

ineffectual struggle with poverty, or in that apathy into which the sturdiest sink when unsustained by hope. Is not this a state of affairs sufficiently depressing to account for the shadow occasionally deepening on Rose's once sunny face? True, her self-appointed teacher marvelled that her interest in her writing lessons ceased so abruptly; but what more satisfactory explanation was needed than her plea of weak eyes; and who was to surmise that the weak eyes were the effect of nightly weeping for the dead?

No, we should never have guessed at a grief so unobtrusive as hers, but for the hints of her communicative sister. Since then she has told her own story; it is not its uncommonness that recommends it to one's interest, for are not love and sorrow the truest of events? Speak, ye wanderers in California! Speak, ye wishing wives, mothers, sisters at home! the deep, deep pain! the irrepressible, the unappeasable yearnings of separation! are not *they* so universal, as scarcely to confer upon the sufferer the privilege of complaint! And is not death itself, but a longer or shorter absence from those we love! Yet, oh, love and sorrow, and death, ever old, and ever new, when will your records cease to interest us!

The incidents of Rose's story, gathered from her homely, but expressive phrases, are mainly these:

"Hugh Doyle and herself were neighbors *childer*, and had kept company two years before either of them came to America. Hugh was the first and only boy she ever did keep company with; they were promised to each other, since three years; they had looked and hoped for the day when, her service of duty done in contributing her quota towards bringing James and Judy, little James, Terry and Pat to this country—and praise God they could have waited for that—sure the patience of love was its own reward—waiting and working together was but a holy-day for true hearts, while hoping for the time, when hand to hand, let joy or trouble, sickness or health, come together they could—" Rose's voice faltered, and she flung her apron over her head.

And so death put its cold seal on these humble hopes! Humble, do we call them? When was youth's vision humble! The enchanting promise of the innocent, the happy love,—humble! when it exalts the poor servant to a joy, monarchs may not, in right of their possessions, look for! But alas! alas! all these hopes are dead, buried with the lover of her youth; poor Rose; poor Rose.

Pestilence, dread minister of death, catching up and whirling away, even as a withered leaf, the goodly presences that have been the sunlight on

our paths. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," no farewell spoken, no glance of unutterable affection to be a sanctified memory to the survivor while life lasts! Ah, it availed little to lighten Rose's bereavement that she was with her own people when the shaft sped, since she was not near *him* to sustain and comfort—since for Hugh, there were the peculiar and cruel attendants, of pestilence, hospital, loneliness, and—grief to Rose, good Catholic as she is—death without the consolations of the Church, and consignment to unhallowed ground. Rose is not philosopher enough to deem it of little import where the poor frame moulders into dust.

But all this time we in our wisdom have been sadly misjudging her; she has had a very natural desire to accommodate the outward seeming to the inner mourning; and seeing how becomingly "the mistress" cast off black has been remodelled to fit her, we have thought it a little vanity on her part, pardonable enough but still a vanity, that she has never taken her "evening out" since the month of August, without wearing that black dress and a neat linen collar, and looking very lady-like.

She has learnt, too, that not to ladies only is it forbidden to wear the heart upon the sleeve, for on the return of Hallowmas, her natural sensibility, her instinctive shrinking from being "fublythe that night," has been laughed at by her sister Kate, coaxed and *made fun of*, by turns. "What daughter of Erin," nay, what daughter of Eve could withstand the two? Not Rose; so she went to the Halloween party, and doubtless smiled, and was seemingly as gay if the curly black head that ducked with her own fair locks for apples in the Halloween tub last October, was not resting with the dew of the grave upon it, in Randall's Island. Yes, Rose has already rallied; she is right; there is no virtue in that sullen thing, endurance, for we must endure; only in the patient continuance in well doing, is there hope that the latter days will be happier, because holier than the first.

And Rose has duties to perform, as she deems; there is much depending on her responsibilities; enough to break down her courage, only we see how much the patient persevering workers accomplish. It behoves her to see to it that brothers and sisters, escaped hitherto from the maw of famine and disease, be not long exposed to their fangs.

Bridget, her sister, the pioneer of the family to this country, is weighed in the scales and found wanting in those qualities that are commonly essential to enable people to earn a living, even in