LUKE DELMEGE

BY SHE REV P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR O AUBTIN: STUDENT," THE
TRIUMPH OF PAILURE," CITHARA MEA," ETC. CHAPTER IX.

THE REALMS OF DIS.

And now commenced a strange life for our young Levite—a life whose cir-cumstances clearly obliterated every lingering trace of desire for far, heroic deeds, which, like martinders, mould deeds, which, like martyrdom, would mean one short spasm of pain, and then —the eternal laurels. He began to rich home at Lienalee. feel that there was something higher and nobler than all this , hourly martyrdom of conflict satan and sin—the struggle with in its Protean shapes—evil eached from house tops in strong, satanic accents — or more mildly through the press and literature, from the boards of theatres, and the millions of pamphlets and leaflets, that fell, like the flakes of fire in the Inferno, on the raw and festering souls of men. Sometimes he walked, for study's sake, through crowded streets, or watched the hideous mass of humanity from the roof of an omnibus. Sometimes he would stand for a dizzy moment at a chemist's window in London Road, and stare at the swirling, heaving, tossing tide of humanity that poured through the narrow aqueduct. Never a look or the narrow aqueduct. word of recognition amongst these atoms, who stared steadily before them into space, each intent on coming upper most by some natural principle of selec-tion. Luke began to have bad dreams. dreamt of the city as Sometimes he dreamt of the city as a huge dead carcass, swarming with clotted masses of maggots, that squirmed and rolled in its dread putrescence Sometimes he saw Britannia, as pictured on coins, with her helmet and trident; but there hung a hung goitre on her neck, and that was London. But most often he saw the city as a tenth circle in the citta dolente. Pale ghosts wandered through dark and narrow streets, or herded in fetid alleys. They appeared to be absorbed in a silent, but what it peared to be absorbed in a shient, but dread and exorbitant quest. What it was, Luke could not see. Some found the desirable thing, and tried to walk along unconcernedly for fear of being robbed; but there were dark sentinels posted along the avenues, who glided from their lairs and stole the prize his webs, and drew unwary flies into their viscous and deadly clutches. even from the most wary passengers. And over all was the smoke of hell and and the brown twilight of the realms of

After this dread dream, which he was unable to shake off for many days, he never saw London but as a shadowy picture of sombre and lurid lights. Whether the early sunsettings of Whether the early sunsettings of September lighted the blind streets; or the tender grays of October threw a haze around the dying splendours of parks and terraces - he saw only the London of his dream-terram desertan et tenebrosam et opertam mortis caligine. He began to be alarmed for his health, and he visited a certain physician. A long statement of symptoms, etc., unde long statement of symptoms, extended to the keen eyes of Æsculapius. Prompt reply: "Late suppers. Irish stomach not yet habituated to English roast beef and potted salmon. All will come right soon. Work!"

right soon. Luke took the prescription, and faithfully followed it. He worked in schools and slums, in confessional and pulpit, in hospital and asylum, till his fine face and figure began to be known; and threw a sunbeam into the tenebrous ordid places where he had to go. And some one said—it was a holy first nun—" God sent you!" Ah! These wonderful nuns! The glorious vivandieres in the march of the army of Christ. No stars bedeck them, or crosses; no poet sings them; no trumpets blare around their rough and tollsome march and struggle; but some day the bederoll will be called, and the King's right through sundry Celtic gyrations; then: of His Legion of Honor. And often and often, as Luke's heart failed him, and he felt he was powerless agains the awful iniquity that surged around him, the sight of these Sisters, moving quietly through hideous slums, and ac cepting insults as calmly as their worldly sisters receive compliments ir white lips blanched by the fou air of their schools, and the reeking sordes that exhaled from the clothes of these poor waifs, whom they were rescuing from Stygian horrors, smote him with shame, and nerved him by the tonic of noble example for far higher and greater work. And over all the and smoke, and horror played lambent flashes of Celtic wit and humor as brave men jest when shells are crash ing and bullets are singing around "Come, see our recreation garden," said one, who seemed to want recreation badly, so pale and hollow-cheeked she looked. She led him up five flights of stairs, then bade him go out on the leads and look. He did and stood. There was a square patch of blue overhead. All around were brick walls. It was the recreation ground of He passed around the para a prison. pet, and touched with his hand the grimy ledges where the London smoke as festering. And such little pathe stories as of the child who shouted D-n you, don't drown me !" the baptismal waters were poured upon her head ; or the pretty ancient legend of the mariner convert, who could never et beyond "Father, Son, and Holy-Water;" or the apology of the old Irish apple woman for not being able to recognize the Figure of the Crucified, because, ma'am, I haven't my specta cles wid me, and my sight is wake. Ah me! These are the little tragic amusements of mighty martyrs in the crowded amphitheatre of London life. Sometimes, too, when Luke felt as an airy, gauze winged butterfly, beating ings against the granite walls of vain wings against the grainte wans of ignorance or vice, and his heart sank down in despair, the feeble courtesy and "God bless you!" of a poor woman, or the smile of a London flower girl, with her pretty little bow, and, "Do, please, Father, "—would inspirit him.
Or when striding along some populous street, with all the gaudy 'Arrys and fippant 'Arriats around, he would dream of Ireland, and what she might have been, suddenly a band, with a

