AILEY MOORE

A TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER

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CHAPTER II

SOME OF THE ACTORS AND SOME OF

well of Saint Senanus was just in such a spot as the holy re-cluse would have chosen for retire-ment. Some small distance from ment. Some small distance from the road, which had been only re-cently made, there was a rising ground, encircled by ancient beeches, and in a quiet corner, as if the hill had lain down to rest beside it, was the blessed spring. A gigantic stone cross spread its arms above the highest point of the elevation, and highest point of the elevation, and directly up to the foot of the cross led a flight of rude steps, at each of which the pilgrim paused to make his orison or acknowledgement. The whole area of the enclosure was bounded by a rough shaded path, along which, with bared feet and along which, with bared feet and along which, with bared feet and along which, where the "rounds" staid devotional pace, the "rounds" were made which were to be con-summated by the application of the

healing waters.
On the day of the events which we chronicle—and let it be understood that we write a true history—faith and hope had brought a more than an ordinary confluence to the well. Within the precincts of the sacred place were gathered a strange as-semblage of almost every class; and outside, as we have already intima-ted, a large number had collected to red, a large number had collected to gratify curiosity, to amuse them-selves or to beg. In the immediate vicinity of the entrance, and inside it, sat two women and a boy. One of these, the elder, was dressed in a patch-work cloak, to which there was no telling how many years and how many different materials had contributed. She was deeply wrinkled, embrowned by the sun, with quick grey eyes, firm lip, and altogether an imperious expression of features. Her hair was perfectly white; and terminating her accumulation of rags, she wore an aston ishingly clean cap, with a most liberal appendage of border. By her side was appendage of border. By her side was a wallet, well watched by the boy aforesaid. He was evidently a rela-tive; and though his hair all on end and dreamy eyes-grey, like those of his protectress—impressed the look-er on with a notion of his idiotcy, yet, when the fellow took the trouble to master his stray mind (and 'twas seldom he did so.) there was an intelligence in his look and word that was startling from very contrast. Let it be recorded, too, that he had learned to read and write, and that through his corduroy jacket and trowsers, or the portions of these habiliments which remained to him. there shone out a shirt as astonish

ingly white as the old woman's can These were no other than Biddy Browne, the beggar woman, and her

grandson, Eddy.

Now, how Biddy Browne came to have a grandson was a wonderful thing to those who met her for the first time. She had, as may be imagined, a manful mode of thinking and of acting, which is by no means acceptable to the lords of the creation, unless in themselves, and on becoming the "better half" of any swain, was likely to be the "whole" of him;—that is to say, Biddy Browne was a woman that would make nothin' at all " of any pretender to domestic allegiance; and, indeed, gentle and simple, each in their own way, contributed by their fears, or, they said, their affection, to spoil

Nevertheless, the old woman had not been always so morose-and even still there were moments when her lips parted, and her features relaxed, and her moistened eye told of the and her moistened eye told of the fount of feeling that welled up within. She had been a wife, a wido *, and a mother. She had never possessed much, but the landlord coveted the little she had, and she becam dependent upon the mother of Eddy, her daughter. The husband of the latter was first driven to excess by persecution, and then transported for having presumed to feel—'twas said that an insult he gave some shoneen made him be identified as sharer in a deed which he had never known-and he was exiled. The old story of the young wife drooping and dying, and an old parent and orphan lpless, was that of the family of Biddy Browne. Her heart was em bittered, and unless where her interest or deep affection operated, sh was sharp as a two edged sword But she loved the boy, and he loved her fondly; and his eye, after wan-dering round and round scenery, or gathering, would fix itself upon her face with a concentration which was surprising, and which would vanish as soon as noticed.

The beggar-woman was, at the moment of which we are writing, so seated as to command a view both of the enclosure and the road. How ever, the former seemed to attract all her regard. In fact, she was in one of her phases of feeling, for her one of her phases of feeling, for her eyes were brimful of tears, though her lips had relaxed nothing in their firmness of expression.

One by one the persons performing

their devotions at the well presented a full front to a spectator from the gate. The "round" having been de by the trees, and across the hill-top, by the back of the cross, there was a descent to the spring. and then the pilgrim emerged from behind, and with clasped hands and

downcast eyes passed near the en

A pale young girl, with a beautiful child in her arms, just came from the recess, and bent her way towards the ascent to the stone cross It was on her that the old woman's mind was occupied; and when, having step by step slowly ascended, she placed the little creature on its knees at the foot of the great symbol and joining its tiny hands together, the printed symbol while the she pointed upwards, while the baby's eyes followed the direction, Biddy Browne seemed quite a woman—the "flood of never ebbing time" was rolled jback, and in the midst of awakened memories she nidst of awakened memories felt as she used to feel."

