

would soon be safe. But he paused for a moment only—then made to pass away; her eyes fell suddenly, and her head sank low. She was weeping bitterly.

beyond measure, Nan's pace yet more, urged her forward with a fierce certainty that a hose dizzy heights meant death, tragic and horrible. She lifted his arms clutching her, as if in pursuit of a phantom.

fore had her veil been some thorny bush; her hair was torn, but she heeded not. Her legs were shaking, and she was gasping for breath. "Father, father," she called, but the words were lost to her dry throat.

it was but an instant that stood still, he had the edge of the craggy rocks; more, and he would be long down, down, from the top.

her hands and shut her eyes to behold that awful sight. When she was standing on the cliff, his arms still outstretched, gazing at her.

plunged along, ploughed through the waters, leaving a white wake behind; he seemed to follow her.

Nan almost whispered; her suspension no longer surprised him. He answered, his face still white with awe, and with a strange dignity.

answered, his face still white with awe, and with a strange dignity. "Mavourneen, the boat is coming!"

more in the meaning of the word, yet Nan failed to hear it.

to the distant ocean, morning haze, "Stop it, stop it!" he shouted, and the boat had tacked, and the breeze was driving it into the open sea.

late, he gasped, "an' ye might t' Nan, ye might have seen it."

by this unusual scene, one by one, had gathered, indeed, they felt that that lonely figure halting in the mist, and as his out in language shrill they shivered as the wind.

while Nan, powerless, lay on the ground. Tim spoke and strained his eyes in the yawl sped ever on a about him marked its course; it neared the harbor, it became a mere speck, the rocks it sailed, and it had disappeared.

and it had disappeared. Tim shrieked as he saw "Tis gone," he wailed, "an' an infinite pathos in the blessing of Doonennis for eye." He flung up a despairing gesture, and to and fro, and he was, with a thud, to the ground.

impulse the neighbors had the prostrate form, broken accents, called in broken terms. As they were on the ground, a bent herself among the fore-Norah Quinn, who had the church, her beads rattled.

any no unfamiliar sight any in Doonennis were ad closed in death. A sufficed to tell her now and was vain; mournful-her rest his soul," they murmured to reach Nan, as a dismal scene in one; would she not soon and it all a hideous lightness only of her greet her?

and with eyes be- saw her father borne a- were carrying him a- but she did not strive their path; her limbs action, her tongue of alone were capable but it was little they her torpid brain. A com- many voices reached t she distinguished no three alone, "He is dead."

ly abrupt: "Your father, poor man," was the sole response. Then, and only then, did the real truth dawn on Nan, and the stupor seemed to pass away; her eyes fell suddenly, and her head sank low. She was weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

"Come, Nan dear, come," Roger expostulated gently, and he slipped his hand into hers.

She was standing over his father's grave, as it lay open before her—staring vacantly into its depths—her arm still raised, as when, one of the first, she had cast a clod of earth upon the coffin. Hearing it strike upon the wood below, she had shivered slightly, but quickly regained her composure. The wind blew sharply over the hill, the group of sympathisers gradually dispersed, the older ones, who lingered behind, in the end hurrying home, as a shower of rain caught them unawares; but Nan, caring little for the inclement weather, stood, with an aching heart, over the earthly remains of Tim Dougherty.

Again Roger urged her: "My darling, you must come," he repeated authoritatively, when at last she heard him and obeyed. Together they left the cemetery, Nan not daring to look back; from afar she had seen the old grave-digger who, spade in hand, was impatient to begin his lugubrious task; soon would the dust of earth conceal its own, and another mound be raised to mark the swelling number of the dead.

It was Nan who first spoke: "Roger, asthore," she murmured in a sad voice, as they passed out of the swinging gate, "ye are the only one I have now, the only one to love an' care for me."

"My sweet Nan," he answered, closing her shawl more tightly round her, "I'll be kind and good to you always."

"I know it, I know it," was her reply, "how could it be otherwise?" and confidently she lifted her grey eyes to his.

"Dear heart," he rejoined, and bending down, kissed her upturned face.

