

king, the founder, lies below. Does his royal dust shudder from contact with the plebeian bones of these later times? They lay alongside now, but do they sleep, those buried ones? I often look across moonlight nights and ask myself questions as to how they feel and how we shall feel some day—the unseen world is close around us, oh! nearer than we think. This same spring, when May and I were in England, we took a walk one evening; shall we ever forget it? We came by wooded lanes to a time-worn church and thought we would go through the neat, grassy burial ground surrounding it, and if the door were open inspect the building. This we did, and staying over-long so that the moon shone in through the high windows, we felt like going home. It was not dark; the moon comes up in spring before daylight is done. May thought she would go upstairs to the belfry, which she did, whilst I went outside and waited for her in the porch. In a few minutes she came down pale and startled. What had she seen? Oh! she did not know; she had gained a little room at the top of the stairs and entering was attracted towards a door which she thought led to the tower; she opened this door and here some awful presence froze her; she did not wait to become more intimately acquainted with it, but I have since heard that the village maidens share the same terrors and cannot be induced to go there after nightfall. You need not believe in ghosts to feel these things.

How mild and soft the Irish climate is! Almost always there are tears in its eyes and often they fall. I think the Irish character has a gentle haze about it something like the climate, which makes it very attractive and softens angularities. How nicely they put things; even the beggars (at the church doors, there are quantities of them, like there are in Italy) say such 'cute things; if you are walking with a gentleman for instance, "Arrah, thin, give us something for the sake of the purty lady." A man feels like a brute to refuse. We often drove into Limerick along the beautiful banks of the Shannon, especially on Sundays to church, when we always met a solitary individual walking out to attend the Protestant service at Raheen so as to make a quorum of three, that being the number necessary to obtain the government benefice. I think the clergyman's wife and the clerk completed the congregation. This was before disestablishment.

Ireland looks as if it wanted to be drained all over. May pretended she could not understand how Irish landlords were so poor, as they had no drains on their estates; they have been poorer since. One day she and I took a little boat and punted across the river to a place called Essex Lawn, which stands on the other side. During this short excursion we talked of serious subjects as usual when alone; of love, its pains and joys, and then the sin of loving anything earthly too much with these immortal souls, and we concluded that an unfulfilled love might give more happiness than an accomplished one, seeing that familiarity breeds contempt and satiety destroys, and when there is nothing more left to wish for should we not begin to want something else? I have learned since that love is immortal in its essence and consecrates the beloved object; true love, image of God's love for us, never tires; it is all that remains to us of the terrestrial paradise. Adam and Eve brought it with them when they left; the angel with the flaming sword took pity on them and let it pass. We went up a long avenue and called on our friend Agnes, and we three girls together talked of things we prized, music and poetry and school days and touched a little on philosophy in a light girlish way, and piety, which is a woman's crown and makes all her virtues tender and sacred. Woman, the first to fall, should still be the first with many loving wiles and winning ways to bring her hapless partner back once more along the thorny road that leads to the Heaven they forfeited. We sat in the lingering summer in a room looking southward, a ruined castle beyond. Then we spoke of relics, and the little sister fetched a box containing such. "Do you keep relics?" said Agnes, innocent mementoes of her young life and those she had known and loved therein. Amid the relics was an old pocket handkerchief with a faded name that I knew well in the corner. It was never washed since it had been a relic, she said; no doubt she feared to lose the poetry of his last touch upon it. We came back through the changing leaves and low-hanging clouds, rowed over, and thanked God that no vain or idle word had passed our lips created to praise and bless him forever. "Oh, my dears!" said our hostess to us on our return, "what do

you think? Miss R— has run off with her groom; is it not disgraceful? You would not do such a thing, May, would you?" "No, indeed!" replied my sister demurely, "unless—unless it were a bridegroom." There were plenty of would-be bridegrooms about, and so many cages open for May you never knew which she would fly into; but she was a bird not to be easily caught. One of those numerous lovers one day said to her, after a great many pretty speeches, "But you must find our accents wretched." "Nay," she answered, "the accents of friendship are always delightful." It is as natural for an Irishman to make love as for the sun to shine on flowers, and this dear princess accepted all their adorations calmly and with a sweet unconsciousness, as if it were a maiden's daily crown of life to be worshipped. How well I remember one time—it was in September—I was upstairs and leaning out of our room window, which looked down on a lovely archway of white star-like clematis, now in full bloom. Under this May was standing with Will Yarrow; she looked so pretty in her soft pale blue, with her shining fair hair crowning her stately head. I heard him say: "It is a great mortification for me to be forced to love you so, for I do detest your nation" (you might not believe it; they are not over and above fond of us English, but loving and liking are different). Will was rather lame, but he had the sweetest voice; it was like music, hearing him talk. I saw him pick up a clematis spray that fell from her dress; was his love like its bloom, so light and frail? No; he crossed the ocean three times only to look at the outside of the house where she dwelt, because,—oh, well! their paths lay diverse and he for many a year knew in his heart "the constant anguish of patience," but at last, like the blossoming of an aloe, an Indian Summer was granted them; when all hope of good things had vanished the best time came. Don't you remember, May, the odor of mignonette in the flower beds, and in the pleasure garden the roses blooming again like second loves, and the china asters so grave and sweet adorning the gentle evenings, those evenings that climbed up the rosy western ways and slept on night's starry bosom.

(To be continued)

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WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m.

On First Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m., Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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