"Ah. who is that?" said the second woman, whose presence the reader may by this time have forreader may by this time have for-gotten—" who is that dear young girl; surely she isn't the mother of the baby? Lord bless her; see how she prays? May God bless her!"

Biddy had been interrupted in a banquet which the soul loves to enjoy, that of flowing feeling, and she turned towards her interrogator with some of her habitual asperity of manner; but she had no sooner seen her than her whole countenance was changed. The countenance was changed. The woman was a stranger, wore a fullgooded mantle over her face, was deadly pale, and was weeping. The old beggar woman saw she had felt sorrow, and pitied her.
"Who is she ma'am'? She's wan

sure ma'am, of the neighbor's children, that the divil's childer dhrunk the blood out of. She's Peggy Hynes, an honest father and mother's child, an' a good daughter, that watched the ould people like an angel till she closed their eyes—an' God was thankful to 'em to take 'em away, so he was. Oh whuirra, whahair! to see her bringing her baby to the ould well once more to pray for his father before she goes.

Goes where ?" Where? To the poorhouse to be sure. Where else would she go agra? Sweet bad luck to the agint! he found the bit o' land ready made o his hand, an' the nice little an' the finces an'—oh, the vaga-bone," continued Biddy, " the baby's prayers will rain fire from God upon

Where is the husband?" meekly asked the stranger.
"Where's the husband? Didn't he get forty shillins for the house, the pleasant house his wife was born in—the price of one of the ditches,

and isn't he gone to 'Merikay." " An' he'll take her little one from the poorhouse?'

Take his little wan from the poorhouse! See, ma'am, Peggy Hyne's husband will ware his flesh, ma'am, and sell his marrow, to bring his darlin's to his heart across the say. Och, I hard 'em say wan' day that he was lazy—bad look to

"Whillu! whillu! gran' - who' there, who's there ?" cried Eddy, in his most boisterous tone; and starting to his feet in ecstacy again, he pointed to where the light fell pointed to where the through the trees upon the stream that flowed from the well.

Whisht, you omedhaun, whisht. "O, gran', the flower of the valley our own Ailey Moore—ain't it? Hould your tongue, you fool, didn't I tell you a thousand times,

Miss Ailey?"
"Och bother, I tould herself so, did, gran'; an' I said you scowlded me for sayin' she was our own Ailey; and she laid her white hand on my head, gran', and she called me good Eddy, an' said that was her name-our own Ailey; an' I tell you gran', she is our own Ailey.'

"Well, whisht, avic, she'll hear you -whisht now."
"Yis, but gran!, she's our own

Ailey—
"Oh! did you ne'er hear of our own

Ailey Moore?'"
Eddy would have continued a song for the edification of all concerned, only he had received a look that he understood, and a pinch that he

There then came on the path before described, a young person—a lady she was in grace, and face, and form-about nineteen years of age. She was strikingly beautiful, yet her beauty was a character that the heart feels, more than the eye sees. About the ordinary height, trans-parently fair, with dark hair, brow serene and well-defined, and a contour decidely Grecian. She appeared, in that sequested spot, the angel descending upon the Genezareth of the oor. She had thrown off her

bonnet, and a white veil hung half way over her face. Her dress was a light blue muslin; and as she walked along, her rich lips, half-parted in prayer, her head a little raised, and her fair small hands gently closed before her bosom, the feeling she inspired

was akin to worship.
Such a creature was she whom Eddy, in the enthusiasm which kindness from those above them ever kindles in the hearts of the humble called his "own Ailey Moore."

After-almost beside her-walked agirl about her own age, who carried her bonnet. She was fair and much flushed, and might have been termed handsome, had not a certain look and air of discontentment marred the general effect of her

marred the general enect of her rather regular features. Many a one succeeded, old and young, biding themselves by the "communion of the saints," with the dead and the distant; or, in filial or parental piety, praying for blessings

down into the waters," fond friend-ship, full of faith, lifted its hands to heaven in their behoof, and cried "Our Father!" for their restoration We may not stop to inquire the moral and physical effects which followed from this simple devotion.

