

LUKE DELMEGE.

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CHAPTER VII.

EN ROUTE. The next few days passed pleasantly and cheerfully for Luke. The inestimable privilege of being able to say Mass in his father's house blessed and hallowed the entire day, and if occasionally he allowed himself to be tormented by the accidents and circumstances of life, or by grave questioning about men and their ways, all these vexatious troubles evaporated the moment he sat with his three clerical friends; and all jarring and discordant sounds were merged and disappeared in the glorious dithyramb of friendship.

The three friends were known in the diocese as the "Inseparables." They formed a narrow and exclusive circle of themselves, and all candidates for admission were sternly blackballed. They dined together and supped together on all festive occasions. They took their summer holidays together at Lidoonvarna; and there they insisted that their rooms should be on the same corridor and adjacent, and that their chairs should be placed together at the same table. At Kikee, which is popularly supposed to be the hygienic supplement of Lidoonvarna, just as the cold douche is supposed to wind up a Turkish bath, they bathed in the same pool or pollock hole, and together they took the Natural Bridges of Ross, fooled around during the hot day together; and if they ventured on a game of billiards after dinner, two played and the other marked. If any one else came in or interferred, the three walked away together. At home they were equally exclusive. Every Sunday evening, winter and summer, they met, to "celebrate the Eusebian mysteries," said jealous outsiders, but in reality to dine; and the dinner on each occasion, and at each table, never varied—chickens and ham, followed by a tiny piece of roast mutton; one dish, generally of apples, as second course, and that was all. The only occasion when there was a shadow of a cloud between them was when Father Martin got a new house-keeper, and she treated her guests to what she was pleased to call a chancery-pudding. The guests looked at it suspiciously, and declined to partake. Father Martin, always gentle and polite, made no protest, and gave the old horse for the long road," said Father Tim. So, too, the "Inseparables" held the same opinions on politics, the only difference being that Father Martin looked upon such things from a theoretical and academic standpoint, whereas Father Tim held himself passive, and Father Pat was disposed to be fiercely and relentlessly aggressive. Some said it was genuine, downright patriotism; some thought it was opposition to his pastor. No matter. There it was; and the great newspapers spoke of him as a true agnostic and trying circumstances the noblest traditions of the Irish Church." These laudatory lines Father Pat had cut out, and pasted into the cover of the Pars Aestiva of his breviary, where they formed occasionally the subject of an impromptu meditation. And as these three excellent men were obliged to make their wills in conformity with the statutes of the diocese, it was understood (though this of course was a secret) that the two executors of him who should predecease the other were to be the survivors. What the last survivor was to do history does not tell.

And yet, with all the unbroken intimacy extending over many years, no three men could be more unlike in character, disposition and education than the "Inseparables." Father Pat Casey was an open-air priest, who lived in the saddle, and was the familiar and intimate of every man, woman and child in the parishes; for his brother clerics often good-humoredly complained that he forgot the rectification of the frontiers, and poached rather extensively on their preserves. He had a genuine, undisguised horror of books. His modest library consisted of St. Liguori in two volumes, Perrone in four, Alzog in two and Keever in ten. There were, also, about fifty volumes of the Delphin classics, which had come down to him from a scholarly uncle; and in the midst of these was a single volume of De Quincey, with an account, amongst other essays, of the last days of Kant. This volume was the occasion of perpetual inquiry and interrogation.

"Where in the world did I pick it up? Who the mischief was this Kant? What a name for a Christian! Martin, I am sure I must have stolen it from you in a fit of abstraction."

But he would not part with it—not for its weight in gold. It was always lying on the parlor table, except during meals, when it went back to the book-shelf; and once a highborn English lady, who had called to inquire about some poor people in the neighborhood, took it up, and said:

"I'm glad to see you interested in my favorite author, Father."

And once, when the Bishop paid an impromptu visit, he found Father Pat deeply immersed in abstruse studies.

"Reading, Father Casey?" said the Bishop, as if he were surprised.

"Yes, my Lord," said Father Pat, demurely.

The Bishop took up the volume, turned over the leaves with a slight upturning of the eyebrows, looked at Father Pat questioningly, looked at the book, and sighed.

