

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Aware of the impression he had made—few men were quicker than he at such discoveries—Mr. Chester followed up the blow by propounding certain virtuous maxims, somewhat vague and general in their nature, doubtless, and occasionally partaking of the character of truisms, worn a little out at the elbow, but delivered in so charming a voice and with such uncommon serenity and peace of mind, that they answered as well as the best. Nor is this to be wondered at; for as hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished.

Mr. Chester, with the volume gently extended in one hand, and with the other planted lightly on his breast, talked to them in the most delicious manner possible; and quite enchanted all his hearers, notwithstanding their conflicting interests and thoughts. Even Dolly, who, between his keen regards and her eying over by Mr. Tappertit, was put quite out of countenance, could not help owning within herself that he was the sweetest-spoken gentleman she had ever seen. Even Miss Miggs, who was divided between admiration of Mr. Chester and a mortal jealousy of her young mistress, had sufficient leisure to be gratified. Even Mr. Tappertit, though occupied as he had been in gazing at his heart's delight, could not wholly divert his thoughts from the voice of the other charmer. Mrs. Varden, to her own private thinking, had never been so improved in all her life; and when Mr. Chester, rising and craving permission to speak with her apart, took her by the hand and led her at arm's length up-stairs to the best sitting-room, she almost deemed him something more than human.

"Dear madam," he said, pressing her hand delicately to his lips; "be seated."

Mrs. Varden called up quite a courtly air, and became seated.

"You guess my object?" said Mr. Chester, drawing a chair towards her. "You divine my purpose? I am an affectionate parent, my dear Mrs. Varden."

"That I am sure you are, sir," said Mrs. V.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Chester, tapping his snuff-box lid. "Heavy moral responsibilities rest with parents, Mrs. Varden."

Mrs. Varden slightly raised her hands, shook her head, and looked at the ground as though she saw straight through the globe, out at the other end, and into the immensity of space beyond.

"I may confide in you," said Mr. Chester, "without reserve. I love my son, ma'am, dearly; and loving him as I do, I would save him from working certain misery. You know of his attachment to Miss Haredale. You have abetted him in it, and very kind of you it was to do so. I am deeply obliged to you—most deeply obliged to you—for your interest in his behalf; but, my dear ma'am, it is a mistaken one, I do assure you."

Mrs. Varden stammered that she was sorry—

"Sorry, my dear ma'am," he interposed. "Never be sorry for what is so very amiable, so very good in intention, so perfectly like yourself. But there are grave and weighty reasons, pressing family considerations, and apart even from these, points of religious difference, which interpose themselves, and render their union impossible; utterly impossible. I should have mentioned these circumstances to your husband; but he has— you will excuse my saying this so freely—has not your quickness of apprehension or depth of moral sense. What an extremely airy house this is, and how beautifully kept! For one like myself—a widower—so long—these tokens of female care and superintendence have inexpressible charms."

Mrs. Varden began to think (she scarcely knew why) that the young Mr. Chester must be in the wrong, and the old Mr. Chester must be in the right.

"My son Ned," resumed her temper with his most winning air, "has had, I am told, your lovely daughter's aid, and your open-hearted husband's."

"—Much more than mine, sir," said Mrs. Varden, "a great deal more. I have often had my doubts. It's a—"

"A bad example," suggested Mr. Chester. "It is, no doubt it is. Your daughter is at that age when to set before her an encouragement for young persons to rebel against their parents on this most important point, is particularly injudicious. You are quite right. I ought to have thought of that myself, but it escaped me. I confess—so far superior are your sex to ours, dear madam, in point of penetration and sagacity."

Mrs. Varden looked as wise as if she had really said something to deserve this compliment—firmly believed she had, in short—and her faith in her own shrewdness increased considerably.

"My dear ma'am," said Mr. Chester, "you embody me to be plain with you. My son and I are at variance on this point. The young lady and her natural guardian differ upon it, also. And the closing point is, that my son is bound, by his duty to me, by his honor, by every solemn tie and obligation, to marry some one else."

"Engaged to marry another lady?" quoth Mrs. Varden, holding up her hands.

"My dear madam, brought up, educated, and trained, expressly for that purpose. Expressly for that purpose—Miss Haredale, I am told, is a very charming creature."