Scepticism would laugh at our con Scepticism would laugh at our conviction, and piety needs it not. But surely the same God who attached a healing power to the shadow of His servants, may, if He will, again make an angel of revivification descend into the waters of the "Holy Well," and make those manifestations of His benevolence so becoming His mighty mercy. To sneer at the possibility of such an interposition— to shut out all access to belief, because of one's own sense of God's economy, is equivalent to a denial of revelation; and to refuse such testimony as we and to refuse such testimony as we occasionally encounter, that the Almighty has deigned to interpose, would, in our opinion, be exceedingly

The truth is, that in these coun tries, since the Reformation, many persons believe as little as they can and progress in their abbreviation of faith until they believe nothing They judge by human sense, and are They judge by human sense, and are governed by human prejudice to such an extent, that the moral world is with them only a kind of theory. Certain classes of proofs are not only never seen by them, but, from the constitution of their minds, if seen would be rejected without ex amination. Of course their conclu sions respecting matters of a miraculous nature, are just as wise as those of a clown regarding the motions of

Mercury and Venus.

After a short time Ailey Moore and her companion took their places at the foot of the stone cross. On the next step to theirs sat the young woman and her baby; an old man of venerable aspect was at the foot; a swarthy, middle-aged man, a soldier, the well, and the processio around the area of the sacred place appeared still undiminished. Biddy, the beggar woman, had "cot-

toned"—to use her own world—to the strange pale woman. The latter had spoke little; she watched every visitor, and examined each man as he came and went. She anxiously sought some person, though apparently in vain. Many things she heard, however, from Biddy, that seemed to interest her deeply, particularly when they referred to the "family of the Borans;" and as these were no favorites of the old cynic—she hated their kith, kin, and generation—it may be presumed that 'Ol1 Daddy," "Nick the Devil," and James, had no great share of fair

play in her conversation.

An excitement in the immediate neighborhood of the well, a halfsuppressed shout, and the rattling of carriage wheels, now attracted the notice of the disengaged portion of the visitors. Ears were of course erect, and necks stretched out in exectancy; the proximity of the Lord of Kinmacarra's promised arrival filled the minds of the people with

ne one idea of his coming.

Eddy, the grandson of Biddy rowne, the beggar woman, had the Browne, sharpest eye and ear and aim in the barony, and accordingly was the first to recognize the parties who approached. He first gave one of his fixed looks, and listened for a mo ment; then he started, and having drawn an uncommonly long draught of air into his lungs, he illuminated the understanding of all present by

Tally high ho, fat pork!-tally high ho! on Friday! Tally high ho, you know, the devil vas Luther's adviser!"

specimen of village rhythm, and appeared to have yielded himself up to an uncontrollable frenzy. His head swayed from side to side; he smacked his fingers and exerted himself with such a will, that devotion at the well of St. Senanus would become a rare commodity if the gate were always to be filled with such music. Gran' thought it high time however,

to interpose, for she knew now whose presence was to be anticipated. In fact, every one at the well knew from Eddy's song that they might expect Mr. or Mrs. Salmer, or both one and

the other.
Biddy had rarely given the parson any quarter, though she sometimes deigned to take an offering from his lady. She saw no kind of utility in unnecessarily assailing either

them, and we agree with her. The reverend incumbent of the soil and his wife shortly after made their appearance, not without some unpleasant prayers, we must say, "not loud, but deep," because Salmer was well known to be on the best terms with the new master. engaged themselves, according to their taste, in jest, or laugh, or criticism upon the "turn out" of the noly man himself, and his holier helpmate: but there was nothing

"Begorra, he's a beauty." "And she's Venus, all out." "Faith." said a third. "I believe

tis thrue what they say."
"What?" inquired one of the former. "Why, there was an ould prophecy n the family that only one in the

world could be found to marry aither av' em."
"Whist!" with a chuckling laugh. And the carriage came up. Mrs. Salmer was quite a pattern

lady of the gospel, and Mr. Salmer was quite a pattern man. Both considered that, precedparental piety, praying for biessings upon fathers, mothers, or offspring. The crippled and the blird, too, lay by the well of St. Senaus, as did the afflicted by the mysterious lake of Judea; but far from having "none to let them ing generations had neglected the

dded to the "true Catholic Church." The philanthropic pair had concocted a system, dialectic and social, which a system, dialectic and social, which was quite sufficient to evangelize a kingdom; and their joint regret and asperation were, that all Irish propagandism had been defficient, and that its zeal should receive a new impulse from their example; Mrs. Salmer looked forward to the day when the "Society for the Diffusion of the Scriptures" would press a most of the Scriptures" would press a most of the Scriptures" would press a most of the Scriptures. of the Scriptures" would pass a un-animous vote of thanks to Mr. Salmer for the astonishing effects of his pastoral care in Kinmacarra," and Mr. Salmer looked forward to the day when he should wear an apron

