

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY H. M. GROSSER

CHAPTER XLII—CONTINUED

I ENCOUNTER THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER, AND ENDEAVOR TO SLAY HIM

As pools of Holy Writ.—Othello.

"There goes the whole shape! There is no occasion to say, 'press the jelly,' in his case," cried Rody, angrily. "Press the jelly? What do you mean? You are pleased to speak in riddles and utter dark sayings this afternoon, my good young friend," said Maurice, seriously.

"Don't you remember the story of the clerical dinner at home, where Honor, after anxiously handing that dainty round to all the guests, came and whispered to my father in a loud and audible aside: 'Press the jelly, it won't keep?'"

"It is evident that you were not at table," replied Maurice; "you would have relieved her mind from any unconsciousness on that score."

"No, I was not; nor Nora either"—dragging me into the conversation by main force—"she had an appetite if you like. Hadn't you, Migg? What a girl you were in those days, to be sure. No one would think it to look at you now. What pranks were played, he continued, evidently bent on an immediate review of our early career.

"I did not care to have the daylight let in on my youthful misdeeds; and, turning away my head, feigned temporary deafness. Raising his voice, Rody proceeded, in a tone of complacent retrospection:

"Do you remember the evening we climbed on the roof of the back lodge, and let a packet of squibs down the chimney, and how anxiously we watched the result through the window? Lord, what an explosion there was! How it blew old Dan Connor and Sweeps into the middle of the floor: what devastation it created among the dancers, ha, ha, ha! and they all swore that it was either the devil or us."

"Rody, Rody, for goodness' sake, be quiet," I implored, in an agonized undertone, seeing the amused and startled looks of our friends, who had been eagerly listening to Rody's reminiscences. But he was evidently in a teasing humor, and glancing with a significant look and a quarter of a wink at Maurice, on whom the ham he had so skillfully eluded had now devolved, remarked, with an air of confidential confidence:

"Oh, I can tell worse stories about you than that, Miss Nora. Do you see the little foxy-faced woman opposite?"—indicating Mrs. Gower, who was positively glowing over us—"She rode a good bit of the way here with me, and made some nice disclosures about you, meaning to be very complimentary all the time."

"Oh, of course. But you should not listen to such confidence, about your friends," I interrupted hastily. "Why not, pray? I heard some capital things about you."

"You should never believe anything that you hear, and only the half of what you see," I remarked, with great emphasis.

"Oh! Then I am not to believe that you are the bell of Mulkapore, nor that you have so many admirers you don't know what to do?"

"Certainly not!"

"Nor that you are a most accomplished flirt, and think nothing of being engaged to two or three infatuated individuals at one and the same time?"

"Rody!"

"Well, to judge by your face one would think it was a true bill. Just look at her, Beresford?"

"If ever I was scarlet, I was scarlet now."

"You were on the spot," continued my tormentor, appealing to Maurice, who was sitting well back, and holding aloof from the discussion, with his plate on his knees, evidently making up for the time he had lost as carver to forty guests; "you saw for yourself; you can corroborate these tales, no doubt."

"I never believe anything I hear, only what I see," replied Maurice, raising his eyes to mine significantly.

"Oh! she has been talking you over into keeping her secrets, that's very plain. But I wish you would tell me who was the gunner fellow that loved her so dreadfully. The little foxy-faced lady told me—"

"Look out, my good fellow; there goes all your claret! I say, mind what you are doing!" as Maurice, with a dexterous movement, tilted the whole of his claret and water over Rody's neat breeches. This providential accident created a diversion, and for some moments he busied himself in mopping up the liquid with a napkin, and then he once more returned to the charge. He certainly seemed to be under some malignant influence to-day.