green flag and golden harp, and a rush green fiag and golden harp, and a rush of green and golden uniforms, would burst upon him with music and color, and every man would give the military salute, there as they tramped the London pavement in military order, to their young beloved officer. And he would say to himself: "A race to work for and die for, with all their faults." And above all would float the far-off dream of the white, thatched cottage dream of the white, thatched cottage above the cliffs, and the murmur of the sea, and the purity and simplicity that o'er canopied with clouds of gold the azure vault that bent above his

Luke preached his first sermon very much to his own satisfaction. He had heard ever so many times that what was required in England was a series of controversial and argumentative ser-mons that might be convincing rather than stimulating. Then one daread in a Church newspaper that a day he tain Anglican divine had declared that Calvinism was the bane and curse of the Church of England. Here then was the enemy—to be exercised by a course of vigorous lectures on Grace. Here Luke was master. The subject Here Luke was master. The subject had formed part of the fourth year's curriculum in college, and Luke had explored it to its deepest depth. He read up his "Notes," drafted fifteen reau up his "Notes," drafted fifteen pages of a discourse, committed it to memory, and delivered it faultlessly, with just a delicious flavor of a Southern brogue, which was captivating to the greater part of his audience, and de-lightful from the greater part of his audience, and de-lightful from its very quaintness and originality to the lesser and more select. Now, Luke was a Molinist, and he told his congregation so. He demolished Calvin and Knox first, and when he had stowed away all that was left of them, he told his wondering and admiring audience that the Thomist and Scotist positions had been carried by assault, and that the Molinist fi g was now waving above the conquered gar risons. Many more things he told them as their wonder grew; and when Luke stepped down from the pulpit, he felt that the conversion of England had now that the conversion of E in reality begun. Not that he was very was hard to get rid of the ideas that six years of success and flattery had imprinted on a very plastic and susceptible character. And Luke felt much in the same position he had so often occupied in Maynooth, when he spun syllogisms as a spider spin

The opinion of the congregation varied. That very large section in every congregation to whom the deliv ery of a sermon is a gymnastic exercise which has no reference to the audience other than as spectators, considered that it was unique, original, but pedantic. One or two young ladies declared that he had lovely eyes, and that when he got over the brusquerie of his Irish education, he would be positively charm-ing. One old apple-woman challenged

What was it all about, Mary? "Yerra, how could I know? Sure it was Latin. But I caught the 'grace

"Well, the grace o' God and a big loaf — sure that's all we want in this world." A rough workman, in his factory dress, asked:

"Who is this young man ?"

"A new hand they've taken on at the works here," said his mate.

the works here," said his mate.
"The opinions of the clergy were not audibly expressed. Luke, indeed, heard one young man hint broadly at the "windmill," by which he understood his own gestures were meant. And another said something about a "pump - handle." A young Irish con frere stole to Luke's room late that aight, and on being hidden to "come night, and on being bidden to "come in," he threw his arms around Luke, thumped him on the back, ran up and

"Luke, old man, I'll tell you, you've knocked them all into a cocked hat."

