LUKE DELMEGE

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AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC. CHAPTER XIII.

Luke Delmege had passed through the stages of primary education at a national school, of secondary education at college; he was now enrolled as graduate in the great university of the world. Books were his and men were his books. The former were fairly consistent in their teach-ing; the latter were forever puzzling and troubling him with their strange inconsistencie. The fragments of the best of human literature that have es caped the corrosion of centuries could be pieced togeter and made a harmonious whole; and not even charity itself, the best and most cunning of artists, was able to reconcile with themselves, or with any standard of truth or principle, the ever-varying ec centricities of men. Hence ca Luke's final temptation to which Luke's final temptation to which he sneoumbed, as we shall see—namely, to live in ideas, not in action; and hence, here in the Babylon of the world, he yearned from time to time for more thought, free from action for a little solitude to sooth weary

for a little solitude to sooth weary nerves and a perplexed mind. One of the many weary things that puzzled Luke in these, his novitiate days, was the tremendous waste of power, moral and intellectual—the out-put of cover and seek in the outpower, moral and intellectual—the out-put of energy and zeal in every parish in England, and the infinitesimal re-sults. He could not understand why all England should not be gathered into the fold, as sheep would flock to a mountain refuge at the approach of a storm. Here was Truth; here was Peace; here was Grace! Why dwell ye in the valleys of darkness when the mountain of light is so near? Why perish in the storm when the shep herd beckons to the safety of His fold? He took up the weekly papers. Life, vitality, energy everywhere. ons, exhortations, organizationssermons, convincing and appealing exhortations, pathetic and luminous exhortations, pathetic and luminous; organizations, perfect and vital; but it was ploughing the sea and casting seed on the desert. The claims of the Church were irrefragable and invincible, so Luke thought and felt. He took up an Anglican paper. His eye

caught the lines:
"And whilst thus we can contem plate with pride and satisfaction the history of our Church from the days of Augustine until now; its purity of doctrine, untouched by superstition its consistency and comprehensiveness; its beautiful ritual, that never degenerates into mummery; and the vast number of heroic souls it has given to the world and the world's most sacred causes, we are speechless with aston ishment at the insolence of this Italian mission, that has unhappily got a foothold in our midst. It is as if a colony of hinds was sent to colonize and civilize a university."

Luke read it over twice with blaz

ing eyes. Then he rolled the paper into a knot; and played Rugby foot-ball around his room for the next half an hour, accompanying the amusen with the following soliloquy: " English truthful? They are the gr the great est liars and hypocrites on the face of the earth. They are too contemptuous to stoop to lying in private life. They to stoop to lying in private life. They care too little about you to condescend to lie. But in politics, commerce, religion—whenever a point has to be gained, they will lie like satan." He raised the subject at dinner that day. His confreres laughed. It was only

His confreres language.
Celtic effervescence.
"But you know, Delmege," said
Arthur, a bright young priest, "if you
Arthur, a pas seul or an Irish jig in future, please try the chapter-room, and don't throw down my ceil-ing."

A few days later, he crossed Westminster Bridge, and doubling hither and thither through narrow streets, he stood before a med aval church. It from the dust of centuries. He entered. The beautiful stained glass almost blinded him with its colors; but he only cast one curious look around, said a short prayer, and went out. It was not art, but a man he was in quest of. He knocked at the n quest of the knocked at the presbytery door and was ushered into a small, gloomy parlor. Its furniture consisted of a round managany table, two chairs, and a dilapidated sola. The day was dark, and the gloom so great that Luke could not read Compline. that Luke could not read Compline. In a few minutes the door opened and in a lew minutes the door opened and a priest entered. He was a tall, hand-some man, very dark, with thick black hair, just turning to gray, and great glowing eyes that gave one at once the idea of great penetration and strength. The first quick view spoke unreser vedly: "This is a giant amongst men-one who will leave his mark on the age." But slas! it was as if a lay figure had its props suddedly loosed for after the first brief salutrtion, the world-weary priest flung himself on the sofa with a gesture and an aspect of

infinite weakness or pain.

