AILEY MOORE; A TALE OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER XXI.-(Continued.)

Aunt Benn seemed to enjoy the joke wonderfulls, but Ailey, and, in good truth, Frank Tyrrell, looked as like two people who had something to conceal from one another, as well may be.

Really, Miss Moore,' he came forward and said-while Aunt Benn was looking mock 'proper' behind his back—'really, Miss Moore, I am quite ashamed of myself to have spoken so loudly; but, to say the plain truth, I entirely torgot myself. The melody was so divine that my soul was lost, and I had no command of my heart or tongue.'

'You are most welcome,' said Ailey, quite frankly, and giving her hand. 'How long have you been here? When did you see Cecily?' I have not seen Cecily for a fortnight, but

I hear from her two or three times a week. 'You know Aunt Benn! Aunt Benn, Mr. Frank Tyrrell.'

'The good pedlar has been doing the honors, and I have promised him, for the happiness he has procured me to-day, to obtain for him a Government appointment in Dublin?

'Thank ye, sir.'

'You will make a good jailer, I am sure.'

'No bether, sir.' And Mr. M'Cann disappeared-he met Eddy in the ball.

Oh, Eddy,' cried Mr. M'Cann.

Where's Shaun?' said Eddy. · How should I know?' answered the pedlar.

'Yis, ye do, answdred Eddy; 'and so do Gran,' said be stiffy.

Eddy was going off.
Oh, quiet, Eddy; wait frae a wee.

'No, I won't, said Eddy.

'May be, I saw Gran, lately; and now, may be, I'm gaen to see her.'

'No, you are not,' said Eddy. 'Where am I gaen', Eddy?'

'You'r goin' where you're sent,' boldly re-

plied Eddy. 'You're not as good as Shaun!' said the little fellow, in the low thoughtful way so peculiar to him, and which really appeared 'thinking aloud.'
'When did you see Gran?'
'Last night.'

'Oh, so lately.' 'I sees Gran every night.'

'How?' God sends Gran, an' she knows me when I'm asleep; and I speak to her - and I pray for her.

The pedlar slipped a half crown into Eddy's 'You're good!' said Eddy, looking at him,

fixedly. Will you keep it for Gran?

'Little Nancy's mother is dead,' said Eddy, pointing to the parlor door, and alluding to the fair-haired girl, with the check pianafore. 'Pil give little Naucy ball,' said the beggar woman's grandson; and he looked again at M'Cann, with an open sunshiny smile, that made the pedlar's heart beat.

Beautiful it is to see the poor-the young boys and girls love one another. It makes them like the angels in Heaven; and, assuredly the angels of Heaven that guard them-their own angels -smile with the bless of immortality when they see their little ones thus growing up like him whose voice was not heard in the streets.' M.

L'Abbe Moulois, tells a story: A workwoman's little boy got a halfpenny with his dry bread every morning, and like a brave child he went off to learn at school, and gave mamma no trouble to get breakfast.' She was rearing the boy well-was she not?-but her great pride was his honesty-his noble youthful integrity; for that she was proud of her boy and thanked her God. One day, however, she was shocked to find a half-crown, in small silver, concealed in his clothes. The touch of the money was to her the sting of an adder, and she shrieked-she shrieked as a French woman would shriek, who felt herself dishonored.

Villain !' she cried, seizing him, 'I thought I had reared you honestly. Oh, my God-my

She held the lash in her hand.

'Mamma, don't beat me! Mamma, don't beat me,' cried the boy.

Where have you obtained the money-

Oh! Mamma! Mamma! I have eaten my bread dry every day, and saved the halfpennies, to give them to the poor, on the day of my first communion !

Bravo! good mother! You have reared your boy honestly, because you have taught him to love! Some mothers teach their boys to hate, and then they wonder if when their bairs sessed. grow grey, they the mothers get their own ashare of the hatred.

We must return to the parlor.

and Irank had expressed some apprehensions of very glad to see you.