Personal appearance has lately be come too much the subject of minute description. We hold the custom to have approximated, if it have not in deed arrived to, an "abuse of privi-lege." But as philosophy must yield to prescription, we unwillingly fall in with the error vulgaris for the allegiance which we owe to our readers astes.

The Rev. Joram Salmer, then, was a man of four or five and thirty, and might, for all the world could pro-nounce, be five, or even ten, years older. He was very thin, lank, and tall, with hands and arms which swung to and fro as he walked, as if they did not know on earth what brought them where they were, and would willingly part companionship with their owner. A most unexcep tionable cravat, of pure white, bore huge, his nose very straight and high, his small black eyes made per high, his small black eyes made per-petual but vain efforts not to look cunning; devotion seemed to them a continuous drill, and all were fixed upon a face so wan and parchment like, that it was an oppression of weakness, for such nose, and eyes, and mouth to quarter themselves up Mrs. Joram Salmer, of whom we

speak with great respect and fear-every one feared Mrs. Salmer-Mrs Joram Salmer was a fitting partner for perfection, like that of her lord. Sh was very long, like him, and had many of his facial and general traits. Her ears, it was remarkable, were very far behind, and her nose far and pointedly before; in fact, they looked as if antagonistic powers had been dragging them in opposite directions. Her eyes were large, and of no colo that we ever heard of: but they always seemed in a trembling balance upon the two ends of a beam; and er mouth was kept quite rigid, unless when she spoke, when the size of the under lip showed that it had been kept under severe discipline. Now this face, haloed round by a crimped, close, fair muslin border, and surmounted by a large cylindrical looking cap, was quite satisfactory to Mr. Salmer, and we question whether enemies' remarks thereon can be at all justified. Biddy Browne contended that there was no such face for spoiling a handsome bonnet, but we protest against any participation in the remarks or evil judgings of any parties who did not esteem Mrs. Joram Salmer as she

ceed with our story.
Well, the Rev. Joram Salmer and the lady just described came thunder ing down the road towards the well

esteemed herself, wherewith we pro

of St. Senanus.

Many a time before in the pleasant summer and autumn days, the clergy man and his wife had passed by during the rites by which humble faith sought to propitiate its Maker, and now, as in former times, the crowd divided to permit the rich vehicle to flit by. Except in the averted head and the half-uttered The fellow hopped from one leg to sarcasm, the people knew little of the their patron or practices, and they apprehended on this day no varia-tion from the conduct which they had witnessed for a couple of years. They were therefore not a little astonished when the carriage drew instantaneously a rush in its way, a kind of request for explanation The peasants looked at the parson's family, and at one another; around the country and in at the well. Their demeanor expressed, as clear as any language, "What is the meaning of this?"

In the midst of their doubt and conjectures, the Rev. Joram Salmer lescended from his carriage, his wife followed, and they both entered the

hallowed ground.

Never had been witnessed such confusion in that part of the country The well was instantly black with people, or rather grey and white with them. Inside the boundaries all devotion came to a stand still. The children, who felt there was some thing wrong interpreted the affair as dangerous to themselves, and began to cry; young girls shrunk into the corners old women gathered round the sacred fountain; and the young men of the parish, who were always on the lookout for a little exciting variety, thronged in at the gate and

Eddy was struggling manfully in the hands of his gran'. She held his head and covered his mouth, until he begged himself free; but he had no sooner been trusted, than the

eternal strophe-"Tally high ho, fat pork!" interrupted by another suffocation smote the ear, and awakened the

humor of the villagers.

