But

called a great chance, me bouchal?' she demanded, angrily turning t

face since she kum into the house,' said the mother. "Begor, you be

grudge her the bite and sup we giv' her.

as if it would lessen you-and thim you want to bring in here to us."

This was an allusion to Donal's pro-

jected marriage -a subject of painful

interest always to mothers, who are obliged to abdicate the moment the

bride crosses the threshold of the door.

It nettled Donal, because this very

matter had been a subject of debate between himself and his future bride.

who had tried to make it one condition

of the marriage contract that Nodlag

or the marriage contract that holding should be sent away. Nay, this very question, and some delay about her sister's arrangements with young Burke, were the main causes of the de-lay in his own settlement. He had,

then, a double reason for wishing that Mr. Dunscombe's offer had been ac-

"How do we know who or what she

put here there be the fire. But you

said his mother. "But take care 'Tis dangerous to thrample on the widow

Donal was about to make anothe

up and said : "I'm thinkin' if you spind much mor

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT SNOW.

So, indeed, it was. A double dark

ness had come down from sky to earth

and the great eclipse of the heavens began to break into tiny flakes of light,

the darkness deeper, and then shone in

a great sea of pearly whiteness, when the soft clear crystals heaped them

out every trace of verdure, and im-

hundreds of people, who far the towns, had to endure

which hung in the atmosphere, mad

or the orfin."

angry I perilled

began to

prisoning

e cowld hard heart, Donal,' mother. "But take care

said the mother.

## GLENANAAR

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## A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

SY VERY BEY. CANON P. A. SREEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DRIMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC. CHAPTER XI.

FOLESHADOWINGS.

Did Donal believe his father was really insane? No ! but he tried to believe it, or rather persuade his judg-mont that it was so. That is, he wanted to fing away into the background the strange, and indeed terrible revelation his father had made; and cloak its awfulness by the belief that his father was the victim of a delusion. he tried to make no change in his man ner toward Nodlag ; nay, if anything, than before was more affectionat

and his sisters jested and said : "Begor, Donal, it is clear you are goin' to wait for Nodlag; but you'll goin' to be the ba bald old bachelor thin !'

"Did Donal understan' me rightly i He's the wandherful play-actor intirely. knowin' what he knows

By degrees, however, the ever-haunting idea of her parentage created a strong revulsion in the mind of the young man. He became moody and discontented; and, as is usual in such cases, he placed the blame everywhere but on himself. Most of all, he threw the whole responsibility on the child. From time to time, in his lonely com-munings, the horror of the thing would burst on his imagination ; and he would pull in the horses when he was ploughng, and take off his hat, and wipe his ow, and say, half aloud : "Good God ! think of it. Yonder,

in my mother's house, taken to her bosom, kissed by my sisters, is the child of the informer, who sent one dacent man to the gallows, and a half-An' I can't say a word. Gec-up 1 It bates the divil hollow 1" lozen good neighbors to Botany

bates the divil hollow " Then, one day, the dread of what would happen if the secret were dis-covered suddenly struck him, and intensified his aversion. His own words to his father came back :

They'll burn the house about us and shoot every mother's son of us.'

Would they? Faith, they would, and never think the smoke of a pipe If it were whispered abro that Daly's child was harbored, clothed, ied, at Edmond Connor's house, their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. There were a hundred ruffians in a circuit of five miles, when hundred would make a holocaust of the whole house and family. Yes! but where's the remedy ? To reveal the matter to even one, would be disastrous. H He insanity; but then who'd believe him i And there was his oath, taken under the stars that momentous night! No, clearly there was nothing to be done but await the development of events

