## CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SEARCH. In one of the wildest parts of Ireland, In one of the wildest parts of Ireland, where mountain and morass, brush and woodland gave beauty and variety to the acere, a company of her Majesty's soldiers were slowly wending their way. It was nearly sunset, and, viewed in the mellow splendor of the dying day, the prospect had all that softened beauty which touches the heart with accounting whin to mathon even while it

beauty which touches the heart with something skin to pathos, even while it wins to enthusiastic admiration. It seemed to have such an effect on the rough, brorzed fellows who were treading their way by the side of the morass, for, from murmurs at the late which doomed them to such useless and fatiguing expeditions, and jokes at some of their companious who had been quitique in ompanions who had been outdone in individual exploits by the rascally Irish, they had become suddenly silent, their eyes wandering from object to object of the beautiful scene, and more than one hardened face expressing the softened emotions of a soul long unused to any but lawless impulses. Their leader appeared the most impressed; his face, more youthful than any of his com-panions, was unmarked by the lines which indicate a reckless will and dissolute living, and his stern and piercing eyes had all the candor of a truthful

His whole countenance was aglow from some secret feeling, his step be came slower, and at length, as if over come by his strange emotion, he paused, and brushing his hand over his forehead,

murmured audibly:

"What does it mean—what are these

"What does it mean—what are these impressions I am trying to recal!—are they only parts of a lost dream?"

Roused by a cough from one of his men, the craving of whose appetite had overmastered his desire to linger on the scene, he abruptly resumed his way, the glow fading from his face and his eyes resuming their stern and piercing ex-

Pression.

The road began to grow more tortuous and unmarked, the scene itself to be-come more wild; night was descending, and even the stern and reticent leader betrayed a little anxiety as he glanced about him to discover, if possible, some cabin from which he and his men might be directed. None appeared in sight, and as he eagerly peered acout him, the half-suppressed murmurs of his men fell

upon his ears.

They were approaching what seemed to be the ruins of some ancient abbey; arches, niches, and narrow pointed windows came dimly into sight, their very outlines suggesting thoughts of vivid and and romantic interest. A few steps farther, and the broken remains of tombs strewed their way, while the dense ivy that in some places en-tirely covered the moldering structure, imparted a weird and supernatural as pect to the scene. Suddenly there emerged from behind

the broken remnant of a wall which was once part of the castled dominions of the lords of Kerry a strange-looking form; bounding forward until it reached the side of the officer in command, it gave a cry so wild that every man of the little detachment was brought to a sud-den and somewhat alarmed halt.

The form was that of a man of medium, ender stature, and a head much sunken between high, drooping shoulders; it was clothed in such gro-tesque garb, and the countenance ex-pressed so much stupid bewilderment, pressed so much stupid beat provoked that even the stern leader was provoked

Who are you?" he asked. "Eyeh!" was the reply, accompanied by an idiotic rolling of the head. Presuming that the strange being

might be deat, the officer repeated his question.

The man shook back the coarse hair

that hung almost over his eyes, and "Is it who I am you're askin'? maybe

it would be manners to tell me who ye are, seein' that ye don't belong to this

plied:
"Well, my man, we are a part of her Majesty's—Regiment, sent to Ireland to keep the peace between the Fenians and the queen's loyal subjects. We have happened to get in this confounded spot to-night because we have lost our way; if you will lead us back to the garrison at Tralee you shall be well rewarded." "With what?" and the comically stupid

look accompanying the question again provoked the officer's smile.

"With a good supper, and perhaps what you will like as well, or better, a

glass of good whisky."
"I dun na," was the reply, "mebbe it's

wanting me to turn informer you'd be when you'd get me into your clutches." "No," was the answer, "that shall lie with yourself; if you have information which is of use to her Majesty's govern-ment and wish to tell it, you shall be well paid for it; but if you do not choose to do so you shall be free to leave us when you will, only guide us out of here.'

