

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It happened in this way. I was absorbed in a day dream—an academic disquisition with myself as to whether demand created supply or supply elicited demand—a hoary question throughout all the debating societies of the world; and I was making but little progress toward its solution, when suddenly it solved itself in a remarkable manner. I thought I heard above the rumbling and muffled thunder of the colossal printing press far away the word "Copy," shouted through a telephone. The voice was the voice of that modern magician, the foreman printer. "Copy" echoed in the manager's room, where, amid piles of paper, damp and moist, and redolent of printer's ink, the great potentate sat. "Copy," he shouted through his telephone, with something that sounded like prayer—but it wasn't—the editor, many miles away. "Copy," shouted the editor through his telephone—no! that hasn't come yet, but it will one of these days. But "Copy," he wrote three thousand miles across the bleak, barren wastes of the turbulent Atlantic to one sitting on a rustic seat in a quiet garden of a country village beneath the shadows of the Carthage mountains that separate Cork County from Limrick, and with Spenser's "gentle Mailla" almost washing his feet; and "Copy" settled the academic question forever. That mighty modern Minotaur, the press must be gluttled, not with fair youths of Arcady and fair maidens of Athens, but with thoughts that spring from the brains of mortals, and dreams that draw their beautiful irregular forms across the twilight realms of fancy.

was unapproachable and impenetrable. One day, however, it was borne to his ears that I had done a kind thing to some one or other. He no longer said with his eyes: You are a most impatient fellow! The outworks were taken. Then I wrote him a humble letter about some old fossil, called Maximus Tyrius. To my surprise I received four pages of foolscap on the Fourth Dissertation—  
*Quomodo ad adulteros amicos distinguat possit.*  
Then, one winter's night, I was bowling home in the dark from the railway station, and became suddenly aware that voices were shouting warnings from afar off, and that the line was blocked. So it was—badly. My mysterious friend was vainly trying to cut the harness on his fallen mare, whilst his trap, dismembered, was leaning in a maudlin way against the ditch. "A bad spill!" I cried.  
"Yes," he said laconically.  
"Is the jar broke?" I asked.  
"I beg pardon," he said stiffly. Then I knew he had not heard the famous story.  
"Pardon me," he said, "I don't quite understand your allusions."  
"Never mind," I said, with all the contempt of a professional for an amateur, as I saw him hacking with his left hand, and with a dainty mother-of-pearl-handled penknife, the beautiful harness. "What do you want unfastening that harness for, when the trap has been kicked into space?"  
"I thought 'twas the correct thing to do," he murmured. Then I said in my own mind: He is an immeasurable—  
"Here, Jem," I cried to my boy. He came over, and whilst I held up the mare's head, he gave her a fierce kick. She was on her feet in an instant.  
"Where's your man?" I asked.  
"I don't know," he said wonderingly. We found the man, safe and sound, and fast asleep against the hedge.  
"Come now," I said, for I had tacitly assumed the right to command by reason of my superior knowledge; "montez! You must come with me!"  
"Impossible!" he said, "I must get home to-night."  
"Very good. Now, do you think that you can get home more easily and expeditiously in that broken trap than in mine? Hallo! are you left-handed?"  
"No, but my right is strained a little, just a little."  
I took the liberty of lifting his hand, and a small, soft, white hand it was. It fell helpless. Then I saw that his face was very white. This showed he was a thorough brook.  
"Is the jar—I mean the arm—broke?" he said, with a smile.  
Then I knew he was human. That little flash of humor, whilst he was suffering excruciating pain, told volumes of biography. I helped him up to the seat, and, without a word, I drove him to his house.  
The doctor called it a compound comminuted fracture of the ulna; we called it a broken wrist. But it was his bad business, and necessitated splints for at least six weeks. I volunteered to say his two Masses every Sunday, my own being supplied by a kind neighbor; and thus I broke down the barriers of chill pride and reserve, and saw the interior of his house and of his heart.  
The former was plain almost to poverty; the latter was rich to exuberance. Four walls lined with books from floor to ceiling, a carefully waxed floor, one shred of Indian carpet, and a writing-desk and chair—this was his sitting room. But the remarkable part of his house was, flanked by a pair of brass candlesticks, and his writing-desk was of Shisham wood, and it framed with a strange, faint aroma the whole apartment. Over in one corner, and facing the northern light, was an easel; a painter's palette leaned against it, and on it was a half-finished scene, where the flash of the setting sun is deepening into purple, and the sleeping sea is curled into furrows of gold and lead. A large three-masted vessel, its naked spars drawn like the scaffolding of some airy mansion against the sky, was passing out into the unknown. I was the everlasting enigma of futurity and fate.  