The reverend gentleman ascended the steps toward the stone cross, manifesting all the way many in-ternal workings of pity and con-tempt; his wife followed, held by his hand, and one or two steps behind

make an oration, and Mrs. Salmer, as became her, to hear and sanction the Having settled his feet and his

parties, or the three parties,—that is, his wife and his two feet,—he commenced by assuring them (the people)
of his ardent and anxious love for them, which was answered by a universal "gan dhoubth," which meant that his love was unquestionble. To be sure, 'twas said in way which was not entirely demon-strative, but at all events, they said strative, but at all events, they said "gan dhoubth—go devin,"—indeed, that's true. He proceeded to announce that their new landlord would soon come amongst them, and his arrival should be hailed by them with joy. He came to make his tenantry happy, and to diffuse among them the light of true religion (here there was some confusion). The them the light of true religion (here there was some confusion). The late master of the property had not lived as a man of God (great murmurs, and a sod flying by Mr. Salmer's head). He hoped there was no man here (a voice, "To eat pork on Friday—Eddy, tally high ho, fat po—"). Happy would it be for them, if, abandoning the Pagan distinction between meats, which Paul declared between meats, which Paul declared should attain in the latter days, they would fling off the yoke (a voice, "O the parsons,")—the yoke of superstition, and obtain the freedom—(same voice, "From tithes")—of the Gospel. The country was suffering deeply from (voices, "from the tithes.") from (voices, "from the tithes.")
No; the tithes were the law of
England; but the country was
suffering deeply from the reign of
falsehood, the worship of stocks and stones, (and now Mr. Salmer waxed into a warmth quite prophetic), woman worship the new-fangled doctrine of the Roman the

Here there was an ominous hugh succeeded by a more ominous yet in-describable kind of noise. The parties behind were closing in, and those before were flushing and breathing strongly. At the words "Woman-worship," there was a per fect heave forward of the whole mass a woman's voice crying, "Naove whuire banathe!"—Blessed and Holy Virgin! The speaker was evidently drawing to a crisis. Several sods, some turf, a few black potatoes, had een flung, but an absolute hurricane scription, however, were flying round expression of "Roman apostasy" had been uttered. He stood his ground, and Mrs.

Salmer looked out of her large eyes quite resigned, only she appeared to have attained some color.

He was proceeding with even more

energy, and exciting the crowd to a frightful degree of anger. In a short time he became quite inaudible from the groaning, and almost invisible from the pelting, but still the great arms swung, and the big lips moved, and the little dark eyes seemed running after one another, inside his

Mrs. Salmer now felt a little nerv

ous, and she clung to him.

There was a rush; and shricks, cries and curses filled the little home where sanctity had so long rested. Mr. Salmer's hour appeared to have

The old man who was mentioned as having been seated on the first step of the ascent had never stirred till now. He stood up majestically, and opening his old arms in front of the crowd, he waved them Don't touch him, boys-don't touch spot where your grandfathers knelt down to pray. Mr. Salmer," said he, turning to the parson, sthranger a'most, in this "you're mind me, not near such a sthranger as you think. Take the advice of gray hair, and go home wid your lady. Open the way there!"

Salmer looked, but 'twas not thankfully. His eyes seemed to inquire;

but he answered that he was engaged in the work of God, and would die a

martyr.
"Much better for you, Mr. Salmer,
"Hark'ee to die a bishop—deed it is. Hark'ee sir; the sweat of that crowd put bread and butther on your table today, while they wur atin' lumpers or Indian male thimselves; an' they gev you this for nothin'. Now, don't be unraysonable — id may satisfy your mind to abuse 'em; but you ought to be contint wid ridin' in a carriage out of their earnin's

I'm bound to save their immortal

souls !" Oh, as fur as that, don't be foolish. If you wish to save souls—you say you kem' from England—that wants sowls to be saved very much. Thry your hand wid the colliers, that don't know the name o' God; thry your hand wid the fact'ries, that don't know the manin' o' virtue; thry your hand wid the counthrypeople, an' tache 'em the Christian law o' marriage; or thry your hand wid the pious and larned clargymen of your own cloth, that's comin' over to th' ould church as fast as hops. Now 'charity begins at home,' you know, Mr. Salmer: I showed you your ground; but you'll get a bigger name from disturbin' the pace at Kinmacarra!"

"Joram, my dear, leave this wretched place," said Mrs. Salmer. said Mr. Salmer; not be put down by an agent of the

priests."