'his sister's heart,' and as far as he dared spoke a few words of pre-occupations 'of that kind,' and proved himself a novice quite clearly, he spoke of the case of poor Emma Crane. In fact he had had Emma Crane's case in his mind 'all the time he was travelling from Cork to Limerick,' he said; and he laid great stress upon the influence which it exercised in bringing him to I made a blow at it. the 'Treaty Stone'-for of course he was the strange gentleman found there by Mr. M'Cann; and when he turned upon that topic spoke of it quite ardently.

What an ambrosial atmosphere of security hangs around the child of high virtue. Frank feared to say he had searched the 'world round' for Ailey; had measured every yard of the ground which he had been told she trod at Kinmacarra; had gone to visit her little oratory, and absolutely knelt down where she loved and worshipped because he seid 'an angel had knelt He had found where she lived only from Father Mick, and had had nearly killed the horses in driving to Limerick; yet when he looked at that transparent brow-that mild, firm, full, lustrous eye, that ethereal something truly called 'angelic,' that seemed to separate her from all he had ever known, and even from his own passionate devotedness-the finest, frankest, and handsomest young man that a long year's search would discover, could not dare to say he had travelled and labored ' to see Ailey Moore.' If she were distant, one could account for it, or if she had forbidden such conversation, one would feel no surprise; but there was nothing of all this. Ailey was candid, easy, confiding, and simple as childhood—it was that she looked like one whom we saw in a vision, and whom on the subject of being attached to us, it would be absurd, if not profane to approach.

'I should like so much to see this young lady,' said Frank.

'I am going to make her a visit,' said Ailey, in reply, 'and I shall feel happy to introduce you.' The young woman spoke calmly and sweetly-how he blest her for the offer.

' It is a singularly great kindness, Miss-' ' Nay, you must call me Artey,' she said.

'And you will-'
'Nay, I shall not keep you many minutes while

I prepare to go out. Tell Cecily,' she said in a whisper, 'tell Cecily I love her, and accept her charming present with joy. Poor father likes harp music so much! but of course we could never have afforded to purchase a harp. I hope Gerald has said everything for me.'

And she vanished through the parlor-door.

Frank thought all the time she remained away that he should have a walk all alone with Ailey. and he thought of the wonderful truth of soul which manifested itself in her last few words.

How infinitely more respectable Ailey Moore was than Ailey Moore would have been had she ed, or, may be, wished; but Frank, on leaving hired a harp and called it her own, or spoiled her the room, at once said to Ailey, 'I believe beautiful form with Brummagem jewellery.

The day was not wet, nor boisterous, and the companions soon arrived at the house of Emma Crane. The nuns, she informed Frank, had sent a little servant to take care of Emma, and Aunt evil one to strike Job, and to take Himself to Been endeavored to give her a little room, and a little support.

They ascended one pair of stairs and entered on the left hand a back room, off which there 'Beg pardon, miss,' said the little servant some of them, in fact, kept looking back every was a closet. Frank followed Ailey Moore, who Kate, who had followed them out of the room; now and thee, as if they had a lurking hope that was received with an exclamation of joy. He was instantly recognised by Emma for the brother of Cecily.

The little room was like a chapel. An altar occupied one corner, on which there was a small tabernacle. Behind the tabernacle, and on a raised platform was a statute of Our Lady; and on the wall was nailed a heavy figure of the Crucifixion. A lamp burned before the tabernacle; on the pure white altar-cloth it stood, and was of cut-glass, festooned around the side with drops her words no less than Alley; 'well, miss, Faof the same material. A little cushion lay be fore the altar on the floor, and beside the cushion a low small chair-as if the time were divided between sitting and kneeling by some one of the keys, miss, and he opened the tabernacle, and he iumates. The walls of the little dwelling-place took away our Lord in the blessed Sacrament. were covered with prints of modest preten-

Poor Emma Crane lay on a small sofa-her neck covered, and her cheeks torn and her eyes bloodshed. She looked pained, and patient or endeavoring to be so; that is, to say what we think, it was the patience of tolerance, because it should be borne, more than the resignation of love, that opened its arms for the cross.