In the months that followed, Nan almost ceased to remember those former days of grief; remorse, indeed she felt at times; poor father had suffered much, she knew it well, but present happiness helped to chase away the gloomy thoughts that sometimes would arise, and before the anniversary of Tim's death drew near the dreamy look had vanished from her eyes, the wrinkles from her brow.

"My husband is so kind," she would say, as some old crone, hobbling by, would drop in to rest her stiff limbs awhile, "never a bit will he let me do for meself, 'tis the unselfish an' good man that he always is," and her face absolutely beamed with honest pride and joy. All day long, too, she would sing about the house, gaily scrub the floors, or with undaunted energy, dig in seed-potatoes; nothing was hard for the power of love, it gilded both hours of toil and rest.

Her bliss, however, was shadowed by one cloud; but for its presence she would have been the happiest woman in Doonennis Bay; she had not seen Roger to the Faith. It had seemed so easy in theory, a compliant ideal; some prayers, a few talks, and all would be accomplished.

But she had not reckoned with her host, and it was only by degrees she learnt the power of the foes she had to deal with; deep-rooted antagonism, bigotry, and, as time wore on, open hostility; these met her at every turn, and when successfully she had disposed of some, others would rise to menace her hopes.

At first Roger put her off with a light laugh: "You'll never win me over, little woman," he would say, "so, to please me, let us talk of other things," and opening a paper, he would discuss the topic of the day with unabated ardor.

But it pained Nan to feel that, with interests akin in all else, they were divided in religion; one in love and in toil, in the great mainstay of life they were not united. She could not bear to think that those lips, so full of endearing terms for her, should never have framed a prayer to the Mother of God, while it touched her to the quick to contemplate his soul, unwashed perhaps, never absolved, and alas! his eyes, so prompt to perceive her slightest want, were blind to the Sacrament of Love.

Seeing her words, however, bore no effect, she abstained from controversy; renewed, instead, her own fervor and increased her devotions. This seemed to irritate Roger: "It's your duty to stay at home," he complained, when, one day, Nan had stolen a leisure moment to pray in church, "you should darn my clothes or be cleaning the pots, but off you go to the chapel and not even a service to attend to inside."

This harsh reproach grieved Nan more than she cared to show, or even acknowledge to herself, but

trusting for better times, she bravely hid her distress beneath a smile. The next day, again, her patience was destined to be sorely tried; she was busily plying her needle when, according to custom, she began to sing, and from her lips fell the words of a familiar hymn. Nan had always had a pretty voice, soft and true, and often had Roger leant a ready ear to its pleasing notes; from the adjoining room he could hear her now, but his face grew tired, he felt angry, here was a fit subject upon which to vent his ill-humor. Nan's melody was suddenly cut short, a boot was noisily flung down and Roger appeared in the doorway: "I have listened to that song once too often," he growled, stamping his shoeless foot upon the tiled floor, "and I tell you, I'll not have it again," whereat he turned upon his heel, leaving Nan to her own sad thoughts.

Thus were paved the stepping-stones of greater sorrows still to come, the first drops of her bitter chalice, which, forsooth, she must drink to the dregs.

Another trial presently awaited her, a trial of a different nature, but nevertheless one hard to bear: Doonennis Bay soon knew her place no more, for Roger, tired of the Irish coast, had eagerly accepted a new post, and, with his wife, returned to England.

As she stepped into the boat and looked behind, to bid farewell to friends and native shores, a tender yearning leapt into her soul and, when the many landmarks became mere specks and shapeless dots upon the granite rocks, she strained her eyes to catch the last of the well-known hills; some nameless fear told her she would never see them again.

Arrived at her destination, she looked about her; theirs was not a station on Cornwall's rugged coasts, nor yet on a Kentish headland, but low-lying on the eastern shores of Britain, by the inroads of the sea an island at high tide; rushes and coarse grass around, with here and there a hillock of grey sand. What a poor substitute for the frowning, stately cliffs guarding her old home!

A small row of neat, white cottages, the white ensign flapping in the evening breeze; these, indeed, struck a tender chord of recollection in Nan's weary mind, but they seemed to make the contrast more telling, when she turned to the flat and sandy wastes before her.

Thus three days passed; with an aching heart she longed to tell her woes to God, to seek guidance, strength and peace, and she asked the way to church.

