

CHAPTER LX.

FATHER TERENCE, TO THE LAST.

HOW Mrs. Barrè passed the three days in the house with her dead husband's body, need not be told, if we could tell it. The burying-day came, and it was bright,—there was no cloud. People gathered from every quarter. All the Church-clergy of the Bay were there, and the Wesleyan ministers:—there are no others but Roman Catholics. When the procession began to form from the church, a murmur went through the multitude; there stood one figure alone outside of the array. All who were near drew back and left an open space for him; but he gave no heed to it. This was Father Terence.

He followed the procession, and, staying without the inclosure, stood devoutly during the burial of the dead. When the service was all done, and the crowd were slowly moving away, he went down the hill alone and departed.

The Minister was for sometime in the churchyard, and afterwards a little while in the church; and when at length he went sadly homeward, as he passed Mrs. Barrè's house, he turned aside and entered.

"She's at my aunt's," said Miss Dare; and then silently put into the Minister's hand a written paper. It