You are not better, poor Emma,' cried Ailey, stooping down to kiss her blotted brow. 'Think of Him !' she whispered. 'He is here,' she added, in a lower voice still; and Ailey looked like for an interposition, which cost poor Emma

one who felt He was there. The tears flowed down the cheeks of the 'ob-

Perhaps you wish to speak to Miss Moore alone?' said Frank.
'So like your sister, sir,' she said, 'consider-When Gerald's adventures had been discussed, ate and kind-but no, sir, she continued, 1 am

You have been attacked again? 'Alas!' she replied, uncovering her neck, and

times this day and a half. 'Is Kate, the servant, any use?' 'Oh, a fine courageous girl,' said poor Emma. 'I heard it, Miss Ailey, these two nights, and

exhibiting some frightful gashes; 'alas I three

'A good child,' said Ailey. But I thought, Ailey continued, I hat since the little tabernacle was put in your room, you had had perfect freedom.'

'There is my despair!' cried Emma-' there is my despair! Never had the demon dared to present himself in the presence of the adorable Sacrament; and after great trouble and many refusals, my confessor obtained leave to place it in my room, keeping the key himself. For a week I was in heaven! I lay down at night with a soul so happy -and I could not sleepand I needed not, for I felt fresh in the dear presence of my Saviour-my dear Saviour, that came to dwell with me! I could not, and I would not sleep; I thought it hard to sleep, and He, my Saviour, watching; and if I slept for a moment, His face was just before me, smiling, and so assuring—he used to say, 'Fear not!' Oh Miss Moore—Miss Moore, I am a sinner! I am a sinner—the night before last—Oh God!' 'Do not exhaust yourself Miss Crane,' said

Frank, in the kindest and most friendly tone. 'No, sir-I cannot now stand long-my heart is breaking-I feel it! I had not seen it since I was in London: my God had protected me .-And the night before last I was lying as usual in my little bed, and thinking on my God, and looking at the little lamp, and watching its shadow as it moved on the altar cloth; and I was saying, I am happy—happy at last. Oh, my heart began to beat; and I felt as if the place was closing in around me, and the awful shadow of some giant had filled my little room ! Oh God - I looked on the floor; it stoodstood there-there!' she said, pointing to a certain spot on the floor. 'It gnashed its teeth-and the fire flashed red-red-from it murderous eyes, and it crouched for the bound-and O Saviour! I called upon Jesus and Mary in vain -and Jesus so near me! I am deserted-I am deserted, because I am a sinner-oh God!'

The scene was impressive, no matter what might have been the reality or unreality; and dimensions, if a man seek only romance or philo-Frank confessed to himself he did not see why the sophy, and if a man do not want money; but two young persons should be accused or suspected of imposture. Emina had lest ber situa- find yourself outside on a coach on a snowy day tion; she bore the marks of violence; she was in December, with just enough of cash to pay evidently sick and miserable-and the young your fare to town, and then to find the train servant authenticated the sadness of her condition. The clergyman believed her; Ailey helieved her; it brought him to the presence of the supernatural more directly than he anticipather.

Alley gave him a sweet, sweet look, for it grieved her to hear Emma doubted.

'Why, yes,' said Frank; 'if God allowed the the pinnacle of the Temple, he surely may permit this; and all I can want is proof of the fact. What more proof do I want.

I want to speak one word, miss.

' Well, Katey,' answered Aily.

'Things ain't so bad as Miss Crane says, miss, said Kate.

Ailey blushed crimson, and her heart beat.

Sure you won't tell on me, miss.' Oh, no; speak the truth.

And you won't tell Miss Crane, miss.'

'No, child; but take care to tell the truth.'
'Well, miss,' she said, while Frank devoured ther Bearne came two days ago, when Miss Crane was out, and he said, miss, it was all fancy, so it was; and he took out a bunch of miss; and then that night Miss Crane was attacked again.'