Luke timidly put a few questions on some theological subject, which were courteously answered; and then, pas-sing his hand across his forehead, this great convert said :

I know you will excuse me Father. when I tell you that I am not at all well, and even conversation is painful and wearying. I am threatened with neurasthenia from overwork, and I must go abroad. Allow me to say good-

vening. stammered an apology as he took the proffered hand. Le looked up into the finely cut, worn face; and as he thought "this man sacrificed a thousand a year, and broke every family tie for the sake of truth, and is now a martyr to work for Christ," his heart repented of his rash judgments on the race; and with Celtic impul iveness, he stooped and kissed the white hand that lay in his own, and de

parted with strange sensations.
"Neurasthenia! Thank God, we never heard of that in Ireland. But is

it a subject to thank God for? Is it not better to wear out than rust out? And is there not something in that singular philosophy of St. Paul about 'spending and being spent for Christ?' And 'omnia detrimentum feet, et arbitror, ut stercora?' Which of the two would you choose? To pass on, in smooth and placid respectability to the Canon's stall foreshadowed for you by the Canon, or to be utterly wrecked in middle age like this martyr-priest, who has now to go abroad and be supported by charity for the remainder of his life?"

There is no doubt whatever that this latter is the more heroic. But is it prudent? Is it consistent with com-

And Luke was confronted with another puzzle. And if he felt that the philosophy of Christianity was altogether in favor of self sacrifice and suffering, on the other hand the "comof all mankind mon sense of all mankind was just as emphatically against it. And which is right? Dear me! dear me! what an enigma is life! But that weary figure and furrowed face haunted Luke for many a long day.

It was evening now. The lamps were lighted, and he turned back into the church. The seats were bei g gradu ally filled, and Luke determined to wait for Benediction. He sat under one of the gas jets and took out his diurnal to the gas jets and took out his drawn and finish compline. Then, just as the sacristy c ock tolled 7, the same wearied, broken priest, preceded by a few acolytes, emerged from the sacrity and lytes, emerged from the sacri-ty and knelt before the high altar. He looked stooped and shaken, and his voice was almost inaudible as he recited the rossry. There was a short, sweet hymn to our Blessed Lady; and then the tired priest ascended with difficulty the steps of the pulpit.

Surely he's not going to preach?' said Luke.

Ah! yes he was. No relaxation or intermission here, until the poor frame intermission here, until the poor frame sinks to rise no more. It was a voice from the grave. It sounded so gentle mournful; and the preacher seemed to experience such tremendous difficulty in seizing and arranging his fugitive thoughts, that Luke every moment expected a break down. It well ar that the faculties of cl ar that the faculties of the mind were refusing to work. They had been driven too hard, and were in revolt. And so there were repetitions and very inconsequential arguments, and a very few words were mumbled and mouthed as if from a semi paralyzed tongue; and a few verbs were misulaced and

as it from a semi paratyzed tongue; nd a few verbs were misplaced and mispronounced, and there was an agon-ized look on the preacher's face, as if he were face to face with a trial whose issue might be fearful and sudden. Luke couldn't bear it. He looked away and thought: only a few years ag this man had won the Ireland scholar ship and the Newdigate prize at Oxford, and was in a fair way towards a fellowship and a mitre. What a sacri-fice! What a change! Then the concluding words came c'ear and solemn You shall know the truth, and the trath shall make you free." These were the last public words of the speaker, and Luke was perplexed to hear them. During the solemn rite of B nediction that succeeded, Luke saw only bowed heads, nor was there even a whispered rayer; but at that most touching prayer which is said just as the monstrance is replaced upon the throne, that prayer for the conversion of England that takes one back insensibly to Roman eatacombs and pagan imperia ism, Luke thought he

pagan imperia ism, but thought he heard the sound of sobbing. "It cannot be," he said; "these English are too stolid."

But a few moments later he saw faces But a few moments later he saw faces of well dressed ladies wet and glisten-ing with tears, which immediately were wiped away; for, you know, we are English, and, above all things else, we must not yield to sentiment monstrative piety, and Luke thought-racial characteristics are humbug. The human heart is the same every where.

