LUKE DELMEGE

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BY THE BEV P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR MY NEW CUBATE," " GEOFFREY AUSTIN : STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"

"CITHARA MEA," ETC. CHAPTER III. THE BAGACITIES OF AGE.

As the young priest made his way hastily across the fields, already yellownastily across the fields, aiready yellow-ing to the harvest, he became aware of a deep feeling of despondency glooming down upon him, although he was in the high zenith of youth, with all its pro-phetic promise, and the heavens were clear above his head. That engagement to dine was an uple ordeal to be account. clear above his head. That engagement to dine was an ugly ordeal to be encount-ered; but, after all, what did he care? It was a couple of hours' agony, that was all. What then? Where did all this dismal anxiety and foreboding come from? He was fond, as has been and a particular of divergence that come from ? He was fond, as has been said, of analyzing—a dangerous habit: and now, under the hot sun, he was striving to reconcile two or three things, the mystery of which the world has already declared to be insoluble. "A respectable career," " honors and emoluments," "a stall in the cathe-dral;" these words jarred across the vibrant emotions of the young priest, and made him almost sick with their dismal and hollow sounds. Good dismal and hollow sounds. Good heavens ! was this the end of all-all heavens ! was this the end of all-all the heaven-sent aspirations, all the noble determinations, all the conse-crated ideals that had peopled heart and mind only a week ago, when the oil was wet on his hands, and he trembled as he touched for the first time the chalice of the Blood of Christ ? How paltry every human ambition seemed then : every human ambition seemed then how ragged the tinsel of kings; how worthless the pincht earthly thrones! How his soul burned to emulate the heroism of saints-to go abroad and be forgotten by the world and to be remembered only by Christlepers and to live and die amongst the the insane-to pass, with, one swift stroke of the duli sword of the executioner in China or Japan, to his im-mortal crown ! Why, it was only the prayers of his aged mother made prayers of his aged moher had written to tear up that letter he had written to the Bishop of Natal, asking as a favor to be deputed as chaplain in Robbin Island, where the outcasts and refuse of humanity were located, so that his life might be from start to finish one life might lorious holocaust in the sight of God glorious holocaust in the sight of God ! And now there remains, after all the glory, the gray ashes of a "respect-able career,"—a comfortable home, honors and emoluments, and, as a crown of old age, a parish and a prebend ! What an anticlimax ! Luke groaned and took off his hat, and wiped the hot perspiration from his forehead, But a sharper sting was behind. If all this was a shock and a surprise.

But a snarper sting was bennet. It all this was a shock and a surprise, what was he to think of all his ambiti-ous labors for the last six years? Had he one single idea before his mind but self-advancement, glory, the praise of men, the applause of his fellow-students, except on that holy morning when the intoxication of divine dreams and hopes lifted him on the highest altitudes the Holy Mount ? And he said to his soul amid its sobbing and tears : " Unam petii a Domino : hanc requiram : ut inhabitem in domo Domini omnibus die bus vitae meae. Ut videam voluptatem Domini, et visitem templum ejus. Im pinguasti in oleo caput meum : et calix mens incbrians quam praeclarus est !" Now, which was right—the taoit denial by men of the sublime doctrine

