MOTHERHOOD.

It is maternity that moves men's hearts!
The youth, for love of her fair face,
With pulse of passion quickened pace
For Atlanta's smiles may race;
But when Sir Leon sheathe his sword,
And, lifting high the wine outpoured,
Names one, by all his knights adored,—
The mother dear to each—up each [illegible] starts!
When Eve went forth from Paradise
'Twas holy ground where'er she trod;
The light of love shone in her eyes
And sacrificial womanhood.
Man loves wife, daughter, sister, promised bride,
But thou, O Motherhood, art deified!
—*John S. Browning, in Donahoe's Magazine for February.*

The Game of Life.

This life is but a game of cards which mortals have to learn;
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack, and each a trump doth turn,
Some bring a high card to the top and others bring a low—
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps, while others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practised hand and pack their cards with care,
So they may know, when they are dealt, where all the leaders are;
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues, and rogues each other cheat.
And he is very wise, indeed, who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace, the counting cards to save,
Some play the deuce, and some the ten, but many play the knave;
Some play for money, some for fun, and some for worldly fame,
But not until the game's played out can they count up their game.

When hearts are trumps we play for love and pleasure rules the hour,
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy in beauty's rosy bower;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make, our cards at random play,
And while our trumps remains on top our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack, the players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won by gamblers young and old;
Intent on winning, each his game doth watch with eager eye,
How he may see his neighbor's cards and beat him on the sly,

When clubs are trumps look out for war, on ocean and on land;
For bloody horrors always come when clubs are held in hand.
Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed—
Across the broad Atlantic row, see clubs have got the lead!

Last game of all is when the spade is turned by hand of Time;
He always deals the closing game in every age and clime,
No matter how much each man wins, or how much each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game and dig the players' graves.

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Skeffington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued)

And yet, knowing all this, I long ago decided to devote what intellect God has given me to the service of my country—to the Home Rule cause; not to make a half-hearted sacrifice, but to let every personal feeling go down before what is best for Ireland. I have to tell you all this—I know it is only right to do so; but now I have nearly done. Ever since I have loved you I have felt what a helpmeet you would be for a man with aims like mine; but it seemed a too presumptuous dream, and one that I must sternly put away from my thoughts. When I began, between hope and fear, to ask myself was it possible that you could love me, still I hesitated to speak what was in my heart, because I knew that the woman who consented to be my wife would not only have many sacrifices to make for my sake, but must be prepared for some hardships, for the opposition of friends as well as of foes—must be even prepared to see her husband imprisoned, not for his acts, but for his opinions.'

Lady Catherine raised her bright eyes to his face, and there was a proud smile in them as she laid her shapely hand upon his arm. Mr. Davoren took it and pressed his lips to it. Then he said:

'Catherine, do you love me enough to help me in this ambition of my life?'

She answered in a low but clear voice, 'Long before we ever met, such a life as you have sketched out was my dream. I would never have been satisfied with a commonplace lot. To live a life of ease, and let the toilers go on unaided, seems terrible to me. And, now that I have learned so much from you, it would be impossible.'

She drew a deep breath and paused, with eyes downcast again.

'But, Catherine, more, something more, dearest,' Maurice whispered. 'You have not answered my question. Do you love me?'

She looked at him archly, but tears were glistening on her eyelashes as she said:

'My whole future life shall be the answer to that question.'

'What is now impossible,' whispered Mr. Davoren, as he pressed her to his heart, 'with Ireland and you to work for?'

A few minutes after this Lord Arthur, coming in to have another look at the newspaper beside his lamp, was met by Lady Catherine. There was a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye, as she said, 'Papa dear, De Grignon has proposed to me in reality,' and as she uttered the words the kind-hearted earl held out his hand to Mr. Davoren.

* * * * * *

That night Mr. Gilmartin took Maurice home to Ballyvorna in his carriage. Both men were rather silent until they were within sight of the O'Briens' house. Then Maurice turned to his companion. 'Mr. Gilmartin,' he said, 'you have been so friendly, so cordial to me, that I think I must tell you of a great happiness and honor that has come to me to-night. Lady Catherine Arthur has promised to be my wife.'

No doubt it actually takes a measurable portion of time (if one could only be present at the performance) for the convolutions of the brain, which have all been working in a particular direction for many months, to stop and give the order to 'Right about face.' However that may be for some seconds Mr. Gilmartin was perfectly silent, and then, a little awkwardly for him, he congratulated Mr. Davoren very sincerely.