"I am her foster-mother, and should know—the best young lady in the world," said Mrs. Varden.

"I have not the smallest doubt of it. I am sure she is. And you, who have stood in that tender relation towards her, are bound to consult her happiness. Now, can I—as I have said to Haredale, who quite agrees—I possibly stand by, and suffer her to throw herself away (although she is of a Catholic family), upon a young fellow who, as yet, has no heart at all? It is no imputation upon him to say he has not, because young men who have plunged deeply into the frivolities and conventionalities of society, very seldom have. Their hearts never grow, my dear ma'am, till after thirty. I don't believe, no, I do not believe, that I had any heart myself when I was Ned's age."

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Varden, "I think you must have had. It's impossible that you, who have so much now, can ever have been without any."

"I hope," he answered, shrugging his shoulders meekly, "I have a little; I hope, a very little—Heaven knows! But to return to Ned: I have no doubt you thought, and therefore interfered benevolently in his behalf, that I objected to Miss Haredale. How very natural! My dear madam, I object to him—to him—emphatically to Ned himself."

Mrs. Varden was perfectly aghast at the disclosure.

"He has, if he honorably fulfills this solemn obligation of which I have told you—and he must be honorable, dear Mrs. Varden, or he is no son of mine—a fortune within his reach. He is of most expensive, ruinously expensive habits; and if, in a moment of caprice and willfulness, he were to marry this young lady, and so deprive himself of the means of gratifying the tastes to which he has been so long accustomed, he would—my dear madam, he would break the gentle creature's heart. Mrs. Varden, my good lady, my dear soul, I put it to you—is such a sacrifice to be endured? Is the female heart a thing to be trifled with in this way? Ask your own, my dear madam. Ask your own, I beseech you."

"Truly," thought Mrs. Varden, "this gentleman is a saint. But," she added aloud, and not unnaturally, "if you take Miss Emma's lover away, sir, what becomes of the poor thing's heart, then?"

"The very point," said Mr. Chester, not at all abashed, "to which I wished to lead you. A marriage with my son, whom I should be compelled to disown, would be followed by years of misery; they would be separated, my dear madam, in a twelvemonth. To break of this attachment, which is more fancied than real, as you and I know very well, will cost the dear girl but a few tears, and she is happy again. Take the case of your own daughter, this young lady down-stairs, who is your breathing image"—Mrs. Varden coughed and smothered—"there is a young man (I am sorry to say, a dissolute fellow, of very indifferent character) of whom I have heard Ned sneak—Bullet was it—Pullet—Mullet!"

"There is a young man of the name of Joseph Willet, sir," said Mrs. Varden, folding her hand loftily.

"That's he," cried Mr. Chester. "Suppose this Joseph Willet now, were to aspire to the affections of your charming daughter, and were to engage them."

"My dear madam, that's the whole case. I know it would be like his impudence. It is like Ned's impudence to do as he has done; but you would not on that account, or because of a few tears from your beautiful daughter, refrain from checking their inclinations in their birth. I meant to have reasoned thus with you: husband when I saw him at Mrs. Rudge's this evening!"

"My husband," said Mrs. Varden, interposing with emotion, "would be a great deal better at home than going to Mrs. Rudge's so often. I don't know what he does there. I don't see what occasion he has to busy himself in her affairs at all, sir."

"If I don't appear to express my concurrence in those last sentiments of yours," returned Mr. Chester, "quite so strongly as you might desire, it is because his being there, my dear madam, and not proving conversational, led me hither, and procured me the happiness of this interview with one, in whom the whole management, conduct, and prosperity of her family are centred, I perceive."

With that he took Mrs. Varden's hand again, and having pressed it to his lips with the high-flown gallantry of the day—a little burlesqued to render it the more striking in the good lady's unaccustomed eyes—proceeded the same strain of mingled sophistry, cajolery, and flattery, to entreat that her utmost influence might be exerted to restrain her husband and daughter from any further promotion of Edward's suit to Miss Haredale, and from aiding or abetting either party in any way. Mrs. Varden was but a woman, and had her share of vanity, obstinacy, and love of power. She entered into a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with her insinuating visitor; and really did believe, as many others would have done who saw and heard him, that in so doing she furthered the ends of truth, justice, and morality, in a very uncommon degree.