"How on earth should I know?" Roger somewhat roughly answered, mounting a chair as he spoke, to mend a broken blind, and she continued her washing in silence.

One after the other, she enquired of the few neighbors scattered round, but either her brogue evoked a rude stare and grin, or her question a cross reply of ignorance.

At length, however, an old woman whom she had asked some days before came late one evening, and rapping with bony knuckles on the door, grimly announced that the Papist chapel, the nearest anywhere about, lay a good eight miles and more, "on the road beyond the ferry and the flats."

"Eight mile an' more," repeated Nan as she thought of the Church at home with just a field to separate it from their cottage-door, and she sighed deeply; but recalling the ten, nay, even fifteen miles that many had to cover across the Galway hills to hear their Sunday Mass, she turned to thank the woman with a grateful smile. "An' if ould William Dennis did it, why not I?" was her comment, added low.

And she did it, too, though it was only by dint of persevering haste that she managed to return in time to cook their mid-day meal.

The ensuing week saw heavy rains, and swollen roads in consequence, but the following Sunday, nothing daunted, she again tramped over the Flats. On her way back, however, she had long to wait at the ferry, the punt having drifted into some flooded meadow-land close by.

Conveyed across at last, she pushed on with all speed, but the ground, sodden and sticky, sucked in her weary feet, and it was late before the sea was reached.

"Here I am, waiting for my dinner," Roger called out in angry tones, as, tired and breathless, Nan crossed the threshold. He was sitting by the fire, moodily smoking, his legs stretched out to their fullest extent. She had run the last few hundred yards, and was panting hard, as he pointed to the clock.

"It's just upon two," he growled, "and there's nothing on the table." "Twill be ready at once, sure 'tis all here in the cupboard, an' the stew on the hob," Nan pleaded, as with one hand she cast away her shawl, and with the other set forth the dishes.

But Roger was not so easily appeased. "I'll not have you go there

again," he muttered, and seeing Nan about to speak hastily added: "It's not a bit of use you're talking; I've made up my mind and I tell you I shan't change it in a hurry."

There was no more to be said, and though Nan, a few days later, begged him to alter his decision, he remained obdurate, telling her cruelly, that were it even Christmas Day, he would not think otherwise, "the beef wouldn't be here, nor the pudding neither."

But the matter did not stop there; henceforth he began to take objection to each Catholic practice, closely watching Nan, as faithfully she fulfilled them; fish on Friday he vowed she should not have, and when she refused to eat the meat he bought he locked away all other food.

"You'll be starved into submission," he laughed with a sneer. Not so, for Nan went hungry to bed. Holy images, sacred pictures and rosaries, all underwent his scathing remarks; there was nothing he did not hold up to ridicule, nor too small to escape his notice.

It was in vain Nan expostulated, entreating him to cease his hard words, "Then put 'em away yourself," was his sole remark.

They had been in England a year, when a baby-boy was born to them; weakly and delicate he seemed, and Nan, for fear he should die, implored Roger to take him to the Church for baptism.

"Much too young," he would reply at first, and more gently than was his wont, for Nan was very ill. "Och! but if he was to die," she cried, glancing at the tiny puckered face, at her side, "what should I do, what could I say to the Almighty when my turn comes?" and wistfully she gazed at her husband's stalwart form in the doorway; but he had turned his head away, and vouchsafed no reply.

Each day she pleaded, each day he refused, till one morning, when she was about to renew her solicitations, he pushed back his chair, as he sat at breakfast: "Give him to me then, I'll take him to be christened," he muttered shortly, and Nan, with a thankful heart, yet much astonished, watched him change his coat and pull on his polished boots.

Carefully she wrapped the child around. "Indeed, Roger, ye are good," she would exclaim at intervals, while a smile lit up her pale, wan face, "It's heedful ye'll be now, won't ye?" she murmured happily, as he held out his arms for their little son; "take the first turn to the left, an' keep right on till—"

"Och! enough, enough," he broke in hastily, "haven't you been bothering my life out of me these two weeks past, without having more of it now?" He spoke so crossly Nan looked up in surprise.

"Tis sorry I am, Roger, if I've vexed ye, but I thought mebbe, ye didn't know the way so well as I." "A good deal better," he laconically answered. The door lay open and he went out, shutting it with a bang.