of self-annihilation and love of lowly things and places, and, by consequence their gospel of self advancement their gospel of self advancement preached from the house tops; or that sudden breath of the Holy Spirit—that affatus spiced with sanctity and sorrow that momentary intoxication, which has come but once or twice to saints and come but only or twice to same and heroes, and in which they have spurned with holy contempt all that this earth holds dear? Which was right? It was the enigma of life, the antithesis of principle and practice. He saw, as in a vision, all the vast corollaries and scholia, that stretched away into the perspective of time, from one principle er ; he saw himself branded as a madman or a faratic if he embraced the one, and scheduled in the markets of the world as a respectable and hon-ored clergyman if he selected the other; here was pain, disease, dishonor ; and here was pain, disease, dishonor; and here was peace, dignity, health, and wealth. He knew well whither the Divine Hand, palm-wounded, blood-stricken, pointed; but who am I, he said, to set my opinion before the whole world? I am a conceited fool to think that these diseased and morbid think that these diseased and morbid thoughts, that spring from an over-strained mind and irritable nerves, are be assumed in preference to the calm and almost universal habitudes of mankind. I shall say to my soul : Sleep thee now, and rest. Let the future solve its own enigmas. But then came back with trebled force the shame he felt when his old pastor put blantly before him these dreams of advancement and ambition : dreams of advancement and ambition and he just remembered that morning read some strange things in hi having book of meditations. It was the arti-culate rendering of all the Spirit had Who now is right? This been saying. Who now is right? This old man in the nineteenth century, or this strange, unnamed, unknown month who was calling to him across six cen The world was grown turies of time? The world was grown wise. Was it? Circumstances change Do they ? It was all very principles. well in the Dark Ages, but this is the light illumined nineteenth century. Indeed ? We are not to go back to mediavalism for our philosophy of life, when we have ever so many new sys-stems of our own; and our Illuminat know a little more than your cowled monks with their sandals and bog-Latin.

surges came mournfully to his ears, there in the brilliant sunshine; and as he turned away from his reverie and the sight of the restless but changeless ocean, he thought he heard the rebuke upborne—Be ashamed, O Sidon, said the sea

"He sea. "Begor, I thought you were petri-fied into a stone statue, Luke," said the voice of the good natured curate. "I have been watching you, and whistl-ing at you for the last half-hour; but I might as well be whistling to a mile stone, and my breath is not now so strong either. 'The Canon has turned him into ice,'I said to myself, 'he's a him into ice, I said to myself, 'he's a regular patented refrigerator, even on this awful day.' Phew ! there's no living at all this weather. Come along. The Murph'es are waiting ; and so are two of the hungriest fellows you ever saw. But are you really alive ? Let me feel you.''

me feel you." So they passed into the humble parlor of the aged curate ; and, as Luke sank wearily into a horsebair arm-chair, very much the worse for the wear, dinner was ordered by a few robust knocks on

the kitchen wall. "Comin," said a far-away voice, like that of a ventriloquist. "You know Father Tim, Luke? And

this is my old friend, Martin Hughes, the greatest rascal from this to Cape the greatest rascal from this to Cape Clear. Come along now, boys, we're late, you know. Bless us, O Lord, Amen. You'll take the liver wing, Luke. You've a good right to it. They're your own. Ah I you've the good mother." "And I venture to say," said Father "In director the caryer with his left

Tim, digging the carver with his left hand into the juicy recesses of the ham, " that this fellow came from the same quarter. Ah ! this is a parish where men buy nothing but a scrap of butcher's meat.

"I suppose you've got your eye o "I suppose you've got your eye on it, Tim. You've no chance, my dear fellow. Read up Valuy and Lord Chesterfield's Letters and the Manual of Etiquette. You unmannerly fellow, what a chance you have of upsetting a polite young man like me. Take the potatoes over there to Father Delmege, Mary. I suppose now you're tired of the Queen's mutton? And you tell me they don't give the students beer now? Well, that's bad. What'll you take now? Try that sherry. No! A new ? Well, that's bad. What'll you take now ? Try that sherry. No! A little water ?" he echoed in a tone of ineffable disgust.

"I think Father Delmege is right such a day as this," said Martin Hughes, a kindly, soft-faced priest, who was generally silent, except when he had a gentle or encouraging word to say. "And, indeed," he added, " that beer was no great things. It was good day for Ireland when they did away with it."

Well, of course, every one knows you're a queer fellow. But Luke, old nan, are you really alive ?"