I had no notion of losing valuable time. I commenced business the first Sunday evening we dined together.  
"I am a story-teller," I said, and you have a story to tell me. Now, now," I warned, as I saw him make a feeble gesture of denial and denial with his left hand—"don't quote the Knife-Grinder, an' you love me. You have seen a great deal of life, you have felt a great deal, you have resolved a great deal; and I must do you the justice to say that you have nobly kept your resolution of retirement and seclusion from your species that is, from brother-clerics. Here are all the elements of a first-class story."  
"But I've never written even a goody-goody story," he said, "I doubt if I have the faculty of narration."  
"Leave that to me," I said. "Give me naked facts and experiences, and I will never devised such fancy costumes as I shall invent for them."  
"But," he protested, "why not seek more interesting matter? Here now, for example, is an admirable book, exemplifying the eternal adage: 'Human nature is the same the wide world over.' I dare say, now, you thought that Anglican clergymen are moulded into such perfection by university education, and the better teaching of social life, that there is never room for the least eccentricity amongst them."  
"Let me be candid," I replied, "and say at once that such has been my conviction—that at least so far as social virtues are concerned, and the balancing and measuring of daily social obligations, they were beyond criticism. But have you discovered any freaks or prodigies there?"  
"What would you think," he replied, "of this? A dear old rector driven to resign his parish by his curate's wife. I had made a few desperate attempts to get inside his mystery and unravel it, but I had always been repelled. I could never get beyond the adytum of the temple, though I coughed loudly, and put the shoes of my feet with reverence. It

child at tennis parties and 5 o'clock teas; then discovered that once he had preached a borrowed sermon, and ever afterwards remonstrated with him in public on the misdemeanor: 'Ah! you dear old sly-boots, when you can preach so beautifully, why do you give us that wretched Penny Palpis so often?'  
"Look here," I said, "that's a perfect mine. Have you any more diamonds like that?"  
"Well, not many. The mine is salted. But what do you think of the good rector, who advertised for a curate, married, and childless, to occupy the rectory, whilst the incumbent was off to Nice on a holiday?"  
"Well, did he get him?"  
"Rather. But the lady was a dog-fancier, and brought with her fourteen brindle bulldogs. That rectory and its grounds were a desert for three months. No living being, postman, butcher's boy, baker's boy, dare show his face within the gates. Occasionally there was a big row in the menagerie. The mistress alone could quell it."  
"How?"  
"Can't you guess?"  
"I give it up, like Mr. Johnston."  
"Well, a round with iron which she kept always in the kitchen fire for the purpose."  
"Rather drastic," I said. "Who could have thought it in staid England? Verily, human nature is everywhere the same."  
"Which proves?" he said questioningly.  
"I waited."  
"Which proves," he continued, "that there is nothing half so absurd as to deduce general sweeping propositions about nations and races from very slender premises. The world is full of strange faces and strange characters."  
Then I knew he was coming around. And he did. Poor fellow! he had to take to bed a few days after, for the pain was intense and the weather was moist. I had great doubts whether our local physician was treating that dangerous wound scientifically, and I longed several times to call in some leading surgeon from the city. The medical attendant indeed assented, and I saw he looked alarmed. But my poor friend declined.  
"It will be all right," he said, "and after all it is but a weary world. Oh! to sleep and be at rest forever: to know nothing of the weariness of getting up and lying down, and the necessities of the body, and the exasperations of the eternal vexations of men, their vanity, and folly, and pride. I shall dread to meet them even in heaven."  
"Look for me, my dear friend," as a good poet has said, "in the nurseries of heaven."  
Then my heart went out to him, for I saw his had been a troubled life, and day by day I sat by his bedside, whilst partly as an antidote to pain, partly to see how he went over the details of his life. Then, one day, I hinted that his life had been a *carriere manquee*, and that he was a sated and disappointed man. He raised himself on his left arm, and looked at me long and wistfully. A slight discoloration had appeared above the fractured wrist. He pointed to it.  
"That is the black flag of death," he said. "You will find my will in the locked drawer of my writing-desk. I have left all to sick and poor children. But you are wrong. I am not sated, or deceived, or disappointed. I have a grateful heart to God and man. I have not had an unhappy life. Indeed I have had more than my share of its blessings. But, my friend," he said earnestly, "I am a puzzled man. The eagerness of life has been always too much for me. I have always guessed as much from all that I have told you. I seek the solution in eternity of the awful riddle of life."  