He passed rapidly along the streets on his way homewards. He was brought to a sudden standstill on the sideway of the Strand by a long queue of men two and two, who, ranged on the outer edge of the payement, waited in calm, stolid silence for something that was slow in coming. There was quite room enough on the inside path for pedestrians. What is it? A funeral? No, not at such an hour. It was only fifty or sixty men, waiting for a place in the or sixty men, waiting for a place in the theatre close by. They were as silent as mutes. "Wat a laughing, rollicking, joking crowd they would have been in Ireland!" thought Luke. "Verily, they take their pleasures sadly! After all, they are a stolid, unfeeling race! And what mercurial being are we!"
Just then, an arm was locked in his, and a very marked Hibernian voice ex-

claimed: " Well. Luke Delmege, who'd ever

think of seeing you here, waiting to get into the Gaiety? The world is topsy-turvy enough; but I never the ght you could turn such a somer-Luke laughed at the absurdity, as he recognized an old college acquaintance, who had "cut" in his physic year,

had then become a successful journal ist, and was now one of that famous band of matadores who were fretting flanks of John Bull. 'Come along," said the "Mimber." we'll have a cup of tea here at the

'Marguerite,' and then you must come to see a field night at the House. No! no! no excuses! there's electricity in the atmosphere, and sure to be a thunderclap to-night."

"Then why are you not at your ost?" said Luke; "isn't the House post ?" open since 4 ?'

Quite so, old man, if you allow to use such a familiarity with an old chum, but we allow the animals to feed from 7 to 8.30. Then, when well gorged with meat and wine, they're an

easy prey."
"And do you keep your heads cool?"

"And do you keep your heads coo!?"
said Luke. His friend lifted up a cup
of tea, and nodded significantly.
"Tell me," said Luke, "and you can
tell me, for your have experience, do
you believe in 'racial characteristics?'
The problem is puzzling me dreadfully."
The member laid down his cup, took

out a cigarette, lighted it, looked long

at Luke, and spoke :
"Racial characterists? I do, firmly." "Racial characterists? I do, firmly."

I believe, for example, that we, Irish, are the coolest, most judicious, most calculating, far seeing race on the face of the earth. Our cunning is Ulyssean; our wisdom is Promethean, and, as for tenacity, nothing in all creation can beat us—but an ovater! Come!"

thing in all creation an oyster! Come!"
an oyster! Come!"
They walked rapidly down by Trafalgar Square, past the great Whiteha buildings, and, just as they approache the Westminster Palace sudden the vast rush through the crowded thoroughfare stopped as if by magic. Stately carriages, gaily dressed magic. Stately carriages, gairy dressed pedestrians, cabs, horses—all stood still, as if petrified. The member looked calmly at the imperia demonstration in his honor for a moment then moved across swiftly, and, un locking his arm from that of the aston ished Luke, he said :

"You go around by the public entrance. I shall meet you in the lobby

in a moment.' Luke had not long to wait in the famous lobby, just long enough to see that, if there be on the face of the earth a levelling, democratic s where all dissinctions are fused do spot and all human hopes concentrated and unified in one desire, it is here. That desire is to see your own member. Luke had not long to await. Gaily and Luke had not hold by the happily at ease, dispensing smiles all round, yet maintaining a certain uperturbed dignity, his friend appeared. The policeman saluted and shouted: The policeman saluted and shouted : "The Rev. Luke Midge.' Luke admitted the impeachment, and was led into the inner sanctuary through rows into the inner sanctuary through rows of marble busts and stately pictures of long-buried statesmen, whilst the dis-appointed mob howled in their hearts ontside. Into the inner lobby, sacred to statesmen, mixing amongst nota-bilities, rubbing his shoulder against Cabinet ministers, the wondering Luke passed with his guide, who accosted gorgeous official and demanded a ticket

You can have a seat in the gallery, sir," said the official with awful deference, "but I regret to say that all the seats are taken in the gallery."

"I beg your pardon. There's one acant," said the member. "I insist vacant, on having that seat." That seat, sir, belongs to Lord

"That seat, sir, belongs to Lord Vavasour. He's just dining with the Secretary for Home Affairs, and has kept it engaged till his return."
"You should know the rules of the house, sir," said the member. "No stranger can retain a seat except he

stranger can retain a seat, except he is in actual possession."