The Vicar General said nothing for a Delmege, have you got any more of

these sermons?"
"Yes, sir; I have the series in

Notes. "Burn them !"

"Take the Dublin Review to your room, volume by volume, he added, and study it. You've got quite on the wrong tack.'

Luke had his first sick call. It was

urgent. A marine was dying down at the Naval Hospital near Stokeport. With all the alacrity of a young mis sioner, Luke passed rapidly through the streets, entered the huge archway of the hospital, inquired the way hastily from a passer by, was directed to a hall-door, knocked, and was ushered by hall-door, knocked, and was undered by a trim servant-maid into a handsomely furnished drawing-room. "Very unlike a hospital ward," thought Luke. "Perhaps the parler of one of the nurses or the matron."

He was left here for a long time wo dering at the pictures and books, the dainty accumulations of years by some soul that evidently had taste and where with to satisfy it. Then the door soft! opened, and a clergyman, clad in lil Then the door softly rary costume, short coat, etc., entered, gravely saluted him, bade him be seated, and commenced a calm, serious conversation. Luke's bewilderment was in creasing, and with it an ever-deepening anxiety about his poor patient, who then and now might be struggling in his death agony. He never saw his mistake, until at last he rose, and the clergyman escorted him to the door, and thanked him for his friendly visit. He had sense enough left to ask the way to the hospital, which was kindly pointed out, and where he found his patient in the death agony and uncon-

The dying man lay in a little cot at the right hand side of the long, empty ward. There was no other patient there. An attendant, clad in brown decorated with brass buttons. sat on the bed, coolly reading a news paper. The hand of death was on the face of the poor consumptive. His eyes were glazed, and the gray shadow fitted up and down at each convulsive cloth, breath.

"Is this the Cathe c patient?"

asked Luke, anxiously. "Yaas, he be a Cawtholic, I under-stan'," said the man.

"He is dying," said Lake, who had never seen death before.

"Dead in hexactly twanty minutes," said the man, taking out his watch and measuring the time. He restored the watch to his pocket and continued

This awful indifference smote Luke to the heart. He knelt down, put his stole around his neck, tried to elicit an act indicative of conscious sorrow from act indicative of conscious sorrow from the dying, failed, gave conditional ab-solution, administered Extreme Unction and read the prayers for the dying. The attendant continued absorbed in his paper. Then Luke sat down by the watched the flitting changes on the face of the dying whilst mur-muring a prayer. Exactly at the twenty minutes specified the man rose up, folded his paper, stretched him-self, and looked. A last spam flashed across the gray, ashen face of the dy-ing; the breathing stopped, fluttered stopped again, came slowly with pain-ful effort, stopped again, then a long deep breath, the eyes turned in their sockets. That soul had fied. A mucous foam instantly gathered on the blue lips and filled the entire mouth.

"Did I tell 'ee? Twanty minutes to said the man, as he wipe the second," said the man, as he wiped the foam from the dead man's lips, and lifted the coverlet, flinging it lighty ver the face of the dead man.

It was this cool indifference that smote the senses of Luke most keenly. For a long time he could not frame a word to express it, as it appeared to him. Then he stumbled on what he afterwards regarded as the stronge haracteristic of this English people their surprising "individualism. while the unit was nothing in this seething turmoil of millions, the individual was everything to himself. Society might ignore him, despise him calculate him; but he, understanding all this, went his own way, unheeding and indifferent—a solitary in the a wiu desert of teeming human life. Every where it was the same. Whilst around the splendid materialism England asserted and showed itself England asserted and shower hosen whilst shops were packed full of every kind of luxury and necessary, and the victuallers and pork-butchers vied with the fruit-sellers in exhibiting every form of human food; whilst public baths were springing up in all tions, and everything ministering to human wants was exhibited in superabundance; whilst a periect system anundance of whits a perfect supervision guarded human life and safety, each solitary individual walked his way alone. You might live in a street for twenty years and not know the name of your next door neighbor: and you seemed to be labelled and ticketed for State purposes, without the slightest reference to your own well-being, ex cept so far as you were a compon anit of the State. It was a huge piece of perfect and polished mechanismcold, clean, shining, smooth, and regular; but with no more of a soul than a steam engine. Often when the dread rattle and roar of the huge mechanism tortured the overworked nerves of Luke Delmege, and he felt as if he had been condemned for life to be impris oned in some huge, infernal Tartarus of cranks and wheels, and the everlasting roar of steam and machinery, he would steal into some quiet street, where, hidden and unseen, as God in the mighty mechanism of the universe, crouched some humble church; and itting on the rude benches he would watch for an hour or two the red lamp swinging before the tabernacle, and break out into a soliloquy to ease his