"Now," I said, "you are despondent. Your accident and this confinement have weighed on your nerves. You must let me send for Dr. S. I'll telegraph to the Bishop, and he'll put you under obedience."  
He smiled faintly.  
"No use," he said, "this is septiconia. I have probably forty-eight hours to live. Then, Rest! Rest! Rest! It's a strange thing to be tired of life when I had everything that man could desire. This pretty rural parish; a fair competence; churches and schools perfect; and, he gave a little laugh, "no curate. Yes, I am tired; tired as a child after a hot summer day; and tired of a foolish whim to reconcile the irreconcilable."  
"And why not give up this brain-racking," I said, "and live? Nothing solves riddles but work, and steadily ignoring them. Why, we'd all go mad if we were like you."  
"True," he said feebly, "true, my friend. But, you see, habits are tyrants, and I commenced badly. I was rather innocent, and I wanted to dovetail professions and actions, principle and interest ought to be, and that which is, it was rather late in life when I discovered the utter impracticability of such a process. Life was a Chinese puzzle. Then, too late, I flung aside all the enigmas of life, and flung myself on the bosom of the great mystery of God, and there sought rest. But, behind the veil! Behind the veil! There only is the solution."  
He remained a long time in a reverie, staring up at the ceiling. I noticed a faint odor in the air.  
"You know," he said at length, "I was not loved by the brethren. 'Why? Did I dislike them? No! God forbid! I liked and loved everything that God created. But I was unhappy. Their ways puzzled me, and I was silent. There was nothing sincere or open in the world but the faces of little children. God bless them! They are a direct revelation from Heaven. Then, you will notice that there is not a single modern book in my library. Why? Because all modern literature is a lie! Lies! Lies! And such painful lies! Why will novelists increase and aggravate the burdens of the race by such painful analyses of human character and action?"  
"Now, now," I said, "you are morbid. Why, half the pleasures of life come from works of imagination and poetry."  
"True. But, why are they always so painful and untrue? Do you think that any one would read a novel, if it were not about something painful?—and the more painful, the more entrancing. Men revel in creating and feeling pain. Here is another puzzle."  
It was so said, this gentle, pitiful life drawing to a close, and without a farewell word of hope to the world, he was leaving, that I had neither comment nor consolation to offer. It was so unceremonious that I experienced that I was silent with pity and surprise. He interrupted me.  
"Now for the great wind-up. Tomorrow morning you will come over early and administer the last sacraments. When I am dead, you will coffin my poor remains immediately, for I shall be discolored, and no shall rapidly decompose. And no shall give you poor people the faintest shock. I wish to be buried in my little church, right under the statue of our Blessed Lady, and within sound of the Mass. There I spent my happiest hours on earth. And I shall not rest in peace anywhere but where I can hear the Mass-bell. You think I am wandering. I often debated whether the pastor should not like to be buried outside, where I should have the people walking over my grave. But no! I have decided to remain where the Divine Mother will look down with her pitying eyes on the place where this earthly tabernacle is melting into dust, and where the syllables of the mighty Mass will hover and echo when the church is silent behind me, and 'pray for his soul.' That's all."  
He was silent for a little while; but now and again a faint shudder showed me the agony he was suffering.  
"I am tiring you," he said at length; "but sometimes I dream that in the long summer twilights, when my little village choir is practising, some child may allow her thoughts, as she is singing, to pass down to where the pastor lies lying; and perhaps some poor mother may come over to my grave, after she has said her Rosary, and point out to the wondering child in her arms the place where the man that loved little children is lying. We are not all forgotten, though we seem to be. Here, too, is another puzzle. I am very tired."  
I stood up and left the room, vowing that I would leave that poor soul at rest forever.  
I administered the last sacraments the following day, after I had seen the doctor. He was much distressed at the fatal turn things had taken. "He had not anticipated; 'twas a case for hospital treatment; the weather was so sultry; he had dreaded amputation, etc. No hope? None." The patient was right.  
And so two days later, exactly as he had anticipated, we were grouped around his bedside to watch and help his last struggle. But even in that supreme moment, his habitual equanimity did not desert him. Courteous to all around, apologizing for little troubles, soliciting about others, eagerly looking forward to the lifting of the veil, he passed his last moments in life. Then about 6 o'clock in the evening, just as the Angelus ceased tolling, he cried—  
"The soul-bell, the passing-bell, is it not?"  