The stranger still hesitated, gazing at each in turn of the men, who had somewhat forgotten their fatigue and their anxiety to reach their quarters, in the interest and amusement afforded by this

Will you pledge me your word of hen, that you will do me no harrum, neither now nor again ?" he said at rum, neither now nor again?" he said at last, turning his eyes full upon his questioner, and extending a brown, knotty and horny hand. Captain Dennier of her Majesty's, ——shrunk a little from the profiered grasp; his fastidious taste and innate haughtiness could hardly yield to such close contact with the being before him, and it was a second or two heters he suffered his own spitch. or two before he suffered his own aristo cratic, shapely hand to lie in the horny

palm.

"It's to the garrison you want to go," pursued the strange man; "well this is the road to Ardiert, and Tralee is a good five miles beyant,—but follow me, and I'll have you there in no time, or my name is not Rick of the Hills." Rick's to 'no time," as he had expressed it, lengthened itself to what seemed to the tired and hungry men an undue period, and

at moments when there seemed to be no termination to the tortuous path, and no more sign of babitation in the wild spot than there had been at the beginning of the journey, Captain Dennier and his men grew impatient, and even a little anxious lest their wild guide might be the care of white the property of the seemed to be not the care and previous arrogant manner: "I shall be as a hound upon Carroll O'Donoghue's track—I shall unearth him, though he were hidden miles under the ground, and the label hunt him to his death."

The second to recover his taste shown in the garden surrounding it, bespoke for its interior unusual near new manner. An English officer, sauntering with careless gait, though his face would seem at moments when there seemed to be no termination to the tortuous path, and no more sign of babitation in the wild spot than there had been at the beginning of the journey, Captain Dennier and his men grew impatient, and even a little anxious lest their wild guide might be playing them fals. playing them false.

"Look here, my man," the captain said at last, "there's something wrong about this; you are not keeping your word with us."
"Whilst!" was the reply, accompanied

"Whilst !" was the reply, accompanied by a gesture commanding silence, "don't let your voice be heard in this place, or maybe you'd have more company than would be to your liking."

The oflicer, though a man of tried courage, quailed for a moment at the words of his guide. His hand sought the hilt of his sword, and his eyes tried more

anxiously to pierce the gloom of the night. All the wild stories which he had eard, even over camp fires in India, of the places of concealment afforded to the Irish by the very wildness of their country, and of the lengths to which des-peration occasionally drove them, came before him now. His fears for the instant roused into fancied being a hundred lawless, despairing wretches swooping down from the very hills beside which they were walking, and hurling death to every man of the little party. Then also, the disturbed and excited state of the times, owing to those troubles to which Irish grievances have ever, under some form or other, given being, arose before him in vivid and distressing pictures. Wild reports of an anticipated stant roused into fancied being a hun tures. Wild reports of an anticipated general Fenian rising had already reached him, and knowing that they were in that very part of the country where the young and daring Captain O'Conor secreted his followers in the features of the country where the secretary of the country where the secretary of the country is the features of the country where the secretary of the country is the features of the country is the secretary of the country is the features of the country is the secretary of the country is the fastnesses of the mountains, he became each moment more certain of being attacked

Rick of the Hills, a little in advance of the soldiers, kept steadily on his way. He seemed so sure of the road, tortuous as it was, that he looked neither to the right nor to the left of him, and only

occasionally peered ahead.

The path at last became broader and widened into one that appeared to lead into some hamlet or town. The soldiers, relieved from the oppression, gloom, and wildness of the scenes of the last tew hours, recovered their spirits, and their leader, recognizing by certain landmarks that the garrison town was not far dis

tant, ceased to grasp his sword.

They arrived at the barracks, from one They arrived at the barracks, from one quarter of which as they approached they could hear the sound of distant revelry. The step of the guard as he paced his rounds was lost in the quick, heavy tramp of the approaching band. A halt was demanded, the countersign by Captain Dannier, and the given by Captain Dennier, and the soldiers, with Rick in their midst, passed

within the barracks,
"I am much obliged to you, my man,"
said the captain, turning to the strange
guide as his men were about to file into
the guard-room, "and you shall have all
that I promised." His eyes turned for a that I promised." His eyes turned for a moment as if in search of some attendant to whom he might consign Rick, and at that instant a man in civilian dress, who had been standing in an angle of the wall watching the scene with peculiar interest, darted forward and responded as if in answer to the officer's look.