"How you two did hate each other long ago!" he continued, reflectively breaking up a crust of bread; "but of course you saw a great deal of each other at Mulkapore, and are capital friends now, eh?" leaning on his elbow, and nodding speculatively at Maurice and me. An unintelligible murmur from Maurice, and a ghastly smile on my part, satisfied him of our assent.

addition to the family circle nor a social success. She had endeavored to cast off Kilool and soar among the county people, and had fallen, in consequence, between two stools. She and her old allies, the Currys, were now bitter enemies. Altogether, she had made the parish too hot to hold her, and Mr. French had commuted and compounded and retired to live in peace (?) in the outskirts of Dublin.

While Rody was pouring out his grievances I had time to compose myself, and felt tolerably calm and cool by the time he had embarked in an animated discussion with his right hand neighbor, a lively young lady with wicked black eyes and pretty dimples. Soon she absorbed his whole attention, and he actually turned his back on Maurice, and he and I were left to our fate. I caught uncle's eyes at this juncture looking solemnly, Mrs. Van's face beaming with intelligence, and Mrs. Gower's actually sparkling with cold-blooded mischief.

I felt that it behooved me to make some struggle to keep up appearances, and I boldly launched forth into conversation on the subject of the weather and the prospect of an early monsoon. But I had hardly touched on this topic ere a scene at the opposite corner engrossed our whole attention. A lady, who had been silently watching her own particular and cherished cavalier paying the most heartrending attention to a pretty new arrival, now no longer able to restrain her feelings, burst into tears; not soft, becoming dewdrops, but loud, angry, passionate sobs (a slight hysterical attack, her relations assured us afterward), with a scathing and most criminating glance toward the ill-behaved couple; she was conveyed from the table, or, rather, the table cloth, by her nearest lady friend and consigned to the seclusion of a distant bullock-bandy, from which, nevertheless, her moans and exclamations could be distinctly heard. My feelings, already wound up to the highest tension, found vent in an explosion of agonizing, smothered laughter, audible, of course, to Maurice, who regarded me with an air of cool, grave disapproval.

Our hostess—a woman with her wits about her—at this awkward crisis, now made a move as if to intimate that the unfortunate victim in the bullock-bandy had merely forestalled her wish, and soon every lady and gentleman was scattering away—some went down to the falls, some down to the shaloh, some climbed the rocks—in two minutes the assembly had dispersed. I looked appealingly at Rody; the fickle, selfish wretch had no eyes or ears for any one but his black-eyed beauty. As I stood twisting my riding-whip and hesitating what to do, Maurice observed:

"I suppose we may as well follow them," indicating Rody and his companion. And follow them we did—down through the soft, earthy soil of a coffee plantation, much to the detriment of my best habit; down, down to the very foot of the falls. Before leaving the scene of our late making profuse apologies at the door of the bullock-bandy consecrated to his lady-love. He finally took a seat inside the vehicle, in order to appease her outraged feelings; let us hope he succeeded.

Having scrambled down through the coffee in the wake of a dozen other couples, Maurice and I found ourselves on the brink of a wide, shallow basin, just below Grey's Falls. The margin, shocking to relate, was strewn with socks and shoes, and the owners thereof were in the act of wading across the river, each carrying a lovely burden—the lady of his choice! For on the other side of the water the view of the day was to be obtained. Husbands carried wives and wives' friends; but various young ladies, who were neither wives nor wives' friends, were gallantly borne across by their respective admirers.

Rody's companion, a very plump and comfortable little person, was in the act of embarking in her arm when we arrived, long, Beresford. There's a splendid view from this other hill. Every one is going across. Bring over Nora, she's no weight," he added encouragingly, giving his fair burden a final hoist and setting forth on his travels.

"Do you wish to cross? Shall I carry you over?" said Maurice, with anything but an air of warmth in his solicitation.

"Oh, no—no! Not on any account," I replied, hurriedly, much to his undoubted relief. We both turned attention simultaneously to Rody, and watched his proceedings with the deepest interest. When nearly half way across he and his young lady were seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter. He laughed so immoderately that his progress was to be reckoned by inches and when almost in mid stream his sense of the ludicrous became so strong and overwhelming that he lost the use of his arms and legs altogether, and with a shout, a stagger, and a splash, he collapsed with his unfortunate partner into two feet of nice cool water.