And so the years went by, the child growing steadily into the affections of other, sisters, and brother at Glen anaar, but most of all, into the deep, soft heart of Edmond Conners himself. Donal alone regarded the child with indifference, if not aversion. The The shadow of a forthcoming revelation seemed always to hover around her to his mind. She became a very sweet, winsome child, every year seeming to add some new charm to her beauty She was quite unlike her mother, who to her beauty. and sallow of complexion was dark whereas Nodlag was exceedingly fair, with large, innocent, blue eyes and a great wealth of yellow hair, which she ossed into her eyes and face, as she around the yard or across the ran around the yard or across the fields, or leaped lightly over the river that ran zigzag beneath the farm in the valley. Often, however, when she was alone, and free from observation, alone, and free from observation, had a peculiar habit of suddenly standing still, and awaiting and listen ing, as if she heard a voice afar off, and awaited its repetition, thinking herself On such occasions aho deceived. leaned her head gently downwards, and sometimes put up a warning finger, as if to arrest her own attention ; then, after a pause, as if she had been mistaken, she ran around gaily again. This mood would seize her at all times : and as she grew in years, it became more persistent, so much so that, even at meals, she would forget herself, and pause to listen for the strange voice. too, if she leaped a brook, or ditch, she would stand mounted transfixed for a moment, and lean and listen, and then leap on lightly as before. By degrees, this peculiarity began to be noticed; and she was questioned about it.

flercely on his father. "Why in the name of God," said he, "didn't you take his offer ? It would rid us of all our troubles." "It might add some others," said his father, meekly. "In any case, I have made a promise, and I'll keep it." "Sure 'twas God sint Mr. Duns-combe with that grand joffer," cried Donal. "It was the best chance we ever got; and it mightn't come again." "What was the best chance that might never come agin?" asked Mrs.

dong, an' mo-o o o-o i'' as she tried to imitate the echo of the bell. And as all this was very vague, and left things just as they were, they ceased to ask her questions, but all agreed that she was a " quare" child, out-and out, and altogether. One day in the early spring of the year in which Nodiag attained her majority of eight years, and was classed year in which Nodiag attained her majority of eight years, and was classed amongst those who can distinguish good from evil, the gentleman who possessed rights of shooting over the mountains came in to Edmond Connors' cottage. He had had a good day, for several brace of wild fow hung from his shoul-der, and he appeared tired. Things had now settled down somewhat; and better relations had anrung up between might never come agin?" asked Mrs. Connors, coming in from the yard. "I'm thinkin' we're in for somethin' hot an' heavy to-night; and we haven' a hundred of flour in the house. But what wos the offer, Donal, ye were spakin' to your father about ?" "Nothin' !" said the young man, better relations had sprung up between the gentry and the peasantry of the neighbourhood. So he was welcomed sulkily. neighbourhood. So he was welcomed with a *Caed mille failthe*; and took his glass of milk with a little potheen mixed, as humbly and gratefully as possible. He put his gun into a corner, sat on the sugan chair, and sipped his tambler of milk slowly. When about to isave, he glanced anxiously around the room, and toward the doors of the kurble hodroom eavous the kitchen: "It can't have been any great things. thin," said his mother, nettled at the reply. "Twas only Mr. Dunscombe wanted to get Nodlag!' said the old man, in the interests of peace. "An' what did you say?' she asked "What 'ud I say ; but that God sint her to us, and we'll keep her ?" rebedroom across the kitchen ;

and said at last : " By the way, I heard you had a re-markably handsome child here—a little

plied her husband. "It would be the quare thing, out an'out, if you said anythin' else," she answered. "And was that what you foundling ?" foundling ?'' "Yes," said the old man, somewhat anxionsly, for he had an intuitive fear of the "gintry" and always suspected, even under the most friendly exterior, dangerous and hostile motives. "Is Nodlag there, Joan ?" addressing his olderst durpter Donal. "I think," he replied, sullenly, "that as the child didn't belong to us, it was a good chance to get rid of her, especi-ally whin she 'ud be well done for." "You never showed that child a fair

Nodlag there, sould a solution of the second second

the stranger, " to take in a homeless waif like that; and to have all the expense of rearing her, in addition to your own family." "As to that," said the old man,

watching the gentleman anxiously out of his mild, blue eyes, "the crachure is no expinse. One mouth, more or ess, does not make sich a difference.

" No, but she'll be growing, and will be soon a young woman," rejoined the stranger. "And that will mean re-" rejoined the sponsibilities which few men but yourell would face.