'Oh Kate, why did you not tell poor Emma?' I was afraid of Father Bearne, miss ; but I went to look for him, and he was out.'

'And why not tell the confessor?'

'Oh, Miss Ailey, be'd be so angry-he'd be so angry-hush, Miss! Oh my! oh my! but here he is. Sure you won't tell him,' whispered

But the good confessor had known the circumstance before, and he thanked Providence some pain, but which resolved the doubts of more than Father Bearne. The whole case man then turned to Ailey and Frank, who had followed him back to the room.

In a fortnight, Ailey, he said, we shall ex- been seriously modified.

' How is that ?' said Frank. Asley looked at him certainly, and repeated

CHAPTER XXII. - SHOWING HOW MEN WILL INSIGT UPON MAKING OTHER MEN EAT THEIR FARE, THOUGH IT HAS NEARLY POI-

SONED THEMSELVES; AND HOW FRANK TYR-

RELL TELLS THE TALE OF EMMA CRANE'S 'EXORCISM.

'Late!'

Late, sir.'

' How do you account for that?'

' Simply bekase the coach came in afther the thrain went out, sir.'

'Where is the proprietor?' Of the coach, sir.

Of the hotel.

' He's dead, sir.'

'Confound you !- Where am I to-, I say, sir, said the gentleman who had thus been bolding a dialogue with the butler of an inn at Maryborough, when he saw a well dressed man com-ing out of the liotel; 'will you be kind enough to inform me whether there be any train from this place to Dublin to-night.'

'No.' replied the party addressed; 'I suspect there's a misunderstanding between the companies, for their time-tables do not har-

monise.'

Or an 'understanding?' said another gentleman, who had just popped out of the vehicle.

'Tis pleasanter to suppose the other,' answered the person who had given occasion to the remark. 'Good morning, gentlemen,' continued the same individual; 'you'll find John an excellent butler, though not the readiest at giving information regarding the trains.

'God bless you, Father Tom,' answered the

A decidedly uncomfortable thing! Three insides, and outsides in such number as to give the coach the appearance of a monster travelling cauliflower, arrived at Maryborough from Limerick-quite satisfied that they should rest in metropolitan comfort on that evening; and here they find themselves at the door of a country inh, at a complete standstill. Now, a country inn is an admirable place; and we would bethat is, the writer would be-inclined to back a country innlagainst a town inn of the same there is the rub'-for it is not explarating to gone; and it is not astonishing that men look rather stupidly down from the roof of such vehicle, as if they did not know very well what to do.

It was the 19th day of December, 1844 .-The three 'insides'-one lady and two gentlemen-entered the hotel! one 'outside' did the same, with an air and a clatter that showed he was somebody. This latter had a fur can, and all the rest of him was oil-cloth and shawls .-Of the remaining 'outsides' one walked away briskly, as if he knew what he was about, and the remainder at various paces; but though covered with snow, all of them walked slowly; something would happen to change the very miserable aspect of affairs.

Two of the 'insides' and the 'outside' found their way into the coffee-room, the lady having gone to make acquaintance with the hostess; and all agreed, when dinner came on the table, that Fate could have been less propitious than she appeared, with a ham, chickens, cutlets, and laughing potatoes, hauled in by her thread,not to speak of a peculiar whiskey, of which John spoke with an enthusiasm nearly superstitious. The young gentleman in the oil-cloths and shawls was demurring a little, and inclined to 'damn;' but having put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket to draw out a tooth-pick, he brought out a scissors in mistake, which he percerved had been observed, and one of the insides' having sent for a small leather trunk, from which he took forth a bottle or two of expensive wines, it was observed the gentleman belonging to the fur cap, shawls, and oil-cloths was very much more inclined to observe than to converse.

