

innocence of her heart she had confided in humanity only to learn in bitterness and soreness of spirit that if there is no height it cannot scale, there is, alas ! no depth so vile to which it cannot descend. The world had taught her its lesson well and the knowledge thereby gleaned had shown her—had the unquestionable faith of Ireland's children ever deserted her—the futility and delusion of all hopes centered on the fleeting things of earth.

But now the years of toil were over and she was going home ! The next sun to raise for her would be across the purple tinted hills of Ireland ; the next words to grieve her hungry ears would be the "caed mille failthe" of her people. The price of her freedom lay in yellow gold in her pocket. True, she had given in exchange her youth and health. True, the ring had gone from the voice, the light from the eyes, and the simplicity and trust she had brought with her lay buried in the cold English town. But even this remembrance could not dampen her joy as over her mind surged the thought of that home-going. She would feel again the moist grass beneath her feet, hear the melody poured from the wild thrush's throat and look on the ocean's "gray and melancholy waste." How the fisher girl's heart had longed for the sea ! How often had she waked in the hush of the early morn with its calling in her ears ! Now she could answer its summons. She was at last going back to it and to her people.

It is no wonder that as she knelt on the cold tiling that Easter morning, the great joy in her heart reproducing itself on the pale, thin face, that still retained signs of its former comeliness, made more than one of her companions look at her in surprised scrutiny. She tried to banish all distracting thoughts, but, when her eyes would rest on the distant altar, an exquisite poem wrought out in marble by some artist centuries ago, a picture of the simple wooden shrine before which her childish lips had whispered their earliest prayer, would come before her mind, and, instead of the great mingling of wealth and poverty, she would see the scattered groups of fisher folk with reverently bowed heads as over them the aged priest pronounced the words of benediction.