"Take your wife's advice," said many voices. "Go home, now; you've got enough." you've got enough."
"Tally high ho, fat pork!—tally high ho, on Friday." roared Eddy.
"The priests—" said Mr. Salmer.
"Go home," roared the crowd.

"The priests, I say—" "Hould your tongue," roared the

"I must and shall-There was no resisting them no longer. They closed on the unfortunate gentleman. His shoulders and feet were seized; he was raised from the ground—borne out—followed by his wife, who was respectfolly led after him. No one can say what the people, thus goaded, might have done, but a man appeared

Gerald Moore presented himself. A moment was sufficient to dash through the gathering. He stood by the side of Mr. Salmer. "What, what," said Moore, " will

you disgrace yourselves? seize upon a single and unarmed

He has been abusing our re ligion!"
"Well, one was enough to be

fool; you should not forget charity, because he dishonored it. Let go this gentleman! "Young man," said Salmer, "you

have used expressions—"
"Mr. Salmer, I think you had better go home. Here's your car riage. You see it hasn't been dis riage. You see it hasn't been dis-turbed. So, sir, that is much better. Mr. Salmer, will you enter, if you please. Now, reverend sir, I pray you not to disturb yourself; drive on

coachman. Farewell!'
And the carriage drove off, amid the hisses, laughter and groans of the multitude, for such it had now

said the soldier, who had never pre-sented himself during the row, but who had not withdrawn his eyes from Gerald since his arrival. 'Yes, my friend, that is my name.

"You are a good man, sir." Would that I were; I wish to be an honest man.' Have you an enemy-a great,

deadly foe ? The man breathes not whom I

have injured willingly."
"There is, nevertheless, an individual, perhaps two or three, who seem to have the power, and who plot your ruin." Truly, 'tis an enterprise hardly

worth their wisdom. And the ruin of your family !" Gerald started.

The ruin of your father and of the lady whom I heard the poor peasants call 'our own Ailey Moore!" The veteran look at her through his tears, for Ailey at the moment was approaching.

TO BE CONTINUED

MISS ANNIE'S HAPPY STORY

Monseigneur was in the garden was a beautiful old garden, the kind one cannot imagine unless one nas been there. For even to Monseigneur, who had watched it for thirty years, it was full of surprises It was the rendezvous of the birds flowers of strange lands grew in that garden; wild blossoms summere there and learned to love it so that they dwelt there till all their wildness was forgotten. Only the sting in their fragrance and their proud en durance of August heat gave sign of

heir origin. Monseigneur came early to walk these mornings, while the dew was still on the roses. He was growing very feeble, and his friends in the the hot spell, lest some time as he set so quiet on the shady veranda, musing over the problems of his "dear children" or reading his Office, ne should fall asleep not to awaken.

Polly was in the garden, too. Her green feathers glistened in the morn-ing sunlight, and she preened herself proudly as if conscious of the effect of her emerald brightness against the packground of red roses near which her cage was .hung.

"Bon jour, Monseigneur," she called in her shrill, cracked voice. But Monseigneur did not hear her. He stood by a bed of St. Joseph's lilies. eaning on his cane with both hands. Once or twice he took off his broad black abbe's hat, and tucking the gold headed cane under his arm pressed his hand to his forehead as if a pain were there. The sun touched his white hair lovingly, making it shine like silver against the purple of his robe.

Polly was puzzled. "Bon jour. Monseigneur," she in sisted. "Monseigneur, Monseigneur, qu'avez vous?' Finally he heard her, and absently responded: "Bon jour, petite; bon

As he passed her cage he stuck rose bud between the wires, and Pol-ly, accepting the attention with a ridiculous imitation of a grand lady's graciousness, fluffed her feathers and screamed to herself: "Petite, la belle petite."

Then came a singing voice: O Sanctissima, O Purissima. Dulcis virgo, Maria. "Ah, there is Mees Anne," mur-

mured Monseigneur, and he paused again by the bed of lilies and watched the gate in the garden wall.
"Mater amata," the voice continued, a rich, vibrant contralto. Soon the

glint of a white gown showed through the bars of the tall iron gate. The hinges creaked and the gate swung in to admit a woman. She was tall and healthy looking. One noticed, first of all, her hair, blue black in the sunlight, and then her small, strong hands. showed very brown against her white skirt. Monseigneur was bowwhite skirt. ing in a very courteous, old syle way as she came toward him.

