

lit at every turning with some new symbol of ardent Irish affection. Fresh relays of hands gripped the carriage shafts at each stoppage, and when a stretch of steep hill had to be climbed, stalwart fellows vied with each other in drafting the heavier load. They tried to march in time, but found it impossible. Then they broke into snatches of song, "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen," "The Minstrel Boy," and "There came to the Beach a poor Exile of Erin," with delightful obliquity to relevance and absolute indifference to incongruity. Feeling was let loose like a flood, and refusing to run between defined banks overflowed where it would and as it listed.

At length the enlarged building came into sight. The fresh masonry could be picked out in the light of an enormous bonfire in the grounds. They dipped again into the valley and a sobering effect fell on the people as they passed a little cemetery on the roadside. A white marble cross reared itself clear above the low holly hedge. It gleamed in the light of the boys' torches and the inscription to Shawn's memory could be seen.

The new heir took off his hat, and in a moment every head was bared. Thus in the glad home-coming and the new order of things the man who could take no part in the rejoicings was reverently called to mind; and if for a moment the young lord's brow was clouded, and tears stood in Molly's eyes, these feelings did them honour and proved anew their fitness for the great trust they were elected to fulfil.