'And you go away to-morrow,' he added.

'Yes,' said Maurice; 'I could not have been off before, but I shall not be away very long. I must be here for Dan Riley's trial.' There was a joyous ring in his voice at the bare idea of getting back again. 'Here we are,' he said, as the carriage drew up at the O'Briens' door.

The two gentlemen wished each other a hearty 'Good-night.'

Mr. Gilmartin looked up and saw the light in Moy's window. 'Yes, she is free,' he said to himself; and then came the thought, 'but I am not.'

About the same time Miss Wentworth arrayed in a white dressing gown, was tapping at Lady Catherine's door. 'May I come in?' she said, gravely, when her cousin opened it. 'There is something I must know, and I think you can tell me.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"And press'd her hand—that lingering press
O how do that for the last time sever;
Of hearts whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead forever."
—Moore.

Sir Ralph and Gertrude in their own carriage, Maurice Davoren by train, went away early in the morning after the theatricals, and old Mr. O'Brien, who looked upon Maurice almost as a son, felt the parting with him so much that he did not come down very early.

Thankful as Moy felt to hear the news of Lady Catherine's engagement, she was both sad and anxious. She longed for and yet dreaded her next interview with *Mr.* Gilmartin. She could not settle to work or reading indoors. She felt as if the fresh morning air would do her good. So she borrowed one of Kitty's snow-white aprons, and putting it around her, went out and gathered a basket of flowers to adorn the rooms in honor of Miss Wentworth's visit in the afternoon. She still had her apron on and was standing beside the dining-room table, on which was a large tray of flowers, and vases to put them in, when Kitty announced Mr. Gilmartin. She actually showed him into the dining-room, for she was giving an extra cleaning to the rest of the house in preparation for the afternoon.

Moy, standing there engaged in some household work, with her white apron pinned on to her shoulders, reminded Mr Gilmartin of Charlotte, in the 'Sorrows of Werther,' and he himself felt not unlike the hopeless hero of that well-known romance.

Poor Moy! There she stood—so taken by surprise that she did not even lay down the violets she was holding until Mr. Gilmartin was standing beside her. Then she emptied her hands and said, 'The violets are so wet.' She rubbed her hands on her apron, and then gave him one. He held it as he said, 'You can guess what I heard last night. Mr. Davoren told me. And now I have come to ask you one question. That time when I called—I believe now you cared for me a little—why did you drive me away with the words, 'It is better for both of us not to meet again?'

Moy hardly knew what to call him or where to begin. 'Why did I drive you away?' she repeated in a low voice.

'God knows,' he answered, 'if you were not engaged to Davoren.'

'I—I believed you were then engaged,' said Moy—'engaged to Miss Wentworth.'

'That was not until long afterwards,' he said; 'not until just before she came to Ireland. But, Moy, you got my letter—that explained all—before I called that last day.'

Moy trembled now, for she must tell the truth.

'No, I never got your letter; not then at least,' she said.

He let her hand fall from his as he almost repeated her first words. 'You never got my letter! The letter Miss Syms promised to put in your hand herself?'

'No; she never gave it to me till—till lately, when she met with the accident. Then I did not know where you were, so I went over at once to Lady Catherine to ask her, and she told me she had a letter from Miss Wentworth that very morning telling of her engagement to you.'

Moy said this all very calmly. She even unpinned Kitty's apron while she was speaking, and folded it up neatly.

Mr. Gilmartin seemed stunned for a moment or two. At last he said 'And that woman—what did she keep my letter for?'

Moy hesitated, then said in a low voice: 'I think she did not want me to be the wife of her husband's employer.'

Mr. Gilmartin passed his hand over his eyes, like a man waking from a dream, before he said, 'Moy, if you had not heard what you did from Lady Catherine, would you have written to me?'

'What is the use of talking about that now?' said Moy, and her voice sounded almost hard.

'And do I not deserve some grain of pity, of sympathy, from you, after all I have suffered, he said, almost with a groan.

'If it will make you happier now,' she said, gently, 'I will tell you gladly—yes, I would have written to you.'

