

hands. Associations, woven in long years round his heart, were to be torn from him in age. He was to be driven from his own door who never sent outcast from it unhappy.

'Tshaw! the thought was dismissed as soon as formed. O'Dwyer Garv without Kilsheelan!—Kilsheelan without O'Dwyer Garv! Never!

It was a youth who reasoned thus sanguinely. Why not? The task set him by his father was the first inspiration of manhood—that magic dream, "dreamt once and never again," where doubt enters not—that splendid Nihilism which disembodies all obstacle. Those few short hours had shaped the purpose of his life; the years were already belted with any airy road to success.

Ten thousand pounds, and ten years to win them! He would scarcely have thought the conquest of Hercules, a difficult matter in the time, if it set all things to rights in Kilsheelan.

In meditations like this, the hours went by till the light in the eastern sky and the crowing of the cocks in the village announced morning.

He returned to his room and bathed his head and neck plentifully with cold water, and, it being then six o'clock, prepared for a run in the fresh morning air to rid himself of the night's weariness.

"The primroses I promised Cressy!" he suddenly remembered, as he crossed the Park. "Ought I, after what has passed?"

He paused for a moment hesitatingly.

"Pooh! Cressy is a child," he said, "and too good a one to be quarrelled with. Poor little Cressy, I'll miss her ever so much! Yes, she shall have the primroses."

So he set off through the dewy fields for the Wood, and plucked there a rich bouquet of golden blossoms, which he left at Ashenfield House for Miss Cressy, while Miss Cressy herself was still buried in sleep-land. Returning to the Castle, he took a short cut through Widow Ryan's little holding, and was not a little surprised to find her hopeful son, Tade, working away like a trooper in the ploughed field.

"Why, Tade, I never suspected you before of industry?" said the youth laughingly.

"I niver did offend much that way, Masther Gerald," said Tade wiping his brows; "but I'm a new man since last night—oh! be the powers o' Moll Kelly I am!"

"Why, what's up, Tade? You haven't been making it all right with Father John, have you?"

"I haven't Masther Gerald, but I won't be so," he cried with a chuckle. "Didn't you hear the news?"

"None since I saw you kissing Kitty in the corner last night, you rogue."

"Keep yer mind to yerself, Masther Gerald—'tis a mighty sacret entirely, an' shure divil a wan ought to know it afore yerself, me darlin' child. What wud you say if Kitty an' I wor on Father John's list this Shrove?"

"I'd say that I'll dance at your wedding, Tade, and wish you all sorts of good luck."

"Well, 'tis as thrue as Gospel, sir. We settled it last night at the dance, an' ould Mat is quite convenient* to the match; so, plaze God, this Shrove we'll be axin' you down to the weddin', Masther Gerald."

"And so you're turning good boy and mindin' the farm at last, Tade! You're beginning well at any rate."

"Oh! begor, lave that to me, Masther Gerald. I'd work the shin-bones down off o' me for the same Kitty. My hand to you, av the little spot o' land can grow goold guineas, I'm the bye that'll knock 'em out av it."

And, as if to show how true his boast was, he drove the spade with such force that it shivered in the ground. When Gerald left him, he was still delving away as if the guineas were following every spadestroke.

Yet, when Gerald had finished a hasty breakfast, and bid a cheerful good-bye to the servants, he found the ubiquitous Tade Ryan as active about the post-chaise and the luggage as he was a while ago about the guineas, and his honest face was one of the last Gerald saw, as amid the cheers and blessings of the villagers, the old chaise rambled away from Kilsheelan.

*Satisfied.

(To be continued.)

NEVER MIND.

What's the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on and never mind.

Travel onward, working, hoping,
Cast no lingering look behind
At the trials once encountered;
Look ahead and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
Take them for their real value,
Pass them on and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you never mind.