

ST. BRIDGET.

IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF ST. BRIDGET SUGGESTED THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Ally of Erin, Virgin of the oak!
Kith thrush, home of prayer, thy hallowed form.
Enshrined in that hour, the angel spoke,
Who sweetly commanded thee, the hurrying storm.

Of glorious princess of the House of God,
Sad centuries have whelmed the hopeful age.
When glory walked down Erin's holy sod
And called the gracious Isle her heritage.

Heavy the cross, Saint Bridget's wail and pain,
The petty alien torture worse than death.
The desperate hope that right would win again,
Ah! hopeless hope, that wanted only breath!

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH.

Author of "Nathalie," "Annie," "Queen Mab," &c.

AFTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"You surely do not admire that man, Doctor Richard?"
"Dear, candid old boy! Hear him on the subject," said Miss Courtenay.

"Not admire him—why, one of his virtues is never out of my pocket. I only lament the dear, good-natured fellow is dead, and cannot write leaders in newspapers, or make speeches in sessions."

"I hate Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Luan, again; "he is a cheat, a swindler, a thief! Why are we beggars and is he rich?"

"That Templemore is a fool," he said; "he should, having injured Mrs. Luan, have taken some Machiavel-like means to pacify her—either a handsome slice out of the inheritance, or if that should have been too expensive, a sedative, a cooling draught of some kind or other."

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"Yes, very much."

"Then you will allow me to bring you some from the country?" he said quickly.

"I wonder where he is going," thought Dora, "or where his rich patient lives?"

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being more terribly responsive. It seemed as if the floor shook beneath her feet—as if the room, with her mother and Mrs. Luan, went round and round before her swimming eyes.

"Married!" she said in an injured tone, which showed she did not think Doctor Richard could be guilty of such a crime; "I do not believe it!"

"And I am sure of it," retorted Mrs. Luan, with dark triumph at the sinner's iniquity. "What did he go to Italy for? Why did he not like to say he came from Kerry? Why does he never speak about himself? I am sure he is married, and that he ill-uses his wife."

"And I am sure Doctor Richard would ill-use no one," quietly put in Dora. She had recovered by this, and, though rather pale, was perfectly calm.

"She left them still looking very quiet; but when she had entered her room, when she had closed and locked the door, and was free from intrusion, she flung herself on a chair near her bed, and burying her face in her pillow, she gave way to her humiliation and grief."

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Her hand slackened in his labor, her pencil paused, then was still. Her heart beat, her pulses throbbled. If Doctor Richard was not married, might she not hope that he came to her mother's house for her sake? It was a natural hope and a natural conjecture.

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the Gallery, and not seeing Dora there, he concluded that either she or her mother was unwell. He now called to ascertain the correctness of his suspicion.

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carrying when he has that large house to himself."

"I dare say he pays no rent," said Mrs. Luan, after a pause, "they have put him in to keep it aired."

"They—who? what they?"

"But to answer this question was beyond Mrs. Luan. She replied, impatiently, that she did not know their name; and Mrs. Courtenay had too much to do to spend more time in the argument."

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CHAPTER XVII.

BEAUTIFUL and bright shone the next morning when Dora opened her window and looked out. A warm sunbeam stealing over the roof of her low house lit the opposite church; the vine-leaves reddened in its glow, the air was crisp and sharp, and everything to Dora looked enchanting.

"We must give Doctor Richard and his little girl a good luncheon," said Mrs. Courtenay, who partook of her daughter's exhilaration; "a pair of roast fowls, and a tart. The little thing is sure to like the pastry."

"And so is the father," suggested Mrs. Luan, grimly; "he eats our bread and butter as if he were starving."

"I have taken some liberties with it," gravely replied Dr. Richard; "and therefore I dare not face the juvenile public, which is apt to be cruel at times. For instance, I have called 'Cinderella' 'Rhodops.' You are not aware, perhaps, that Cinderella's prince was one of the Pharaohs, and that she now sleeps as a mummy beneath one of the Pyramids. Now, how would the little men and the little women like that? Not at all, I date say, for you see, Evn persists in calling poor 'Rhodops' 'Cinderella, and her scandal a glass slipper.'"

"Mrs. Courtenay tried to look both knowing and captivated, and was sure that the story of Rhodops, alias Cinderella, was mightily interesting, and she reiterated her wish that Doctor Richard would become an author."

"I assure you, you would be successful," she added, with much simplicity. Doctor Richard seemed amused.

"I might, as you kindly predict, be successful," he replied, "but then I should no longer be Doctor Richard, which is, I confess it, my character. I prefer, if you were to know, my dear madam, how many a fine fellow has been spoiled, to my knowledge, by some such hobby. I like to keep my identity, and feel as sure as human frailty will let me, that I shall remain what I am. Change is so dangerous. History and daily life are both full of perplexing questions bearing on this matter. Take Robespierre, for instance, and put him on horseback, and perhaps the man is a hero. Take Napoleon, and make a disappointed lawyer of him, and he sends all his friends to the scaffold, as he sent boyish conscripts to death, and follows them there, instead of dying like a chained eagle in Saint Helena. May, even a trifle—can change the aspect of a country and the character of a people. There was a time when it was a capital offence to burn coals in London. Fancy London without smoke or soot, and just tell me if the Londoners must not have been then a different people from what they are now."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Courtenay—"London without coals!"

"Dreadful! is it not?"

"And same, Doctor Richard," said Dora, rather earnestly—"do you not care for that?"

(To be continued.)

Mr. Barry Sullivan's contemplated another trip to this country. He has just completed a successful tour through the English provinces.