Well, sure if she grows, God bles her I she'll be the help, too; and sure the girls will be laving us, wan by wan; and we'll want some woman around the house," said the old man. "True ! I heard, indeed, that one woman

of your daughters was about to marry

young Burke-" "Begobs, Your Honor, you have all the gossip of the parish picked up. We thought you knew nothin' but the best covers for the woodcock or the plover," said Edmond Connors, with mild sarcasm. When you're out all day alone

with your woodranger, you must hear things," said the gentleman. "And we have a deeper interest in our tenants and neighbors than we get credit for. "That's thrue, too," said the old man, still on the alert for all that was

"We never suspect how to follow. many friends we have, till we need then "I wish to show my friendship for

you, Connors," continued the gentle-man, "by telling you that I'll take that child off your hands, educate her, rear her, and put her in a position in life where you'll be proud to see her."

"I am much behoulden to yer Honor," said his host. " But fo all you'r worth in this world, and they say 'tis good dale, I wouldn't part with that child. But, here she is herself, said, as Nodlag ran into the kitchen, flushed by her ride on the bay mare, which had been just shod, down at the Donal entered by the front door orge. just at the same moment. "Good-day, Donal," said the gentle-"I hope you're well. And this

selves into fleecy masses upon the earth. It was the first fall of the "Great Snow," which commenced that Great Snow, man. "I hope you're well. And this is the little one. What's that you call her? Come here, little one, come to night of the 15th of February, 1837, lasted for three days, and remained two months on the ground, blotting

sullenly. "At laste, she wasn't wid me." "Nor wid me," said Owen. "I never laid eyes on the child since Mr. was the chill of death in the look of it, "Nor wid me," said Owen. never laid eyes on the child since Dunscombe left the house." its waters, as they swept in mad tumult from side to side.

Dunscombe left the house." "She wint out into the yard," said the old man, "and I tould her wait for ye outside, and go wid ye." "She must have gone off by herself thin," said Owen, "for sorra an eye I put on her, since the snow begin." Edmond Connors said not a word; but went over and took down his yellow leather leavened from the rack near the

banks of snow at the other side as he walked slowly along by the river; and -his heart stood still! There was something dark in the midst of the circle. It was the foot of a child ! With a sudden renewed energy he leaped down the drifts along the bank until he came to a wooden bridge, frail leather leggings from the rack near the fire, and drew them on, and buttoned "Where are you goin', father ?" said his daughter, Joan, in dismay. "Where am I goin'?" he cried.

"Where am I goin'?" he cried. "I'm goin' to seek after that child. Do you mane to think that I'm goin' to lave her out there in the bitther cowle to perish? Ye're takin' lave of yer senses,'

said his wife. " Run out, Donal; run out, Owen; she can't be much farther than the ploughed field." "I'm aleared 'tis a poor search we're goin' to make," said Owen, rising

goin' to make," said Owen, rising weatily. "Come, get the lantern, Jerry, and let us see what we can do." And Donaid rose sulkily and followed his brother. Their clothes were wet through with the snow, and a great steam ascended from them as they

"Give 'em a dhrop of whiskey," commanded the old man. "They may have to go farther than they think."

They needed it ; for weakened by They needed it; for weakened by long exertion as they were, they had to summon all their strength for the search now before them. It was quite possible that they would have refused to take it but that they expected it would be a short one. The child, they reasoned, could not have gone far from home. They would find her in the outhouse. or somewhere sholtened sheltered outhouse, or somewhere sheltered under one of the hawthorn trees that crowned all the ditches and fences on the farm. When, however, their search in the vicinity of the house was fruitless, and no answer came to their mulled cries: "Nodlag ! Nod-lag !" across the snow, they became their mufiled cries: "Nodlag! Nod-lag!' across the snow, they became anxious and agreed to separate, Owen and Jerry taking the hills behind the house, and Donal going down towards the river. In a few seconds they were out of sight and hearing of each other, as they moved in different dir-ections, each a ghostly heap of snow, and quite indistinguishable from rifts and white hillock's, or burdened shrubs