There were a few prints of sacred subjects around the walls, one or two engravings signed Kaufmann, which Father Pat was told were of priceless value. But the masterpiece was over the mantel; it represented three or four horses, bay and black, their skins shining like mirrors. One was hurt, and a groom was chafing the fore foot. It was by one of the old masters, and it was called "Elliman's Embrocation."

"Take down that vulgar thing," said his parish priest, on one of the few occasions when he visited his curate. Father Pat obeyed, but put it back again. It was the source of innocent and ineffable pleasure to him.

Father Pat didn't preach. He only spoke to the people. Hence after thirty years of zealous ministrations, he remained a curate; and there seemed no likelihood that he would ever be asked, in his own words, "to change his condition."

Father Tim Hurley was pastor of a neighboring parish—a one-horse parish. He had no curate—a fact in which he took great pride when speaking to his fellow pastors, but which he deplored, almost with tears in his eyes, when in the company of curates. Once, in his early days, he had had the supreme misfortune of making an excellent *bon mot*, and an unwise admirer had called him "Thou son of Sirach." From that day forward he assumed the apophthegmatic mode of speaking; and sometimes it was a torture to his friends to see him in much agony, laboring to twist and extort from his inner consciousness some pithy phrase that would help him to converse or extend his reputation. Under the unwise advice of his friend Father Martin, he had laid in a stock of writers who had been remarkable for their wit and powers of repartee; but it was mighty hard to bring around Rocheoncauld in a conversation about the diocese, or Epictetus when they were talking about the harvest. And so Father Tim was driven, by the stress of circumstances, to fall back upon his own originality; and it, sometimes, he failed, he found, on the whole, that in his flights of fancy his own gray feathers were better than borrowed plumage.

Father Martin, again, was almost a direct antithesis to his friends; and as it was from him Luke's future life took some of its color, I must give him a little more space just here.

Father Martin Hughes was not originally intended for the Church, but for the Bar. For this purpose he spent two years in Germany, passing from university to university, lodging from humble cottages by the banks of legendary rivers, or in the solitudes of black mountain forests; and here he had learned to prize the simple, cleanly lives, gray and drab, in their monotony, but gilded by the music and the mystery that seems to hang like a golden cloud above the Fatherland. In after life he often recurred, with all the gratefulness of memory, to the kindness and unaffected politeness of the simple peasants and wood-cutters; and the little marks of sympathetic friendliness, such as the placing of a bunch of violets with silent courtesy on his dressing-table, or the little presents on his birthday, when his portrait was decorated by some Gretchen or Ottilie, were gravely indelible on a memory almost too retentive. Then the pathos of the German hymns, sung by a whole family around the supper table, and to the accompaniment of a single table-piano, such as you see in every German household, haunted him like a dream; and when, by degrees, he began to realize that this country, which but a few years back had been cursed by a foreign tongue, had now, by a supreme magnificent effort, created its own language, and a literature unsurpassed for richness and sweetness, he saturated himself with the poetry and philosophy of the country, which gave a new color and embellishment to life. Not that he troubled himself much about the cloudy metaphysics of the school of that, or the face-hair-splitting of philology, or the mountebanks who ridiculed the scholastics for logic-chopping, yet imitated in untruth the worst features of systems they condemned; but he allowed the fine mists and mountain dews of Schiller, Richter, and Novalis to wrap him round and saturate his spirit, and thanked God that He had given poets to the world. The last months of his pilgrimage he had spent above the Neckar, in the grand old town of Heidelberg, and he never forgot it after that. In such a sunset dream of coloring, and such an overhanging heaven of azure, as arches the golden landscapes on the canvases of Turner. But it was there and in the lonely recesses of the Hartz mountains, where village after village clustered around the church spires and the white tombs of the dead, that the gentle afflatus was breathed on him that turned his thoughts from the forum to the pulpit and from the world to God. But he never abandoned his German studies during all his after life. He had conceived the original and apparently extravagant idea of engraving German ideas, German habits and manners on the peasantry at home, and he had written one thoughtful article on the affinity between German and Irish thought and tradition. He thought to show that German idealism and Celtic mysticism were the same, and that the issue of an alliance between the thought and sympathies of these nations should necessarily be a healthy one. But he was hooted from the literary stage, France, and France alone, was to be our wet-nurse and duenna—and Father Martin went back to his books and his dreams. He was, therefore, a cipher, a nonentity, for a silenced voice is supposed to denote a symbolical emptiness in a loud-tongued, blatant land. Then, again, his accomplishments and learning were merged and forgotten in the fact that he was the gentlest, the most imperturbable of men. And, partly by native disposition, partly by habit and cultivation, he had come to that pass when he did not think it worth while to differ with any one about anything. He answered, "Quite so!" to the most absurd and extravagant statement. Hence, after conferences and such like he was generally reputed dull, because he did not choose to take part in discussions, which had no interest for him. But there was a remedy, a pure anesthetic, an anti-septic salve for all the wounds of humanity, and that was *Epikieia*. It was never known to fall him, and the consequence was that patients flocked to him from town and country and went away rejoicing.

