

missed his penitents. When he had finished, he beckoned them towards him, saying with his bright smile:

"I never expected you could have found me out here, children. What are you fretting about now?" as he saw the tears slowly trickling from Lady Elizabeth's eyes.

"Father," she answered in a broken voice, "this will really kill you."

"And what then?" he replied, "is death such a great misfortune that you should weep? Strange beings that we are," continued he, as he led them towards the hut, "we sigh and moan over

it. Its only furniture was a bundle of straw for a bed, a small table, and two or three stools; there was a fire-place, but no fire was within it. The same aperture which let in light and air also admitted wind and rain. A shudder ran through her at the thought of the bitter cold of those inclement nights, and at this instant Father Fitzsymons caught hold of the door-post to support himself during a fit of coughing which seemed to rend his frame. When it was over he only laughed merrily, and declared it was the "smoke of the last fire" he had lit.



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the ills of life, yet wish not to be free."

"Ah, child, when in the early dawn of this, my solitude, I come forth from my hut, to make my morning meditation, and hear the song of the wakening birds, such a longing cometh over me 'to flee away and be at rest,' that I chide myself for laziness."

They had reached the door of the hut, and, Lady Elizabeth, looked anxiously around it. It was so low, no man of

ordinary height could stand upright in it. "It so nearly smothered me," he remarked, "that I never have had courage to light another."

"But, Father, how long is this to go on?" said Lady Elizabeth, in a pleading tone.

"Oh, the spring will soon be here," rejoined the Father; "the weeks fly along, and I am really doing some good. The people come to me from miles round: