

A MODERN EVANGELINE.

HOW MARY ANNE TRAMPED IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER.

She was only an awkward, homely Irish girl, called her Evangeline, for in the heart of the country...

Her father was a miserly, miserly old man, who had been considered a needy pauper, had died leaving her £100...

His letter had only spoken vaguely of the West, and she had realized from many a long day's weary journey how wide the term had been...

The peas were all shelled long ago, but Mary Anne and I had been so interested in the telling and the hearing of the story, we had forgotten time...

It was the day after I had heard the story when something happened, something so remarkably well timed, I told myself in quite a flatter that I felt as if I was living a novel...

My darling, my darling! To think I have found you at last, either the weary, weary toiler! But ye did not doubt me, darling, did ye?

The man muttered something, I could not hear what, but I listened for Mary Anne's reply. "It was so long that ye lost hope, Patrick? Yis, yis I thought so, but ye never thought of said Dennis O'Flynn having a hundred gold guineas hid away in a broken tin under the eaves of the house...

"Look here, Mary Anne," he said at last, looking down as he scraped his foot back and forth over the porch step, "I'm sorry for us,—this trouble you've been to and all, though we ought to have known better—but I found living near as hard in America as in the old country, and saving passage money a warlock of a thing, and—and—well, to put it plain to ye, Mary Anne, I met a girl last year, Kitty O'Bryan, and—and—I'm married!"

She did not faint, she only gazed at him as if fascinated by a snake, her face as white as the apron she wore, and her whole figure rigid and deadly still.

"I took no notice of her altered looks, and made no mention of what had occurred, but the next morning, when she was helping me in the dairy, she said: 'I was sitting telling ye of Patrick the other day, mum.' She choked a little and then went on: 'I've seen him, mum.'"

"I know, I know, my poor girl," I said hastily. "I heard it all, and we won't talk of it, for I want you to forget it if you can."

She had not a single word of reproach for the false one, not a plaint for herself, nor did I find her remiss in a duty, but in her idle moments she would sit and hold her head in her hands, as if she found it an exertion to even carry it erect, and with a hopeless look in her eyes, that I found myself often shedding tears over the broken romance of this poor, faithful soul, even if she was only my hired girl.

Once Patrick passed the house with his wife, a pretty, trim little woman, with cheeks like a rosy apple, who carried in her arms a tiny bundle of flannel and long white skirts, but as the man lived a mile or two beyond us I hoped that he had been only casually passing on his way home. If Mary Anne saw the party she made no sign, but that afternoon, over some work I helped her

with, I told her the story of Longfellow's Evangeline, thinking to comfort her. She listened with the tears running unchecked down her face. "When I had finished made her comment quietly, 'Either dead then unthru, mum.'"

All through the autumn and winter Mary Anne grew whiter and her eyes larger and brighter, while a little hacking cough kept her awake at night and worried her all day. But she contended that she was suffering no pain and that in the spring she would be better, and, insisting on doing her work, she kept up until one day I forcibly shut her into a little room where she shone morning and afternoon, with orders that she was to devote her energies wholly to the task of getting well. And so, really unable to do anything else, my poor Evangeline sat at her window all day long watching the birds upon the hill picking up the crumbs her hands had put out for them, but when the hoof beats of a horse or the ringing tread of a man could be heard coming she would limp away from the pane on any little pretense she could seize on.

The white-haired priest, whose gentle old hands guided her foot through the dark valley, and the doctor had come and gone one day just as the spring dawned faintly in the land, and I held Mary Anne's waxen hand in my own, waiting to hear the upward sweep of the wings of the death angel, who was already in the room, when she withdrew her fingers from my grasp and caught at the little speech about her neck. She could not speak, but as she turned her patient eyes on me, I read her wish.

"You want it left in its place?" I whispered, and as she smiled her affirmation my Evangeline went home.—Willa Lloyd Jackson.

Oxford Revisited. These unpublished lines, by a distinguished Catholic author, were written in 1880, to commemorate the visit paid by Cardinal Newman to Oxford on the occasion of his being elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, at which time he preached in St. Gregory's Catholic Church. They were presented to him soon after that memorable visit, and greatly pleased him. The author has sent them for publication to the London Spectator and the Ave Maria.

THE PAST. "Calm days in cloistered shades, whose very air is fragrant with the thoughts of ancient times. Whence from old towers fall continuous chimings, Breaking the silence with a call of prayer—Such days as these, 'mid these walls that wear Their tattered tapestry of purple bloom."

THE PRESENT. Then hushed for years those slumbering schools lay, Which once resounded to a voice that spoke To listening crowds, within whose hearts A sacred flame had kindled.

THE FUTURE. The past is past; the future dim must end, Not in storm; the sunset hour draws near. A gracious wind hath swept the horizon clear. Or only left the airy clouds that lend Glory to God in the highest, One in Three! O blessed Faith! O glorious Trinity! Give to the last thy senders God Thyon send.

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