"I can't make it out," he said. "Inseparables" to the gentiles; but

they had a Freemason secret amongst themselves that Father Martin did not know. In one of the secret recesses of his library, which no one was allowed to penetrate but the "Inseparables," he had a large ring or rosary of photographic portraits—Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Wieland, Richter, Novalis, and Herder. These portraits were for a long time vacant. Then one day it was filled—filled with a cabinet portrait of a man who, at his own dinner table, used to say by gestures, if not articulately to his worshipers and sycophants: "Behold, am I not your lord and master?" and they answered him and said: "Yes, verily, thou art our lord and king." And the horrible story went abroad that Father Martin, the demure monk and eremite, used to sit in his arm-chair for hours together, contemplating this circle of geniuses with the count of concealed emptiness, and laugh loud and long at the dismal contrast.

Luke was privileged to spend his last three days in Ireland in the company of these kindly men. Why he was admitted with the magic circle was a great puzzle to him, the only answer to which he found in his prospective exile. The profit he derived from this intercourse was probably not an appreciable quantity; but his nerves got smoothed out and calmed. It is true, indeed, that Father Tim gave labored utterance to one or two of his oracular sayings, which, not being quite consistent in their normal bearing with what Luke had been taught, occasioned him not a little anxiety and scruple. For example, Father Tim strongly inculcated on Luke the paramount necessity of "not selling himself cheap."

"The world takes you, my boy, at your own valuation. Hold your head high, and put a big price on yourself."

"But surely, Father," remonstrated Luke, "that would be quite inconsistent with Christian humility."

"Humility? God bless me, my boy, you'll be pulled and dragged through the mud; you'll be trampled into compost by the hoofs of men if you attempt to make little of yourself."

Luke was silent.

"An all has a better chance than a salmon," said Father Tim, on another occasion, "of making his way in the narrow and twisted and shallow channels of Irish life." After a long pause of pleasure, he added: "But an eel is not a salmon for all that."

The brethren nodded assent.

"You have a good name to go to England with, my boy," he said, at his own dinner-table on Monday evening.

"Who was the fool that said: 'What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'"

"A great fellow called Will Shakespeare," said Father Martin.

"I thought so. One of those birds who hatch the eggs of others. Now, will any one tell me that Delmege—and if you can pronounce it in the French fashion so much the better—is not a wholesome name for an exile O'Shaughnessy or O'Delachy?"

You'll find that this fellow will come back to us with an accent like a dress, and that he'll find out that his ancestors fought at P. iceters, and that he is a first cousin, in the collateral line, to Joan of Arc."

"It is a curious form of insanity," said Father Martin, "and every one is more or less affected."

"Except myself and Father Pat. I could never trace the Harleys or the four-year-old factions. But I believe they were very conspicuous in these crusades." He added, in his tone of quiet sarcasm: "When I get a little money together, which is a rather problematical issue at present, I'm going to get my metopreoparated, like the Canon—two shillings rampant—very rampant—with the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, or its Irish translation, *Punt tread on the tail of my coat*; and I'll always pay for Father Pat's, for he'll never have a penny to bless himself with."

"And wouldn't you kindly suggest an heraldic crest and motto for Father Pat?" said Father Martin.

"Certainly. A death's-head and crossbones couchant, on a black ground, with the motto of Napoleon: *Frappes-vite—frappes fort*, or in the vernacular: *Whichever you see a head, hit it!*"

"No! no!" said Father Martin; "that would not be appropriate. Give him the surgeon's knife and the motto, *Rescissa vegetus renurget*."