Quite true, sir," said the official.

"You must not consider me discourteons; I was trying to smooth matters.

"Delmege !" said the member, as the official handed the who, half ashamed and almost terrified, passed wondering up the narrow stairs, nd in a moment was in the " House. It was a wonder, a surprise, a disappointment; but we needn't repeat the o'd story here. Luke sat still on his

narrow bench, and gaped. Take off your hat, please !" Luke had forgotten his politeness and his loyalty. The official said quietly and politely: "It's like a school, sir; and, by and bye, you'l see some rough horseplay."

"Does this—this—assembly control the destining of 300,000,000 people?"

the destinies of 300,000,000 people? said Luke.

"It thinks so !" said the man. Just then the supporters of the Government began to drop in. Luke was on the Government side of the house. There was but a low balus-trade between him and them. In they came, flushed as to face, and very white as to capacious shirt front. congregated in groups of three or four, and began to exchange remarks. There was a pleasant odour of whiskey and patchouli in the air. "I thought the E glish never

thought the E glish never drank spirits," said Luke, "The racial characteristics are a puzzle."

Yes, the air was electric. You couldn't tell why. There were no indications. There was no great debate on. Members lounged and chatted and laughed. There was no drawing There was no drawing and laughed, up and marshalling of forces, no organ izing of battalions, no arrangement of reserves. But the air was electric. You felt it tingling in your fingers

and running up along your spine. The servant felt it. "There's something on to-night,

sir !" he said. Three feet away from where Luke sat, close to one of the pillarets that sustained the gallery, a very little man, with a very long coat, a bald and a heavy mustache that nead, and a nearly must be curled up to his ears, was engaged in earnest consultation with a colleague. "The leader of the house, sir," woisp-

At last, the hours stole on to eleven, and Luke began to think it was time to go home. His friend, the mem ber, came over, sat on the balustrade and began to chat gaily. Not a word between him and the full dressed mob around. They'd have torn him limb

from limb if they dared.
"Going home?" he cried to Luke.
You'll do nothing of the kind. The Lord has given you a chance that will never occur, again."

Just here, an old officer, gray headed and gray bearded, spoke to the member. He was a suppliant — a humble ber. He was a suppliant — a number abject, beseeching client. He begged and entreated the member to bring on the supplier of t ome w etched thing about pension to promise to speak if the bill were introduced.

"I shall so nothing of the kind, said the member, haughtily. "We have other work before us to-night." The officer slank away, cowed and discomited. Luke's opinion of his country was rising steadily.
"Now I must be off," said the member. "There is big wig in the chair.

"Now I must be oil, said the heart ber. "There is big wig in the chair. Now, sit fast, old man. And look here! "Don't let your feelings overcome you! If you cheer, or toss up your hat, they'll turn you out, and

you won't see a bull baiting again "
And so Luke waited patiently, now the confused, anxious crowd at the ministerial side of the house, and again fixing his eyes on that silent,

serried mass that thronged the lowest benches on the left of the speaker's chair. And here, the object of all vision, of all thought, of all anxiety, vision, of all thought, of all anxiety, sat the man of mystery, silent, immovable, whilst anxious ministers looked to him for a sign or some articulate utterance of what he was brooding over and plotting there in the corner seat just below the gangway. At last, one of his lieutenants rose, and moved the adjournment of the House. The proposal was met with a shout of indignant scorn. A division was demanded, and Luke

The shout of indignant scott, was demanded, and Luke with the rest, was relegated to the lobby. In a few minutes it was over lobby. In a few minutes it was over, and they returned. The Government had a sweeping majority. There was a cheer of exultant triumph. The first lines of the enemy had been repulsed. The debate went on. Then quietly, a second lieutenant rose in his place and moved the adjournment of the house. This time a yel! broke from the ministerial benches. The adjournment was fiercely and angrily refused. A division was demanded, and another Pyrrhic victory gained. There was might y shout from the ministerial lists. Calm and immovable sat the Irish guerrilleros, whilst their opponents, wild with passion, appeared to ing themselves into frenzied madness. The debate went on and just as the hands of the clock pointed to twelve, a division was again demanded. suppressed, but badly supp pressed, but badly suppressed ion, the leader of the house leaned on the despatch-boxes and

hissed:—
"If we have to remain in session for forty-eight hours the Government is determined that this measure shall pass; nor will the house adjourn until that is accomplished."

