

nature protested against a divine inspiration and decree. But now every sudden impulse of divine self-surrender, she flung out her arms, like the limbs of a cross, and uttered the mighty words that spoke her doom and the redemption of her brother. The mighty thrones, that swung round and round the altar, stopped in their adoring flight, poised themselves on their wings, stared at each other, stared at the silent Tabernacle, and looked down on the white, tearless face of the victim. But no sound broke the stillness of the sanctuary. Yet the Heart of Christ throbbed quicker beneath the accidents of His great sacrament—throbbed quicker as at the grave of Lazarus, and at the voice of Magdalen, and surely no such tremendous sacrificial vow had ever passed human lips before.

Then a new, strange strength possessed her. She drew on her gloves calmly, and without a tremor calmly picked up her beads and umbrella, calmly genuflected, with just a whisper of silent protest against the dread exorbitance of God, and passed into the night again. She stumbled against some person in the darkness and begged pardon humbly. "Yerra, ye needn't," said an unmistakable Hibernian voice, "ye didn't hurt me much."

"Thanks be to God!" said Barbara; "surely you are an Irishman."

"I ought to be, for me father and mother afore me were," said the voice. "But, begor, I'm beginning to think that I'm a medium gallopin' of all the queer people in the world; and that's a big word."

"Twas God and the Blessed Virgin sent you," said Barbara, realizing that this was the agent of the Most High in the fulfilment of His part.

"Tis many a long day since I hard the word," said the policeman, taking off his helmet. "What may be yer trouble?"

Simply and directly Barbara told her story, there in the darkness outside the Church.

It was so wonderful, so incredible, that his suspicions became aroused. He had very large ambitions in the detective line, and it would never do to be caught so easily.

"Come over to the lamp-light," he said gently, but firmly holding her by the arm. "Now, young 'un, do you see a feather bed in me o'?"

He said, lifting up his eyelids in a comical way.

But something in the gentle face smote him with sorrow, and dropping Barbara's arm hastily, he doffed his helmet, and said humbly: "I beg yer pardon, miss, a thousand times. I didn't know ye were a lady."

"Never mind, said Barbara. "But come, help me. There is no time to lose. God has sent you."

He blew his whistle, and at the shrill summons another constable instantly appeared. He whispered a few words to his comrade, and then, turning to Barbara said:

"Come her from the main thoroughfare down a side street that led to the river, for a cold draught of wind swept up the street, and oiled gratefully the burning forehead of Barbara. Then another turn, and they passed into a police office. The inspector sat mutely at a desk, poring over a file of papers. One gas-jet, shaded by an opal globe, flickered over his head. He looked at the constable and said nothing. The latter told his story as circumstantially as he could, and wound up in a whisper so that Barbara could not hear:

"Begor, 'tis like hunting for a needle in a bundle of straw."

"Broderick, you're a fool," said the inspector to his fellow-constable, for he, too, was of that desperately lawless race, who are the guardians of the law in all the cities of the world. "Go into the kitchen and get the lady some tea, and be quick about it."

tered the fortress of Ahernan and the halls of Argenk. Even such was the dead spectacle that smote on the senses of Barbara and the officer in this abode of the living-dead. A heavy cloud, charged with the dread vapours of opium, hung thick and opaque on the ceiling; and its folds, too heavy for the atmosphere, curled down and curtained the floor. Bloated lamps shone through it, and lighted its thick volumes, and scarcely threw a dim shadow on the floor, where, piled against the walls, and stretched in every hateful and abominable posture on filthy mattresses lay the stupefied victims of the deadly drug. Some lay like dead logs; some had sense enough left to lift their weary eyes and stare, like senseless images, on the intruders. Some were yet in the beginning of the dread trance and were smoking leisurely. It was a mass, a alarming yet senseless mass of degraded humanity, and Barbara clung close to the officer, and the eyes of the devoted girl almost starting in fear and curiosity and the dread hope that here at last her quest was ended.

They had come to the end of the hall and had turned back to examine the d-owners on the other side, when a figure, almost buried under the superincumbent forms of others, turned lazily and helplessly and muttered something. Barbara stopped, clutched the arm of the officer, and pointed. The inspector pulled aside one or two helpless figures; and there, curled up in a state of subject impotence, was Louis Wilson. Barbara was on her knees in a moment beside her brother, foudling him, caressing him, with one dread fear and hope—would he live?

"This is he," she said. "Now for the last mercy. How shall we get him hence?"

They raised the senseless form between them, and, by a mighty struggle drew it down the floor and to the curtain. Here a figure stopped them.

"Hullo, I say, what's this?"

But the officer flung the fellow aside; then followed him, and, after a few words, the fellow came over and relieved Barbara of her burden. They huddled the senseless figure into the cab, and sped homeward.