"That fellow is as mad as a hatter!" exclaimed Maurice, wrathfully, as he witnessed the scene with the deepest gravity. Formy part when I saw Rody and his victim struggling and splashing about like two water-dogs, I immediately subsided on the nearest stone, and giving myself up to the pleasures of the moment, wept and screamed with laughter.

"I am glad to see that your spirits are as high as ever," observed Maurice, stiffly, eyeing me cursorily.

"Who could help laughing at such a sight as that?" I cried, indicating the two dripping figures, who were now effecting a landing amid the shrieks of a surrounding circle.

"Perhaps you would like me to beckon Rody back? Now that he is wet, a trip more or less is of no consequence. He seems in a gamesome humor, and no doubt is capable of repeating the same amusing catastrophe."

To this remark I vouchsafed no reply, but sat in majestic silence on a large piece of rock, beating my habit with my riding whip, and wondering to myself what I had better do next.

Maurice meanwhile looked up and down, and across and round, evidently in search of another party to whom he could politely consign me; but alas! there was not a single chaperon in sight—we were alone. Resigning himself to his fate, he turned toward me and said, in his most company voice,

"You had better come out of the sun, and get under the shade of those trees."

To this move I acquiesced in silence and followed my cousin toward a cool retreat under some shady rhododendrons by the river's edge, and some distance below the ford. Here I selected a large, flat, mossy stone, that made a kind of rude arm chair, and Maurice leaning against a neighboring bowlder, proceeded to light a cigarette. I glanced at him stealthily as he stood bare-headed, sheltering the wind from his face with his broad leaved hat. It was nearly a year since I had seen him face to face, and although he was almost unchanged in appearance, save that he looked a shade older and graver, I felt in a vague, indescribable way that here was a very different Maurice to the one I had known at Mulkapore.

Suddenly he looked up and met my inquisitive eyes point-blank. Raising my gaze with a cool, steady stare, and tossing away the match, he said, as he resumed his hat:

"So it's all broken off, I hear! You gave him his *conge* like every one else; it was only a matter of time."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, evasively.

"Your late engagement to Major Percival, of course."

"Yes, it is quite at an end," I returned, stooping to pick up a pebble.

"Was he not rich enough, after all? Was there some flaw in his position?"

"It was nothing of that kind, I assure you. We—did not suit."

"Not suit!" echoed my companion, sarcastically. "At one time he was everything that was desirable. There is no occasion to conceal your little foibles from me. I know you, my irresistible cousin. Why not tell the truth at once—you jilted him."

"I did not," I exclaimed hastily.

"Then am I to understand that he jilted you?" with an incredulous sneer.

"There's no occasion for you to understand anything about it," I answered, my temper rising—submission has its limits.

"True, I stand admonished. May I venture to inquire if you are engaged to any one at present?"

"No."

"What, neither publicly nor privately?" he said, emphasizing the last word.

"One would think I was in the witness-box. You have quite a talent for cross examination," I answered, ignoring his question. "Suppose we talk of something else. How is Tuppence? Did you bring him up?"

"Tuppence? Oh, he's all right; he is at the club, in the enjoyment of his usual good health, as much addicted to bone-planting as ever."

"And how is Desertborn, and the two polo ponies, Pinafore and Picnic?"

"They all go to the fore."

"Yes—it is true," he slowly replied, with an odd smile on his face, and without lifting his eyes from the ground; "rumor for once is right."

"She is a very pretty girl," I remarked, rather lamely, after cudgeling my brains mercilessly in the vain endeavor to bring forth some neat complimentary speech.

"She is," he responded, composedly, regarding me at the same time with a look of curious amusement.

"I hope you will be very happy," I went on, twisting my new riding-whip into all manner of shapes.

"Thank you," he returned, with a strange quiver of the lips.

Evidently, Maurice was not inclined to discuss very fluently on the subject of his bliss. I made one more effort.