It was weary work; and Donal was alone in that terrible night-quest. Every limb and muscle ached with is ?" he answered in a high temper. "You know as much now as the night you brought her in the creel, and pain, as they were strained by the violent and quite unusual exercise, for the young man had to throw himsel forward from rift to rift; now falling forward from rule to the the provided from the forward, and trying to catch a foothold for a further leap, and always flashing his lantern to and fro in the darkness, and shouting "Nodlag ! Nodlag !" across angry reply, which would have im-perilled the sacredness of his oath; but his father,going to the door, looked shouting "Nodiag I Nodiag I" across the valley. But no reply came. Only the soft, silent snow, sifting down from the blackened heavens, glinting one moment a golden color in the light of the lantern candle, and then sinking into the soft drift, where it was lost. time in codrawlin', ye'll be lookin' for a needle in a bundle of straw, whin you search for the lambs this awful night."

Donal began to lose temper. It was only the peremptory challenge of his father that drove him out from the warm kitchen on such an errand. Somehow he had come to persuade him-self that this child of misfortune, this inheritress of evil, would be as swiftly and mysteriously taken from them as she was sent. He could not imagine her growing up like other girls, and passing on to honorable wifehood and motherhood. There was something

"I'm only thrying to dhrive away the cowld, Nodlag. Do you know me now ?" "I do. But where is Owen? I'll go uncanny about the whole affair, and it home with Owen." He said nothing. But leaving the lantern behind him, he took up the child, and folding her close to him that would end dramaticate. Is this t iously as it had begun. Is this t now? What could end dramatically and myster Is this the more opportune, more appropriate, the warmth might vivify her, he said : MAY 4, 1907.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

and a sound of despair in the swish of

"God help her if she has fallen in there !" he murmured.

He raised the lantern and tried to throw its light across the rearing tor-rent. A circle of crimson fell on the banks of snow at the other side as he

crystals were unmistakably

of Nodlag's feet. He flashed the

tern on them for a moment, leaped across the bridge, and

shrank from the hot glass of the tern. He gredoubled his eff

"Who's that ? Is that Owen ?"

he had steeled against himself, softened

out to the kindller brother ; and here

in the first moment of consciousness,

" No ! 'Tis I-Donal ! Don't you

"Why are you batin' me, Donal? What did I do?" For he was still

chafing gently and slapping the little hands. But the little appeal almost

the instinct of trust revealed itself.

know me, Nodlag ?'

broke his heart.

the print

then

sped

When Paul Andronevitch Vronowski returned to Russia, after a lengthy sojourn abroad, he threw himself into the question of reform with a vigor and enthusiasm that allowed but a small enthusiasm that allowed but a small margin for the exigencies of those in authority. That his doctrines were sound in logic there was little doubt, but nevertheless they were hardly of the kind to be fully appreciated in that part of the world where reform usually crealle still : and, therefore, it was not spells exile ; and, therefore, it was n surprising that the Governor, a harsh-teatured, irascible old general, wholly absorbed in the idea of his own importance, should resent his attitud endeavor to restore harmony and peace in the government over which he ruled le and by seeking to remove the youthful per-petrator of the disturbances.

leaped down the drifts along the bank until he came to a wooden bridge, frail and uncertain, for it consisted of but one plank and a fragile hand-rail. The snow was sifted lightly upon it, be-cause it got no foothold on the narrow board, and there in the white powdered cametale marge pusits hably the print Investigation proved that Vronowski was a student of Ruskin and other English writers whose sentiments were highly antagonistic to the Russian ensor, and an order was straightway made out for his arrest as a rev A sudden police raid on his house at