"The Angelus," I replied.  
"Say, it with me, or rather for me," he said. Then a few minutes later: "This growing very dark, and I am cold. What is it? I cannot understand."  
And so he passed to the revelation. An unusually large number of the brethren gathered to his obsequies, which was again very strange and perplexing. He was buried as he had desired, and his memory is fast vanishing from amongst men; but the instincts of the novelist have overcome my tenderness for that memory, and I give his life-history and experiences. And I should, however, mention a few circumstances. At the obsequies were two old priests, one bent low with years, the other carrying the white burden of his winters more defiantly. The former asked me:—  
"Did Luke speak of me, or wish to see me?"  
I had to say "No."  
He went away looking very despondent.  
The other called me aside and said:—  
"Did Luke express no wish to see me?"  
Now, I was afraid of this man. He, too, was an oddity—a deep, profound scholar in subjects that are not interesting to the multitude. He was one of the few who knew Luke well.  
"Yes," I said; "several times. But he always drew back saying: 'Father Martin is old and feeble. I cannot bring him such a journey in such weather. Don't write! It will be nothing.'"  
"Did you think that this accident was a trifle, and that there was no danger of fatal issues?"  
"I coughed a little and said something."  
"And did you think it was right," he continued, "that the only friend he probably had in the world—here his voice broke—'should have been excluded from his confidence at such a momentous time?'"  
"I really had no alternative," I replied. "I did all I could for him, poor fellow; but you know he was peculiar, and you also know that he was superstitious about giving trouble to others."  
"Quite so. But when you saw danger, you should have summoned his friends. This is one of those things one finds it hard to condone. He has left a will and papers, I presume?"  
"Yes," I said; "I have charge of all."  
"Have you opened the will?"  
"Not as yet."  
"Please do so, and see who are the executors."  
We opened the will then and there,

and found that my troublesome interlocutor, the Reverend Martin Hughes, was sole executor. He closed the will at once, and said, coldly:—  
"Now, would you be pleased to hand over all other papers and confidential documents belonging to my deceased friend? You can have no further need of them."  
"I beg your pardon," I said; "the good priest just departed gave me a good deal of his confidence. You know that I was in hourly attendance on him for six weeks. I asked him to allow me tell the story of his life, and he consented, and granted me full permission to examine and retain all his letters, papers, diaries, manuscripts, for that purpose."  
"That puts a different complexion on things," said Father Hughes. "You fellows are regular resurrectionists. You cannot let the dead rest and bury their histories with them."  
"But if a life has a lesson? I ventured to say, humbly.  
"For whom?"  
"For the survivors and the world."  
"And what are survivors and the world to the dead?" he asked.  
I was silent. It would be a tactical mistake to irritate this quaint old man. He pondered deeply for a long time.  
"I have the greatest reluctance," he said, "about consenting to such a thing. I know nothing more utterly detestable than the manner in which the secrets of the dead are purloined in our most purlieu generation, and the poor relics of their thoughts and feelings scattered to the dust, or exposed on the public highways for the ludibrium of an irreverent public. And this would be bad enough, but we have to face the lamentable fact that it is the reality, but a hideous caricature of the reality that is presented to the public."  
"You can prevent that," I said meekly.  
"How?"  
"By simply taking the matter into your own hands. No man knew Luke Delmege half so well as I for all that," he said.  
"Well, let's strike a bargain," I replied. "Every page of this history I shall submit to you for revision, correction, or destruction, as seems fit, if you keep me on the right track by giving me as much light as you can."  
"It is the only way to avert an evil," he replied. I told him I was compelled.  
And so, with bits and scraps of frayed yellow paper, torn and tattered letters, a narrow half written, and diaries badly kept, I have clothed in living language the skeleton form of this human life. On the whole, I feel I have done it well, although now and again an angle of the skeleton—some irregularity—will push forward and declare itself. Sometimes it is an anachronism which I cannot omit for, except on the part of great charity on the part of my deceased friend, who seemed to have preferred that his ignorance should be assumed rather than that charity should be wounded. Sometimes there is a curious dislocation of places, probably for the same reason. And sometimes I have found it difficult to draw the seams of some rent together, and to make times and circumstances correspond with the modern parts of our history. And if the tear and smile of it is with a solemn history; and many, perhaps, will find in it deeper meanings than we have been able to interpret or convey.

CHAPTER II.

THE ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH.