overburdened heart:
"Lord. Lord! how lonely and silent how hidden and neglected Thou art! Of all the millions who swarm in this hideous city, how many, how few, are aware of Thy awful Presence! There they pass and repass, Thy creatures, and the Tourish and wet to return made by Tay hands, and yet to return to Thee! They are bent on business, on pleasure, on sin; but Thou art silent and they do not know that Thou art near! Thy name is cried in the street; but Thou, the dread reality, art but an abstraction and chimera! They think abstraction and chimera! They think of Thee, as afar off on Sinai or Calvary; they do not know that Thou art here within touch of their hand and sound of their voice. Weary statesmen, bur-dened and overladen with thought, are yonder in that pile. They want wisdom, but know not where to seek it-world-wisdom, for they rule the world and have assumed Thy prerogatives and responsibilities without the knowledge that could enlighten, or the judgme that can discern! And there close by is the mighty temple where once The praises ware sung and Thy Sacred Pre sence rested; but 'Ichabod' is now written over its porches. Not Thy Presence, but the dust of many who have done Thee dishohor, is there. And here around are souls perishing from hunger and feeding on husksand they have lorgotten to cry to their Father for bread. Verily, Thou art a Father for bread. Verily, Thou art a hidden God, and the world does not

This loneliness of our Lord in His ondon tabernacles invariably led Luke to the cognate reflection of the lone-liness of God and His hiddenness in His universe. He was rather drawn to this reflection by the habit he had acquired of meditating on the ineffable attributes of God, since the day when his venerable professor told an ng class that he had remained up half the night before, absorbed in a reverie, after having read Lessius on the ministry and prerogatives of the angels. But whereas, in the lonely fields on the silent seas and lakes of Ireland, he had been penetrated only by the majesty and immensity of the Creator, in seething, riotous, tumultuous London, the loneliness of God affected

him even to tears.
"To night," he said, "in all England, but two or three small commun-ities will watch with God. To-night, whilst all England with its 30,000,000 are asleep, one or two tiny communities there in Devonshire, here in Park-minster, there in Leicester, will startle the solemnity of the night with psalms of praise and canticles of adoration.

Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, ali ye people. Alas! no. All the nations and all the people are busy with other things, and the Lord of the universe, bending down to hear the voices of the darkness, of the earth, must turn back with disappointment to must turn back with disappointment to the tumultuous worship of His heaven."

And then the thought startled him-And then the thought started him-could it be that God is as forgottey in the vast heavens as on earth? Are all the mighty spirits that people the universe, hover over infant planets, guide colossal suns, revel in the crim son and golden belts of far fairer son and golden beits of the latter worlds than ours, and are endowed with higher-and more perfect faculties and senses—are all these immortals as for-getful of God as we? And is God as nely in His universe as here amongs the five millions of London? It was dreadful thought, but impossible! It is only on earth that the mighty Maker now Him-to whom He hath revealed

And then Luke's thoughts would

turn to Ireland of the saints.
"It ought to be a vast monastery,"
he said; "one grand, everlasting choir
of psalm and hymn, where the praises of God would never cease-never know pause or suspension day or night.

Alas! he did not know until after many years how far the splendid mater of England had infected and at tenuated the spiritualism of Ireiand and how hearts were throbbing, and eyes looking far forward and eagerly and ears were straining for the rumble of machinery and the mechanism of Mammon, rather than for the thunder of mighty organs and the raptures of exultant choirs.

