2

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER "We all mast follow, when Fate puts from CHAPTER I

THE BURIAL

"Young barbarians all at play." - Chi'de Harolo

Miss Nora! Miss Nora! your grandfather would be real mad if was to see ye. Whativer are ye do-ing, diggin' holes in the plantation?" Never you mind, Sweetlips," I wered, pertly. "Don't waste answered, pertly. "Don't waste your time watching us, but trot away to your dinner ; the potatoes will be

I was down on my knees, ladling out the earth from a hole in front of me, with both hands, and never even condescended to turn my head. "Sweetlips"—a cross-looking, elderly man, with a thin, weather-beaten face, surmounted by an equally weather-beaten tall hat-stood surveying beaten tall hat—stood surveying us for some seconds, with the strong-est expressions of disapproval im-printed on his carbbaproval imprinted on his crabbed, withered ountenance, and then followed my advice, wheezing and muttering to himself as he hobbled down the avenue.

Sich childer ! sich heart-scalds ! sich young divils! Ugh! they bate all—the plagues of Agypt was no-thing to them. Ugh !—"

This indignant individual, en route to dinner was grandfather's working steward and gardener, Mr. John Kelly, whom we had endowed with the name of "Sweetlips," as he was well known to be the most peevish, ill-tempered human being in the whole barony of Upper Ormond.

The heart-scalds, the young devils referred to, were three in number-Rody, Deb, and I-Nora O'Neill. We and conceit. were extremely busy; at least Rody and I had our hands full. Deb was looking on. Deb rather shone in that capacity. We were burying a bottle containing a document.

There, it's deep enough now," I exclaimed, jumping up and shaking quantities of earth from the skirt of ay skimpy blue cotton frock. cool "Read it over once more, Rody, before you bottle it up.

Rody unrolled a piece of glazed cardboard, once the lid of ribbon-box, and read aloud at a breathless gallop :

"We the undersigned, do prommise to meet each other, under this tree, this day ten years—July 17th, 1870. Signed,

RODBRICK FRENCH, aged 12. DEBORA FRENCH, aged 11. NORA O'NEILL, aged 11.

"P. S.-If we are dead we won't come.

"That will do spendidly," I observed, taking it from him with an earthy hand, and read it over carefully; "but, Rody, are you sure there are two m's in promise?somehow it does not look right."

No matter whether it's right or wrong," returned Rody, confidently, "no one will see it but ourselves. Here, let's bottle it up, and have done with it. Where's the sealingwax ?"

From the depths of her pocket Deb slowly produced a piece of candle (dip) three matches, a stick of red sealing wax, a colored cotton bandkerchief, a pair of scissors, and about a dozen gooseberries. Having sorted these articles, we cast one last admiring glance on our treasure, rolled it neatly up in brown paper, and inclosed it in an empty porter bottle, which we corked, sealed, and buried.

peuver entirely failed. It was not so There, that is done !" I exclaimed easy to elude Beresford's sharp eyes : triumphantly, as I stamped down the earth with a series of energetic in another moment he was beside jumps. "Let us hope that Sweetus. here ! lips won't c does find the bottle, he will be cruelly disappointed when he opens it, that's one comfort," I added, as I scattered twigs and handfuls of dried grass over the scene of our recent

certing candor, scooping deeper and for your energies. There is a weari-still deeper iuto the bark. some sameness about your jokes : I some sameness about your jokes : I am getting a little tired of finding "You think there is room for im flour in my pockets, water in my boots, snuff among my handkerchiefs —not to speak of the whole contents provement, as far as I am concerned?" I asked with a broad grin of compla-