as it in answer to the officer's look.
"I know something of this man, captain; I will take charge of him."
"Oh thank you, Carter, then I transfer him to you; you know the ways of the barrack sufficiently to provide for his being treated well, and being permitted to leave when he will;" and Captain Dennier turned away. The man addressed as Carter beckoned Rick to follow him. They traversed a long hall until a turn brought them into

long hall until a turn brought them into a narrower and shorter passage, from beyond which came plainly the sounds of uproarious mirth. Here he who had been addressed us Carter stopped suddenly, and wheeling round upon his companion, just where the light from a pendant lamp brought his round, red face and constantly working eyes into distinct view, he hissed rather than said:

"You devil's imp. what brings you here?" You devil's imp, what brings you here?" Willing to humor the singular being for the sake of being guided perhaps to their destination.

"You devil's imp, what brings you here Rick shook himself erect, and going a close to the speaker that his breat fanned the latter's countenance, he answered in a tone of mingled passion and defiance

"To watch you, Morty Carter, and to foil your ends."

"You'll never do it; you and them your serving shall feel the weight of my fury—I have sworn it—do you under stand? and I would come from my grave

stand? and I would come from my grave to have revenge on Carroll O'Donoghue."
"Spare yourselt," retorted Rick, "for you'll fall yourself into the trap you're layin'; you thought to win when you gave the information which set them beyant," making a gesture toward where he had left Captain Dennier's men, "on the search they were after when I met them. But did you succeed? Have a care, Morty Carty, that your treachery doeen't betray yourself into a worse pit than that betray yourself into a worse pit than that you'd dig for those that never harmed

you."
The round red face glowering beneath The round red face glowering beneath the lamp grew more fibrid, and the hands hanging by his side clenched and drew themselves up as if they would have felled the audacious speaker. "What proof have you that I gave the information?" he hissed.

"This proof—you were at Carrick Hard

"This proof—you were at Carrick Hur-ley's the other night—you swore to die in the cause you intended to betray, and then you came straight here and gave the informatian which sent Captain Dennier and his men on the search they were after to night, and only the boys were on the watch, the soldiers would have caught another fox than the one they went to hunt."

went to hunt,"

"What do you mean?" said Carter.

"I mean that Carroll O'Donoghue
would have been in their clutches but
for the watch of the boys."

Carter staggered against the wall, his
face becoming of an ashen hue, and his
hands falling helpless by his side: "Carroll O'Donoghue here!" he exclaimed,
"In Ireland—good God!"

"Yes, here to bring you to an account,"
pursued Rick, striding to him; "here to
see that justice is done to the innocent
beings you would rob; here to give the
lie to your actions. What have you to
say now, Morty Carter?"

"This," said the latter, straightening

swelled into shouts of laughter. bidden spectators coming upon the scene made both men auxious to withdraw. Warned by approaching steps, Carter turned in the direction of the boisterous merriment, closely followed

the canteen whence the laughter pro-ceeded; it was a large, irregularly shaped apartment, against the walls of which, on wooden shelves, stood various pewter mugs and quarter pitchers, while about the room in scattered places were sev-eral beer casks. The soldiers themselves eral beer casks. The soldiers themselves were dispersed in groups, those who had formed a portion of Captain Dennier's company being distinguished from their companions by certain marks which they bore of their recent journey. The majority seemed to be drinking, and it was from those who appeared to be most under the influence of the potations that the boisterous mirth proceeded. the boisterous mirth proceeded.

Deep in the mysteries of the stimulat-

ing cup, no one appeared to notice the entrance of Carter and his compenion till the former had ushered Rick into the midst of one of the noisy groups, and had repeated the instructions of Captain Dennier. The soldiers, balf in their cups, gazed with amused interest on the uncouth looking being introduced to them, and one, eager to provoke fun out of the strange character, said with a tone of cockneyism, "So you are one of these d— Hirish that we are hexpected to

d—— Hirish that we are nexpected to ketch, are you?"
A look of intense disgust passed over Rick's features, and his deep-set eyes gleamed beneath their shaggy brows

while he retorted:

"And you are one of the Hinglish" mimicking the other, "that didn't ketch us yet, though you're scouring the country this while back."