Nor did he know how the spirit of

the supernatural in his own breast wa already pluming its wings for flight, and how new ideas—the spirit of the and now new ideas—the spirit of the age—were supplanting it. He only felt dimly that he was carried on, on, on in the whirl and tumult of some mighty mechanism; that the whir of revolving wheels, the vibration of belts, the thunder of engines, the hiss of steam, were everywhere. And that steam, were everywhere. And that from all this tremendous energy were woven fair English tapestries—stately palaces and ancestral forests, trim villas and gardens like Eastern carpets and that the huge machinery tossed aside its refuse and slimehundreds of thousands that festered nd perished in the squalor of the mid night cities. For over all England, even in midsummer, hangs a blue haze, and over its cities the aer bruno, in which the eye of the poet saw floating the spirits of the lost.

He stepped from the silence of God and the roar of London was in his ears.

CHAPTER X.

" THE STRAYED REVELLER."

Doctor Wilson was in his study. He was engaged with a patient. So the faithful servitor told the few jaundiced striving under a rather sickly gas-jet to read The Graphic and The Jester; or mutually comparing each other's liver symptoms, and talking of the latest pharmaceutical wonder. Dr. Wilson's patient, or patients, were of a peculiar type; and he was searching diligently for one whom he failed to find. There they were—all yet dis covered—invisible to you or me; but plainly visible there in the dark chamber that the time more of light control ber, under the tiny moon of light cast from a reflector. Unseen themselves, but agents of unseen powers for the destruction of human tissue, and there fore of human life, they swarmed under the microscope; and Wilson felt about the microscope; and which the above as comfortable as in a powder maga zine, or with a charge of dynamite be-neath his feet. But he would find it— that—microbe of hpdrophobia, which no man had yet discovered; he would find it and write a treatise on it, and then-Sir Athelstan Wilson!

"Mrs. Wilson would like to know, sir, whether you intend going to the theatre to-night."

"No!" sharp and laconic. Then-"Send up those patients; let me se send up those patients; let me see

-Mr. Carnegie." Louis Wilson heard his father's deci-

sion, heard and rejoiced.
"I shall accompany you, mother."

"No, dear. I shall not go."
Louis Wilson regretted the decision leeply, but smiled.

Mrs. Wilson idolized her son. Wilson despised his mother. Her worship disgusted and amazed him. His contempt intensified her idolatry. He played on her wretched feelings as on a shattered and shricking instrument petted her, laughed at her, coaxed her, contemned her, made her furious with passion or maudlin with love, repelled ner, as at a dinner party a few evenings before, when he hissed at her behind her, as at a dinner party a tew college, before, when he hissed at her behind his cards: "Hold your tongue, and don't make a fool of yourself;" won her back by a lurid description of London revels, in which he played no inconsiderabie a part. Of his father he was somewhat afraid, probably because he had to look to him for ways and means. There had been one or two scenes by reason of certain debts that Louis had contracted; and the father, to relieve his feelings, used language somewhat stronger than is sanctioned by conventional usage. Louis regarded him coolly, told him such expressions were ungentlemanly, that he had never heard ungentlemanly, that he had never heard the like amongst the high elemental society in which he moved—in a word made his father thoroughly ashamed himself. But there are certain limits even to a doctor's finances; and Louis twice, had to look elsewhere This did not increase his filial affection which now was blended with dread and hate, disgust and aversion.

I think I shall have a cigar, then, said Louis to his mother. hardly return to supper."

"The doctor won't like to see you absent, Louis," said his mother. "Tis his night at the ledge," said

Louis. "He won't miss me."

The last patient (all but the hydro phobic microbe, who positively refused to be diagnosed or to pay a fee) was dismissed; the last guines pocketed; the last entry made; and the doctor, a wearied man, with a weight of care

showing in his gray hairs and puckered eyes, entered the drawing room.
"Where's Louis?" he demanded

"Gone out for a cigar," said his

wife.
"Confound that cub," said the
father. "I believe he hates his home
and despises us all."

and despises us all."
"Now, really, Atheistan, you are unjust to the boy. You repel him, and, domesticated as he is, you drive him where he is better appreciated."

where he is better appreciated."