Overjoyed by the success of his negotiation, and mightily amused within himself, Mr. Chester conducted her down-stairs, in the same state as before, and having repeated the previous ceremony of salutation, which also as before comprehended Dolly, took his leave; first completing the conquest of Miss Miggs's heart, by inquiring if "this young lady" would light him to the door.

"Oh, miss," said Mrs. V., "I'm expiring with the candle."

mim, there's a gentleman! Was there ever such an angel to talk as he is—and such a sweet-looking man. So upright and noble, that he seems to despise the very ground he walks on; and yet so mild and condescending, that he seems to say, 'but I will take notice on it too.' And to think of his taking you for Miss Dolly, and Miss Dolly for your sister—Oh, my goodness me, if I was master would not I be jealous of him!"

Mrs. Varden reproved her handmaid for this vain-speaking; but very gently and mildly—quite smilingly indeed—re-marking that she was a foolish, giddy, light-headed girl, whose spoils carried her beyond all bounds, and who didn't mean half she said, or she would be quite angry with her.

"For my part," said Dolly, in a thoughtful manner, "I half believe Mr. Chester is something like Miggs in that respect. For all his politeness and pleasant speaking, I am pretty sure he was making game of usl more than once."

"If you venture to say such a thing again, and to speak ill of people behind their backs in my presence, Miss," said Mrs. Varden, "I shall insist upon your taking a candle and going to bed directly. How dare you, Dolly? I'm astonished at you. The rudeness of your whole behavior this evening has been disgraceful. Did anybody ever hear," cried the enraged matron, bursting into tears, "of a daughter telling her own mother she had been made game of?"

What a very uncertain temper Mrs. Varden's was!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Repairing to a noted coffee-house in Covent Garden when he left the locksmith's, Mr. Chester sat long over a late dinner, entertaining himself exceedingly with the whimsical recollection of his recent proceedings, and congratulating himself very much on his great cleverness. Influenced by these thoughts, his face wore an expression of benign and tranquil, that the waiter in immediate attendance upon him felt he could almost have died in his defence, and settled in his own mind (until the receipt of the bill, and a very small fee for very great trouble, disabused it of the idea) that such an apostolic customer was worth half a dozen of the ordinary run of visitors, at least.

A visit to the gaming-table—not as a heated, anxious venturer, but one whom it was quite a treat to see staking his two or three pieces in deference to the follies of society, and smiling with equal benevolence on winners and losers—made it late before he reached home. It was his custom to bid his servant go to bed at his own time unless he had orders to the contrary, and to leave a candle on the common stair. There was a lamp on the landing by which he could always light it when he came late, and having a key of the door about him he could enter and go to bed at his pleasure.

He opened the glass of the dull lamp, whose wick, burned up and swollen like a drunkard's nose, came flying off in little carbuncles at the sparks' touch, and scattering hot spangles about rendered it matter of some difficulty to kindle the lazy taper; when a noise, as of a man snoring deeply some steps higher up, caused him to pause and listen. It was the heavy breathing of a sleeper, close at hand. Some fellow had lain down on the open staircase, and was slumbering soundly. Having lighted the candle at length and opened his own door, he softly ascended, holding the taper high above his head, and peering cautiously about; curious to see what kind of man had chosen so comfortable a shelter for his lodging.

With his head upon the landing and his great limbs flung over half a dozen stairs, as carelessly as though he were a dead man whom drunken bearers had thrown down by chance, there lay Hugh, face uppermost, his long hair drooping like some wild weed upon his wooden pillow, and his huge chest heaving with the sounds which so unwontedly disturbed the place and hour. He who came upon him so unexpectedly was about to break his rest by thrusting him with his foot, when glancing at his upturned face, he arrested himself in the very action, and stooping down and shading the candle with his hand, examined his features closely. Close as his first inspection was, it did not suffice, for he passed the light, still carefully shaded as before, across his face, and yet observed him with a searching eye.

While he was thus engaged, the sleeper, without any starting or turning round, awoke. There was a kind of fascination in meeting his steady gaze so suddenly, which took from the other the presence of mind to withdraw his eyes, and forced him, as it were, to meet his look. So they remained staring at each other, until Mr. Chester at last broke silence, and asked in a low voice, why he lay sleeping there.