"Alive and doing fairly well," said Luke, laughing. "Ab actu ad esse valet consecutio. And if this is not actuality I'd like to know what is." "There now for you," said the host; "he has the dust of the desks in his

mouth yet. Begor, I suppose now I could hardly remember to translate

"Don't try," said Father Tim; "nothing disturbs the digestion so much as serious thought." "Faith, 'tis true for you. I'll let it

alone. I'm better engaged. Mary, have that bit of mutton ready when I ring." And so, amidst bantering, joking,

story telling, from the lips of these genial and kindly men, Luke soon for-got his introspection; and his nerves cooled down and were soothed by the otally informal and delightful conver sation that shot, as if by web and woof, across the flowers and the viands. Then, when these contemptible dishes were removed, and they settled down to a quiet evening, Father Tim cross-ing his legs comfortably, and squeezing with the dexterity begotten of habit man to nhil.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. ness with flying colors, when some evil spirit put it into my head to pick up a few little peas that lay upon my plate. Now, I didn't want them, but the old boy put them there. I put my fork gently upon one. It jumped away like a grasshopper. Them I tried Number Two. Off he went like a ball of quick-silver. Then Number Three. The same followed, until they were gyrating around for all the world like cyclists on a cinder track. Then I got mad. My Guardian Angel whispered : "Let them alone.' But my temper was up ; and there I was chasing those little beggars around my plate, for all the world like the thimble-riggers at a fair. Now, I firmly believe there's something wrong and uncanny about peas; else, why does the conjurer always get a pea for his legerdemain : and that's the

" Maynooth is the world," said Father Tim, laconically. " Men are always on probation till they pass their

always on probation till they pass their final, beyond the grave." This was so good, so grand an inspir-ation that Father Tim gave up the next ten minutes to a delightful inward and inaudible chuckle of self-congratu lation, intensified by Luke's frightened solemnity. Then he relented. " Don't mind an old cynic, Luke," he said. " Diogenes must growl from his tub sometimes." " By the way, Luke," said Father

By the way, Luke," said Father Martin, " you are mighty modest. You never told us of your triumphs at the last exam. He swept everything before he said, in an explanatory tone to Father Pat, the host. The latter was embarrassed for a moment but only

for a moment. "Did you expect anything else from his mother's son ?" he asked. "Why " Why, that's the cleverest woman in the three parishes. Mike Delmege wouldn't be what he is but for her to-day. Bu Luke-did you see all his prizes ?" he suddenly asked. "Ah! my dear felow, if Luke had six years more, he'd have a library like Trinity Colleg

"Did you top the class in everything, Luke?" said Father Martin. "Everything but Hebrew," said Luke, blushing. "You know that Luke, blushing.

He said nothing for a few days. Then came the thunder-clap. 'I could for-give,' he said, in his grandiose way, 'your solecisms-ha-of speech; your ungrammatical and-ha-unrecognized He was about to enter into elaborate explanations of his comparative failure there, and a good deal of Masoretic and Syro Chaldaic philology was on his lips; but somehow, he thought of the whole thing now without elation, nay even with a certain well-defined feeling such a dread mortification could be in store for me !' He never asked me to of disgust. That little reverie there above the sea, in which he saw, as in a mirror, the vanity and fatility of these transitory and worthless triumphs, had well-nigh cured him of all his pride say, with a full heart, Deo Gratias. But Luke, old man, lock sharp. Let me see. Give him a few hints, Tim ! Martin, try and brush up your etiand elation; but he was wondering, between the vibrations of pleasure and disgust, at the eccentricities of men quette now regarding his academical triumph with contemptuous indifference, and sgain attaching to them an importance which his common sense told him was not altogether the vaporings of mere by the stem ?" "Certainly," said Luke. "And hold it up to the light ?" "Of course," said Luke. not allogether the vaporings of mere flattery. In fact, men and their ever-varying estimates of human excellence were becoming emigmatic; and, to his own mind, therefore, their instability

proved the very worthleseness of things they praised and applauded. "You are all right now for life, my boy," said Father Martin, timidy. "You have made your name, and it is as indelible as a birthmark. All you calmly on us poor fellows, who never got an Atque." (The lowest college distinction.) ave got to do now is to look down

"That's true," said the venerable host. "Why, when his time comes for a parish, we must build a town for him. There will be nothing in this diocese fit for him."

"They'll make him Vicar - Apostolic

rney if make nim vicer - Apostolic or Bishop, or something over there," said Father Martin. "He'll become a regular John Bull. If any fellow at-tempts to examine you for faculties, tell him you are a gold-medalist and he'll collapse."

persuaded

'impudence ?'