"Better appreciated?" echoed the doctor, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yes, better appreciated," said the good mother. "You ignore the poor boy, and he is frightened of you. Yet I heard Lady Alfroth say the other day at the levee that that boy was a perfect Adonis. What's Adonis, Athelstan?"

"Adonis," said the doctor, "was an infamous puppy, who did not reflect much credit on his admirer, nor she on him. Does she make herself the Venus of Euploea or the Venus of Apelles, Bessie?"

Bessie?

Bessie?"
"I don't know anything about them,"
said poor mamma. "But I do know
that my boy is admired by the highest
ladies of the land, and that you'll drive him to destruction."
"Humph! He is pretty far on the

road already. Where's Barbara?"
"I don't know. Probably in some of
the slums, with a basket on her arm
and a poke bonnet, like those bold Salvation Army people."
"Barbara should be at home. Can

it be possible that, with her domesti-cated tastes, you may be driving her to destruction?" destruction r
"I'm sure I do all in my power to bring her into decent society. I have had every kind of invitation for her—to balls and tennis parties; but the girl has low tastes, I regret to say—"

Inherited from whom? "Not from me, certainly. You are constantly taunting me with being too

ond of society."
"H'm! Look here, Bessie, let us compromise. Bring up your brother, the Canon, and I'll give a dinner. Who knows?—we may meet an 'elig-ible' for Barbara."

"She'd rather be kneeling at the feet of a friar," said Mrs. Wilson; but her heart jumped at the suggestion.

"Well, that is low enough," said the doctor; and he laughed at his little

" Whom shall we ask?" said Mrs. Wilson. "Oh! it makes no matter. The

Canon will obliterate everybody. the way, isn't there a big English preacher coming over here soon ?" "Yes," said Mrs. Wilson. Her plans were ripening to perfection. "He's a near relative to the Duke of

"Bessie, the gods are smiling on thee. If ever you care for heaven after you have the Duke's relative at

shoulder, I'm an apothecary. by Jove, won't there be fun? pit the Canon against the celebrity; 'twill be worth a prize-fight in "What day shall we say?" asked Mrs. Wilson, who bore her husband's bantering by reason of her triumph.

" Any day you please, but immedia tely after the horse show. Calthrop is coming over, and I want to show him something worth remembering."

"That horrid fellow from Cambridge

who wrote about germs and things ? "Exactly. He is the leading germ-inologist of the day, except Weis-

"Will he wear his apron-andknow, in the presence of the clergy.
"He will then Twould be hardly right, you "He will, then, and you'll se streaks of hell fire, red and yellow across his breast. Here goes for

cigar! If the cub enjoys a cigarette, why shouldn't the old bear enjoy a cigar ?"
Mrs. Wilson was alone with her own thoughts and plans for a few minutes.

Then a gentle step was heard on the stairs, and Barbara, looking pale and wearied, came in. She flung her hat on the sofa, tidied up her hair, and asked her mother might she have a cup of tea there in the drawing room. "I suppose you may," said her mother, peeviship. "Although I must say, Barbara, you would consult better for our respectability if you would con-

form more closely to to the requirements of elegant society."

There spoke the Canon's sister. Bar-

bara said nothing. After tea she drew over a chair, and, taking up a maga zine, asked anxiously:
"Where is Louis, mother?"

"You care little about Louis or of your family," answered Mrs. Wilson; "if you did you would not avoid meeting the meeting these who might be of service to us, and affect the society of the low and disreputable city slums."

Barbara was with a service of the low

Barbara was rather accustomed to these monologues, and answered not at all. Mother should speak or go mad. "Your father at last is meeting my wishes, and is about to entertain.

you help me to form a list? said Barbara "Certainly, mother," said
"Is it—I hope not—a ball?

"No. That's some relief for you, He is about to invite some distingished people to dinner to meet the

"Yes. You seem surprised."
"And what persons—what class argoing to meet uncle?" Do you think father would ask any one that was not respectable?"
"Oh, no! But if I am to help you,

Uncle ?"

