



CHAPTER I.

Teaching the Old Home to Seek the New.

"A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
The flower-scent floating past the open door.
A word scarce noted in its hour, perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance—
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown;
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes to the heart?"



"THIN, ma'am dear, the weight's heavy on
my heart since I heard yourself say them
same words; an' shure enough but Murty's
all as bad. An' why, thin, what for wouldn't
we go along wid ye, wheresomever ye're goin' to."

This from poor Biddy, a comely young girl, who,
with her brother Murty (Mortimer), had been at
service in Mrs O'Brien's family for several years.
Her mistress had, a few days before, told the faith-
ful creatures that she grieved to part with them, but
found it unavoidable, as Mr O'Brien, her husband,
had finally arranged to leave Ireland the following
month; and the family, thinking their arrangements