Then the remembrance of all that letter might have contained was too much for her already overtried heart, and she turned away her head from him, for great tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. In a moment his arm was round her waist and her head was resting against his shoulder, but it was only for a moment. She pressed his hand and smiled up in his face through her tears, but she went away from him and sat down in her grandfather's chair.

'I have a letter directed to you,' she said, as he came and stood near her and buried his face on his arms, which he rested on the chimney-piece. 'It contains your letter. I could not obey you and burn it after all that had happened. I thought it best to seal it up and direct it to you. The envelope contains besides the whole account of the time and way in which I at last got the letter, and a few words in Mrs. Finch's handwriting. When I am dead Catherine will give you the packet.'

'When you are dead! Moy, do you want to break my heart? But I ought to have learned by this time how much a heart can hold without breaking.'

'Yes,' said Moy, with a deep sigh, 'that is true; but I do not mean that I may die soon. There may be something for me to do; but I have gone through a great deal this winter. Perhaps it has oppressed me more because I have had no one in the house to whom I could speak. I have a tired feeling, that is all.' She leaned back in the arm-chair, pressing her hand to her left side, and thought of some lines that lately were very often on her lips:

"So now I am ready to go, for I know He will do what is best;
Though He calls me away while the sun is on high like a child sent early to rest."

Mr. Gilmartin would have felt more miserable than he did had he known the words that were passing through Moy's brain, but there was perfect silence between them for a few minutes.

Mr. Gilmartin still had his head bowed. Presently he said: 'Moy, I feel so overwhelmed by what I have heard from Mr. Davoren, and now from you, I begin to wonder if I ought to trust to my own judgment, or ask the advice of some one whom we both respect. What would Father Fitzgerald say?'

'He would say just what your own conscience says,' replied Moy, without a moment's hesitation. 'Keep your promise. What has Shakspeare written of a good man? His words are bonds?'

'I am not a good man. I have felt like a fiend or a devil lately.'

'You are a good man,' said Moy, with the calmness of a perfect conviction.

'I was a selfish brute till I met you, he returned. 'What is the inference? Shall become one again if we part!—Moy, look at me;' and he raised his head. 'Surely all the torture I have gone through lately left some impression on my face? Would you have it lined deeper still? I tell you I cannot give you up.'

'If you were to act in that spirit,' said Moy, 'neither of us would ever be happy again. You would have ceased to respect yourself, and I'—she hesitated at the words—'and I should have ceased to respect you;' and before she could finish the sentence he interrupted her quickly:

'I cannot tell how it may happen,' he said, 'for you are right, as usual. It must not be by any word of mine; but I think there is happiness in store for us yet.'

'Yes,' said Moy, softly, 'I am sure of that. No one ever did their duty humbly in this world without being happy.'

Mr. Gilmartin rather impatiently withdrew his arms from the chimney-piece, and walked up and down the room as he said, 'Moy, you know what I mean—that we are not bidding each other an eternal farewell!'

'You must go now,' she said. 'I know I shall hear of you often, and always what is good. You will think of Ireland, and work for Ireland.'

'Yes,' he answered in a low voice; 'but are we to part thus—as strangers part, or the merest acquaintances? Am I not even to kiss the brow of a woman I love as I love you?'

'You must not speak so,' said Moy, trembling. 'When next we meet as friends let us not have anything to look back to with regret.'

'With regret!' he cried with scorn 'Moy, I have been mistaken—you never loved me!'

She did not contradict him. 'Good bye,' she said; but it seemed as if their hands would never unclasp. At last she drew hers away. She felt that if he stayed another moment she would throw her arms round his neck and make him unsay his words. For, whatever might be his thoughts on the subject, to her it was an eternal farewell. She supported herself by the chimney-piece till Mr. Gilmartin had left the house, and then she sank down again in the arm-chair, and for the second time in her life fainted away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"
—Tennyson's *In Memoriam.*

Moy was still quite alone when she recovered consciousness. She sat quiet for a moment or two, and then she went and poured some water from one of the flower-glasses over her hands, and this revived her. Presently she rang for Kitty to finish putting the flowers in for her, and then she went up to her own room and shed many, many tears.

'The poor darlin'! said Kitty to herself, as she crammed the flowers into the vases somewhat more hastily than usual. 'Sure, Mr. Gilmartin adores the very ground she treads on and what then can make them two so sad? She as pale as these snow-drops, and he leaving the house with that troubled look on his face—for all the world like Tim was the other day when I was teasing him, and saying maybe I'd change my mind. Perhaps Miss Moy had been after saying 'No,' and now is sorry; but, please God, it'll all come right for them both some day, for she'll not find a better husband, nor he a sweeter wife in all Ireland.'