I must know is it a medical, or a clerical or a legal dinner?" "You are becoming sarcastic, Barbara,-a dangerous accomplishment for

a young lady. mother, let us not bandy

"Now, mother, let us not bandy words. Whom are you going to ask?" "That is what I want to know. Mr. Calthrop is coming over." Barbara laid down her pen, and looked in pained surprise at her

nother.
"Then you can't ask any priest to meet him," said she.
"I would have you know," said
Mrs. Wilson, angrily, "that my
brother shall be the guest of the occa-

sion. If he should be present, no other

Barbara was silent. We shall ask Monsignor Dalton

and Monsignor Williams. Can you think of any one else?"

"There is Father Elton, of—street. He is a very distinguished

"I am afraid it would hardly do to ask any one beneath his own dignity to meet my brother. There's a certain meet my brother. There's a certain etiquette in these cases."
"But Father Elton is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has frequently lunched at the Castle."
"Oh!" seld Man. Williams

lunched at the Castle."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Wilson, with a gasp of surprise, "indeed! By all means put down Father Elton. I didn't know he was so distinguished. Then put down Sir Archibald Thompson, of the College of Science, and Algy Redvers, who admired you so much at the Denison's party, and—"
"Mother?"

" Mother ?' "Will they come? It will be awkward if you get refusals."
"Barbara!" said Mrs. Wilson, in a faltering tone, "how dare you say such things! Will they come? I

such things! should say so."

"Mother, must this be?"
"It must, child," said mother, weeping silently, "but I wish it were Dr. Wilson attended the meeting of Dr. Wilson attended the meeting of Lodge No. 8, Moulton Street, and was made happy thereby. He had long since learned that it was only by diligent and servile attention to the

plenipotentiaries who ruled the Lodges. and, indeed, every other department in his country, that he could hope for advancement in his profession. True he had an excellent and growing repu tation, an excellent and growing and paying clientele; for, after all, when you have a "liver," it makes v.ry little difference even if it is Catholic boluses, ordered by Catholic doctors, that relieve you. This is sometimes controverted at the Lodges; and it is maintained that even bottles and pills should have the compass and square written or indented. But a certain residuum of desirable patients did trickle into the study of Dr. Wildid trickle into the study of Dr. Wilson, and that residuum created an appetite for more. Then there were certain honors and emoluments that were absolutely in the gift of the Lodges; and these are desirable things, except to a certain class of fanatics, who, like Oriental fakirs, prefer poverty and retirement. Some-times, indeed, a "sop to Cerberus" is flung to Catholics, when the tables are too redundant and there are no Protestant mouths to feed; and it is Christian and consoling to witness the intense and maudlin gratitude which the morsels are received wept over. But how did Dr Wilson know that he would be there when the crumbs fell, or that some more and acious and hungry Papist might not snatch the coveted morsel? matter admitting of no uncertainty. Brother Wilson, Lodge No. 8, cannot be overlooked.

The meeting was over, the night was moonlit, and Dr. Wilson strolled home leisurely. He was accosted at the corner of Denton street:

"Friend, I owe thee something, and I should wish to repay thee!"
"Oh! some other time, Mr. Pyne,"

said the doctor, recognizing a city mag-nate, one of the last remnants of the Quaker community, who are fast losing their characteristics and merging into

"It is not money I owe thee, friend," said the Quaker: "I have paid thee all that was due; but I owe thee gratitude.

"A rare and unintelligible debt,"

"A rare and unintelligible debt, thought the doctor.

"al had a liver," continued the Qnaker, "and I felt like the saintly man of old, who, when threatened by the Pagan magistrate—'I shall drag the iver out of thee, answered with Christian gentleness. 'I wish to God you tian gentleness, would. Now, thou hast holpen me to bring that rebellious and ungodly member into better dispositions, an grateful to thee, and I should wish to repay thee."

There was a pause, the doctor smiling

at the Quaker's drollery.
"Thou hast a son?" said the latter,
at length. The smile died from the doctor's face.