The half maudin soldier was nettled by the very resident from the by the reply; rising from his seat, he said in a tone that he strove to render

authoritative: "Look here, you feller, be careful how you speak to one of her Majesty's soldiers." "Then do you be careful to be civil to your betters," answered Rick, nothing

Carter, knowing the outspoken ar and fearing a quarrel which might result unpleasantly to himself, stepped batween the wordy combatants, and with a whisper to the soldier quieted him. He dropped into his seat, but not without a glowering look at Rick and

know what it is to have cheek an Eng. Rick promptly responded : "And next time we meet may be you'll feel what it is to have insulted an Irishman."

"The next time we meet you shall

Carter, now really alarmed, savagely caught Rick and foxed him out of the group.

"You imp of the devil, do you want to destroy yourself, that you are talking in this manner?" but in so low a tone that no one save Rick heard him.

no one save Rick heard him.
"I want to destroy you," was the
whispered reply, "and the evidence that
dooms me will twist the hemp for your
neck—do you mind that, Morty Carter?"
Carter did not reply; but, summoning
one of the soldiers, bade him prepare a
meal for Rick, and afterward assign him
a place to sleep.

a place to sleep. In an apartment in another portion of an apartment in another portion of the barrack, entirely removed from the soldiers' quarters, Captain Dannier, still in his marching attire, and with the dusty marks of his recent expedition not yet removed, stood in respectful attitude before an elderly officer of inposing presence.

The latter was also standing, but he seemed to have assumed the attitude rather in the heat of his speech to the young man, and his fingers played nervously with the ribbon of some decoration

upon his person.
"It is exceedingly discreditable, this continued ill success of yours," he said in an irritated tone, "and I warn you to speedily redeem it; nothing could be clearer than the clew with which this fellow Carter furnished you, and he has the most important testimony to bring the most important testimony to bring forward as soon as you capture your

prey."
Captain Dennier's face flushed hotly,

Captain Dennier's lace mushed activity, but he made no reply.

"Here am I," continued the senior officer, "hurried over from England to find after all that her Majesty's soldiers are unequal to the task of unearthing a few poor rampant Irishmeo, who have few poor rampant Irishmen, who have more bluster than brains. And here is another dispatch."

He drew toward him one out of a lie drew toward him one out of a loose packet of papers that lay upon a table, and tendered it to the captain.

The latter read aloud:

"A convict, Carroll O'Donoghue by

name, has escaped from penal servitude in Australia, and is supposed to be concealed in or about Cahirciveen. Let a sufficient number of men be detailed to search and guard the place, and let all precautions be taken to prevent the escape of the convict by sea."

scape of the convict by sea."

The captain replaced the paper with-"You must be ready, sir, to undertake

that expedition to morrow," said

senior officer.

A bow of assent was the reply.

"And let it be your effort to cover by its success your failure of to day."

With a wave of his hand he dismissed the young man, and throwing himself into a chair, turned wearily to the packet of papers lying before him. of papers lying before h

CHAPTER II.

A SINGULAR MEETING

In one of the loveliest spots of Ireland, where lofty mountains looked protectingly down on a green valey that wound about them, and, in the distance, the white line of a broken and rock-girded coast gleamed in the sun, stood one of coast gleamed in the sun, stood one of the better class of country cottages. Its

An English officer, sauntering with careless gait, though his face would seem to betray the existence of anxious and perplexing thought, paused as he neared the cottage, and looked admiringly on the tasteful surroundings. Thence his eyes wandered to the picturesque scene beyond—the mountains, the shore. A short distance away, on the other side of building; it looked strange and isolated, and its apparent massive strength, together with its shape, would give something of the impression of a deserted

With his curiosity aroused, the office walked more brickly, and, arriving at the cottage, he found the door broadly open. Within, an attractive looking Irish girl Within, an attractive looking Irish girl was spinning, her back to the entrance at which stood the interested spectator, and she was singing as she worked. It was a simple ditty, but one so plaintive, and trilled out in such an exquisitely sweet voice, that the soldier feared to make a motion lest he should interrupt

When it ceased he knocked, but so He ventured to repeat the sound; she turned shortly, without, however, pausing in her work, and bade him enter.

"Pardon my intrusion," he began,

"but I wished so much to know the nam of this charming spot, that I have ventured to enter

"The name of this charming spot,"
with an amusing mimicry of his own
words, "is Dhrommacohol."
She still continued her work, not even glancing at him, and somewhat embar-rassed by her indifference, he hesitated

a moment before he said:
"I want to go to Cabirciveen, but I confess to some curiosity to learn a little of this romantic looking place before I am directed thence."

"If you will take my place at the spin-

ning wheel, I will bring some one to you who will answer your questions."

who will answer your questions."

She stopped her work and looked at him now, but in a provokingly defiant manner, her dark eyes brimful of sup pressed mischief, and her mouth curv ing into a half sareastic smile.

The officer was completely nonplussed he glanced at his hands for an instant

without knowing why he did so; they were white and dainty compared with her red, but small and shapely ones. The Irish lass was growing every instant more tantalizing.
"Don't," she said, observing his hasty glance at his hands; "it might put them

out of shape,"

In sheer desperation he attempted to In sheer desperation he attempted to work the spinning wheel as he had seen her do, but peal after peal of merry laughter greeted his awkward attempts. Her Majesty's officer was never in such a trying position—better could he have borne the fire of a dozen muskets than the taunting might of this processing eight. the taunting mirth of this provoking girl, the taunting mirth of this provoking girl, half menial though he suspected her to be. His face flushed, and the perspiration rolled from his forehead, yet fear of more severe ridicule prevented him from resigning the humiliating task.

"Go and tell your mistress," he said, "that I would like to see her."

"My mistress! When his provoked.

"My mistress! umph!" she repeated "and what name shall I give to my mis tress?" with provoking emphasis of last word.

"Captain Dennier, of her Majesty's "Captain what?" with an air of amus ing stupidity, as if the name was too difficult to pronounce. Almost irritated, he was about to repeat it, but she inter-

rupted:
"Don't trouble yourself to say it again -I shall describe you to my mistre that will do "

What that description of him would be, and especially what it would be of him as he appeared in his present position, the aristocratic captain too well knew; and as his vivid imagination knew; and as his vivid imagination pictured the mirth which perhaps an other provoking Irish girl would have at his expense, he was tempted to curse the fate that had led him to Dhrommacohol, and his own folly that had placed him in such a position.

Wind meach spot of the old nouse is so to which each spot of the old nouse is completed to the vide and the chord had been struck the fate that had led him to Dhrommacohol, and his own folly that had placed him in such a position.

"He mistakes me for the servant," muttered the girl, laughing to herself, as she hastily repaired to an upper chan

There, engaged in graceful needlethere, engaged in graceful needle-wook, sat a young woman some years the senior of her who so hurriedly entered, but so fair in face and form that she seemed out of place amid her neat though homely surroundings.

"Oh, Nora!" burst out the new-comer,

"I have the funniest sight in the world to show you-one of Queen Victoria

officers spinning our linen."
"What!" was the almost affrighted exclamation; and the young lady ad-dressed as Nora dropped her work and stared almost aghast

"He mistook me for the servant, and he wanted to be directed somewhere, and to learn something of this beautiful and to learn something of this beautiful spot; and he was so elegant looking, and so courtly, that the thought just popped into my head to put him at the spinning-wheel, for a bit of revenge, you know; so I told him I'd bring my mistress to him, and she would answer all his questions. He gave me his name, Captain Dennier, of her Majesty's—Regiment. Oh, Nora! he makes the drollest sight at the wheel!"

"Now, Clare! how you do such a thing."

"Now, Clare! how you do such a thing: it was positively unkind!" and the lovely speaker looked reprovingly at the lovely speaker looked reprovingly at the laughing girl. "How could I do such a thing?" was

the reply, in a tone that increased in spirit with every word, "I could heap confusion and shame upon every one of contusion and shame upon every one of them who left us as we are, who took from us the hope and comfort of our lives; but the English, I hate them, and I could crush them."

I could crush them."