the dead of night, when in the proper order of things Vronowski should have been sleeping placidly in his bed, ignorup along the bank at the other side, throwing the light before 1 im. In a few seconds he was on his hands and knees shovelling away the soft snow which enveloped the child, and at length revealed her little figure, with ant of the danger that menaced him, resulted in nothing but the finding of a brief, unsigned note in a woman's fine, almost undecipherable handwrit-ing, evidently dropped by the fugitive the dead lamb clasped to her bosom. He flung this aside into the stream, He nung this aside into the stream, and sitting down and opening up his great coat, he gathered the child into his arms. She was apparently dead. No sign of life appeared in the blue, pinched face, or closed eyes, and she hung limp and listless in his arms. In momenta studen and complete are in the hurry of departure, which re-vealed the fact that some one had betrayed the Governor's secret and warned Paul Adronevitch, just in time,

of his danger. To say that the General was per-turbed when he heard the result of the a moment a sudden and complete revo lation took place in his feelings toward her. All the aversion of the last few raid was to use a term that ill expressed his frame of mind. All his her. All the aversion of the last few years grew into a sudden, overwhelm-ing love for the seemingly dead child. He felt that he would gladly give his life there in that awful wintry night anger was suddenly diverted from Vro-nowski to the mysterious writer of the he swore he would show letter, to whom but scant mercy should she fall into his to bring back life to those dead features and limbs. The powerlessness of the little waif, the remembrance of her sad hands. There was only one person in the whole Government, however, who could have enlightened him as to the little waif, the rememorance of her saw destiny, appealed to him so strongly that he wept like a child. And then he prayed to God as he had never prayed before, to give him back that betrayer of his secret, and she was his own daughter. Vera Ivanovna Esteletski was a slight, pale-faced girl with large, pensive eyes and an air of gentle timidity that made many people accuse her of being totally lacking in both courage and character. On several ul that seemed te have sped on it eternal errand. Half frantically he beat the little hands in his strong beat the little hands in his strong palms, rubbed and fomented the stiff limbs, breathed on the stony face, which his tears also washed. For a long time (it seened to him years in his agony) no sign of life appeared; and he made up his mind to lie down occasions, unknown to any one, she had met Vronowski while driving across the steppe. Once he had come to her assistance when her sledg into a snowdrift and helped when her sledge had sunk and he made up his mind to lie down there beside her and let them be found to extricate the struggling horses. It is true that but few words passed be-tween them, and those few were fordead together, so that no man should say he had failed in his duty, when he suddenly noticed that the little hand gotten all too soon by the one, but the other had lain awake the greater part lan of that same night living over and over efforts again with ever recurring delight those drew the lantern closer, and shed its few brief moments of intercourse. She soft heat over the little limbs; and in a was fully cognizant of the danger she few moments the purple color on the ran of being detected when she resolved cheeks gave way to a soft rose-tint, and opening her eyes she said, wearily : to warn Paul Andronevitch of her father's intentions, but her own timidity was wholly submerged by the thought The words cut him like a knife. He knew how the heart of the child, which

of Vronowski's peril. At lunch time she had listened to her father discussing the finding of the letter, and the fruitless search that had been made throughout the town and surrounding country for the missing man, in silence. She had even remained impassive when the General had declared vehen ently that he would rather discover the woman who had betrayed than the fugitive himself. him when the meal was over her courage waned ; she felt she could not face he father again, knowing how she had deceived him, and quitting the room hastily, she donned her thick furs and stole out into the gardens that stretched behind the palace unperceived. With head bent to meet the blast

that came surging over the endless bound steppe, Vera monotony of snow walked slowly to the end of the and then paused. Close to the high stone wall that separated the grounds small

## MAY 4, 1

they met hers, glad to note that them, either, on perhaps of som pointment, which Andronevitch V the room and bo "Mademoisel

"Mademoisel coolly, "I support for my intrusion I sought the sh night I had no wise, as my close on my would dream of Governor's gar wall and made n window at the t covered my whe taken my depa deavored to esc on foot. But no but to yield my

Still Vera did hand clutchin watted coat). gazing fixedly i lightning flash retina of her me the one represe hefore her drive depicted her the tidings of ery, and she sh as if with physi claim on her, or her implicitly hard to answer gave Paul And uld never ret father again : a if she summon And suddenly vay in which V day he came to steppe, the tor brushed the sn stantly she b presence, his l gray eyes that her, and forg nlaced him in innocent, she was her duty t befell. Her gasps, but sh ense relief

