

churchyard. Mr. Ellis carried his hostility so far as to prevent him from reading it inside, moreover, as the church was on Lord Claurall's property.

Mr. Sly offered to read the service, but would have been torn in pieces but for Father O'Donnell.

The people now left for their homes. The little church was silent; but one returned to weep over that newly covered grave. Frank knelt and prayed by times. Kate would be there too, but she was not able to rise from her bed, poor girl.

"O mother! mother!" said Frank, in the depth of his anguish; "mother! you have left lonely, breaking hearts after you; but, then, I should not weep for you, for you are happy with your God; but for us, want and affliction are our portion. Better, mother, to sleep beside you in that cold grave, than live on a worthless life! Oh! what is life to me! Once, I hoped that it would be a life of joy and happiness; but no, no, it is to be one of dark bitterness. I have no object to live for; no occupation to call forth my energies. Death, indeed, would be a blessing now. Men boast that the laws of England protect the poor and weak from the rich and strong. How little do they know of these laws. Like the fabled fruit, they are fair without and foul within. A tyrant landlord and agent, under protection of these boasted laws, have robbed us of our property, have murdered you, my dear, fond mother! and yet they live, and are respected and feared. O God! O God! how long will this continue? Was not the land intended for the support of man? Have not we, therefore, an inherent right to the soil, and are we to be thus crushed and trampled and hunted from it? O mother! I'll have revenge upon your murderers, and then I'll fly the country. Yes, Ellis, the murderer of my mother, shall die by my hand! but, Alice! Alice! girl of my heart! how can I leave you?"

In his excitement his eyes glared, he clenched his hands, and ground his teeth, and spoke in a hurried, audible manner.

The ruins of an old abbey stood near the grave.

After Alice Maher had left the church-

yard, she missed Frank, and while her father and Father O'Donnell were in earnest conversation, she returned, knowing that she would find him at the grave.

Seeing Frank speaking to himself in an excited manner, she stood to listen, and overheard his wild soliloquy. She went over and gently laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Who's this?" said he, rudely flinging the hand from him and turning round. "O Alice!" said he, gently taking her hand, "forgive my rudeness; I was in a strange mood."

"I forgive and pity you, Frank; but I must tell you that I overheard you. Frank, could you think of being a murderer without horror?"

"Yet, Alice, he has murdered her," and he pointed to the grave.

"Even so, Frank. Vengeance belongs to God, and He will deal with every one according to his works. Leave him to God; He is just."

"Alice, love! if you were a man you'd feel as I do. The very reptile will recoil upon the foot that crushes it; and can I, a man, see my means plundered from me, my mother murdered, and yet calmly look on? Look at my poor father, Alice. See what a wreck he is! He was beloved and admired, and now he's a poor paralytic. Look at my fine, noble sister, once the pride of the parish—the toast of many a festive scone, and now! and now! she's a pauper, dependent upon the charity of others. Think of my darling mother, Alice. Was she not murdered, dragged from her warm bed to die upon the cold ground, with the home of her early joys and affections knocked in ruins beside her? And myself, Alice! Oh! I had hopes and yearnings of enjoying peace, and love, and happiness in that old home. I thought, Alice, love! that there, with you, my own sweet wife, nestling upon my bosom, after the toils and anxiety of the day, or cheering me through the world's strife, I could, indeed, be happy—happy as mortal man could be. Often, Alice, have I pictured to myself a happy home, hallowed by all the gushing warmth of loving hearts, all the holy influence of domestic bliss—a home made cheerful by your loving, greeting smiles. Often