Botticelli ?

a cook?'

"Or pitch Cambrensis Eversus at his "well, I'm commencing well, what-ever," said Luke, entering into the

fun. "So you are, my boy, so you are," "If

said the host, encouragingly. "If you'd only take to the wine of the country, you'd infallibly rise in the professio "I'm dining with the Canon on Sun-

day," said Luke, demurely. "What?" cried all in chorus.

Botticelli?" "Never!" said Luke, laughing. "Why, my dear fellow, your educa-tion has been shockingly neglected. What were you doing for the last six "Had you the courage ?" "There's no end to the impudence or eight years that you never heard o Botticelli? these young fellows !' "My God !" sai "Somehow, I managed to get on with-thim." said Luke. "What was heout him," said Luke.

these young fellows !" "My God !" said Father Tim, solemnly and slowly. "The next thing will be your asking him down to dine at Lisnalee," said the heat the host.

"And why not ?" said Luke, flushing

said Luke, laughing. "But couldn't you manage about that wineglass-just to shut one eye, and say what I told you ?" said Father Tim, n a pleading tone. "No! No!" said Luke, "never!"

"By the way," said Father Martin, "do you know anything about poultry? Do you know a Dorking from a Wyan-But Luke had vanished.

"What are these professors doing i these colleges, at all, at all ?" sai Father Martin, when the trio returne mournfully to the table. "Why do they turn out such raw young fellows, at all, at all ?

"Why, indeed ?" said Father Tim. "Hard to say," said Father Pat. CHAPTER IV.

DIES MAGNA, ET-AMARA.

wrong and uncanny about peas; else, why does the conjurer always get a pea for his legerdemain; and that's the reason, you know, the pilgrims had to put peas in their shoes long ago as a penance, and to trample them under foot. Well, at last, I said: 'Conquer or die!' I looked up and saw the Canon engaged in an engrossing con-versatian with a grand lady. Now or never, I said to myself. I quietly slipped my knife under these green little demons and gobbled them up. I daren't look up for a few seconds. When I did, there was the Canon glowering on me like a regular Rhada "Father Luke, if you please, Miss," said Mrs. Delmege to her youngest daughter, Margery. I regret to say daughter, Margery. I regret to say that that young lady was an incorrigible sinner, in this respect; and this maternal correction was required at least, ten times a day during the brist happy days that Luke was now spend-ing at home. It was "Luke," happy days that Like was now spins, ing at home. It was "Luke," "Luke," "Luke," all day long with Margery; and the mother's beautiful pride in her newly-ordained son was grieviously shocked. "You thick he's no more than the glowering on me like a regular Rhada manthus. I knew then I was done for

rest of ye," said Mrs. Delmege, " but I tell you he is. He is the anointed minister of God ; and the biggest man in the land isn't aiqual to him." But how could Margery help familiarity in her sisterly anxiety the pronunciations ; but to - eat - peas-with-a-knife ! I didn't think that Luke should make a glorious debut first at last Mass the following Sunday and secondly—and I regret to say that I fear it was deemed more important—at the Canon's dinner-table on Sunday line from that day to this-for which I

evening ? "Sure I'd rather he was home with us on the last Sunday he'll spend in Ireland," said Mrs. Delmege. "And sure Father Pat could come up, and we 'Tell me," said Father Tim, in his And own philosophical way, "tell me, Luke, could you manage to hold a wine glass could have a nice little dinner for 'em. But, after all, when the Canon asked him, it would never do to refuse. Sure it's just the same as the Bishop himself

"Could you, could you, bring your-self to sniff the wine, and state ever so little a drop, and say: Ha! that's something like wine! That Chateau "I know that horrid Mrs. Wilson and her grand, proud daughter will be there, and that they'll be looking down on poor Luke—" "Father Luke. Miss ! How often Father Luke, Miss ! How often

Yquem, sir, is the vintage of '75. I know it, and I congratulate you, sir, must I be telling you ?" "Very well, mother. Be it so. But "Very well, mother. Be it so. But Luke and I were always playmates, and it sounds more familiar." "But you must remember that Luke upon your cellar !" "I'm afraid not," said Luke, des-

pondently. "If you could, you were a made man -ahem ! Father Luke is no longer a ossoon. He's a priest of God, and ou must look on him as such." -ahem ! for life," said Father Tim. "Do you know anything about flowers ?" he asked after a long pause. gossoon.