He was a young man, a very young man, otherwise he would not have been so elated when  
Lucas Delmege, X—ensis,  
was called out for the fourth time, and he had to request his diocesan to watch the huge pile of premiums he had already gathered to his obsequies, and ready now, whilst he passed up the centre aisle of the prayer hall, and the Bishop, smiling as he raised another sheaf of self-bound volumes, handed them to him, with a whispered "Optimus Lucas." And yet, if a little vanity—and it is a gentle vice—is ever permissible, it would have been in this case. To have led his class successively in the halls of a great ecclesiastical seminary; to be watched and followed by five hundred and sixty fellow-students, as he moved along on his triumphal march; to have come out victorious from a great intellectual struggle, and to receive this praise from his Bishop, who felt that himself and his diocese were honored by the praise reflected from his young subject—surely, these are things to stir sluggish pulses, and make the face pallid with pleasure. And if all this was but the forecast of a great career in the Church; if it pointed with the steady finger of an unerring fate to the long vista of life, strewn with roses, and with laurel crowns dropped by unseen hands from above, there would be all the better reason for that elastic step, and that gentle condescension which marked the manner of the successful student, when his admirers gathered around him, and even his defeated rivals candidly congratulated him upon his unprecedented success.  
Yet, withal, he was modest. Just a little spring in his gait; just a little innocent reception of adulation, as a something due to his commanding position; and just a little moistening of his eyelids, as he dreamt of a certain far home down by the sea, and the pride of his mother, as he flung all his treasures into her lap, and his sisters' kisses of triumph for the beloved one—let the world say nay to this? Let the sunshine, and the roses, and the love of his loved ones play around thee, thou pale and gentle Levite, while they may. Soon the disillusion will come, the laurels will fade, and the sunshine turn to gray ash shadow, and the tender and strong supports of home and love will be kicked aside by Time and Fate; but the arena of life will be over; fore thee, and every fresh triumph will be a fresh conflict, and thou wilt be a friendless one and naked. But how didst thou come to believe that the quiet study hall was the world, and that the cynosure of all eyes—the pro-

verb in all mouths? Listen, dear child for thou art but a child. The mighty world has never heard of thee, does not know thy name; the press is silent about thee; the very priests of thy diocese do not even know of thy existence. Thou art but a pin's point in the universe. He does not believe it. He has been a First of First (first prizeman in his class) and the universe is at his feet.  
His first shock was at the Broadstone Terminal of the Great Midland Railway. A young and unsophisticated porter was so rustic and ignorant as to raise his hat to the young priest as he leaped from the carriage.  
"Why did you do that?" said an older comrade. "Sure, thim's but colligians. They won't be priested for another year or two."  
The porter had not heard of Luke Delmege, and the First of First.  
He ran his eyes rapidly over the newspapers in the restaurant, where he was taking a humble cup of coffee. There was news from all quarters of the globe—an earthquake in Japan, a revolution in the Argentine, a row in the French Chamber of Deputies, a few speeches in the House of Commons, a whole page and a half of sporting intelligence, a special column on a favorite greyhound named Ben Bow, an interview with a famous jockey, a paragraph about a great minister in Austria, gigantic lists of stocks and shares, a good deal of squalor and crime in the police courts, one line about a great philosopher who was dying—can it be possible? Not a line, not a word of yesterday's triumph in the academy! The name of Luke Delmege, First of First, was nowhere to be seen.  
Could he be, by any possible chance, in the photographers' windows? Alas, no! Here are smiling actresses, babies in all kinds of postures and with every variety of expression, favorite pugdogs, dirty boats of every kind with tufts of hair on their tails, fashionable beauties, Fortias, and Imogens and Cordelias; but the great athlete of yesterday?  
And the porters made no distinction between him and his fellow-students as he sped southwards to his home; a few school-fellows stared at him and passed on; commercial men glanced at him and buried themselves in their papers; a few priests cheerily said:  
"Home for the holidays, boys?"  
But Luke Delmege was but a unit among millions, and excited no more notice than the rest.  
He could not understand it. He had always thought and believed that his college was the Hab of the Universe; and that its prizemen came out into the unlettered world horned and aureoled with light as from a Holy Mountain. Was not a prize in his college equivalent to a university degree; and was it not supposed to shed a lambent light athwart the future career of the winner, no matter how clouded that career be? Did he not hear of men who foisted their names and leaned on their laurels for the rest of their lives, and were honored and respected for their boyish triumphs far into withered and useless age? And here, in the very dawn of success, he was but a student amongst students; and even these soon began to drop their hero-worship, when they found the great world so listless and indifferent. He is troubled and bewildered; he cannot understand.  