"He is young and inexperienced, and he hath a fatal gift," continued the Quaker. "And there be a foolish Quaker. yoman, and clamorous, who sitteth on seat in the high places of the city, and she saith, 'Whose is simple, iet and she saith, 'Whose is simple, iet him turn in hither.' But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell. "This is all pedantic and ambiguous, Pyne," said the doctor, testily. "You mean something grave. Would it not mean something grave. Would it no be better to explain it fully? "Seeing is better than hearing," con

tinued the Quaker, in his solemn way Come. better even than faith. He called a cab, and the two drove in silence along winding streets and open thoroughfares, until they came to a fashionable suburb. Here the cab stopped, and the two gentlemen alighted. They moved rapidly along the smooth pavement and stood before a large mansion, whose hall and win-

dows were unlighted, and over which hung the stillness of death. Whatever thou seest here," said the Quaker, "wilt thou promise to make neither sign nor sound of recognition? It is important.

"Yes, I promise," said the doctor, strangely perturbed. They mounted the steps slowly. The bell tinkled, and a footman appeared.

"Are the guests assembled?" said the Onder.

the Quaker.
"Yes, sir," said the man, deferen-

tially.
"And the banquet ready?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.
"That will do. I shall find my own

way."

He passed rapidly up the broad staircase, dimly lighted here and there by a colored lamp. The doctor followed. Their footsteps fell softly on the thick stair-carpet, and did not disturb the soleum silence. A few steps led off the main stairs. Here a door

was opened; but a thick h hung down. The Quaker ly aside, and they found t a large dining room, nov theatre; but all the light until but a faint twilig room, save at the end, wh stage was brilliantly light tric lamps. Hence they s sat unseen by the audience ladies and gentlemen, al costume, and who besides ested by the stage table could not hear the almost could not hear the almost trance of the visitors. visitors heed them; for the visitors heed them; for the visitors of the visi curls hung low on his nec his face upward towards ress of Cyprus-Circe. S in Greek costume, her ha knotted by circlets of gol stones, and her feet quit her stood Ulysses, grim beaten, his mariner's c tattered and seaworn, ar was a look of gladness a had escaped shipwreck, one who had determined in the toils of the encha was just repeating the wa

AUGUST 3, 1907.

Foolish boy! why trembles Thou loyest it, then my wis wouldst more of it? See, Through the delicate flusher. The red creaming liquor, Strown with dark seeds!
Drink, then! I child thee Deny thee not the bowl, Come, stretch forth thy horink, drink again! and Louis repeated :

Thanks, gracious
Ah the sweet fumes
More soft, ah me
More subtle-wind
Than Pan's fluteFaint-faint! Ah
Again the sweet slee " I wish to God he'd see him dead a million thus." "Hush! hush!" said

" Come out !"
" No, I'll see the dam the end." hissed the they did. Then, with a s went out, followed by hi " What's all this in

about ?" said the docto "Now, now, friend reasonably excited," sa "This is a harmless written by a very excell and now more or less what they call Tableaux

thou wert to see thy e. Perseus, rescuing that i And who is that h "A most excellent w

Didst thou never hear of Mrs. Wenham, wife of de camp to Lord?"
"Certainly," said
The doctor softened a magic of the name, tho son's degradation keen " And that old Silent

whose name stands be at the Exchange."
"The old ranting "The old ranting thought he did nothing Exchange, and sing proof toothless cats, and sla

tea-tables !' Now, friend, thou a therefore unjust. Ever the pious must have le charitable.' 'Indeed! I should

prised if my young charitable thing in his "Oh, yes!" said the ouldst not object. the tenets of thy own justifies the means? be more laudable tha young baby Papists fro and superstition and the sunlight of the

Good-night, dear fried And the kindly went his way. Next nobe patients had a lit was a scene, a violendoctor's study, in whi doctor's honest anger subdued the keen sa whilst Barbara and l white faces, were to drawing-room. That at from Kingstown very distinguished p good deal of the mann foreign prince. And son had to face the misery of his London ong vacation, wh was abroad, except would have fretted a two resources—the ca figure, and a certain carried with him e

> TO BE CON Protestants Buil One of the most no

ew drops of whose n

him to a Mahometan

the West was dedica Imperial, Neb. Abou non-Catholic business suggested to Rev. I of McCook, the advis a Catholic church in I ing was called, which by Bishop Bonacun \$1,200 was pledged. was appointed, and cominent business w entire control of the shurch. It was com memorial windows v wife of one of the non the building c dedication seru

rotestants built a ch