" Of course, of course, mother, but I know they'll make him uncomfortable flowers ?" he asked after a long pause. "I think I know a daisy from a buttercup," said Luke, laughing. "Could you bring yourself—you can if you like—to give a little start of surprise, somewhere about the middle of dinner, and gasp out in a tone of choking wonderment: Why, that's the Amaranthus Durandi! I was always presended that there was but one with all their airs and nonsense. To with all their airs and nonsense. To see that Barbara Wilson walk up the aisle on Sunday is enough to make any one forget what they're about. You'd think it was the Queen of England. I wonder she doesn't go into the pulpit and preach to us." persuaded that there was but one specimen of that rare exotic in Ireland, Wisha, thin, her mother was poor

and low enough at one time. I remem-ber well when the Canon was only a poor curate, like Father Pat, God bless Late latight and and a lot to the "You lack the esprit, the courage of your race, me boy," said Father Tim. "Tis the dash that gains the day; or, shall I call it," he said looking around him ! and when his sister was-well we mustn't be talking of these things, nor placing our neighbors. Perhaps, after all, there's a good heart under all their grandeur.

"I wouldn't mind," said Margery, stitching on a button on the grand new stock she was making for Luke, " but Fatner Martin said the other night that Luke-"

" There agin," said the mother.

"Could teach half the diocese theol-ogy. But what do those people care? I know they look down on him, and he's so sensitive. He won't stand it, I tell you, mother." So the sisterly anxieties ranged over

every possible accident to her idol until Sunday morning came. Ah ! that was a great day at Lisnalee. They were going to see their best beloved at the altar of God. And Luke was placed

and raised with fear and awe, the very

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ipso " without remembering his emo-tions at his first Mass. Father Pat had provided for the young priest a modest breakfast in the

sacristy. It was a wise provision, for he had serious work before him-no less than to impart his priestly bless. ing to each and all of the vast con-gregation. It was a touching and imgregation. It was a tourning and im-pressive sight. There they knelt on the hard shingle-young and old, rich and poor, all reduced by their common faith to a dead level of meekness and humility; and the poor beggarwoman or bodach, who oringed and whined during the week at some farmer's house, now felt that here was neutral ground, where all had equal rights, and no distinction as acknowledged. And so the brilliant sunshine gleamed through the whispering leaves, and fell on gray hairs, or the rich auburn on gray mains, or the rich abourn tresses of some young girl, or the fair gold of some child; and through the green twilight the young priest passed, uncovered and full of emotion, as he laid his hands on some old playmate or school-fellow, or some venerable village. teacher to whom he had been taught look up with veneration from his child-hood. And the little children doubled nood. And the little children doubled around trees, and shot down to the end of the queue to get a second bless-ing, or even a third; and many were the boasts heard in school that of the many times some curly headed youngsters had stolen the young priest's blessing. But was it all sunshine and music? Well, no! You see it never is. There must be gray clouds to bring out the gold of the summer sun; and there must be a discordant note to emphasize the melodies that sing them-selves to sleep in the human heart.

And so, just a wee, wee whisper blotted out for the moment all this glory, and bushed the music that was kindling into a full-throated oratorio in the breast of the young priest. He was pushing his

way gently through the crowd that was jammed at the narrow gate which led into the chapel yard, when he heard just in front of him, and so near that he touched the rough frieze coat of the speaker, these words :--"But it is quare that he has to go on the furrin' mission. Sure, 'tis only

the furrin' mission. Sure, 'tis only thim that can't pay for theirselves in college that has to go abroad."

"How do we know? Perhaps, after all, Mike Delmege is not the sthrong man we tuk him to be." "And I bard that Bryan Dwyer's son,

over there at Altamount, is goin' into the college to be a Dane, or somethin

"And sure they wint to college the-gither. And if this young man"-he threw his thumb over his shoulder-"is the great schollard intirely they

makes him out to be, why isn't he sint into the college instid of goin' abroad? "Well, Father Pat, God bless him says that Luke had no aiqual at all, in Manute."

