

sitting at every darkened hearth in turn." This is no picture originating in the mind of the novelist. Well does she say "sitting at every darkened hearth," for famine in Ireland meant fever, and fever, death—death to all alike except the rich,—death to men whose bravery and generosity of heart the historian has never chronicled, the poet never sung: death to true women of such purity and innocence as no other nation ever produced. Among the peasants whose lips the dread famine sealed, were the parents of little Fan, who is left by them to the care of Kevin. At the age of ten years she had received some little education at the hands of Kevin and Father Ulick who, by the way, is an excellent character. She is described at this period as "exuberant with life and joy in every movement, unconscious grace in every attitude," and having a voice of such ravishing tenderness and sweetness, that she was the admired of the whole neighborhood. But the happiness of her childhood soon came to an unhappy termination. A band of gipsies passing through Killeevy, and tempted by the profits which they saw might be made by the child's voice, succeeded in kidnapping her. We next find her in England, where she was forced to figure as a dancing-girl. But here let us stop to comment, for, perhaps no description in the whole book is more touchingly drawn than this of Fan's forced appearance on the gipsy stage. The picture of the innocent, sorrowful child compelled to smile while she sings the song she hates, the look of imploring pity which she casts on the audience, the astonishment and interest with which her hearers regard her, all is wonderfully well shown—not directly, it is true, but by some unaccountable means the reader is led to feel the sadness of the situation. When all her gipsy songs have been sung, in answer to a request from the audience for more, she considered for a moment, and turning her young face towards Killeevy, "there rose suddenly from her lips a sacred strain, curiously in contrast with her former songs, sweet, solemn, and thrilling, a hymn that alternated between triumph and supplication. It was the hymn of the Virgin "Triumphant," sung in every cabin on Killeevy mountain; the words were in Irish, and incomprehensible to her listeners."

But to return to the story. As little Fan is under the guardianship of Kevin, he naturally endeavours to find some trace of her, but fails to be equal to the cunning of the gipsies. Fan, however makes her escape meanwhile, and reaching London, is adopted by a kind Italian lady who having a taste for painting, teaches this as well as other accomplishments to Fan, and a new life opens for the child. Meanwhile Kevin also reaches London and finds employment in a book-store, where he takes advantage of the abundance of poetry and other reading matter at his disposal, never, however giving up his search for Fan. This he carried on by frequenting the London theatres where he believed the gipsies would turn the child's wonderful voice to the best advantage. But all was in vain. The search is not unfruitful to the reader however, for the author takes advantage of it to make some excellent comments on actors and acting. Speaking of "Hamlet," she tells us that on reading it, the harshness of the half-crazed prince troubled Kevin, until after repeated reading and re-reading he made up his mind that there were thoughts and words untold by the text. Then she goes on to point out that at Kevin's time the drama had been revived in all its grandeur. He "witnessed the genius that, reading between the lines of the great master's writing, had drawn forth the entire soul of the meaning and placed it before the world. The strutting, speech-making Hamlet was no more, and in his place was a noble and sensitive human being, a high and delicate mind broken by horror, isolated from its kind by contact with the supernatural, crazed by the wickedness of the living, and the vengeance required by the dead." Such is Rosa Mulholland's ideal Shakespearian actor, and such, no doubt, have been a few of the great actors whom she has seen. The remainder of this long paragraph is equally scholarly and instructive, so much so, that I am of the opinion that the fair author has more fully grasped the idea of what a good actor should be than have many of those who treat us to lengthy essays on the same subject.

The drama was the beginning of a second life for Kevin. He left the theatre, we are told in a whirl of extraordinary excitement. "A new world—the world of