forward

"The captain of the gnerrilleros sat silent and grim. And then a peal of electric bells; and then the solemn march through the turnstiles; another Governmental victory, and the house settled down to business again. arose another of the lawless but disciplined phalanx, and moved the adjourn-ment of the house. There was another angry yell; and again Agamemnon spoke :"I assure the honourable gentlement that the

at the other side of the house that the Government has no intention of yielding on that point, and that the house must remain in session until this meas ure is carried." Then the silent one arose, and eight

hundred beings, the flower of English intellect, hung breathless on his words. They were few. Passing his hand behind his coat-collar, and then running it down through his thick hair, he spoke in the echo of a whisper; but it was heard in every cranny in the

building:. The Right Hon. gentleman refuses to adjourn the house. I tell him the house will adjourn, and the sooner the better.

It was a plain challenge to the omni-It was a plain challenge to the omnipotence of England, and as such was
accepted. This time there was no
shouting. The division bell rang.
The members trooped through the
turnstile. Another violenge of the Government; but the leader of the house again came forward, and leaning his arms again on the despatch boxes, he said, almost humbly:— "There's no use in prolonging the

useless debate in the face of obstruction. The House stands ad journed." The officials laughed. The ministerial following was bewildered Then, as they recognized their defeat muttered curses on their leaders and angry, shamed, disappointed, they trooped from the House. The victors did not even cheer. Luke thought: I'll never believe in racial character istics again. I knew they were always humbugs!" His friend, the Member came over.

"Wasn't that pretty? Crumpled up like a piece of tissue paper!"
"Can you keep it up?" queried "Can you keep

earnestly at him. "Yes, till victory, which we, the descendants of kings, shall then most royally throw away. 'Did I really hurt you, poor old Bull? I'm awfully Get up, old man, and come drink.' That's the finale to the sorry. have a drink. comedy you have witnessed.

The great clock of St. Stephen's was night! ' as Luke crossed chiming "one" as Luke crossed Westminster Bridge.
"Glad I have a latch key," he mur

mured; "the old Vicar wouldn't it, and he sleeps with one eye open.

A party of revellers was coming wards him. They tried to jostle wards him. They tried to jostle him off the footpath. At another time he would have yielded; but the spell of conquest was upon him. He resisted, and came into personal contact with one, who was almost intoxicated. It was Louis Wilson. He, too, recognized Lubra and the contact with the contact was Louis Wilson. He, too, recognized Luke; and turning away, he

said to his companions:

"Tis only a peasant priest from Ireland. I know a little of the fellow. He hath a pretty sister." The next moment Luke's strong hand was on his collar, and he swung him

round. "Now, gentlemen," said one of the eyellers, "this is Westminster and

revellers, "this is Westminster and not Donnybrock. Keep quiet, or be-dad, and begorra, you will find your selves in the lock up."
"Your names, gentlemen, please," Your names, gentlemen, please, said an officer, moving up.

Luke heard, as in a dream: "11

Albemarle Buildings, Victoria Street. Wilson passed on.
"Never mind, sir," said the officer

as Luke fumbled for a card; it will rest here unless he prosecutes. But take no notice of these fellows in future. There was no real sleep that night

for Luke. Amidst the agony and shame and remorse that kept the wheels of his brain burning and revolving, he of his brain burning and revoring, he thought of country and home. He saw the calm peace of Ireland resting as in a cloud above and beyond this hateful Tartarus. He would give worlds to be at home—at home at Lisnalee, pencilled in shadows above the misty beloved sea. He would sacrifice a few
years of life to be in the midst of the
kindliest people on earth, away from
these horrible automatons; and he saw
with tears the little parlour, and the

"Inseparables," and Father Tim dropping aphorisms at leisure, and at leisure dropping slices of lemon into his glass. And then the burning shame came back again, aud, as he dropped into an uneasy slumber, he muttered: "I believe there are racial character-

istics after all." When he woke from unhappy dre me next morning the spectres had vanished. London, life, ambition, a great future were all before him. Lisnalee was a gray, blurred shadow of the

past. CHAPTER XIV.