"I thought," said Hugh, struggling into a sitting posture and gazing at him intently, still "that you were a part of my dream. It was a curious one. I hope it may never come true, master."

"What makes you shiver?"

"The—cold, I suppose," he growled, as he shook himself, and rose. "I hardly know where I am yet."

"Do you know me?" said Mr. Chester.

"Ay, I know you," he answered.

"I was dreaming of you—we're not where I thought we were. That's a comfort."

He looked round him as he spoke, and in particular looked above his head, as though he half expected to be standing under some object which had had existence in his dream. Then he rubbed his eyes and shook himself again, and followed his conductor into his own rooms.

Mr. Chester lighted the candles which stood upon his dressing-table, and wheeled an easy-chair towards the fire, which was yet burning, stirred up a cheerful blaze, sat down before it, and bade his uncouth visitor "Come here," and draw his boots off.

"You have been drinking again, my fine fellow," he said, as Hugh went down on one knee, and did as he was told.

"As I'm alive, master, I've walked the twelve long miles, and waited here I don't know how long, and had no drink between my lips since dinner-time at noon."

"And can you do nothing better, my pleasant friend, than fall asleep, and shake the very building with your snores?" said Mr. Chester. "Can't you dream in your straw at home, dull dog as you are, that you need come here to do it?—Reach me those slippers, and tread softly."

Hugh obeyed in silence.

"And harkee, my dear young gentleman," said Mr. Chester, as he put them on, "the next time you dream, don't let it be of me, but of some dog or horse with whom you are better acquainted. Fill the glass once—you'll find it and the bottle in the same place—and empty it to keep yourself awake."

Hugh obeyed again—even more zealously—and having done so, presented himself before his patron.

"Now," said Mr. Chester, "what do you want with me?"

"There was news to-day," returned Hugh. "Your son was at our house—came down on horseback. He tried to see the young woman, but couldn't get sight of her. He left some letter or some message which our Joe had charge of, but he and the old one quarrelled about it when your son had gone, and the old one wouldn't let it be delivered. He says (that's the old one does) that none of his people shall interfere and get him into trouble. He's a landlord, he says, and lives on everybody's custom."

"He is a jewel," smiled Mr. Chester, "and the better for being a dull one—Well?"

"Varden's daughter—that's the girl I kissed!"

"—and stole the bracelet from upon the king's highway," said Mr. Chester, compositely. "Yes; what of her?"

"She wrote a note at our house to the young woman, saying she lost the letter I brought to you, and you burnt. Our Joe was to carry it, but the old one kept him at home all next day, on purpose that he should not. Next morning he gave it to me to take; and here it is."

"You didn't deliver it then, my good friend?" said Mr. Chester, twirling Dolly's note between his finger and thumb, and feigning to be surprised.

"I supposed you'd want to have it," returned Hugh. "Burn one, burn all, I thought."

"My devil-may-care acquaintance," said Mr. Chester, "really if you do not draw some nice distinctions, your career will be cut short with most surprising suddenness. Don't you know that the letter you brought to me was directed to my son who resides in this very place? And can you decry no difference between his letters and those addressed to other people?"

"If you don't want it," said Hugh, disconcerted by this reproof, for he had expected his praise, "give it me back, and I'll deliver it. I don't know how to please you, master."

"I shall deliver it," returned his patron, putting it away after a moment's consideration. "Does the young lady walk out, on fine mornings?"

"Mostly—about noon is her usual time."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"Where?"

"In the grounds before the house—Them that the foot-path crosses."

"If the weather should be fine, I may throw myself in her way to-morrow, perhaps," said Mr. Chester, as coolly as if she were one of his ordinary acquaintances. "Mr. Maypole, if I should ride up to the Maypole door, you will do me the favor only to have seen me once. You must suppress your gratitude, and endeavor to forget my forbearance in the — of the bracelet. It is natural it should break out and it does you honor; but when other folks are by, you must, for your own sake and safety, be as like your usual self as though you owed me no obligation whatever, and had never stood within these walls. You comprehend me?"