She looked the personification of her ardent and bitter feeling: her slight, small form drawn to its full height, her cheeks flaming, and her dark eyes alight with all the fire of passionate emotion. Kora rose, and putting her arm about the angry girl drew her to her.
"Hush, Clare; did not you promise Father O'Connor, only the other day, that you would strive to quiet these

that you would strive to quiet these bursts, that you would be more Christian, more forgiving?"

"I know it," half sobbed Clare, "but I cannot help it; the very sight of that man as he stood in the doorway seemed low alike to gentle, saintly Father O Con. o rouse my most bitter feelings.

"Then we shall go down immediately, and spologize to him for the indignity to which he has been subjected," said Nora, quietly.

"Never!" vehemently answered Clare, withdrawing from the arm which still clasped her; "if you will have so little spirit Clare O'Donoghue shall not for get that she is one of the trampled and outraged Irish."

A sigh was the only response A sigh was the only response from Nora, and flinging about her a white shawl which had dropped from her shoulders on rising from her seat, she prepared to descend to Captain Dennier, Ciare dried her eyes, shook down her curls, which had been fastened in a massive twist at the back of her head, unpinned her dress, that had been gathered about her for greater convenience in her work, and followed.

The captain had ceased his awkward attempt to spin, but he remained stand.

The captain had ceased his awkward attempt to spin, but he remained standing by the wheel, with one hand resting upon the latter. The absence of his messenger seemed unaccountably long, and in much trepidation he watched the door by which Clare had gone for her mistress.

A rustle of a garment, and the loveli A rustle of a germent, and the loveli est woman he thought he had ever beheld stood before him; a woman so fair and fragile-looking that for an in-stant one might deem her some super-natural visitant. The white shawl draped gracefully about her was hardly whiter than her face, but the transpar-ent hue was not that of disease, but a complexion that had never been touched complexion that had never been touched by a foreign sun. Her jet black hair twisted in heavy bands about her head and her large, black, pensive eyes rather increased the ethereal look of her countenance

The officer, in his surprise at this un expected vision, remained standing by the spinning wheel, and he did not recover his self-possession till the lovely new comer, advancing to him, said in a sweet, low voice:

"Captain Dennier, I presume, one of her Maista's officers, permit, me to

her Majesty's officers; permit me to apologize for the prank which my mirthful companion has played upon you in requesting you to spin." Clare had arrival in time to hear the apology, and standing on titoe behind Nors who was standing on tiptoe behind Nora, who was considerably taller, so that her face, charming in its setting of short, cluster ing brown curls, looked over the latter's

shoulder, she interposed :
"And permit me, Captain Dennier, to introdue to you my mistress, Miss McCar-thy, and to say that it is against my will that any apology has been made to you.' "Nora's band was over Clare's mouth,

and Nora herself was blushing till her forehead and neck were scarlet. Captain Dennier, with an effort, recov ered his self-possession. Bowing low, he said with persuasive grace of man-

"Pardon, ladies, my apparent intru-sion, but the beauty of this charming spot tempted me to enter, in order to saw, as well as to ask my way to Cabirciveen. I should particularly like to know about that building which stands out so picturesquely before us," He pointed through the open window to the dark, solitary edifice which had attracted his attention before entering the cot

age.
"That," answered Nora, sadly, "was ones our home, but the estate becoming encumbered by debt has passed from our possession; it is now in the market to be sold."

our possession; it is now in the market to be sold."
"Yes," spoke up Clare, at the same time withdrawing from Nora so that the latter's hand might not restrain again her impulsive speech, "and tenantiess, it stands a memento of that oppression which would take from the Irish even the shelter of the poorest home. We, to whom each spot of the old house is so

aroused in Clare. He advanced to her, saying gently:
"Let not the wrongs my country may have done your land be a reason for enmity between us as individuals. We at least may not hate each other, and I assure you on my word of honor as an officer that I admire and revere the vir

tures of many of your country people."

Clare retorted quickly: "And yet you are down here on her Majesty's commis-sion, to capture and to hound to death many of those whose virtues you say you admire and revere; how consistent are your remarks!

your remarks!"