"Room !" he echoed. "Oceans of room ! You are a first-rater in your way—good runner, climber, and I'll back you to throw stones against any think that you may, at all seasons, occupy your idle moments by making hay in my room, your anticipa-tions must be immediately dispelled. fellow 1 know. You ought to have been a boy. But for a girl you must see yourself that you are as ugly as I declare to you, once for all, in the nost solemn manner, that the next you can be. Here he paused, knife in hand, and time I am honored by a visit I shall

make a fearful example of you all looked at me dispassionately. "You have red hair, my three. I quite mean what I say; I am always as good as my word. Farewell." And with a nod of easy DOOL Miggs"-Miggs was my nick-name. "Dark red-auburn," I mildly put

and contemptuous patronage, he turned on his heel, and pursued his "Red hair," he continued, as if I had not spoken, "great wild cat's way through the plantations, followed by loud peals of ironical laughter. eyes, a face as freckled as a turkey's 'How I hate him !" I observed

egg-Only tanned-not freckled,"

added, angrily :

speaks.

ness.

back avenue, angrily kicking the firagain expostulated. "Face like a turkey's egg," he recones before me. "I wish he had never come here." sumed, "legs like sticks, and arms like a monkey's. Room for improve-Why in the world did your grandfather ask him to Gallow ?" inquired ment, indeed !"

The idea tickled his fancy so much Deb, resentfully. "Because he is his heir," I rethat he laughed till he was obliged to cut short his operations, and lean turned, impatiently. "Gallow will belong to him Some day, don't you against the tree for support. Now, I knew I was ugly; the fact had been | know?' dinned into my ears as long as I could remember. Still I by no means relished having the bare plain repeated Deb—always the smartest "But he is only your grandfather's

repeated Deb-always the smartest of the three of us, and of the most truth thus placed so nakedly before me. Coloring with annoyance, I asked, rather shrilly : "And Deb—what of her ?" "Deb is pretty," he returned judiinquiring mind-looking at me with an air of puzzled curiosity. "If grandfather had a son it would go to him, but as he only had a

few minutes later, as I walked up the

the

bathing.

tea.

breeze

the

the dog-cart. Rody came up

inveigled me down to the yard.

myself to be beguiled !

The rain had ceased, but every

'Here's Micky Connor's mule and

cart," urged my tempter. "You get in,

soul see you"-encouragingly.

daughter, it goes to his brother's son. A girl could never have Gallow," I added, with some digcially, after gravely scrutinizing his sister for some seconds. "Fair hair. blue eyes-rather lumpish figure though, and eaten up with laziness

"Then what will you do?" in-quired Rody, with wide open eyes. "I shall have money—plenty of money," I returned, with a still "Lumpish figure !" screamed Deb, "and what is yours, I should like to know, you hideous, shock-headed, stupid lout !" further accession of importance and There, there, that will do," said visible elongation of my neck. How much "How do you know ?

Rody, waving his hand up and down in a soothing manner. "Don't exwill you have ?" asked Deb, with in a soothing manner. "Don't ex-cite yourself, my good girl; keep affectionate solicitude. "I heard nurse talking it over with

Miss Fluker one night when they "I'm not your good girl !" cried his "I'm not your good a sister, vehemently. "Well, then, my bad girl !" he con-"Well, then, my bad girl !" he con-"Well, then, my bad girl !" he conthought I was asleep." "And what did they say? Tell us

all about it !" said Deb, taking my tinued, blandly. "Do not let us fight about our personal appearance, whatarm, and speaking in a low and con

ever we do. I said you were pretty, and that ought to satisfy you; you can't expect everything. Look at Nora, who has neither face nor arm, and speaking in a low and one fidential tone. "They said," I responded, unbend-ing, and now discouraging rapidly, and in my every-day manner, "somefigure, and she does not care two thing about entail — some law — I straws," pointing with his knife to don't understand—and that grand-where I sat on the lower branch of a father paid for Maurice's education, allowed his mother three neighboring beech, with my legs and swaying to and fro, my arms akimbo, hundred a year ; but neither he nor any of the family would know her trying to assume an air of negligent she was only a governess. Miss Fluker said it was an awful shame---superiority. Seeing that she still ooked sulky and unappeased, he but then, you see, she is only a added, angrily: "I suppose you'll have the black dog on your back now for the rest of