Hugh understood him perfectly. After a pause he muttered that he hoped his patron would involve him in no trouble about this last letter; for he had kept it back solely with the view of pleasing him. He was continuing in this strain, when Mr. Chester with a most beneficent and patronizing air cut him short by saying—

"My good fellow, you have my promise, my word, my sealed bond (for a verbal pledge with me is quite as good) that I will always protect you so long as you deserve it. Now, do set your mind at rest. Keep it at ease. I beg of you. When a man puts himself in my power so thoroughly as you have done, I really feel as though he had a kind of claim upon me. I am more disposed to mercy and forbearance under such circumstances than I can tell you, Hugh. Do look upon me as your protector, and rest assured, I entreat you, that on the subject of that indiscretion, you may preserve, as long as you and I are friends, the slightest heart that ever beat within a human breast. Fill that glass once more to cheer you on your road homewards—I am really quite ashamed to think how far you have to go—and then God bless you for the night."

"They think," said Hugh, when he had tossed the liquor down, "that I am sleeping soundly in the stable. Ha ha ha! The stable door is shut, but the steed's gone, master."

"You are a most convivial fellow," returned his friend, "and I love your humor of all things. Good-night! Take the greatest possible care of yourself, for my sake!"

It was remarkable that during the

EIGHTH MONTH 31 DAYS			August THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY	
1905				
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS		
1	T.	w.	S. Peter's Chains.	
2	W.	r.	S. Stephen I., Pope.	
3	T.	r.	Finding of Relics of S. Stephen.	
4	F.	w.	S. Dominick.	
5	S.	w.	Our Lady of the Snow.	
Eighth Sunday After Pentecost				
6	Su.	w.	Transfiguration.	
7	M.	w.	S. Cajetan.	
8	T.	r.	SS. Cyriacus and Companions.	
9	W.	r.	S. Emidius.	
10	T.	r.	S. Laurence.	
11	F.	r.	S. Sistus II., Pope.	
12	S.	w.	S. Clara.	
Ninth Sunday After Pentecost				
13	Su.	w.	S. Alphonsus Mary Liguori.	
14	M.	w.	S. Hormisdas, Pope.	
15	T.	w.	Assumption of B. V. M.	
16	W.	w.	S. Roch.	
17	T.	r.	Octave of S. Lawrence.	
18	F.	w.	S. Hyacinth.	
19	S.	w.	Fast. B. Urban II., Pope.	
Tenth Sunday After Pentecost				
20	Su.	w.	S. Joachim.	
21	M.	w.	S. Jane Frances de Chantal.	
22	T.	w.	Octave of the Assumption.	
23	W.	w.	S. Philip Benetius.	
24	T.	r.	S. Bartholomew, Apostle.	
25	F.	w.	S. Louis, King of France.	
26	S.	r.	S. Zephyrinus, Pope.	
Eleventh Sunday After Pentecost				
27	Su.	w.	Most Pure Heart of Mary.	
28	M.	w.	S. Augustine.	
29	T.	r.	Behheading of S. John Baptist.	
30	W.	w.	S. Rose of Lima.	
31	T.	w.	S. Raymond Nonnatus.	

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whole interview, each had endeavored to catch stolen glances of the other's face, and had never looked full at it. They interchanged one brief and hasty glance as Hugh went out, averted their eyes directly, and so separated. Hugh closed the double doors behind him, carefully and without noise; and Mr. Chester remained in his easy-chair, with his gaze intently fixed upon the fire.

"Well!" he said, after meditating for a long time—and said with a deep sigh and an uneasy shifting of his attitude, as though he dismissed some other subject from his thoughts, and returned to that which had held possession of them all the day—"the plot thickens; I have thrown the shell; it will explode, I think, in eight and forty hours, and should scatter these good folks amazingly. We shall see!"