"And when is it to be?" I asked, timidly.

"Captain Beresford, Captain Beresford!" cried me at the table, coming down through the coffee.

"Where are you? Oh!" exclaimed Miss Ross breathlessly, holding her hand to her panting heart, as she caught sight of us. "I have had such a hunt for you; papa is in a terrible state of mind—one of his worst attacks of the fidgets; he says it is going to pour, and we are to be off at once; so come along, we have not an instant to lose. You will have to drag me up this horrible hill," she went on, still gasping. "I am very sorry to take you away from Miss Neville, but it can be helped unless you come with us," she said, turning to me, as if struck by a happy after-thought; "won't you come too?"

I need hardly remark that I emphatically declined this invitation—declined it with an energy that I afterward reflected was hardly *polite*; but Miss Ross was in too great haste to notice any little social slackness on my part, and seizing Maurice by the arm, and with a brief farewell to me, she set off without loss of time.

I infinitely preferred awaiting the return of the water-party to enacting the *role* of gooseberry."

I sat moodily on a rock, like Patience smiling at Grief, while Miss Ross triumphantly carried off my late companion. I sat for a good while in one position, watching the pair till they had completely disappeared through the thick coffee-bushes. What a happy, lucky girl Miss Ross was! My heart burned with jealousy against her. *I hated her!* I distinctly hated her for fully ten minutes. Then my better sense came to play, and my better self too.

"Why, I hate myself," I should I once and dislike her? I had treated Maurice very, very badly, and he held me now in deserved contempt. He was free to choose for himself, and had chosen Miss Ross. No doubt she was as amiable as she was pretty, and would make him a far better wife than I would have done."

My reflections were disturbed by the return of the eight seers, and a moist hand laid on mine made me jump. It was Rody, seemingly not in the least dampened by his wetting.

"You are a nice figure, I must say!" I observed, contemptuously. "You will catch your death of cold; you are wet through and through. How could you be so ridiculous?"

"There will not be a pin to choose between us in ten minutes' time," was his cheerful rejoinder. "Look at the rain coming up from the plains. You will soon get a soaking! Come, the sooner we make a start the better."

The dark clouds, rising mists, and low rumble of thunder verified his warning, and we all lost no time in scrambling back up the hill, and making rapid preparations for the future.

"I had poured! first in a mild drizzle, then in an ordinary, common place way, and then in sheets of rain, accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning. Uncle and I were almost the first to start. Rody had secured shelter in a bullock-bandy with his black-eyed belle, I having refused a very pressing invitation to occupy a fourth seat in the same luxurious conveyance. Uncle and I set off at a brisk canter, and before we had gone three miles we overtook the Rosses and Maurice. Miss Ross was enveloped in Maurice's macintosh, and he was riding in close attendance at her side, while the general was pounding along alone, about fifty paces in front. The future Mrs. Beresford was a very timid rider, as a remarkable limpness in the saddle and convulsive clutching at her horse's head betokened to my practiced eye; and if her countenance was any guide, she was most distrustful of her position, and unhappy in her mind. My horse Cavalier, a fidgeting beast at the best of times, was almost pulling my arms out, and we were barely past them when a loud clap of thunder and the simultaneous crash of a tree drove him perfectly mad.

With a plunge that almost unseated me, he threw up his head, and, nearly tearing the reins out of my wet, stiff hands—bolted. Uncle, fortunately, had sufficient sense not to follow me; and, after a furious gallop of about him, the up hill road began to tell on my fiery animal, and at length I was able to pull him up, first to a canter and then to a walk.

I listened intently to hear if uncle was coming, but the rumble of the thunder, the roar of the trees, and the rushing of the rain were the only audible sounds. "As it was getting late and dark, there was no use in waiting," I said to myself, and cantered briskly on. Turning into the Lake road at a trot, the sound of a horse's hoofs on the soaking marshy grass beside me made me look round.

"I'm all right, Uncle Jim, you see," I cried, cheerfully; "the reins were so slippery I could not hold him. He has nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets though."