WEIGHING ANCHOR.

It was inevitable that an airy, impetuous, variable spirit like this sh under pressing circumstances, weigh anchor and drift with the tide. Grad anchor and drift with the the distance unity, as his fine genius asserted itself, he rose above all his confrères, both in the excellence and the efficacy of his the excellence and the efficacy of his work and in his unquestionable super-iority of intellect. The Rev. Luke lority of intellect. The Rev. Luke Delmege was beginning to be noticed. His Bishop, who had returned from Rome, and then from a long round f visitations, appeared not to remaik him particularly, which Luke in his rising pride, set down to national prerising pride, set down to national pre-Once the Bishop said :-

Delmege, you are not quite so mercurial as the generality of your trymen. Don't you like your surround

Then Luke protested that he was happy, very happy, and did not seek a

change.
Once, too, the old Vicar said in his rough, kindly way:—
"Here you are again, Delmege! It is a bad thirg for a young man when the papers notice him. You'll have as much space soon as Madame Seigel's Syrup."

Syrup."
But the younger men were more ex-

plicit and generous. His name had gone across the river, and he had been invited to preach at the Commercial Road, and to lecture to workingmen at the Mechanics' Hall in Holborn. He had pushed on his schools until the Inspector wondered at his own report, and the Diocesan Inspector had asked for him as an assistant.

Meanwhile, and, of course, impercep-

Meanwhile, and, or course, imperceptibly, all this externation was affecting his character deeply. His soulwas starved. All his energies went off in enthusiastic work. He never perceived that it was sheer materialism, when the soul was absent. In the behavior, he consequented his work and ginning he consecrated his work and put a soul into it. Then, as vanity assumed control and men's praises echoed around him, he pushed forward wildly. Work, work, work — here was his cry! Too gentle personal love for his Divine Master hallowed as d sancti fied his earlier efforts; but by degrees this evaporated in favour of a Cause

But the cause was an inpersonality, though he called it "the Church." If he had identified the Church with its he had identified the Church with its Divine Spouse, all would have been well. But no! The honour of the Church, the advancement of the Church, the glory of the Church— words always on his lips, and of such awill and hallowed sign ficance,—con-yeved no meaning, no life to his actions. veyed no meaning, no life to his actions He would have been deeply offended any one had hinted that he had deger erated into a form of worship that i erated into a form of worship that is generally veiled under a sacred guise—and only labelled by the truthful malice of the world, or the still more truthful revelations of humility—egotheism. Did not the ancient monks say, Laborare est orare? And here just now is not the sage of Chelsea and the same divinity of work? preaching the same divinity of work preaching the same divinity of work? And is not Stanley in Christ Church, and Jowett in Balliol, stimulating the flagging energies of Oxford undergraduates by the same? Work, work, work, for it is the law of the universe, the law of the universe, -the laws of birth and death, of stars and flowers! Work, because thereby you are identified with Nature by obeying its sacred laws, and thereby lone is true happiness 3 any one had whispered to these days, when he thought he was soaring on the highest altitudes of inspiration: "Come apart and rest a little while!" he would have scorned the suggestion as a temptation to abuse

of the highest instincts and betrayal of the most sacred interests.