"Pardon me," he broke in, now warmly desirous of establishing himself in her good opinion, "and listen to me, I cannot disapprove the putting down of rebellion has not contact the putting down of rebellion by my country, however much I may deplore the suffering it entails on the poor victims of fooihardly patriotism."

"Enough, sir!" answered Clare, her eyes flashing, and her lip curling with eyes hashing, and her mp curing who scorn; "you have suffered contamination by coming here; my brother is one of the victims of foolhardy patriotism, and for it he is now a penal convict in Aus-

She turned away, her anger giving place to a passionate burst of tears, and they could hear her sobbing as she

ascended to her own apartment.

"Good heavens! what have I done?"
and the captain's unfeigned distress was
pitlable. "Plead for me," he said to
Nora; "tell her I did not mean to wound her feelings; tell her that I crave a thou-sand pardons."

"Pray do not trouble yourself about it," answered Nors, gently. "Poor Clare has had so much to suffer in the loss of her home and the arrest and sentence of her brother that her feelings easily overpower her. Forgive her, and think kindly of her."

Nora flew to him. "Oh, father! Heaven must have sent you in; our poor Clare is in one of her unhappy moods, innocently caused by this gentleman;" and then with simple grace she introduced Captain Dennier, and in a

The gentlemen clasped hands on the introduction with more mutual cordiality than perhaps would have pleased easily. excited Clare, had she witnessed it. On the part of the priest the kindliness was prompted by the truest charity, combined with an involuntary admiration for the officer's fank many hearings. officer's frank, manly bearing; on the part of Captain Dennier, the cordial grasp part of Captala Dennier, the cordial grasp was prompted by a sudden and irrestatible attraction for the priest, as if something strangely apart from himself had roused within and impelled him to selze the extended hand with a viee like pressure, and look into the pale thin face with all the eager and mysterious longing of a restless and unhappy soul. The strange gaze was not unobserved by Nora; she noted it even while she was explaining the recent singular evente, and she noted also in that exchange of looks, how like in color and shape were the eyes of both young men sbape were the eyes of both young men; the expression differed, the priest's eyes wesring a look of Heaven in their intense softness and kindliness, while those of Captain Dennier flashed out bold, keep

"Have Clare hasten to see me, then, for I am on my way to Rossbeigh, and can-not delay. I have just seen Father Meagher, and he told me there had been trouble there between some of the people and the soldiers; that one or two poor fellows had been wounded, not dangerously, however, and, as he could not see them for some hours yet, he asked me to take his place."

At that moment Clare appeared, her face still hotty suffused, and her eyes showing traces of her recent violent weep.

"I heard your voice," she said, advancing to the priest, "and fearing you would be in your usual hurry, I hastened to see

you."
"And one result of your seeing him,"
"And one result of your seeing him," spoke Captain Dennier, gently, and with some embarrassment, "will be, I trust, to forgive one who has been so unhappy as to offend you."

His whole bearing, at once so noble and

so respectful, for the moment won Clare's impulsive heart; the next instant, howimpulsive near; the next instant, how-ever, she scorned herself for even this involuntary yielding to the detested for of her country. Father O'Connor's eyes were upon her, with their tender, re-proachful glance, which she had never yet been able to withstand, and she repressed the sharp words singer upon her tree and the sharp words almost upon her lips, and answered instead . "I know not why you crave my poor

"I know not why you crave my poor forgiveness, but since it is so, though I shall still regard you as the enemy of my country, I grant what you ask—I—"In a faltering voice, and with a deep-drawn sigh, "I—forgive you."

"And I thank you," responded the captain, with another of his low and graceful bows.

"I cannot remain longer," said the priest, "and if you, sir, desire to go to Cahirciveen, I can guide you part of the way; my journey will lie somewhat in that direction."