"Well, at last, here is home, and here is wrap, and here is love. Ay, indeed! The news had gone on before him. The great athlete in the greatest college in the world was coming home; and he was their own, their beloved. It nearly compensated and consoled him for all the neglect and indifference, when on entering beneath his own humble roof, where he had learned all the best lessons of life, he found the whole family prostrate on their knees, and here his newly consecrated hands on the gray head, and pronounced the blessing. He extended his hands to be kissed, and the rough lips almost bit them in the intensity of affection and love. The old man rose and went out, too full of joy to speak. The young priest blessed his mother; she kissed his hands—the hands, with more than the skill of a priest, he kissed her forehead. He blessed his brothers, and laid his hands on the smooth brows of his sisters. Reverently they touched his palms with their gentle lips; and then, Margery, the youngest, forgetting everything but her great love, flung her arms around him, and kissed him passionately, crying and sobbing: "Oh! Luke! Luke!" Well, that at least was worth working for. Then the great trunk came in, and the vast treasures were unlocked, and taken out, and handled reverently, and placed on the few shelves that had been nailed by a rustic carpenter in the little alcove of his bedroom. There they winked and blinked in all their splendors of calf and gold; and every one refused to dust them, or touch them at all, for how did they know what might be in them? They were the priest's books, a better have nothing to say to them. The priests are the Lord's anointed, you know. The less we have to say to them the better! But a few privileged ones amongst the neighbors were allowed to come in and look at these trophies, and offer the incense of their praise before the shrine of this family idol, and think, in their own hearts, whether any of their little flaxen-haired goswons would ever reach to these unapproachable altitudes.  
"Well, Luke, old man, put on the Melchisedek at last? How are you, and how is every bit of you? You look washed out, man, as 'tin as a lat," as Moll Brien said when her son came out of jail. A few days' courting on the mountains will put new life into you. The two dogs, Robin and Raven, are in prime condition, and the mountain has not been coursed since the great match in May. Ah! these books! these books! Luke's prizes, did you say, ma'am? They're vipers, ma'am, sucking the rich red blood from his veins. That's what didst thou come to believe that the quiet study hall was the world, and that the cynosure of all eyes—the pro-

thought that fellow since. Why, in my time ago, ma'am—time I declared out of p fellow turns up as regular resurrectionist the same. Nobody ever will. O' Kane good book. Poor soul that ever lived on the Church! The tub of the Contractus—! Here a dreadful his stalwart frame enough of these for morrow and dine a Father Tim and his boys. "What—" "I've not called said Luke, mildly. "Never mind! I can call to-morrow mind! Between 1 in time for what tea." Let me so that you c getting away dining with me, forgive you. My He to into a were some troub up—  
"By the way, Maas?" he cried. "I shall feel much kindly assist me, Luke."  
"Of course, c said the curate, a little assistance thinking."  
"If I could s under my father's priest, timidly.  
"Of course, c curate. "Let n against the statu the Bishop's pr know—but we'll on this occasio. "About half a Luke."  
"Ay, it will reverence, before say Maas like you "Sure, 'tis you waiting."  
"No, indeed; want ye to hav the poor old of Egypt."  
"Mike said t to keep up you. Though you h lieve there are Latin, and we h us intirely."  
"Look at the Father Pat, look Cork with the weeklies little saw. "Twas ab and the print wa him now," sez h if I don't leve, and yer reverer Profundis before Noster."  
"Well, you s comes from long it up in the pr said with a smil.  
"Troth, an' y mege, 'tisn' c comes from the "There now, for you. Look, you ar forgot. You ar fellow! 'Tis o in for sharp hi to-morrow. H moment later. ality. Good da I was forgettin ing, my poor kind of indulg He bent his kneel and recei what ever, and "The best says of Ireland wiping her eye down the little lightly over the But though I kind words, a What was it? on the Melch Casey had not and meant no ing Maas in a episcopal an statute bind? s shuddered at ing under su would write th and put off There was som course, but th that. "The peo shocked. But and was there ries about the the people he that he sho a man of thir mission? The plexed and p books, and th high places of the happy stu had spoken n student, affec note of admir even in an allu was it? For see the book. Could it be th living in a fo great world academic tri and won at The thought Canon will highly polish will apprecia lral success listaded an plexed. It what he d read? "Fo brace of the fool forever." The next visit to his dread of that