In the grey dawn of the morning, two anxious figures stood by Louis Wilson's bed, watching, watching, for a sign of returning consciousness. The doctor had administered some powerful restorative, which, if it took effect, would bring back the vacant mind once more to partial self-knowledge. But the heart was hopelessly diseased, and there was no chance of recovery. Barbara was quite easy in her mind. She knew that the Eternal should keep His contract. Not so Father Sheldon. He knew nothing of the tremendous interchange that had taken place that night between the young girl and her God. He only saw with human eyes, and judged by human reason. But he was a priest, and this was a soul in peril. And so he knelt and prayed, sat and walked, always watching, watching, for the one faint ray of light that would herald the return of reason in that helpless form. He had done all that the Church allowed to be done under such awful circumstances; but, partly for the sake of that immortal soul, partly for the consolation it would impart to this devoted girl, he prayed and watched that, at least, one act of sorrow or charity might be breathed by the conscious intelligence before it was summoned to final judgment. The dawn grew to day; sounds of renewed traffic, suspended only for a couple of hours, began to echo in the streets again; now and again a street-call was heard, as boys rushed here and there with morning merchandise; a company of soldiers swept by to catch a morning train. Barbara had left the room for a moment, when the patient woke—woke, feebly and faintly, and stared at the window and at the face bending over him.

"Barbara!" he moaned in pain.

"Barbara is here," said Father Sheldon, "and will be delighted to see you so revived."

"Why are you here?" Louis asked.

"Because you are in danger, and I am a priest."

"Oh! I remember. I had a dream. I thought I was away in Switzerland or somewhere; and there was a stage, and illuminations, and a tragedy. And we came home, and you were so kind."

"Tell me, Dr. Wilson," said Father Sheldon, "have you any objection to make your peace with God and to receive the Sacraments of the Church?"

"Not the slightest. But Barbara must be here. I should like to make my confession to Barbara. I could tell her everything."

"That wasn't to be, however. He did the next best thing. He confessed and was absolved. And when Barbara returned, and saw the candles lighting, and the people strolling around the priest's neck, and the light of reason dawning in eyes that had, heretofore, stared into abysses of ghastly phantoms, she flung herself on her knees in mute thanksgiving to God for the mighty grace. And then her woman's heart sank sadly as she thought: Yes, clearly He demands the sacrifice, as He has clearly wrought His miracle of love. Yes, Lord, be it so! Who am I to contravene the purpose of the Most High?"

And so the Rev. Luke Delmege was grievously disappointed on arriving, with all his heavy luggage of books, etc., at Easton Station, and quite punctually, to meet the 8.30 down mail, when he found himself alone. He paced the platform impatiently and looked eagerly at every one that alighted from cab or hansom. The last bell rang. He had to take his place alone. For, alas! one of his expected fellow-travellers was sleeping peacefully in Highgate Cemetery, and the other he was to meet after many years.

"There is no use," said Luke, "in trying to teach our countrymen anything. Even the best fall hopelessly to appreciate the necessity of punctuality."

TO BE CONTINUED.

There is energy of moral enation in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

THE RED-HEADED AFFINITY.

"There's that awful red-headed boy in a fight!" The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and, with the assistance of another teacher, managed to pull them apart.

"Young man," she addressed the owner of the red hair, "this is not the first fight you've had on these grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last." She marched the panting boys to the principal's office.

In the meantime a red head had appeared at an upstairs window. One glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation and the head disappeared.

"Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar and fling him down!" The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter the principal's ear and penetrate to his rather kind heart, arousing it to execute a righteous judgment on the red-headed culprit.

"Be seated, boys. What grade are you in?" The red-headed boy looked up. "Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine." The sharp voice had emphasized "still."

"Did you attack this boy first?"

"With my hands, yes, sir."

"Why do you say with your hands?"

"Because he attacked me first, with his tongue."

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned and flushed. "There was a tap on the door. 'Come in!' called the principal, and a tall young woman with red hair and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically into the eyes of both boys, causing them both to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed because he remembered the fight he had had the previous year, and how this red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all the way home with him; how she had told him that God had made both their heads red, how He had numbered each of those red hairs; and how that God had permitted it to be that color, and that it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

"Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now," to the black, drooping head, "how did you attack him first with your tongue?"

Both boys' faces grew redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

"He don't want to tell you because Miss McClain is here. Please, Miss McClain, go out. Then you can come back when he holler 'come.'"

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously. Miss McClain laughed merrily.

"Excuse me, professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, it's something about red heads. You see, Pat is so sensitive on the subject that he can't realize this. I'm not at all so. I don't mind, Ernest; just speak the truth. But the boy only looked more ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal. "He called him a red-headed, freckled-faced Irishman, I expect. Was that it, Pat?"