"I suppose so. Mike Delmege has a warm corner; and sure I see a fine flock of turkeys in the bawn field, Wan or two of 'em will be missin' soon, I'm thinkin'."

thinkin'." "I suppose so. Did ye notice how narvous the young priesht was at the 'Acts'? Why, my little Terry could do it betther. And what did he want Acts 7 Why, my inter fary could do it betther. And what did he want bringing in the Queen for?" "He's practisin'. He's goin' to England, I undershtand; and he must

pray for the Queen there." "Begor, I thought the Church was

the same all over the wurruld. Wan Lord-wan Faith-wan Baptism-" "Sh !" said his neighbour, nudging him; and Luke went home with a very

bitter sting in his chalice of honey. It was not exactly the unkind alinsions made by these ignorant cottiers, or the ill-concealed sarcasm about his own dearest ones, that nettled him. own dearest ones, that nettled nim-These things, indeed, were ugly, irritating facts; and to a proud spirit they doubly galling on such a day of triumph. But the Bishop had ignored him and his successes, and had kept at home and placed in a position of honour in his going to celebrate, there on the predella, where he had knelt thirteen years ago, native diocese a student who never had distinguished himself in college, or even appeared amongst the succ alumni at the great day of distribution. What was all this? Had not the Bishop smiled on him, and congratulated him, and told him how he reflected honour on his diocese? And now he should go abroad for six or seven years, whilst his junior, a distinctly inferior man, was lifted over the heads of thirty or forty seniors, and placed at once in & responsible position in the Diocesan Seminary! Luke was choking with chagrin and annoyance. He put his hand to his forehead mechanically, and thought he found his laurel crown no longer the glossy, imperial wreath of distinction, whose perfume filled half the world, but a poor little corona of tinsel and tissue paper, such as children wreathe for each other around the Maypole of youth. He was very morose in consequence; and, when he entered the house, and found all gathered for the mid-day meal, he looked around without a word and without a word passed the thresh-hold again, and moved down toward the "Poor boy !" said the mother, affec-tionately; " that last Mass was too tionately; "that last Mass was too much for him, entirely. And sure I thought the people would ate him." But Margery, with the affectionate instinct of a sister, saw deeper, but only said : "'Tis this great dinner this evening that's troubling him. I wish he were left at home with us." rond Luke crossed the fields rapidly, and then lightly jumping over a stile, found himself in one of those unfenced fields that slope down to the sea. A few sheep, nibbling the burnt grass lazily, scampered away; and Luke, jumping the rugged stones of a rough wall, found himself in a fisherman's cottage. The family were at dinner, and Luke, taking off his hat, said cheerily in the

"Each one move of p No wonder tha

workers have munion with th strength from she teaches to And it was w ance, and only that Luke D day in his lift sybaritic tem self up wholly influences of s like so many o the peace that in a dread int morbid and c principles and and his little was his first feverish and e ing human th then trying that shrank i came a tortur possibility o nutual antag

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JULY 13, 1907.

Luke, affectionate

she is grown !" "And she go blessing this more Wisha, thin, Ma heart swelled wh

althar." "And wasn't "Where I Luke. "Where Moira was making please, but now c Mona and Moira Luke who insisted called Irish name

"I have not self," he said, " our little childre by their beautiful This little father, pointing trying to choke potatoes, "was ence all the time come home, noth to get up on a minis wobisc

Wisha, who kno was thinking the little boat, the oars and r places. Is she ever ?"

Stanch as the fisherman want one of the "No! I'll r

you give me a ha "And a good Father Luke,

Begor, ye cou us.

"Now, now, mot! No, no, o her out for an h

her out for an in "Just as lo plases," said th the day is ho sail, and make a Luke pulled the swift exerciing aspects of vigorating breakay from the ing subjects the ing him. Ther in what poets soothing influe mother's hand

rufiled aspects human feeling great silence s infinite peace, and stinging o

"Not in vain the distant beacons, forward forward let us range; Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Quite so. The "ringing grooves of change." Are we going back to manu-scripts when we have print ? Back to coaches when we have steam ? Back to monasteries when we have hotels ? to monasteries when we have Back to mortification, dishonor, forgetfulness, the Innominati of the cell and the tomb?