He went to bed and fell asleep, but had not slept long when he started up and thought that Hugh was at the outer door calling in a strange voice very different from his own, to be admitted. The delusion was so strong upon him, and was so full of that vague terror of the night in which such visions have their being, that he rose, and taking his sheathed sword in his hand, opened the door, and looked out upon the staircase, and towards the spot where Hugh had lain asleep; and even spoke to him by name. But all was dark and quiet, and creeping back to bed again, he fell, after an hour's uneasy watching, into a second sleep, and woke no more till morning.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The thoughts of worldly men are forever regulated by a moral law of gravitation, which, like the physical one, holds them down to earth. The bright glory of day, and the silent wonder of a starlit night, appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or in the moon, or in the stars, for their reading. They are like some wise men, who, learning to know each planet by its Latin name, have quite forgotten such heavenly constellations as Charity, Forbearance, Universal Love, and Mercy, although they shine by night and day so brightly that the blind may see them; and who, looking upward at the spangled sky, see nothing there but the reflection of their own great wisdom and book-learning.

It is curious to imagine these people of the world, busy in thought, turning their eyes towards the countless spheres that shine above us, and making them reflect the only images their minds contain. The man who lives in the breath of princes, has nothing in his sight but stars for courtiers' breasts. The envious man holds his neighbors' honors even in the sky; to the money-hoarder, and the mass of worldly folk, the whole great universe above glitters with sterling coin—fresh from the mint—stamped with the sovereign's head coming always between them and heaven, turn where they may. So do the shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.

Everything was fresh and gay, as though the world were but that morning made, when Mr. Chester rode at a tranquil pace along the Forest road. Though early in the season, it was warm and genial weather; the trees were budding into leaf, the hedges and the grass were green, the air was musical with songs of birds, and high above them all the lark poured out her richest melody. In shady spots, the morning dew sparkled on each young leaf and blade of grass; and where the sun was shining, some diamond drops yet glistened brightly, as in unwillingness to leave so fair a world, and have such belief existence. Even the light wind, whose rustling was as gentle to the ear as softly falling water, had its hope and promise, and, leaving a pleasant fragrance in its track, as if it went fluttering by, whispered of its intercourse with Summer, and of his happy coming.

The solitary rider went glancing on among the trees, from sunlight into shade and back again, at the same even pace—looking about him, certainly, from time to time, but with no greater thought of the day or of the scene through which he moved, than that he was fortunate (being choiced

dressed) to have such favorable weather. He smiled very complacently at such times, but rather as if he were satisfied with himself than with anything else; and so went riding on, upon his chestnut cob, as pleasant to look upon as his own horse, and probably far less sensitive to the many cheerful influences by which he was surrounded.

In course of time, the Maypole's massive chimneys rose upon his view; but he quickened not his pace one jot, and with the same cool gravity rode up to the tavern porch. John Willet, who was toasting his red face before a great fire in the bar, and who, with surpassing foresight and quickness of apprehension, had been thinking, as he looked at the blue sky, that if that state of things lasted much longer, it might ultimately become necessary to leave off fires and throw the windows open, issued forth to hold his stirrup; calling lustily for Hugh.

"Oh, you're here, are you, sir?" said John rather surprised by the quickness with which he appeared. "Take this here valuable animal into the stable, and have more than particular care of him if you want to keep your place. A mortal lazy fellow, sir; he needs a deal of looking after."

"But you have a son," returned Mr. Chester, giving his bridle to Hugh as he dismounted, and acknowledging his salute by a careless motion of his hand towards his hat. "Why don't you make him useful?"

"Why, the truth is, sir," replied John with great importance, "that my son—what, you're a listening are you, villain!"

"Who's listening?" returned Hugh angrily. "A treat, indeed, to hear you speak! Would you have me take him in till he's cool?"

(To be Continued.)

THE GRAY AND THE GREEN.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)
The gray streets of London are grayer than the stone.

The gray streets of London where I must walk alone;
The gray city pavements are hard to tread, alas!

My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.

Far down the winding boreen the grass is soft as silk,
The wind is sweet as honey, the bledges white as milk;

Gray dust and grayer houses are here, and skies like brass,
The lark is singing, soaring, o'er the Irish grass.

The gray streets of London stretch out a thousand mile,
O dreary walls and windows, and never a song or smile;

Heavy with money-getting, the sad gray people pass—
There's gold in drifts and shallows in the Irish grass.

God built the pleasant mountains and blest the fertile plain,
But in this sad gray London, God knows I go in pain.

O, brown as any amber, and clear as any glass,
The streams my heart hears calling from the Irish grass.

The gray streets of London they say are paved with gold;
I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold;

I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass
For the dew that's gray as silver on the Irish grass.