After dinner, the conversation of the 'insides' became less restrained, in consequence of the fur cap's departure for a 'look about the village' and in consequence of the improved circulation resulting from the operations in which they had been engaged. 'I confess,' said the elder of the two-for one

was of middle age and stature, and the other was tional happiness secondly. Frank Tyrrell- I confess,' he said, 'that my was explained to the sufferer, and her security views of the country are much changed. My was once more restored. The reverend gentle- notions of the ignorance of the population were simply absurd, and my opinion of their accountability, as regards the poverty of the nation, has

orcise Emma in God's holy name. You are not inclined to think them idle.

' No-but I am inclined to think them unambitious. I think their religion subdues them.

the words,- 'In my name they shall cast out What principle of it? asked Frank. Why-not any written principle, but the

'I do not well understand.'

' Well, really, Mr. Tyrrell, perhaps it is that they do not value this world's goods sufficiently. 'You think they place the spiritual too su-premely over that of the temporal?'

' Well, I think so.'

'And you are a clergyman.' 'Certainly; I am a clergyman of the Church of Eugland, and I believe the destiny of men is to progress; and that which opposes men's progress is not a true view of rellgion.'

'Oh, we shall not much disagree on that; and if I discuss at all, it is to take advantage of your information,' said Frank, modestly. 'Mr. Tyrrell, permit me to say this day hes

proved to me that you need very little the information I can give. Frank bowed in acknowledgment, but imme-

diately renewed the conversation. 'I think we will agree,' said Frank, 'that the development of a love of 'progress,' which is money in the sense understood by us, may be a

great evil.' 'How?'

'Suppose it to be developed at the expense of morals; for example, it men be encouraged to rob, cheat, and murder, for money.'

' Surely we do not encourage robbery.' On the contrary, we punish it by transportation and imprisonment; but you agree with me that it would be a very wretched state of affairs

if we did.

'Oh, certainly.' ' Well, the next question is whether, although

we do not go so far, we do not go too far.' What do you mean?

'I mean that although we do not encourage people to rob and murder for money, we may talk of 'progress,' and write of 'progress' and dream of 'progress,' until practically 'progress' becomes the religion of the nation, and its Christianity becomes a form and a pastime. 'You do not think your country has come to

that? 'I do; or at least, we are far on the way to-

wards that goal. It is no wonder we are rich then, for we have sold our souls for gold-or we are selling them for it.' 'You are a Puseyite, Mr. Tyrrell.' By no means-I am an Englishman, and I

love my country sufficiently to bewait her demoralisation. All the exertion which should be made to watch over the young-to cherish the old, to educate, pray, love God and one another, to live in the hope of eternity, -are all of them employed to attain one object; that is, the time, energy, and work which belong to heaven and earth, we give to the earth alone, and we have

-money.' Better than be like Italy."

Why so a highwayman might say after rob! bing a carriage, if he saw virtuous poverty on the other side of the road-better than be like

Why-Mr. Tyrrell !

Really, sir, yes. We have money: the question is about the way we got it. If having the money be a proof we are right, it should also prove for the highwayman. For my own nart I think we obtain it nearly as immorally; for we obtain it by forgetting and violating every law of nature and reason. Italy might have money on the same terms.' 'Italy ?'

'Yes, any country has only to do as we domind nothing but money, and they will have our progress and our infidelity.'

'Do you not believe in progress!'

'I do, indeed. I believe progress to mean an advancement in the virtues which open the gates of heaven, and such an advancement in wealth as will help the nation to virtue."

' Money enough to make people pious! Such is your national wealth! Oh, 'pon my honor! Oh, really! Oh!

'Yes, in truth, I believe that all this world is given to prepare for the other; and wealth employed for any other purpose is absurd; wealth onnosing such purpose is man's enemy as well as

'So the Pope thinks.'

' For which I honor him.'

'You like the Pope's government.' I like his principle of keeping the money spirit subject to faith; for it there be another world at all, that principle is common reason.-The money spirit with us rules everything; and hence we have given religion for it first, and na-

So we are not so happy as the subjects of Gregory XVI. We have not the pleasure of rage and maccaroni and assassination.

You will pardon me for passing over the calendar of crime; the comparison would not be creditable to us, believe me. As for the rags support of the property of the contract of the