

"And he went?"

"Yes; and I wish I had gone too. For we drove away laughing and shouting to him. Then, you see, poor Halligan took the bottle from Condyl there to have a drink. At that moment the mare took fright at the broken branch of a tree shaking in the moonlight, and dashed down the road headlong. Jack, holding the bottle—my curse upon it!—in his hand!—had no ready control over the reins, and, before we knew where we were, the frightened beast rolled over the sand pit killing herself and her poor owner—honest Jack, that was nobody's enemy but his own—and smashing the car to pieces. There now, ye know all."

Norah's lips moved softly in silent, heartfelt prayer.

"The old Abbey?" muttered Michael O'Brien. "That where his father that's dead—Teig McDermott, decent man—used to go at times to pray. There's a guardian sperrit watching over that boy."

"Even as he spoke the tramp of a quick footstep was audible on the road above; and they heard a rich manly voice singing the beautiful Christmas hymn, the "Adeste Fideles."

"'Tis he—'tis Connor!" cried Norah, springing up; and in a few moments more she was clasped in her wondering lover's arms.

"Why, my darling!" exclaimed the astonished youth "what on earth brings you here, in such a place and at such an hour?"

"God be thanked, you are safe, Connor!" she murmured. And then she hastily told him of the accident which had happened to his comrades. He sprang from her embrace, dashed down the steep embankment, and threw himself upon the body of his friend.

"Poor brave Jack?" he groaned. "Would to Heaven that I had not let you go!" He kissed the cold cheek, and cried like a child.

When Connor McDermott related his adventure in the old ruined Abbey to his wondering listeners, they unanimously refused to believe it a dream. To them it was a full and complete confirmation of the popular belief that, regularly

every year, the spirits of the ancient monks sang the Christmas Midnight Mass in the ruined Abbey church; and they said it was surely the spirit of the famous old Abbot Lorcian who had saved the son of the McDermott's from the fate of his companions.

Connor is now the respected father of a large family, with a buxom, bright-eyed wife beside him; and often by the Christmas fireside, he tells the story of his wonderful dream to an eager crowd of young listeners.

Dan Barry and Condyl Rourke are also married and prosperous, as things in Ireland go—which is saying very little; and they are both reputed to be as sober and respected men as are to be found in the whole barony.

OLD TIME AND I.

BY MARK LEMON.

Old Time and I the other night

Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden warm, and bright—
Ayl just like summer weather.

Quoth I, "There's Christmas come again,
And I no farthing richer;"

Time answered, "Ah! the old, old strain—
I prithee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold?

No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold—
Come, lad, fill up your beaker.

Hast thou not found true friends more true,
And loving ones more loving?"

I could but say, "A few—a few;
So keep the liquid moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosperous knave
Come down a precious thumper?

His cheats disclosed?" "I have—I have!"

"Well, surely that's a bumper."

"Nay, hold a while; I've seen the just

Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
"And conquer!" "That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
No brighter days before 'em;

There's rest for every storm-tossed bark."
"So be it! Pass the jorum!"

"Yet I must own I should not mind
To be a little richer."

"Labor and wait, and you may find—
Hallo! an empty pitcher."