All, and immortal in the elements of Being—this is the

in the eternity of Being—this is the very thing he sought for; and was it not the thing the martyrs sought for—the high-water mark of Catholicism? He ventured to hint vaguely at the matter to his rector, who rubbed his chin and seemed to smile, and said: "I think, Father Delmege, you had better keep to John Godfrey and his pipe, and leave these Anglo-French pipe, and leave the blue-stockings alone. Luke pronounced the old man re-

"However," said Dr. Drysdale, "you "However, said Dr. Drysdaic, you want work for humanity. All rights Ill hand you over the county jail. You will meet some pretty specimens of humanity there."

"'Tis all this horrible mechanism," said Luke; "these English cannot get over it. Man is only a tiny crank in the huge machine—that's all they can conceive. How different this teaching

—Man, a Symbol of the Divine!" Yes the beautiful, smooth mechanism

was affecting Luke unconsciously-He no longer heard the whir and jar of machinery, or saw the mighty monster flinging out its refuse of slime and filth in the alleys and courts of southwest London; but the same smooth regularity, the same quiet, invincibe energy, manifest even here in cathedral town. Here was the beautifu

of art and science at Luke felt the glam around with an atma light, and he felt it self to his envi helped a good deal. "Quick, quick, omege; you're two morning. These pe Luke felt his pas

could not help this Old Ireland, where leisurely for a se morning, and sit on talk of old times! the priest being ha does he, for he salvas he passes into they say 'God ble Or: 'Look here Delmege; now loo There you have no and it must be all Or: "Could you Delmege, to mod little? This is no some of those ladie Mrs. S-- start whilst you were A It was like an elec Luke, "where the all right, and who

"God be with C preaching powers sound you can emi But he did tone it became a clear of sled bells on a They had long, on theology durin liter dinner. In t Luke would break

grave, polite old contradiction on tion. Luke did dicted. Had he at college? An perienced that t comfit an antagor or tell him he i the gravity of the quiet, gentle per an effect on Luk ally he came to same thing in that it were well opinions. For the on Luke's mind though he neve lowed halls of h very deed, a pro when Luke, late accidentally that actually the aut markable philose Dublin Review, were quoted in reviews, he was who could eve This idea of to in grasping. I logical faculy th

side of a question ent because other same manner, that at his first tively rude. contempt for E was fencing wit of mighty swor Ireland. One h and Sylvester, hopeless entang tc., and that other priests ca butLukeshould "That's not and no theolog

Canon Drys and said: "I had som Palmieri on t young friend d his reply?" And Luke, a his own refutat But the beau and mildness telling insensi

One evening even to ask qu ly man had b just visited B that Bunsen heathen.
"Did you," you ever come Germany?" "Weg-We

ber. Let me Wein, Weib, thing to old S gravely.
"No!" sai "He was on was heterodox have met his the ways of p "I think,

Anglican par tremely kind a Sabellian." What's t "Oh! I th heretics," re "A prett word, excep Bishop as a papers."
Later on

startled a lit ly enlarging race, and co possibilities 'Consider said Olivett have grown into what w around and

arranged a absolutely n of humanity something anthropom Deity is eve "There for a trifle ; in morning

cabinets car