Two hours later, Nan heard familiar steps draw near, the gravel crunched beneath them, the boots, kicked against the scraper, were freed from mud, and, to her amazement, the door swung noisily back—Roger had returned. She stared at the clock, and from the clock to Roger; sixteen miles in two hours—it was incredible, the distance could not be covered in that time; doubtless then, he had repented of his purpose.

"Ye've not had him baptized after all?" she queried faintly, and there was a break in her voice. She had felt so happy five minutes ago, picturing her child a Christian by then, his little soul washed pure and white, and, perchance, she had thought, too, the priest might talk to Roger, open his mind to the truth, banish objections and defeat his prejudices. Now how cruel the illusion and pitiable the empty hopes.

"He's been christened well enough," Roger retorted, "so take him you, for I'm tired, and he's been screaming all the way." "How, how could it be?" Nan reasoned, as she clasped the baby in her arms, laid aside its shawl, and sought to hush its plaintive cries.

Ah! an idea struck her, why had it not occurred to her before? "Tis meself's the great general," impatiently she muttered, angry at having doubted his word. "Sure, he got a lift on the way?" was her enquiring comment, and though Roger made no reply, she was satisfied, and felt sorry she had judged him so hastily.

"Forgive me, Roger asthore," she gently entreated, as he leant sullenly over the fire, "twas not ye who would disappoint me so."

Roger fidgetted uneasily in his chair, but Nan, anxious to make amends for her rash distrust, did not observe it; she laid her hand confidently on his, and softly said: "Tell me, now, did our little one cry much when he hit the salt?" "Who would give him salt?" responded Roger sulkily. "What ques-

tions you do ask, to be sure, and none that I can answer."

"It's forgetful ye are, Roger dear," she smilingly remarked, adding, after a pause, "Ye dried his head careful when the water had poured over it, didn't ye now?" and she passed her fingers over the tiny brow, as if to assure herself it was not damp still.

"Oh, as for that," Roger answered, with a careless laugh, "I can vouch that not a drop touched his forehead; most of the sprinkling went on the parson-chap himself."

For an instant Nan stared at Roger incredulously, then her face grew white and drawn, as if a sudden pain had struck her heart; her voice, too, sounded strange and low, yet she tried to steady it, as she spoke: "Twas the Protestant church, thin, ye took him to? Och! Roger, Roger, how could ye deceive me so?"

But he craved no pardon for his fraud, neither did her silent grief move him to make amends; instead, his obstinacy, perhaps, grew even harder, his remarks more poignant still. Another fortnight saw little change in that gloomy household; the child, a month old now, had not grown-much since his birth; his weak incessant cries denoted frailty, and Nan, as she stood over the range, stirring some gruel, one dark, November noon, listened with anxiety to his labored breathing.

She certainly looked ill herself, the gray eyes had lost their lustre, deep lines lay beneath them, and her cheeks were unnaturally hollow; little wonder, too, for trials, harsh and constant, were her daily portion.

Of a sudden the spoon fell from her hands, and she threw herself on her knees beside the cot; a spasm crossed the baby's face, the limbs contracted violently. "Ah, blessed mother of God," she cried aloud as she placed him on her lap, "save him, keep him till he's purified, he must not die just yet." Hot water was close by, hastily she poured some into a tub, felt it with her hand, and in it laid him tenderly. To no avail, however—stiff he remained, dying apparently; baptism he must have, and that at once. Quickly she dried him, and wrapping him in flannels, placed the tiny bundle near the fire. Then, trembling, she rose to fetch some holy water, hidden far away from Roger's eyes, in a cupboard's recess.

On her return, however, she breathed a prayer of thanks; the arms had relaxed, the face, till then so black and rigid, wore a better look, and he was crying feebly. "But I cannot wait another day," she exclaimed, "the risk would be too great, an' 'twould be meself I'd blame."

It was past four, the way remote and hard, but no obstacle could deter her now; she had waited long enough, too long, she thought, and to delay further would be wilful. Warmly she clad her child, threw a shawl about her shoulders and stepped outside.