It was rather fortunate for Luke that, amidst the inevitable jealousies aroused by all this publicity, he had just strength f mind enough to move steadily onward though not unbiased or undisturbed He had not yet had experience enough to write on the tablets of his mind the to write on the tablets of his mind the Pauline summing up of existence—itus timores; but his life was not lacking in those external modifications which the Apostle styles—the foris pugna. Unfair and unfavorable criticisms, little hints of possible imprudences in public utterances, vague suggestions of sublued heresy, the complete suppression of some fine public lecture—these were the drawbacks in a buoyant and mos hopeful career. In the moments of doubt and depression that followedand they were many—a memory of past times, of the frugal banquets of the "Inseparables," of Father Tim's droll-eries and of Father Pat's kindness, would recur to him; and sometimes there would float across the unda irremeabilis a tiny letter from the cottage above the sea at Lisnalee, or from the library of Father Martin — hopeful, cheerful, amusing, as a butterfly would float in from spring meadows and lose itself in the horrors of some Lancashire factory, or as a child would place a flower in the fingers of a bronze and unnower is the ingers of a brother and the feeling statute. Then Luke had a friend. And it needs not the sacred endorsement of Holy Scripture, or the expansive comments of that great in-terpreter, Shakespere, to be assured that the best gift of the gods to man is statute. Then Luke had a a true and truthful friend. And Luke' friend was not afraid to tell the truth.

Witness this. They were walking on the banks of the Serpentine.

I always choose this place for quiet meditation," said the friend, in an explanatory tone to Luke, who was rather appraised to be suddenly introduced. urprised to be suddenly introduced

-God bless them !- are happily unconscious. The other elements of civil-ization here in the heart of the world re too much engrossed with each other to heed you. I am alone with the stars Now, Delmege, old man, can you bear an operation? For I am going to do an operation? For I am going to do what my judgment calls the rashest and maddest and most ungrateful thing—I am going to pull a friend's tooth. It is quite true that tooth is aching. Nevertheless, man is an ungrateful animal. I

know you won't bite; but promise not to say a cuss word. I can't bear that." "All right," said L. ke, "go ahead! I'm used to it. There never before was such a target for the small shot of gratuitous advice. I am as bad as if I nad the influenza. Every old woman at home made herself a Minerva, and every old duffer a Mentor. And here it is worse. It is quite clear the world regards me as a complete and unmiti-gated fool!" Which little speech shows now far Luke had gone in

the "galled jade.
"Now, look here," said the candid friend, "all that's quite true..." "I beg your pardon," said Luke,

"Ahem! I mean that—you know it may be quite true, you know—that advice, very well meant—you know—does not always comprehend the entire surroundings—look at that impudent girl with that soldier!"

"Oh! I thought you were alone with the stars," said Luke; which at once restored his friend's equilibrium.

"Well, now, look here, Delmege, it seems to me that you have two careers before you. On the one hand a life of usefulness and labor, hidden, unsus rected, no storms, no triumphs, but a reward exceeding great; and on the other a life of blare and brilliancy, thunder and lightning, honors and

"I understand," said Luke. "You'd have me choose the humbler and safe path ?

"Well," said his friend, dubiously,

" perhaps!"
" Let me tell you," said Luke,
" once and forever, that I have deliberately chosen the other; not because of its honors and emoluments—I despise them! but the Church requires Ours is not the Church of the Catacombs, but of Constantine!'

"It's a truth and a fallacy," said the candid friend. " Meanwhile, allowing all that, and presupposing that you are right in your decision, I don't admit it, vou know

Don't admit what ?" said Luke. "That the Church requires very brilliant men, or that the world is much

ic need of them." "The world regards the Church as a molehill," said Luke; "a subterranean, cryptic, concealed system, burrowing under all the States and Governments of the world-its conspirators blinking and purblind in the light of day, and with vision enough only to plot delve, and undermine all the institu-tious of civilization."

"Out of which of the Infidel reviews did you pick that rhodomontade?"

the fr end.
"There now," said Luke, "you are losing temper, and the tooth is not yet drawn.

"Quite true. But now for the operation. I think you are going too fast and will get derailed. All this newspaper notoriety, 'able controversialist, brilliant lecturer, etc., is quite enough to turn any head not well screwed on and yours, you know, ah—"
"Go on," said Lake, "go on."
"I'm hurting you," said the candid

friend.
"On! not at all," said Luke. "I

rather like it. It is so ingenuous, you were saying something about my head."
"I see I'm hurting you," said the
friend. "Now, I'll put it in a better
way. Did you ever feel an impulse to go down on your knees and kiss the nem of the garment of some poor, half-witted illiterate old duffer, who knew just enough of Latin to spell through his breviary, but who was doing, with sublime unconsciousness, the work of

his Master ?" Luke was struck dumb. These were almost his own words, expressed with enthusiasm not quite two years ago.
"Once," he said faintly; "but I

had no experience."
"And oid you ever," said the friend,
not noticing, "did you ever feel irresistible inclination to get behind some had no experience." great, intellectual prodigy, who was sweeping the whole world before him apparently, and with one glorious coup-de main block his hat before all his admirers ?' Never," said Luke, emphatically.