"I'm not your Uncle Jim," said a well-known voice that made my heart jump, "he is coming on behind; but I cantered up pretty smartly, as I was afraid you might have come to grief, meeting country carts and pack bullocks. Thank God it was not Shandy-day, or you must have been killed."

The light of a lamp fell on Maurice as he spoke—he was dripping, of course, and his horse was in a lather, and equally of course; but the livid pallor of his face was not so readily accounted for. Had I not known to the contrary, beyond all doubt or question, I might have supposed, from his anxious, almost distracted, appearance, that Maurice cared for me still.

TO BE CONTINUED

AN OLD WOMAN'S GRATITUDE

A TRUE STORY OF A HOSPITAL WARD

By S. M. Lyne

"Twas ten o'clock one wintry night In dreary dark December: When at my window came a tap Remember, love, remember."

So sang my friend in a clear, sweet voice, as we sat round the fire in the drawing-room of my little suburban villa, some two or three years ago, and listened to the howling of the storm outside.

It was a terribly cold winter, and this particular evening was about the worst I had ever known, for the snow, which had been falling in thick flakes all day long, lay a foot deep in the streets.

Large hailstones beat against the panes of the windows as though they would break them in, while the storm, as it swept round the eaves and gables of the roof, literally shook the house in its fury, shrieking and wailing like a host of departed spirits.

Inside, all was bright and cheerful enough. The lamps were lighted, the heavy crimson curtains tightly drawn, and the pine-wood fire, blazing up the chimney, cast a pleasant glow on the fair face and golden hair of my visitor, who laughed merrily at the shudders with which I drew nearer to the warmth, and sang the words of that old song in order to cheer me, so she said, out of a fit of the "blues."

She was a lady nurse—a fair, sweet woman of some forty years of age, though looking considerably younger, whose whole life had been spent in doing good to others, and who had come to spend her Christmas with me, and take a short rest before beginning work again.

Nothing seemed to make her melancholy; the hard life of a hospital nurse had but toned down the exuberant spirit she possessed in her youth into a kind of cheerful gaiety, which though she could look serious enough when occasion demanded it, seemed ready to burst forth at the slightest provocation.

"I cannot think how you can be so merry," I said, half inclined to be cross; "just listen to that storm."

"Listen to it!" she cried, laughing; "I can hear it without listening. Isn't it splendid?"

"It's enough to blow the roof off the house," I replied moodily.

"Not it," she answered cheerfully; "we ought to thank God that we are in this comfortable room instead of being out at sea, or in some other dreadful position. God is so good to us."

"God help the poor!" I murmured. "Only think what they must be suffering!"

In an instant the bright face became clouded, and a look of infinite pity stole into her eyes.

"Ah, yes, God help the poor!" she replied. "And may He open the hearts of the rich and charitable to do something for them this holy Christmastide."

"I cannot think," I repeated, "how you can be so cheerful, living as you do amongst so much misery and wretchedness. The sight of human suffering always makes me miserable, knowing as I do how feeble and futile are our best efforts to alleviate their condition."

"Feeble, but not futile," she responded; "at least so far as hospital work is concerned; and when one thinks what a great privilege it is to serve our dear Lord in His suffering creatures, how can one help being gay? Next to being a religious, it is the grandest vocation on earth!"

"I dare say you are right," I replied. "You generally are; but I could never be a hospital nurse."

"No, dear, I don't think you could. It is not your vocation," she answered with a smile, as she glanced round my luxurious little drawing-room; "but possibly you may do far greater good than I, though you do employ others to dispense the greater part of your charities. After all, it is the intention that God looks at, and rewards, and as long as we work for Him, and to please Him, it matters little what that work may be."

"Still, one likes to see some little result for one's labor even on earth," I cried, "and I can assure you, Estelle, my work amongst the slums of the city makes me heart-sick at times, and ready to throw it all up. It is not that I undervalue the great charitable institutions of the metro-

polis, nor the immense good our hard-working clergy and active Orders are doing, but it all seems of such little avail. Nothing appears to stem the tide of sin and misery and drunkenness that overwhelms the land."