The wind was rising, and in short gusts blew a flake or two of snow across her path, but she did not hesitate. "Now or never, death or life," she kept repeating to herself, and she hurried on. Night had long fallen when, crossing the ferry, she made her way along the marshy ground before her. Many a time she slipped, but the snow-covered ground gave a light to her falling steps, and though weary, and foot-sore, she never lingered to rest.

Three hours she had battled against the elements, before she was greeted by the twinkling lights of Gradeley, as down the hill she trudged, covered with snow, shivering and exhausted. But all was forgotten in that happy moment, when before her Lord, she paused awhile in prayer. A spotless soul was in her arms, and peace within her heart.

"Stay the night in the village," the kindly priest urged, "any of my flock would give you a warm welcome, and a shelter, too, I know."

But Nan refused: "Tis but a few scribbled words I left behind me," was her answer, "and I would be feared."

However, the motherly old house-keeper would not let her depart till she had brewed her a cup of tea. "You'll be wanting a deal of strength, my dear, to cross the flats on such a night as this," she argued, and Nan, worn out in mind and body, gratefully accepted the good creature's hospitality. Fain, too, would she have lingered longer, but hurriedly she swallowed the tea, and with many a word of thanks to her friendly hostess, passed into the darkness of the night.

The snow had ceased falling, but the heavy clouds above gave warning of more to come; it lay thick upon the ground, and as Nan made her way along the street, she oftentimes would sink into a drift, little seen and undreamed of.

But if it were difficult to walk in the open road, tenfold were her trials when she left the highway and turned into the fields. Even with the double advantage of daylight and fair weather, the landmarks were unfamiliar to her; now, they were hidden in blackest night and a cloak

of snow; how was it possible, then, to avoid so many pitfalls?

More than once she stumbled into a ditch, deep and boggy, and feebly she clambered out; often, too, she wandered from the path, and, in attempting to regain it, struck against some tree or thorny hedge.

Her feet were sore indeed, her skirts muddy and sodden, as she reached the flats. Open to every gale that blows, it was here that Nan seemed doomed to fail in her brave venture. The wind, bitter even in the vale, now grew pitilessly cruel, crushed her beneath its force; she was but a plaything in its mighty power.

Her back was aching painfully, the child, a mere feather-weight, grew insupportably heavy, and for a few moments she sat upon a stone close by; not for long however—a faint cry beneath her shawl urged her ever onwards.

Where the paths crossed she tarried, for, in the pauses of the gale, she caught the sound of approaching feet. From the gloom emerged a figure, a woman, and with delight, she hailed a well known neighbor.

"Here! give me the baby, Mrs. Harding," the other ejaculated, hearing in short Nan's tale; she was a person of few words, but beneath a rough exterior, sound good-nature lay concealed. Gladly did Nan relinquish her burden; the child, sleeping peacefully, nestled warmly in the arms of her new nurse, and without more ado they tramped on, Mrs. Swaine leading the way.

Till now, Nan had thought only of her child. Through the toilsome way the blinding snow, in all her fatigue and exhaustion, he had been, under God, her guiding star; he it was who had impelled her to endure so much, to suffer so keenly. She had risked her life for his soul's sake, and it was this consideration, ever present before her, that held her up and, marvellously sustaining her, kept her steps from flagging. Now that another had charge of him and she could think of herself alone, all energy seemed to leave her; her will, so determined, lost its resolve, the very blood in her veins seemed to freeze, as her fingers, meeting the keen night air, fumbled with the pin to close her shawl anew.

Mrs. Swaine kept well ahead; from habit she rarely talked, unless addressed, and at present she was far too intent upon reaching her destination to waste breath in superfluous words: Dreamily Nan followed her, plunging knee-deep into the snow; thickly, too, it fell upon her shoulders, but she was oblivious of its presence then; ten minutes ago she would quickly have brushed it off, thinking of the little one she bore.

Suddenly she stops, panting hard, her hand goes to her head, she tries to call: "Mrs. Swaine!" she fancies she is shouting, but the words are a mere whisper, tossed away by the wind.

The gaunt figure before her is just in sight; a few sturdy paces towards the ferry and she is lost to view. Nan stares after her and summoning up her ebbing strength, thinks she calls again: "Stop! stop!"

This time the wind does not even catch her cry; her lips have moved, but uttered no sound, and, without a struggle, she falls heavily to the ground.