To explain which parable we should add here that Father Pat was an amateur surgeon, principally in the veterinary department. He had a little surgery, a room about eight feet square, off the hall; and here he performed operations on animals that would have put into a spile of envy. Here he had a blackbird, who, in exchange for the delectable service, then and there abdicated his freedom, and became the melodious companion of the priest. Here, too, dogs of all shapes and breeds were brought to him, and whilst he treated them with infinite gentleness, and they licked his hand in gratitude, and the wistful, swimming look gathered into their eyes, as if indeed in dropping a tear into the embrocation, and moistened the ointment in this old human way. In spiritual matters, too, he was an able and tender physician. I am not sure that he was a distinguished theologian, or that he could weigh opinions in the balance, like that sensitive plate in the Bank of England, that flings good coins to the right, and light, spurious ones to the left, and quivers, as if in doubt, when a dubious coin is submitted, and finally drops it. But Father Pat had a sovereign remedy, a pure anesthetic, an anti-septic salve for all the wounds of humanity, and that was *Epikieia*. It was never known to fall him, and the consequence was that patients flocked to him from town and country and went away rejoicing.

"I can't make it out," he said. "I'm not much of a theologian, and the

Lord knows I'm not a saint. I suppose 'tis the grace of God and an honest face."

"No matter," said Father Tim, in reply; "he'll never come to decent note-paper. Ah, me! if Pat had only held his head high, how different he would be to day? Luke, my boy, hold your head high and let every year increase your valuation."

"Tell him about Tracey," said Father Pat: "It might frighten him."

"About Tracey, that poor anguished in the city? Well, he's an awful example. He had a good parish—as good a parish as there is in the diocese. It is my own native parish—"

"It is the Siberia of the diocese," hinted Father Martin.

"It's my own native parish," said Father Tim; "and though I shouldn't say it, there's as good a living there—well, no matter. What did our friend Tracey do? Instead of thanking God and his Bishop, he flew into the face of God, he insulted the Bishop, he insulted the people, and he insulted me." The memory of the insult was so vivid and painful that Father Tim could not speak for several seconds.

He began to make meditations, if you please, with the result of course, that he went clean off his head. His delusion was that he was too elevated as a parish priest, God bless the mark! and that his salvation would be more secure on a lower rung of the ladder. He resigned his parish and became chaplain to a city hospital. He is low enough now. He may be seen wandering around the streets of the city with a coat on him as green as a leek, and he looks like an anatomy. Of course, he likes to be told it. And if you'd politely hint that he has been, and must have been, suspended for an occult crime, he'd shake your hand like a hungry friend whom you had unexpectedly asked to dinner."

"By Jove!" said Luke, forgetting himself, and striking the table, "the first vacation I get, I'll make a pilgrimage to the city and kiss that man's feet."

"That's easy enough," said Father Tim, "because his shoes are usually well ventilated, and he's not shy about showing his toes. Meanwhile, Luke, spare these few glasses of mine. They are all I have, and this is a hungry parish."

"Tell me, Father Martin," said Luke, as the two went home together, "is that true what Father Tim told about that priest in Limerick? Because one never knows when he is serious and when jesting."

"Literally true," said Father Martin with that tone of seriousness which was natural to him, and which he only suppressed in moments of relaxation.

"And our cases like this very rare?" asked Luke.

"Not so rare as you may imagine," replied Father Martin, "but not so remarkable."

"I suppose the man is worshipped," said Luke, gazing the popular estimate by his own.

"Quite the contrary. He is regarded by all as an imbecile. The people don't only think of him as one 'tetched in his mind.'"

"But the brethren—his own—who understand his herosim?"

"Oh!" said Father Martin, with a long breath. "Well," he said deliberately, "here, too, there is compassion, but no great admiration. He is not called a fool, but he is treated as such. I remember a few months ago a magnificent sermon, preached by a great pulpit orator, on 'Humility.' It was really beautiful, and the picture he drew of St. Francis, hooted by the people of his native town, and called 'a fool,' was photographic in its perfect details. But when he met Father Tracey, with his old green coat at the dinner table afterwards, it was delightful to see his condescension. He shook hands with him, apparently with some reluctance, but said immediately after to one of a group of his admirers: 'Poor fellow! But the cream of the joke was that an excellent man, an immediate speaker, spoke of the distinguished orator as the exact and happy antithesis of wretched failures like Father Tracey.'