"Nothing but prayer and faith," said my friend, softly.

"And where will you find that?" I questioned; "hardly amongst the poor. Even our Irish Catholics here appear to have forgotten the very words of the catechism they learned at home in Ireland; and for one who goes to the sacraments, how many stay away?"

"You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled," she replied. "They are led away by the bad example of those with whom they mix, and it requires a strong faith indeed to stand against the taunts and sneers of atheists and heretics. But it was not of the poorer folk I was thinking when I spoke just now of the necessity of fervent prayer; it was of ourselves. It is the holiness of our own lives, the earnest and steadfast faith of those who know the truth, and working for God, live and pray as He would have them do, that alone will win souls to Him, and bring back our unhappy country to her allegiance to the Church."

"God will not work miracles," I replied moodily.

"Oh, yes, He will," she cried, "sooner than a soul that trusts in Him should be neglected or lost. I have seen many an instance of this during my hospital life, and I know what prayer can do. You are morbid to night, my dear Marion—suppose I tell you some of my hospital experiences? They are not at all doleful, and will help to cheer you up."

I jumped at the idea, "Oh, do by all means," I exclaimed. I should love to hear them. But first let us stir the fire and throw on some more logs. Then we will try and forget those warring elements outside."

"You may forget," but I never shall," she said, as a beautiful smile irradiated her face, and her eyes shone with rapturous light. "Nor would I wish to forget; they speak to me of the infinite goodness of God, and of His loving kindness to those who confide in Him. But to my story."

One very cold day in December, 1883, a poor old Irish woman was admitted to M. Ward in one of the larger city hospitals, to which at that time I was attached. She was suffering from bronchitis and complications, but, though very ill, was not sufficiently so to receive the last Sacraments, for which she was asked most earnestly. However, as both priest and doctor were in the ward when she came in, the doctor very kindly examined her again, and then assured the priest that there was not the slightest danger.

"Under those circumstances I cannot possibly administer the last sacraments," said the priest.

"No," replied the doctor decidedly. "I cannot say what turn the disease may take in the course of a few days, but at present there is no danger."

"So the good priest sat down by the bedside, heard the old woman's confession, and tried to comfort her as best he could with the hope that she might soon get over this attack. But the old woman shook her head.

"Ah, yer Riverence, but you'll never leave me without the Holy Sacraments," she cried imploringly. "It is this blessed night I'm going to die, and sure I cannot die without the rites of the Church!"

"I cannot, dare not give them to you, my child," he replied compassionately. The doctor declares you are in no danger of death, and I must not go against his opinion."

"But what would a Protestant like him know about it at all, at all?" she exclaimed indignantly. "I know it's dying I am. For the love of heaven, yer Riverence, give me the rites of the Church."

"Not now," he replied, as gently as he could, "but I'll come and see you the first thing in the morning, and then—"

"I shall not be alive in the morning," she sobbed piteously. "You'll never be so cruel as to leave me without the anointing and the prayers that will help me on my way. Ah! wira, wira, yer Riverence, but it's breaking my heart you are."

"I was present at this scene, for the agitation and the talking brought on fits of coughing, during which I was obliged to hold her up, and it made my heart ache to hear how, amidst the paroxysms, she prayed and pleaded for what was far more than life to her, the means to help her on her journey to the eternal shores.

"The priest stayed with her as long as he could, and then left, promising to come directly if he were sent for. I myself stayed a long time by her bedside, trying every means I knew to induce her to lie quiet, but she was restless beyond measure.

"It's no use, acausha," she said. "I'm dying I am this blessed night and they will not believe me. It's the Holy Mother of God herself must help me now, for I've none on earth to do it."

"And out went the trembling hands for the beads that she carried with her, and though no sound came from her lips but sighs and moans, I knew what she was so fervently repeating—'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.'"

