

before her on God's altar, clothed in the priestly vestments, lifting the chalice, touching with hands that had lain close to her heart the Body of the Saviour of men ! O wonderful Mass ! Nothing that Heaven might offer Mary Gorman hereafter could touch her heart and soul to such ineffable happiness as this past hour had brought her. Long labors, grim struggles, heavy hardships were forgotten, or if they were remembered it was only to be glorified, for were not they the steps by which she had ascended to this ?

In the opposite bench sat a tall proud-looking man in late middle life. Black brows marked a face of clear pallor ; hair and beard, once jet-black, too, were almost white. He sat very erect, as was his wont, and stared hard at the summit altar, and his heart was heavy with the thought that no son of his would ever stand there robed for the Holy Sacrifice. An intensely devoted Catholic, it had been the one great wish of Dr. Nugent's life to have a son a priest. God had blessed him with three fine lads, shapely, clever, and good-living, but to none of them came the call their father had so ardently desired. He prayed for it, he worked for it by seeking to bend their inclination whither he wished, but to no purpose. They grew to manhood, chose professions and were prospering in them, but their father was a disappointed man. He stole a glance at the homely face of Mary Gorman, and his own face grew hard at the sight of the ecstasy in hers. Here was one who had been a servent girl in the town he came from, and who now sat exalted as he might never hope to be.

In that hushed interval he went back in fancy to the little town of his birth. He saw himself the prosperous doctor's son home on a holiday from college, and Maura Ruadh, as they called the red-haired Connaught servant-girl at Murray's, the butcher's, beetling clothes by the canal bank, or carrying water bare-footed to her master's shop. A poor drudge she was, but happy and light-hearted withal. He remembered her well because of her habit of answering in Irish the taunts about her flaming hair. There came a year when he missed her, and was told she had gone to London. For himself there were successful examinations, a prosperous practise in a Lon-