"I think that is narrow-minded and illiberal."
"Well, I did," said the friend,

dryly. Look here, now, Sheldon," said Luke, "once and forever let me say that I feel, and am sure, that the unnatural delay in the conversion of England is primarily due to this cause. You, English, are so narrow and conservative and petty in your views that you'll never appeal successfully to the broad human spirit of the age. You don't understand the Zeitgeist. The whole trend of human thought is to reconcile revelation with intellect; and out of the harmony to evolve a new human and hopeful instauration of blessedness. Now, we must take our rightful place in this renascence. It won't do to be silent. Or, rather, we must speak out boldly and confidentially, with large, free interpretations of natural revelations, or hold our tongues altogether. Falls er nicht schweigt!" "Good heavens!" said Father Shel-

don, "where did you pick up that hor-rible jargon? What in the name of common sense, man, are you reading?"
"There now, there row," said Luke, "You don't read, my dear fellow There's the great drawback. There' There's no use in arguing further. We on different planes of thought.

way, you are coming over to Bermonds sey to dine to-morrow?'

Father Sheldon said nothing. He had failed to pull that tooth; and of all had failed to pull that tooth; and of all the state of the said of the sai botches in creation, an unsuccessful

dentist is the worst.
"Poor fellow," he said in his own sanctum afterwards, "he's on the down to be skygrade, though he appears to be sky-flying. That rush for Mass in the morn-

the retreat is at h Who knows? The retreat came was over; and Luke t worse. The preach nished man, and, the that line. Luke was lost. "He had

for the Office are be snatches won't make

was lost. "He had did not know, till could be lifted so regions of transcend philosophy, in the i can be made the ha and how bo clothed in iridescer course, he was apol He was speaking to quite right in assurall that he knew;" 'hell'; well, why no word, if you go so ways spoke of 'esch 'eternity'; very v 'Ah !" he said " these are the me half a year's salary over to Ireland to treats. Wouldn't

them what culture "I thought your called the 'Islan Father Sheldon. Certainly; so i rob us of that as But you can't!"
"But the presaints and their tended for imita tion.

from their letharg

" And quite rig say that Simon allowed to remain wenty days on Perhaps not. comes of your c for one saint, who

whole island full Look here, Si rible reactionar Inquisitionist! men like you eve "I'm not sure verting," said modern idea that saints, our beaut Ignatius and Alp and Scholastica, seum freaks, to dered at as Div more-is the m which our Catho

"I'll write to-Azarias as soon big field there.
"I suppose so
you, Irish, a go
They were sit
rary. It was S at four P. M., in one o'clock. I uished preacher ner. But the He liked to gat ent thing. You like the like the good clared with e

'I give you u

ing his canons. Bishon, emphat But they wer "How did yo Luke was eff The Vicar said cerned, he mi playing a flute certainly very "Father Sh

ing over ther Father Sheldon

In a solemn, b

took an imports

as if he had str age, Father St brass-bound Bi "Michæas ! Israel: 'Hear t I saw the Lore and all the arr Him, on the left.' And th deceive Acha may go up and And one spak and another of forth a Spiri Lord, and said And the Lord

And he answ and be a lying

his prophets. Thou shalt d

vail: go forth The Bishor The Vicar she once or twice laughing bois ity out of the talking here oronze statue the past!"
"That's a when a man one hundred for better wo of these capt

in the balar

and 'Isn't the

fore the king You'd like Delmege just 11 Albema " Dearest my first-hal plucked. Th MacKenzie, lived on oats chief examin surd question in the ence between fever, the e gery, for