Vronowski lo Her back was f only make out waning light. agitated, perha for her. "I assure yo

nervous of," i am unarmed, hands for her t his defenseless ly, showing a teeth. "I s whatever," he shall have the over such a no self to the G

For the fir ead and met afraid of you, and paused. :ono wski

surprise. The perturbation i He leaned h and, thrustin to his pocke ly. She was He had notice the steppe thing distinct rtheless. he remembere kept them so his face at the in a flash, he received, and interest. W written it? intonation of declared that He tried to p improbable, b strange per thing,

a wave swept over hi and he note

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V.onowski laugh. "T

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Paul And

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"Vora Iva tense voice,

one finds

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ment."

" But you

It is you

The girl los

and white hillock's, or burdened shrubs or trees across the dreary landscape.

"What's the matter, Nodlag? What do you hear ?" the old woman would

And Nodlag would give a start of surprise, and laugh, and say : "Oh, nothin', ma'am. I don't hear

nothin'.

But it gave rise to a great many sur mises, the more common interpretation being that it was her cruel mother, who, in some far place, was repenting, and calling, calling for her abandoned child.

She was not more explicit, however with the old man-her protector and friend, as she knew instinctively. She became, as she advanced toward the years of reason, the companion of his walks across the mountain and down the valleys; and he used to feel an un usual thrill of pleasure, as he lifted her over a brook, or across a stile, or took her up in his strong arms and carried her across a tract of wet bog or moorland, or over one of those deep ravine cut by the winter torrents out of the soft, pebbly sandstone. He once ven tured to ask her more particularly what she waited and listened for, when

those strange moods seized her. "Oh, nothin', daddy. Only I thought some one was callin'.

"Was it like the way the boys are called to dinner, acushla ?"

"It was, daddy !" "Or was it like the way they call

after the cows ?" It was, daddy !"

" Or was it like the chapel-bell for

Mass on a Sunday morning ?" "It was, daddy ! Ding.dong, ding.

me !

But Nodlag shrank terrified from him, and put her two arms around the old man's leg for support and protection. "Well, 'tis a quare name, sure nough," said Edmond Connors. "We 'tis enough,' call her Nodlag, because 'twas on a Christmas night we found-God sent her," he said, checking himself before

her," he said, checking himself before the wistful eyes of the child. "Well, Connors," said the gentle-man, preparing to depart, "please yourself about my offer. I'll take the child, and relieve you of all further re-sponsibility about her. I promise you she'll be cared for well--nearly as well as ou can care for her yoursell." "I my wary much chiled to you."

"I'm very much obliged to you,' said the old man, this time searching the face of Donal, who was listening attentively. "But she's one of our-selves now, and we can't part with her."

There was a deep silence for a few during which the child's ioments,

grasp tightened around the legs of her etor ; and then Donal, looking up said, as if that discussion was well ove

and ended :--"You had a good day on the moun-

tain, Sir. That's a heavy bag." "Yes, indeed," replied the gentle man. "I have never seen so man man. "I have never seen so many birds on the hills before. The place is

thick with woodcock and gray plover I think we are near cold weather. The birds are migrating in large coveys to the South and West.

"And the sky is as black as mid night," said Donal. "I think the snow is comin'; and I wish it was, to take away the bitther cowld."

"So Linehan says. He thinks we're near a big fall. In that case the sooner I'm near home the better. Good even-

ing !" "Good-bye and good luck !" said Donal.

Donal," said the father when the stranger had departed, "wouldn't it be well to gether in the sheep from the hills? It may be a big fall; and there'

twenty young lambs, or so, I think."
"There are twenty-four," said Donal.
Yes, I'll get Owen and wan of the min ; and we'll gether them in."
"An' mv lamb. daddy !" said Nod.

An' my lamb, daddy l'' said Nod

lag, her eyes wide open in fear and sorrow, "I must go and save Nanny." "She's not far," said the old man,

" but you can go out, and wait for the boys ; and they'll search for you."