"How that poor soul prayed! clutching her rosary, raising the Crucifix to her lips, and kissing it passionately. I felt so sorry for her, but thinking at the same time that the doctor must be correct in his diagnosis of the case, I was unable to do more than try to comfort her by assuring her that the priest would be sure to come early in the morning.

"Ah! Marion, if you would know what faith really is you must see a good Irish man or woman die. Even those who have led indifferent lives, who have, perhaps, been out of

the Church for years, if God gives them consciousness at their death they will return to the faith which they have breathed in with their native air, and which is as immortal as their souls."

"But I am wandering from my point, and moralizing, as I always do when speaking of the Irish. Well, as I was sitting by the poor old woman's bedside, wondering what I could say to get her to wait patiently till the dawn, my eyes lighted on a young Protestant clergyman who, during the absence of the ordinary chaplain, was taking duty for him. He was an extremely nice man, and always very kind to Catholic patients reading to them out of their own books, saying their own prayers for them if they liked, and helping them to the best of his power. That night he chanced to come through H. Ward, so I went and told him what had happened, and asked him to go and speak to the old woman while I went about some other work. He did so, and strange to say, managed to calm her considerably, and as he left the ward, told me (I was on night duty) to call down the tube for him if she should get worse in the night."

"I sat by that poor soul's bed every moment that I could spare, for after a while she became as restless as before, declaring she knew she was dying, and sobbing out her supplications to God and to His Holy Mother that the priest might be sent for, and that she might receive the last sacraments."

"I did not dare to send for the priest in face of what the doctor had said; besides, no one would have gone for him, as not only was it getting very late, but of all the awful nights I ever knew I think that it was the worst. The streets were deep in drifted snow, slush and mud. Not a cab was about; indeed, all traffic seemed to have been stopped. The hail pelled against the hospital windows just as it is pelting against these at the present moment, shaking the sashes in its force as the hurricane howled round the chimney tops."

"At about 2 o'clock in the morning I noticed a great change come over my old patient's appearance. She got very bad indeed, and thinking she really was in danger, I sent for the house physician. He came, and told me she had not many hours to live. I then called down the tube for Mr. Warner, the young Protestant clergyman, as if you remember, he had requested me to do so."

"He answered at once, saying he would come as soon as he could. Going back to the old woman, I told her what I had done, but she only gasped out, 'The priest! the priest! Mother of God, let me have the last sacraments—send! send!'"

"Knowing that was impossible, I tried to soothe her with some excuses, and sat by her side anxiously looking for Mr. Warner, as I did not like being left alone, and feeling sure he would be able to calm her as he had done before."

"Half an hour passed away, and no Mr. Warner made his appearance. Fearing that something had happened I called for him again, and this time was answered by his wife, who assured me that he would be in the ward almost directly. With my hands clasped, and my eyes riveted on the floor, I sat for some minutes more listening to the dying woman's breathing, and the howling of the storm outside. The minutes seemed ages; and though I knew that Mr. Warner could do little beside reading the Catholic prayers for the dying, I felt that his presence would be a comfort to me—and I trusted, to my patient also."

"Suddenly the door opened, and in came two tall figures covered from head to foot with snow, and looking more like angels than men. And they were angels indeed—Mr. Warner and the priest. The good Protestant clergyman had fetched the Catholic priest on that awful night, braving the storm and the wind and the almost impassable streets for the comfort of this poor woman's soul, that she might be fortified with all the rites of her Holy Church."

"Never to my dying day, shall I forget the intense relief it was to me to see those two good men come in, nor the look of joy in the old woman's eyes as they approached her bed. Needless to say she received all the last sacraments, the young clergyman assisting most reverently and helping the priest as far as he could."

"There was no restlessness now, and when all was finished she turned to Mr. Warner with a beautiful smile on her aged face. 'God bless you!' she said; 'it is you who will have done this; you have brought the last sacraments to me, and I promise you that I will bring them to you when you are dying, in return for your charity.' Those were almost her last words; she died soon after the priest left, the par