"Ask him," Pat Dillon nodded his red head towards Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of indignation, to his teacher's intellectual face; and the look in her eyes brought him to his feet.

"Professor," he stammered, "I—that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said that his mother nearly whipped him last night because she saw a light through the transom and thought he was still reading after he had told him to put out his light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from his head. I—I didn't know how low down it was until—until Miss McClain came in."

Miss McClain's eyes rewarded him. She was proud of her pupil.

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

"It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell 'God made it red,' before I fought about it, and I forgot to-day; but it is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised her!" And they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

"Now shake hands with each other! That's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can promote you to Miss McClain's room. I think there you would soon learn to appreciate red hair."

"Ernest, your teacher is justly proud of you. You may both go."

"Oh, I do hope you can promote him professor! I ever since I first noticed him in school we've had a queer sort of understanding. A sort of red-headed affinity, I suppose. I'm sure we could make the most of each other."

"I sincerely hope he will be promoted," snapped his teacher.

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and from the day he entered Miss McClain's room, and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He was from the beginning her messenger, because when she looked up to select some one a pair of eager blue eyes begged to be of service.

The principal watched with interest the developing of the red-headed boy by the tactful, intelligent, red-headed teacher.

"Miss McClain has the best-behaved grade in school. I've taught it twice," declared one senior to another whom she met in the hall on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

"I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys and girls of from ten to thirteen; they are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches come on suddenly."

"Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-headed boy; he's treasurer."

The nervous senior found the report

MEMORIES OF GALWAY.

Well worth seeing and worth remembering, dear old Galway; Galway of the stalwart gray houses that have stood for centuries the storms and buffets and driving rains of the Atlantic; Galway of the narrow, winding, quiet streets; Galway of the beautiful bay, where of an evening the sinking sun touches with its dying splendor the quaint-colored sails of the fishing boats rocking at anchor.

Pleasant Galway it is, where the people are erect, and sturdy, and kindly, and the children—real, rosy, country children—smile at you out of deep blue eyes as you pass; where you are awakened in the early mornings by the complaining, musical cry of the shawled and barefooted fishwives. "Fresh herrings! Fresh herrings! they chant, as they trudge, basket on hip along the cobble-street. Oh, a quaint, old-world town is Galway; and a good old-world people are they that live there.

It chanced late last summer that a wanderer, weary of the noise and stress of modern city life, strayed into the old town, and instantly felt the rest and quiet comfort of the atmosphere, and, going forth to stroll among the streets, found a throng wending their way on some great purpose bent, and so, following, came to an old arched gateway, in a strange little nook, under which these people disappeared. The curious one, going in, was received with prompt and courteous hospitality by the members of the Gaelic League, and was made a free and delighted spectator of the proceedings.

It was the "Fais Connacht," the great annual gathering of the local country people who were assembled to hear the old tongue spoken, the old songs sung, and the old stories told, not, as so familiarly known to them, around the cabin fires on the breezy hillsides, but in the great "town," in a hall, where judges would listen to their edicts and award prizes and honors to those they like best.

So it was in the old, long, low-ceiled, white-washed hall they met, and they thronged from far and near, young and old, the ancient village favorite, white-headed and frieze-clad, who was received with shouts of applause, the worthy matron, conscious of her dignity, the young, earnest farmer lad, a great shawl drawn about her, Ireland's freedom in his deep and earnest eyes, and the troops of sunny-faced children, fresh and sweet material these, for the work of keeping the old tongue alive. The old people knew it, they would pass, but it was these tiny ones whose little lips were listened to with greatest attention by the judges, for within their curled palms lies the future of the Irish language.

They sang, these children with their clear, fresh voices, in the soft accents of the old tongue, the ancient songs of their race, and while they sang, one read in their bright eyes and fair, Greuze-like faces, the hopes of the land for the future. Oh, the sweet songs, "Kathleen ni Houlihan," solemn and mysterious, "Bristin Fionn," with its mellow strain, and the slow, stately strains of the "Coolin."

Even the wild, gypsy-like children of the famous Claddagh were there sturdily chanting and (yet more to their taste), answering back in the "conversation contest," with a free, brisk promptness, the questions put by the judges. It was a Claddagh lassie, with a great shawl drawn about her, like unto her elders, who seated herself with much composure, and began a long story in Gaelic, which convulsed her hearers with merriment that found its origin in the twinkle of her shrewd gray eye.

How independent they were, these Connacht people! No sign of shyness or nervous timidity. They stepped up and recited, sang, danced, whatever it might be, with earnestness and industry.

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How fine was that old orator, who had his tale to tell, and his say to say (concerning the legitimate freedom of Ireland) and who would say it, ignoring the tinkle of the judge's bell (intimating that his time limit had expired), and indeed, upbraiding those with upraised hands and nodding head, as he perforce abandoned the rostrum and descended to his place among his fellows.

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