Nodlay went out ; and Donal turned

away from the towns, had to endure the horrors of a half famine during unat night there were three feet of snow in the yard and fields around Glenanaar; and deeper drifts those miserable weeks. At 9 o'clock that night there were three feet of Glenanaar; and deeper drifts in the hollows beneath hedges, or piled against stable walls, where the light wind had drifted them, and no stronger wind could dislodge them. From time to time, Donal and Owen and the servant men came into the yard, sweating and panting, as they flung down a shee a lamb, which they had saved. n o every time they went forth, their quest every time they went forth, their dues became more dangerous and trying as their strength grew less beneath the strain, and the snow mounted higher and higher in soft hillocks mounted which concealed dangerous places, and made by their very sinking and yield-ing beneath the feet the task of walking painful and laborious.

It was 10 o'clock, and the snow yet falling in larger and thicker flakes, boys announced that all the when the sheep had been brought into safe shelter, but that a few lambs had been sheep had

dream.

strode

lost in the snow. "Thank God," we won't miss 'em, "Thank God," Was Nodlag's said the vanithee. lamb brought in?"

said Donal, half "Nodlag's ?" said Donal, half dazed and blinded from the snow and the fierce exertion he had made.

"Yes," said his mother. "Her lamb, with the blue ribbon around neck. "I don't know." said Donal, wearily

and half asleep on the hard settle. "Where is Nodlag herself?" said Edmond Connors turning around from the fire.

"Where 'ud she be, but in bed these ago ? hours ?'' said his wife. "Look, Joan, and see how's the child !'' could arise :

Joan took up the candle, and entered the bedroom, where Nodlag's tiny cot lay close up against one of the larger bedsteads. She returned in a moment

beasteads, she returned in a housene with a face full of terror. "Nodlag is not here !" she said. "I thought so," said the old man, rising up. "Whilst we were thinkin" of nothing but our sheep and lambs we've allowed God's child to be taken from us.'

"She was with the boys," said Joan, looking at Owen and Donal. "No, she wasn't," said Donal,

than that the child of row should be buried deep in the snow-drifts? It is an easy death, they say. The cold numbs the senses, and then there is sleep and unconsciousness, and death comes gently in the ornin'.' sleep. He sat down beneath a willow which was so loaded with snow that there was just a tiny space of wet grass beneath. There he began to grass beneath. There he began to think. Then the very fate that he dreamed and half hoped for Nodlag

came to himself. He got numbed and and a strange, drowsy feeling came over him. He tried to shake it off but couldn't. His aching limbs yielded to the momentary rest, the lantern fell from his hands, and he sank into an uneasy slumber. He had a horrible The last things he saw wer the great broad flakes reddened in the lantern flame; and he thought these were turned into flakes of fire that fell on him, one by one, and burned through the clothing into his flesh, and made him one hot, piercing blister. He flung them aside and rubbed his hands of them : but down they came mercilessly tormenting him, until at last he woke with a shudder, and saw his infinite relief that it was the cold snow that was enveloping him and paralyzing his hands with cold. He leaped up, rubbed his palsied hands beat them under his arms, until a little warmth came back, and after a little thought, took up the lantern again and homewards. But the dream came back. His conscience vpraided him. It said plainly : "The wish is the deed ! To abandon is to destroy Go back !" And he feebly argued "Am I to roam about all night, look-ing in vain for what may never be found? Is not my own life in peril? Was I not near death a few minutes And then again the thought arise: "How will my father the though would arise: "How will my father look if 1 go back without the child? How will his keen eyes pierce me? He'll say nothing; but he'll never for-give! He will tell me forevermore by Then

his silence that I am a murderer. This thought determined him. He eyes. nade a savage resolution to find th child, living or dead, or to be found dead himself. He would not return home without her; and, with his strength fast ebbing away from fatigue and cold, he knew what that meant. He turned his face from the direction al. said Donal, river. It rolled by in the darkness, a

neck. " Tighten your arms round my from the open country was a Nodlag, an' don't let'em go. And may God and His Blessed Mother give me datcha (wooden house), which had formerly been occupied by an old nurse strinth to reach home. But I am afeared of the family, and which the Governor had converted into a little summer reyou and I will have a cowld bed before treat for his only daughter. Concealed For now he felt that his strength by dense shrubs and enshrouded in a

