

do the like," said the priest, relaxing into good humour.

"That's it," said the other playfully; "you now look like yourself; but you had such a cross look that time, you nearly frightened me; now you look like a Christian, but these faces"—and she hung her brows, curled her lips, and pursed her mouth, in imitation of Father O'Donnell—"pooh! it frightens me."

Father O'Donnell leant back and laughed heartily at the caricature.

"Well, well, Miss Madcap, I can never make anything of you. The face certainly was a good one," and Father O'Donnell laughed heartily again.

"Well, then, Father O'Donnell, I have some news for you, so I came over all the way to tell it."

"And pray what is it, Miss?"

"O! I am not going to tell it here, though. Come out in the garden, until we pluck the flowers and hear the birds singing, this beautiful evening. How do you live in this stifled room; it is as close as a bee-hive; I couldn't live five minutes in it."

"Now, Alice, don't go on at such a rate; if you were as tired as I am, after travelling through the parish—really, I don't know how a poor old priest like me can stand it. I first went——"

"That will do now; if you get into a history of your day's adventures, I fear it would be night when they'd be concluded. Now, I have but fifteen minutes to honor you with my precious company, as I have left my car at the village, and ran up to see you and tell you the news."

"Well, then, let us have it, if you please; but I'd much sooner you'd leave me here."

"Not a bit of it; here is your old hat; good gracious! why don't you buy a new one; it is a regular scarecrow; put the good side in front though; now come out."

Father O'Donnell followed, greatly perplexed as to what the important news was that should disturb him from his quiet nap—that should bring her up from the village to tell him.

"Well now," said he, standing in the middle of the walk, and facing Alice, "tell me what you have to say?" Alice looked at him with a rich humor sparkling in her eyes. She then tossed her head to fling back some straying curls that floated about her face.

"I tell you what, Father O'Donnell," said she, "you poor old priests, like old bachelors, don't know how to address a lady. Just think

of it, to tell me I must do a thing; but then, poor creatures, ye don't know better, ye don't know how to enjoy life easily and comfortably at all; not you, who could tell you; not a time but I find your books and glasses and other things in one rich state of confusion, whilst you think them all right, because Mrs. Hogan, who in your imagination is an immaculate house-keeper, placed them so."

"Do you know, Alice," said Father O'Donnell, striving to look as if such light conversation detracted from his dignity, "I often think that Lady Morgan must have met you somewhere, and taken you as her model for her 'Wild Irish Girl.' I need not read the work anymore to learn all the pranks of her heroine while I have such an original before me."

"There are more of your mistakes. Now, I believe I was scarcely born when the 'Wild Irish Girl' was written."

"Well, well! you're right, child; but now, out with your news?"

"I suppose I must; then, in the first place, I and papa will go to the races to-morrow, if you come with us."

"No, no, child; a race is no place for an old priest like me; I am become insensible to the sports of this life; besides——"

"Now, Father O'Donnell, I will not be let go unless you come, and I have set my heart on going, so do not disappoint me," said Alice, eagerly.

The priest looked at her, as a shade of sadness crossed her handsome sprightly face.

"I don't know, I don't know; I don't like to disappoint you, child, yet——"

"Do come, Father O'Donnell!" said she, pleadingly; "besides, Frank O'Donnell, or as you call him, 'your child,' though he's a young man over twenty years of age!"

"What about him?" said the other, eagerly.

"He's to ride the Fawn for the Rock Stakes: won't that induce you?"

"Frank O'Donnell to ride a steeple-chase!" said the priest raising his eyes, and looking the very picture of surprise.

"Now, if you put such a horrid phiz upon you again you'll frighten me away. What is there wrong in it; would you have him become a Trapist, and not have a spark of life in him; as for my part, I should like to see him riding, he will look so grand when well dressed."

"Child, child! you know not what you say; can an O'Donnell descend to become a jockey?"