"It's a dreadful enigma," said Luke, wearily mopping his forehead. "I don't know where I am."

"You see Father Tim's advice was not so far absurd as you seem to think. We are all like frogs in a swamp, each trying to croak louder than his fellows, and to lift his stupid head somewhat above them out of this dreary Slough of Despond. And for what, think you? That he might have a better opportunity than his fellows to see the fens and inhale the more deeply and marsh-miasms of this fever-stricken and pestilential planet."

"But, surely, you do not agree with what Father Tim said?" said Luke, in an accent of despair.

"I fully agree with his conclusion that, if you are humble and lowly and self-effaced, you will certainly be crushed into compost under the hoofs of wild asses. But—" He stopped, and Luke watched him.

"I believe, also, that the highest Christian teaching is true; and that no real work is done in the world except by humble and lowly men. Did you notice the two photos on my mantelpiece?"

"Yes: your idols?"

"According to mood. When I am disposed to be contemptuous or scornful or too zealous, I turn to Savonarola. When I am in a gentle and charitable mood, I light a taper before the Curé of Ars."

"'Tis all a mighty puzzle," said Luke.

"Ay, 'tis a mad world, my merry masters," answered the priest. Then, after a long pause, he said:

"I dare say you're pretty tired of the advice and wisdom of your seniors. But you have had a great misfortune. You have come into the world worse equipped than if you had been born blind or lame. You have a hundred naked, quivering nerves, wide open on

every square inch of your body. Happy you if you had been born with the hide of a rhinoceros. As this is not so, I say to you, first, with the Greenian polliopopher—" *Habita tecum*. Dwell as much as you can with your own thoughts. Secondly—

"Make God your companion, not men. Thirdly—

"Feed not on ephemeral literature, but on the marrow of giants. Good-bye! I'll tell tomorrow."

On Friday afternoon, Luke was launched on the high seas in the London steamer, and into the mighty world at the same time. The enigma of life was going to be shown him for solution on larger canvas and in deeper colors in the strange and unfamiliar environments of English life.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALBION.

Not the white cliffs of Dover, but the red loam of Devonshire downs, where the sandstone was capped by the rich teeming soil, saluted our young exile the following morning. He had risen early, and shaking off the mephitism of a stuffy cabin, had rushed above, just as the sailors were swabbing the decks. Here he drew in long, deep breaths of the crisp, cool sea air, as he watched the furrows cut by the counter of the sea-plough, or studied the white towns that lay so picturesquely under the ruddy cliffs. "And this is England," Luke thought. "England, the far-reaching, the imperial, whose power is revered by white, and black, and bronzed races; and whose sovereignty stretches from the peaks of the Himalays to the Alps of the southern Archipelagos." Luke couldn't understand it. She lay so quiet there in the morning sun, her strength stretched so peaceful and calm, that symbol of power, or of might far-reaching, there was none.

"I thought," said Luke, aloud, "that every notch in her cliffs was an embrasure, and that the mouths of her cannon were like nests in her rocks."

"'Tis the lion couchant et dormant," said a voice.

Luke turned and saw standing close by an officer of the ship, a clean cut, trim, well-defined figure, clad in the blue cloth and gold lace of the service. His eyes, instead of the red and bronze of the sailor, had an olive tinge, through which burned two glowing, gleaming brown eyes, which just then were sweeping the coast, as if in search of a signal.

"I have often had the same thoughts as you, sir," he said, as if anxious to continue the conversation, "as we swept along here under more troublous skies and over more turbulent seas than now. You see the silent and sheathed strength of England that is terrible. I have seen other powers put forth all their might by land and sea: I have not been moved. But I never approach the English coast without a feeling of awe."

"I dare say it is something to be proud of," said Luke, who was appreciative of this enthusiasm, but did not share it.

"Perhaps not," the officer replied; "it is destiny."