The hoarse wash of the Atlantic

the lemon into his g angrily. osophize. He was slow of speech, an-like his dear friend, the host of the evening, and Spartan almost in his man ? utterances, which he ground out slowly from the mills of thought.

There's one advice I'd give you Luke, my dear boy; and 'tisn't now, but in twenty years time, ye'll thank but in twenty years time, ye'll thank me for the same. Harden your head in

"I beg pardon, Father," said Luke

wonderingly. "For what, my boy ?" said Father

Tim. "I didn't quite understand you,' said Luke, timidly. "You said some

"I said," replied Father Tim, drop-ping in a tiny bit of sugar, " and I re-peat it, harden your head in time." " Let the boy alone," said Father Martin; " don't mind his nonsense, Luke."

"I said, and I repeat it," said Father Tim, " and 'tisn't now, but in thirty years' time you'll value the ad-vice ; harden your head in time. You see 'tis this way," he continued method-ically, "if you take one glass of wine, even that claret there, which is no more than so much water, and if it gets into your head, and your eyes are watery, and your knees weak, and you cannot say, three times running, the British Constitution, you are a drunkard and a profligate. But if you can drink a puncheon of the hard stuff, like this, and your head is cool, and your knees steady, and your tongue smooth and glib, you are a most temperate and abstemious man. 'Tis the hard head that does it. A civil tongue and a hard head will take any man through the world." "But do you mean to say," said

Luke, who was amazed at such a state-ment, " that that is the way the world judges of intemperance ?'

Of course it is," said Father Tim

Father Tim. "He would be promptly expelled, of

course. But then, you know, men are on probation there, and it is natural-"

" what else ? The working and un-it sees-nothing else." " But that's most shocking and un-" said Luke. " Why, any poor

fellow may make a mistake-" "If he made such a mistake in May-nooth, how would he be judged ?" said

"No use," said Father Tim, shaking his head; "he'll be turned out ignom iniously, and we'll all be disgraced." "I'm afraid," said Father Martin, What discr dining under the roof of an honest "And why not ?" said Father Pat,

musingly. "And why not?" said Father Tim,

as from afar off. "And why not ?" said Father Martin, looking down mournfully on the young priest. Then the latter began to put a lot of turbulent and revolutionary questions to himself. Am I not a priest as well as he? Why should he not meet my mother and sisters, as well as I am expected to meet his rela-tives, if he has any ? Who has placed highty chaos between us, as be-Lazarus and Dives? It is all this mighty chaos this infernal, insular, narrow - minded fiteenth century conservatism that in Recents century conservation that is keeping us so many years behind the rest of the world. Could this occur in any other country? And who will have the courage to come forward and pul-verize forever this stiff, rigid formal-

sm, built on vanity and ignorance, and buttressed by that most intolerable of -the pride of caste ? human follies

"By Jove, I'll ask him," said Luke,

aloud. "No, my boy, you won't. Don't practice that most foolish of gymnastics - knocking your head against a

stone wall." "Then I won't dine with him," said

Luke, determinedly. "Oh, but you will," said Father Pat, admiringly. "Did ye ever see such an untrained young colt in all your lives? Now, you'll go on Sunday and dine with the Canon; and I think, if we can put our experiences together, you won't make any egregious mistakes. Where will we begin, Father Martin where will we begin, Father Martin? Stand up and show Luke how to take the ladies in to dinner." "Tell your experiences, Pat," said Father Martin, good-humoredly. "That will serve as a manual of eti-ments. I mean worr mistakes."

quette-I mean your mistakes." "I never made but one mistake," said

Father Pat, with a show of pretended anger, "but that ex-cluded me from the Kingdom of cluded me from the kingdom of Heaven forever. It was all about one or two little beggarly peas. I had dined well — at least as well as could be expected when you have to have your eye on your plate and on your ho at the same time. I was flattering myself that I had got through the miserable busi-