When Moy and her grandfather were in the drawing-room together after luncheon, she asked him to fix a day soon for their journey to Dublin.

'But, my dear,' said he, 'you have not returned half the kind visits you owe.'

'I think, then, they must wait, dear grandpapa, for I long to go away.'

'It's strange to hear you longing to leave Ballyvorna,' said the old man, with a kind smile. 'However, darlin', we will go to-morrow or the next day, if you can get ready. You can write to Mrs. Fitzgerald to-day, if you like.'

Moy was touched by his kind readiness to please her, and she sat down to her desk and wrote the letter at once.

About the same time Miss Wentworth was coming into Ballyvorna. She drew up the ponies at the inn door, while the groom left a note addressed to 'Denis Gilmartin, Esq.' That gentleman was stretched upon a sofa upstairs, his handkerchief thrown lightly across his eyes, but he was not asleep—he was thinking. On the table near him lay English and Irish papers and magazines untouched. He had spent the greater part of the morning lying there with closed eyes, reviewing the past. He found he could not think about the future. A future without Moy O'Brien seemed too terrible a blank. Bitterly he was reproaching himself. He called himself thoughtless, selfish, weak. He thought of Miss Wentworth, of her noble devotion to whatever she considered her duty, of her unselfishness, of her tried and true friendship for himself in the old days—long before he had seen Moy O'Brien; and then he almost blushed to think that to such a woman, so worthy of a life-long devotion, he had dared to offer but half a heart. These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the son of one of his tenants—a tall youth whom he was training for a household servant.

James McGarvey brought his master the note Miss Wentworth had just left at the inn.

Mr. Gilmartin was not surprised. He heard from Miss Wentworth now and then, though only a few miles of country separated them; but he was startled when he opened the envelope and read—

'Dear Denis—(not 'my dear' as of old)—When I leave this note I shall be on my way to Miss O'Brien's. We are going together to see some humble friends of hers, and we hope to return about half-past four or five. Will you please meet me at Mr. O'Brien's? Believe me your sincere friend, Alice Wentworth'

(To be continued.)

ADA REHAN.

Ada Crehan—such is her name—was born in Limerick. The family originally had considerable property, but the exactions of the times eventually reduced the estate to nothing. They lived in London for a time and finally set sail for New York, seeing, perhaps, like so many other visionaries of the Emerald Isle, an Eldorado across the sea. Old Crehan had three daughters, Ada, Kate and Hattie, who grew to girlhood in and about New York City. Beyond a few childlike attempts at 'play-acting,' there was nothing in any of these girls to bespeak for them a theatrical life, until Kate met and married Oliver Dowd Byron, an actor.

This relationship inspired Ada with the desire to be an actress, and Byron allowed her to appear as an experiment, in his melo-drama, 'Across the Continent.' This was in New [illegible] N. J., in 1874. The trial was [illegible]tory, and she decided to [illegible] stage as a profession. 1875-7 [illegible] her an humble member of [illegible] Drew's company at the Arch [illegible] Theatre, Philadelphia. It wa[illegible] that she received the name [illegible] she is now known in two her[illegible] This second baptism was a [illegible]cident, caused by a prompter[illegible] writing or a printer's stupidity. [illegible] programme should have contained [illegible]line, 'Ada Crehan'; but the insertion [illegible] of a period and capital made it appear 'Ada C. Rehan.' The young actress did not like the change, but the shrewd manageress advised its retention. 'They know you by that name now,' she argued; 'stick to it.'

From Philadelphia, Miss Rehan went to Louisville, Baltimore and Albany, gaining little in reputation, but immensely in experience. The turn of the tide came to her when Augustin Daly engaged her for a production of 'L'Assommoir,' that horrifying but powerful stage sermon on drunkenness. Miss Rehan began with a comparatively small part, but in two weeks she was playing the leading character. When Daly's Theatre was opened, Sept. 17, 1879, she became its leading actress, a position that she retains to the present day, every year finding her more firmly entrenched in the affection of New York theatre-goers.—'*Catholic Actresses,*' *by John W. O'Keefe, in Donahoe's Magazine for February.*

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