"Good morning, Monseigneur," she said; "how are you feeling this

But at the question his smile changed to a petulant contraction o

in an impatient tone:
"Mees Anne, when I am in my garden I am seek. When I stay in my room I am ferry seek, and I hat an-swered that question forty-five times

already."
"Mees Anne" raised her black eyebrows. brows. "Ah, but I am afraid Mon-seigneur is cross this morning," she

"Qu'avez vous, Monseigneur?" shrilled Polly, with timely interfer-

"Ah, am I then cross? So I am sorry. I do not mean to be cross. But every kind nun must know for herself if I am seek or healthy, and there are fifty kind nuns."

"I was going to tell you a story if you were pleased and not busy," re-sponded Miss Anne as they sauntered

toward the veranda.
"I am pleasant, and I am not busy," Monseigneur hastened to assure her. It is a happy story?'

"As all my stories are."

"Ah, but they are not truly happy.

The poor young man always goes away sadly because mademoiselle has an aged father or a baby sister to care for, or because she has other calls. You are most unkind to your poor young men. Why do you not make them marry and be happy?" @As she spoke, he drew the shade at the east end of the veranda and stood courteously for her to be seated.

"I do not know how to do that,
Monseigneur, and I can not write
what I do not know."

Monseigneur paused; then, as if
the thought had come suddenly,

spoke:

My nephew is coming to visit me to morrow. I have not seen him since he was very small, but I think I will tell him to teach you to write happy stories. Yes, he

"Oh, but Monseigneur," she exclaimed, blushing with dismay, do not want to learn."
"You will learn from him. See,

here he is as his mother sees him,' and Monseigneur read from a letter on the table—"tall, straight and handsome he is, my Cecil. And the grace of God is in his eyes. You will love him, all do, though he is so little your small, old sister.

Miss Anne blushed uncomfortably

No. Mees Anne, you must not be one should teach you to write happy stories. God meant that you should know. Tell me the story now.'

be not offended. In my country a maiden would be glad and would now any kindness of intention. Do not think, Monseigneur, that

Child," reproved Monseigneur,

am angry with you, but I do not wan We sall see," said Monseigneur. Promise me to bring your story to-morrow to read for us. Cecil shall each you with much gentleness, but

ne must know your need to learn. The stories wil.

also will your face."

Miss Anne rose abruptly still much

much ambarassed. "Very well, Monseig
mbarassed. "Very well, would wish The stories will tell him that.

neur, I shall do it because you wish t, but I do not like to." Monseigneur only smiled content-edly as she turned to go.

Cecil-tall, straight and handsome with the grace of God in his eyes— was not in the garden the next morning when Anne entered. Monseig neur was waiting for her on the veranda. He smilingly led her to a

"Ah, it is good. You haf the story." noticing the roll she carried.

Nothing was said of Cecil, Anne, thinking he was to come before she should begin to read, made no motion to open the manuscript. Monseig neur smiled.

'Shall we not begin?" he asked. Anne, somewhat bewildered, opened her manuscript and began to read with a strange feeling of disappointment that roused her angry pride against herself. Monseigneur was enjoying himself very much. He leaned back in his swinging chair, out of range of Anne's vision, and smiled amusedly. Anne read bravely on. The story was really charming, but she felt out of sympathy with it. Not till the end, where the "poor young man" went away sad, did she forget her dissatisfaction and enter into the spirit of the story. Cecil, she had by this time concluded, bad not yet arrived, and her annovance But when she ceased reading the

sound of clapping caused her to turn. There in the window, behind Monseigneur's chair, stood a youth, tall, straight and handsome, with the grace of God in his eyes. "You will grace of God in his eyes. love him, all do," the words of his mother's letter, ran through her mind, and she blushed hotly with displeasure. Monseigneur was still smiling. Rising, he motioned to Cecil to join them, and when the young man had come out on the porch, said to Anne:

Mees Anne, this is my nephew, my guest, M. Cecil Mahon.

The two bowed. Anne was very ill at ease. They were seated, Cecil opposite and at some distance from her. Nothing was said for a few awkward mements, while Monseig-neur still smiled benevolently and slowly nodded his white head. Anne was studying the tip of her shoe, but feeling the stranger's gaze, looked up and met his eyes. "The grace of God," yes, that was it; and an impelling friendliness, a serious regard hat could not antagonize, were there Against her will Anne smiled, knowing that as she did so her displeasure vanished in the recognition of a kin-