Mrs. Swaine has reached the ferry now.

The snow, cold and damp, in part revives Nan, and striving to gain a foothold on the slippery ground, she drags herself forward with an effort. "Och, bucal macree," she whispers in her heart, as her thoughts revert to the child again; she is dreamy now, her body benumbed, her heart chilled. All at once her voice rises shrilly, even vying with the tempest around her: "Och! och! ochance! 'tis a Protestan' he'll be!" and the wind catches the word, whistling sadly in chorus. "No, no, Roger, he must not, he's a Catholic baptized, he must not!" Higher and higher she calls, ending in a loud wail of sorrow, which even Mrs. Swaine hears from afar.

And now she has fallen on her drags herself forward with an effort, near: "Oh! God, have mercy on my poor soul," she prays. It is her requiem, the only one she will ever have.

The snow below receives her lifeless body, the snow above soon forms her pall, and from the ferry Mrs. Swaine loudly calls her name.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

Many glowing tributes have been paid to the character of the Irishman, even by those who were not of his race. And these are so many, trophies that deserve to be preserved in the archives of the nation. It is only natural that Irishmen, themselves, should be glad to bring out the finest characteristics of the people and to record them in prose and verse, by voice and pen. But no matter how just their praise may be it has always the tinge of interest—a just interest that springs from national pride, but which cannot be said to be disinterested. But when those in high places, and from whom the Irish race expects no sympathy, are strong in their praises of them, there is a two-fold value to be attached there is a two-fold value to be attached. Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in a speech before the University of Iowa, paid a warm tribute to the Irish, which proves that he can take a statesman's view of a situation and that he is one not to be deceived by outward appearances. Speaking of the Celts, the Senator said that they "seem everywhere, to a superficial view, to be a losing race. But everywhere, in the quality they impart, they have conquered their conquerors. Among all the great races, none was ever more distinguished for valor, for profound religious feeling, for acute sensibility, for humor and tender sympathy. They have been wonderful fighters, from Charlemagne down to Wellington and Montgomery and Andrew Jackson and Phil Sheridan. They have been wonderful orators, as witness Burke and Sheridan and Grant and Curran and Plunkett. They have always made a brave and long and sullen resistance when they were overcome by a superior force. They never would stay whipped, and persevered under adversity and under the heel of oppression, for centuries long, their sublime and unconquerable discontent. They always had the same pertinacity that the Spaniards imputed to us during the late war. Instead of retiring when they were beaten, as any gentlemen should, they kept straight on. "There is one thing in which the Celt has shown, in his purest existing type, the modern Irishman, that he has no superior in history. Everywhere the great virtues, the cornerstone virtues of the State, of all human society, are the great loves—love of country, love of woman, love of home. Was there ever an example of these like that given to mankind by the poor Irish immigrant of half a century ago? There were ten or eleven years in which the population of Ireland fell off one-fourth. But the migration, nearly all to the United States, amounted to 2,000,000 people. It was ascertained by official inquiry in England that these emigrants were sending home the enormous sum of \$5,000,000 every year to enable father and mother and brother and sister to follow them to their new country, or to live in comfort in the old. When we think of the poverty of the people, and their scant wages, I believe there can be found no other like example in the world of a generosity so magnificent. This is a tribute that well deserves to be recorded; and all the more so because it is based on truth and that it comes from impartial lips and a disinterested mind.

Sayings of the Children

Tommy (mysteriously)—I shall have lots of cake all for myself. Mother—Oh! Has auntie promised you some? Tommy—No! I've planted seedcake in the garden.

Two boys on an omnibus were watching everything, and talking as boys do, when the conductor's whistle attracted their attention. "What's he got it tied to a string for?" asked one of them. This was a poser for a minute, and then the other chirped out: "I know; it's to keep himself from swallerin' it."

Teacher—What does s-e-e spell? Small Pupil—Don't know. Teacher—What do I do with my eyes? Small Pupil—Squint.

Clara, aged 4, suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Clara, what is the matter?" asked her mother. "Oh," sobbed the little miss, "my teeth stepped on my tongue!"

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

Clara, aged 4, suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Clara, what is the matter?" asked her mother. "Oh," sobbed the little miss, "my teeth stepped on my tongue!"