"' tis too late now, Tim, give him lectures on botany or the old masters; we must be satisfied with telling him what not to do.'

and that was in the Duke of Leinster' conservatory at Carton !" Luke laughed and shook his head

After a long pause, he resumed : "Did ye ever hear of a chap called

what not to do." "I suppose so, go on, Martin," said Father Tim, resignedly. "Don't eat out of the front of the spoon " said Father Martin. "Don't make any noise when eating ; no more than would frighten a rabbit,"

no more than more that. said Father Pat. "As you value your soul, don't put your hands on the table between the

your hands on the table dishes," said Father Tim. "You're a teetotaller, aren't you?"

said the host. "You're all right, tho' he thinks it vulgar; and so it is horsibly vulgar. But you won't be tempted to ask any one to drink wine with you. He'd never forgot that."

"Don't say 'please' or 'thank you' to the servants for your life. He thinks that a sign of low birth and bad form," said Father Tim.

"Is there anything else ?" said Father Misthere anything eiser sain rather Martin, racking his memory. "Oh, yes! Look with some contempt at certain dishes, and say No! like a pistol-shot. He likes that."

"If he forgets to say 'Grace,' be sure to remind him of it," said Father Pat "Well, many thanks, Fathers," said Luke, rising. "I must be off. Not much time now with the old folks at

home "Tell Margery we'll all be down for

tea, and she must play all Carolan's airs-every one," said Father Pat. "All right," said Luke, gaily. He had gone hall way down the field

He had gone half way down the herd before the curate's house when he was ppremptorily called back. There had been a consultation evidently. "We were near forgetting," said

Father Tim, anxiously, "and 'twould be awful, wouldn't it ?" other two nodded assent.

The other two nodded assent. "If by any chance he should ask you to carve—" "Especially a duck," chimed in

vestments he was going to wear to-And there at the same wooden rails had he received for the first time his Holy Communion ; the first of many times, as child, student, minorist, subdeacon, deacon, he had knelt amongst the poor and lowly, Sunday after Sunday, during his happy vaca tions. It was all over now. Never more would he kneel there w congregation. "Friend, g higher." He had heard the word . the up and henceforth he was to stand on high as a mediator and teacher, where hitherto he had been the suppliant and t pupil. The little church was crowded to the door; and when Luke appeared holding the chalice in his hands, a thousand eyes rested in his youthful face. He had just had a brief but an-

imated debate in the sacristy. "Was he to read the 'Acts'?"

" Certainly." " And the ' Prayer before Mass ' ?" " Of course."

"He never could do it."

"He never could do it." "He must; and read the publica-tions, too; and, Luke, if you could muster up courage to say a few words to the congregation, they'd all be delighted.'

Luke drew the line there. Trembling, half from joy, half from fcar, rigid as a statue, he went slowly and reverently through the sacred

ceremonies, with what raptures and ec stasies, God only knows! Once, and once only, had Father Pat (" a prou

man this day," as he described him-self) to interfere. It was just at that sublime moment called the "Little Elevation," when Luke held the Sacred Host over the chalice, and raised both to God the Father, and murboth to commus honor et gioria. Just then a tear rolled down the cheek of the young priest, and Father Pat

had to say : "Hold up man ; 'tis nearly all over now.

"Especially a duck," chimed in Father Martin— "Say at once that your mother is dead-that you know she is—and cut home for the bare life, and hide under the bed." "All right, Father Tim, all right!" now." But it took some minutes before he could compose his voice for the Pater Noster; and ever after, no matter what other distractions he might have had in celebration, he never repeated that "Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in

Irish fashion : "God bless the work ! and the workmen too !"

"Wisha, thin, God bless you, Master Luke, and 'is you're a thousand times welcome? Mona, get a chair for the priesht." "And this is my little Mona," said

ite principl regard truths. Once an himself a to wander prospect t lap, sang stretched they claspe saw far aw sloped fro dimmed in a which he k dotted the and great stretched colors wit that the g ing with in the vis should the

yond that thee? Al there in