"You see the Cornish coast," he continued, pointing to a dim haze far behind them, in which the outlines of the land were faintly penciled. "Would you believe that up to the dawn of our century, fifty years ago, that entire peninsula was Catholic? They had retained the Catholic faith from the times of the Reformation. Then there were no priests to be had; Wesley went down, and to day they are the most bigoted Dissenters in England; and Cornwall will be the last county that will come back to the Church."

"Horrible!" said Luke, sadly.

"And yet so thin is the veneering of Protestantism that their children are still called by the names of Catholic saints, Angela, and Ursula, and Teresa; and they have as many holy wells as you have in Ireland."

"It must be a heart-break to the priests," said Luke, "who have to minister amid such surroundings."

"Only speak of it as a matter of Fate," said the officer, dreamily. "It is the terrific power of assimilation which Protestant England possesses."

"You must be proud of your great country," said Luke.

"No, sir," said the officer, "I am not."

Luke looked at him with surprise.

"Ireland is my country," the officer said in reply, "and these are our countrymen." He pointed down into the sea, where, lying prostrate, were four or five cattle-dealers. They had sought out the warmth of the boiler during the night; and there they lay, unwashed and unkempt, in rather uninviting conditions. Their magnificent cattle, fed on Irish pastures, were going to feed the mouths of Ireland's masters, and tramped and lowed and moaned in hideous discord for food, and clashed their horns together as the vessel rolled on the waves. It was altogether unpleasant exhibition, and Luke turned away with a sigh.

In the early afternoon, the boat, after sheering close under the Eddy-stone lighthouse, swept around the beautiful woodlands and shrublands of Mount Edgcombe, and the splendid panorama of Plymouth harbor burst on the view. Here again Luke was disappointed. Everything looked so calm, and peaceful and prosperous, that he found it difficult to understand that there to the left was one of the greatest dockyards and marine emporiums and store-houses in the world; and his eyes ranged along until, hidden under the bosky covers and the abundant foliage of Mount Edgcombe, he saw a long, low wall of concrete, and there were the bulldog mounds of England's cannon.

"Going ashore, sir?" said the chief mate, the officer who had previously accosted him.

"No," said Luke, dubiously.

"Let me introduce my wife and little girl, sir," he said politely. "We are running in, as I am leaving Marguerite with the Nette Dame nuns here."

"You are going further, Father?"

said the lady, with frankly polite Irish manner.

"Yes," said Luke, "I'm going to London. I have a sister, Margaret also," he said, tenderly watching the child's eyes, "but we call her Margery."

"We shall be lonely after our little woman," said the officer; "but she will be in safe hands."

"Do you know what Marguerite means, little one?" said Luke.

"No, Father," said the child.

"It means a pearl. Be thou," he said, assuming a tone of unwonted solemnity, "a pearl of great price."

"Bless her, Father," said the Catholic mother.

And Luke blessed the child.

All that day, whenever he had a spare moment from his office and a few necessary studies, he was absorbed in reflections. The awful spectacle of those drunken men in the morning haunted him like a nightmare. They had risen half drunk from their hot, hard bed, and stupidly had passed him near the gangway with a mauldin: "F! morn'n, Fazzler!" And he was studying all day the mighty problem, that has occupied more attention than half the more serious problems of the world. What is it? What is it?—the fatal bias towards intoxication that seems to distinguish the race? Indolence, vacuity of thought, the fatal altruism of the race? What is it? Or is it only a political cantum?

And side by side, alternating rapidly with the bitter reflection, came the question: Why will not Irish mothers educate their children at home? Have we not convents, etc.? Why, it is Irish nuns who are teaching here in Plymouth and throughout England. What is in the English air that the same teachers can teach here than at home? Or is it the everlasting serfdom of the race, always crouching at the feet of the conqueror, always lessening and depreciating its own large possibilities? Let it alone, Luke, let it alone! Except, indeed, as an exercise, to while away a long afternoon under sleepy awnings, and to soothe your nerves with the dull mechanic interplay of questions that are forever seeking and never finding an answer, let it alone, let it alone! But Luke was not made thus. He had a great taste for the insoluble.

Late in the evening he heard the same officer chatting freely in French, and with the absolute ease of a native, and with a young governess who was returning to her home from Ireland. He listened, not with curiosity, but just to see if he could distinguish one word. Not a word! And he got a prize in French in his logic year. "Harg Wegscheider and the Monophysites," thought Luke.