The officer, though reluctant to leave

The officer, though reluctant to leave the ladies, in whom he had become strangely interested, still gladly accepted the clergyman's offer. With a kind addeu from Nora, and an amusingly formal one from Clare, which he courteously returned, he took his departure with the priest.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHARITY SERMON. Toronto Empire. Jan 4 Father Teefy's sermon at grand vespers in St Michael's Cathedral last evening in aid of the funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was an eloquent appeal to one of the largest congrega-tions that the church has ever held. The preacher has a fine style of pulpit orathe listener the emotion preacher himself manifestly feels. His discourse, framed on the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself," at once made union neighbor as thyself," at once made union between Christ's work on earth and Christian charity of to day. The man, he said, who claimed to love his God while he did not love his neighbor is a liar. While charity is noble and sanctified, and while the besses and brightens a Christian life, it is nevertheless a Christian duty. The Catholic Church is the great teacher of char! y, but he should look around him in a flourishing city like this and acknowledge at once the devotion to the poor of many individuals and many denominaedge at once the devotion to the poor of many individuals and many denominations. All honor and God's blessing to all slike who answered the call of the blessed Master. As a priest of the Catholic Church he felt proud of her grand work as a teacher of charity and protector of the poor. He then went into a broad exposition of Luke xvi., discussing the duty therein defined as a question duty therein defined as a question between man and God. Not only is the man, he said, the steward the Creator, but the poor man is the steward of God the Redeemer. This is Catholicism. It is not a crime to be rich, but it is a crime to refuse Lazarus the crumbs of your table, to deny the cross of your superlines wealth. Catho. poor of your superfluous wealth. Catho-licism also admitted to the man who is starving the right to take what may re-deem him from that state; yet both cases in the civilization of to-day are the ex-tramar: Christian charity finds a noble tremes; Christian charity finds a noble mission between. "Glory to God in the had so much to suffer in the loss of her home and the arrest and sentence of her brother that her feelings easily overpower her. Forgive her, and think kindly of her."

"Forgive her, and think kindly of her."

"Forgive her! it is I who should crave forgiveness; it is certainly enough to hunt your countrymen as we are doing, without entering your homes to force you to believe in the righteousness of our work."

A form darkened the doorway—a tall, spare form in clerical dress, and with the attenuated face which speaks of long self-denial and mortification; but there was a kindness and sweetness in the pale, thin countenance, and a look of Heaven in the

Written for CAT CATHOLICS OF BY THE REV. MNEAS

FEBRUARY S

LL. D., F PAR GEORGE HAY, JOHN CATHOLIC COMMIT The "Catholic Con was once more at wo in endeavouring to the remaining pen

presented in Februa on the subject to Mr gave a favorable however, certain t and he recommende delay their applicati the following session in the meantime, t him with authent opinion held by the the universities wit istence or the ex alleged to belong to ing subjects from th to their sovereign. olic universities of Louvain, Douai, Ale for an opinion on the minister and the c fied with the replie April, 1788, it was bill for the desired was confided to M committee could ba as they originally do placed the Catholic dissenters generally any kind, It may owing that the entirely under la May, 1788, Bishop Berington, coadjute trict, and Mr. Thom added to its memb perienced by the cl purposes of the co-to have passed aw-sidered that, as a relieve the Engli

disabilities, someti the same time, f suggested to his friendly person mi his influence in Catholics. Could n vail on his friend, nterest himself in take to promote seither himself, or powerful friends? ADDITIONAL RELIE ot a bill in favor of conformists, but to the Catholics. the committee sh mittee considered Thomas and Jam alterations, when the bishops and gentry and cler their signatures gether with a p the obnoxious last Parliament, In ter demanded a mittee was asked meet the views o of oath, according it was thought, v as it was only an

to which the wi duced an alterat jection. Bishop I like both to the o This feeling was aggerated impre had received fr papers, through yet, acquainted the bishops of signed the Prote who were men gave their sanci of oath. The throughout Eng ordance bishop. There been anything language was contact Catholics. Bis Catholics. Bis Bishop Gibson, exceptionable. Thompson he opposition to designation of ters," which was proposed bill. always call him must be an ade or some such Hay entertain opinion. He equivalent to does not appe interpreted by ever much th This feeling issued a circ their people forbidding Cat ment, at lengt offensive expr Thomas Talb Douglas, Who James Talbo

together with published a c former one, for in their dist mittee, wear much variety attempt to a of Commons to Catholics, without a dis of Lords, the bill now becomextraordinar was found t