For now he fait that his strength, momentarily excited by the emotions he had just experienced, was again rapidly ebbing away; and he began to fear that he could never face that hill bewildering mass of delicate scented roses, it formed a cool shelter in June when the great rooms of the palace had grown stifling in the hot glare of the sunshine. But in winter all was changed. The datcha, denuded of every vestige of foliage, looked cold and desolate among the snowdrifts, and hence it was usually beded on at that and the long fields before him, filled deep with the drifts that every moment grew higher and higher. And the grew higher and higher. And the terrible flakes, falling so silently, so mercilessly, blinded his eyes, and weighed heavily on his shoulders, and hence it was usually locked up at that eason and seldom visited by clogged his feet. And here in his arms was a burden, which, as Nodlag fell was a burden, which, as hours for into a sleep again, had become more passive and helpless than before. But love, pure, unselfish love, especially the love that grows out of the black root of hate, is a powerful thing ; and Donal felt himself driven forward, as a power impelled him, and took from him the office of rescue ; and on, on he vent, lifting his feet, as if in a treadmill, yet cautiously feeling his way, for he knew the value of the burden which he bore, and the principle of honor had vielded to the stronger propulsion of ove. But nature is nature; and, as ne threw out the disengaged arm, blindly feeling his way before him, and took great, long strides, feeling for crevices and hollows, he became aware that his mind was beginning to wander. He struggled against it; but in vain. He shouted aloud with the full strength of his lungs; and he thought he heard answering voices. But the delirium from cold, hardship, and hunger, was seizing upon him. He was in the seizing upon him. He was in the dock; and the Judge was placing the black cap upon his head, as a prelimiaary to the death sentence for the murder of Nodlag, when a woman's form, clothed in black, shot up from the ground, and flinging out her arms wildly, commanded the Judge to desist. the lights of the courthouse

began to flash and flicker before his byes. The woman turned to him, and cried : "Donal! Donal! Nodlag! Nodlag !" Then everything began to reel around. He felt a burden falling from him; there was a general upheava and cataclysm; and he himself, in the general horror and disruption, fell forward, dead.

TO BE CONTINUED.

except Vera, who occasionally glanced in to see that everything was in order. That evening, moved by a sudden That evening, moved by a sudden impulse, she drew out the key and, fitting it into the lock, threw open the door. But for the lock, threw open the door. But for the ghostly glimmer of the snow piled high against the small, double windows, the little living-room was in darkness, but a shaft of light from the wide open door enabled the girl to distinguish all the familar ob jects around. Suddenly fear laid hold of her, and she hurriedly made the sign of the cross. She had often heard stories of the dead returning to earth and visiting their old haunts once more. it possible that some former occupant of the datcha had taken possession of it She shivered. during her absence? She shivered. Then she shock herself together with an effort and laughed to think that such stories could influence her, and shivered again, with recurring terror, then decided that the weird effect was only due to the lateness of the hour, the drear twilight and the death-like chill around. Gathering course from the thought, she was about to enter the inner to the thought of the door or and inner room when the door opened noiselessly and a tall figure stood out abruptly, silhouetted vividly against the blackness the blackness beyond. The girl paused, her hand to her

any one

throat, as if to arrest a cry of alarm. One glance sufficed to tell her that one giance sufficed to tell life the this was no ghostly visitant, no phantom from another world, but a tall, broad-shouldered man with fair hair and piercing gray eyes that were quick and piercing gray eyes that were quick and kind, eyes that had once on a the smiled into hers as their owner had stooned with most owner had stooped with ready courtesy to brash the clinging snow from off her furs. There was no smile in them now as

Penalty you "I am," s " And you stranger ?' whom I kne cold, g'oved gently to his girl,'' he m thank you f cannot acce price. I sh mediately."