Now, I should like to know where is the connection between Wegscheider, a fairly modern German, and people that lived fifteen centuries ago? But that is the way the lobes of the brain work at interchange ideas, not always sympathetic, or even relevant, especially when the schoolmaster is in a passion, and demands too much work out of once from his willing pupils.

Next day the vessel had swung into the gateway of the world—that mighty sea-gate that stretches from the Downs and the Forelands right up to London Bridge. The vessels' engines were slowed down, for this was a pathway where the passengers had to pick their steps; for all along the banks at intervals, where the plastic hand of man had built wharves and quays, there was a plantation of bare masts and yards that cut the sky; and now and again a stately steamer loomed up out of the eastern haze, and grow and swelled into colossal blackness; then passed and subsided into the dimensions of a waterfowl that troubles the tranquil waters with swift alarm. Bound for the Orient, and laden with freights of merchandise—from the mechanism of a locomotive to the Brummagem-made idol for far Cathay; bound for the Occident, and laden to the water's edge, and stuffed chock full with rolls and bales from the looms of Manchester; and the fleets of the Cape and the sleepy isles of the Pacific; bound for the West Indies and the Bermudas, whence Nature has tried in vain to frighten them with her explosive earthquakes or the dread artillery of her typhoons; or homeward from far climates, and with the rusty marks of the storm on their hulls, and their sailors staring at the old familiar sights on land and water—like fairy shuttles moving to and fro across the wool of many waters—the fleets of the empire came, and went, and Luke fancied he saw the far round world as in a magic mirror, and that he smelt the spices of Sultans and the musk of the gardens of Persia, as the stately argosies swept by. It was a magnificent panorama, and recalled the times when the *Mare Magnum* was swept by the oars of the Roman triremes, and dusky Ethiopians sweated at the galleys of their Roman masters. Then the vision faded, and in the raw cold of an exceptionally sharp morning, Luke stepped across the gangway and looked down at the mighty sewer of a river, and came face to face with all the squalor and fetor of London life.

He was calmly but courteously received at the presbytery attached to the cathedral; and it surprised him not a little to perceive that as an ordinary importance as the closing of a door or the ticking of a clock, he took his seat at the dinner-table; and he might have been dining there for the last twenty years, so little notice was taken of him.

He was a little surprised when he was told:—

"Delmege, if you want bread, you can get it at the side board; but cut the loaf even, please."

He was a little amused when some one asked:—

"I say Delmege, is it a fact that the curate in Ireland give dinners at a guinea a head?"

He replied: "I have dined with curates, and even with parish priests lately, and the dinner did not cost a cent per head."

"Tell that to the marines," was the reply.

And he was almost edified, yet partly

complused, who took him to show him to a confratello to a confratello.

But what was, the calm of each individual, and the easy to differ, contradicted, shade of asper, was a perpetua his whole care.

The following admitted to a brat ties. His ex General and converts from

"In the Vicar, without you ascertain baptized, but had a grown-up do?"

"I should tion," said Luke seemed rather fetched. He asked how on this side, writers were about the "Very good then?"

"I think I Luke. "Very good are not them to rene. "It depends bona fide or denying."

"Of course the Vicar. your conven. "How wenta for co can divines."

"How w that black in day is not Luke! Luke solutions a and the illumina. "That wpector, sm member you Elizabethan of Victorian. "We neve said Luke doctrines of tory, Conf jets of con the Reforme slon."

"Very Inspector. you had a Hospital h you found operation what would pend the o. "And o move the probably l. "I'd g abolition. "Very knook dove zeons and Vicar with. "N mo, angry, have hear. "Tha' ors. "Y faculties to morrow seven to. Luke v never so expected deep and introduced. "I won't have learn college. dust was dusty, de span, we about ex day exist chance o. "Domine I never he lives. A curt and ptnous. thing to sides apides siberia. self, with ex parso two year fore his grin, a never of ater, and happens strange centage case, a awered. "Abon and its said:—

"We brought ceases. the bos their d when y our mo where. The back, a pushed were f quarred the wof this str eyes a anxious jagged and hi toned but de bishop orminating minute the lat ful ta econome means. "I wofed tion of case."