governess herself.' What fun if Maurice were to the day. I am very sorry I did not say you had a hump," he concluded, marry her !" cried Rody, cutting a "Would not your grandfather caper. be in a glorious rage ? Miss Fluker wiped his knife on the sleeve is always making up to him, too, now of his jacket, put it in his pocket, and that I come to think of it," nodding prepared to depart. Some one approaching rapidly his head with an air of sagacious re-

through the underwood arrested our trospection. No matter what you think"attention-some one gayly whistling, scornfully; "Maurice is only eigh-teen, and Miss Fluker is—oh !—any 'The Lincolnshire Poacher." another second a tall youth, of about age; and besides, horrid as he is, and detestable as he can make himeighteen, came in sight, followed by a splendid red and white setter. "It's Beresford !" exclaimed Rody, self, he is ten times too good for in a tragic whisper. "He is safe to be in an awful wax about his appleher !" I cried, flinging open garden gate with a resounding bang, and soon we were ravaging the strawberry beds with a zeal it would pie bed ! Come to this side of the tree, and dodge him. Pretend not to see him, and don't answer if he have been difficult to equal, and

Keep close, and bob your d make yourselves small." Maurice and his matrimonial was soon brought to myself by a prospects were dismissed for the strange voice, in a strange accent, But this difficult and delicate man- present.

CHAPTER II COUNTRY COUSINS AT HOME

ced the mirth, brose the good m eting, W th most admired d sord

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

my own extremities, two shapeless and we certainly took every advanes of mud. tage of our opportunity. At first he tolerated us with "How did it all happen?" he asked. At first abruptly, kindly averting his eyes from my face; "how did you come to passable politeness, and put up with

our continual society as a necessary evil actually tried to teach us grief?" "I was driving, I was upset," of my wardrobe being scattered cricket and rounders, and man-broadcast in all directions. If you ners! suggested that I should think that you may, at all seasons, sew a few buttons on my muttered dolefully. "So I saw," he returned, endeav

sew a few buttons on my boots, occasionally tie up my disheveled locks, and take to gloves pring to strangle a smile. "But what possessed you to drive fashion? Jehu, the son of in that He also treated Deb and me with a courtesy to which we were utter strangers, never pushing out of a room before us, nor helping himself Nimishi was nothing in comparison." "I always do," was my brief retort.

"Oh!" That "Oh!" spoke at least one volfirst, nor appropriating our chairs, as Rody too frequently did. We reume of astounded disapprobation. and he and I relapsed into silenceceived his civilities with roars of a silence that remained unbroken laughter, but still we accepted them. until I was delivered over to the This period was the calm which came before the storm. When emtender mercies of Miss Fluker and boldened by success, we tried one favorite "surprise" after another our hurried off to bed.

happened, and knew as little about I must confess that my new acquaintance did all in his power to relations with Maurice became, to say the least of it, a trifle strained. that the old 'goon' was only there for divert attention from me, and screened me as much as possible. He was rather nice about it, I thought frightening the crows," etc .-- it was all a mere waste of time and breath. Never shall I forget the first time I saw him ! It had been a very wet afternoon, and I had been prisoner when I reviewed the whole dread. ful scene, as I lay supperless in bed in the school-room since dinner trying to cool my burning cheeks on time, with my face pasted against my pillow. windows, eagerly watching for

As a rule I never took my meal downstairs. Grandfather break-fasted at 8, had no luncheon, and dined at 7. How he manthe rectory, and in an evil moment aged to hold out so long and not col-lapse from sheer hunger was a comthing was soaking wet—the eaves were dripping still, likewise the trees, and all the poultry on the premises looked as if they had been mon topic of discussion between Deb and me. We breakfasted at 9 and were absolutely ravenous at 2 Nevertheless, I suffered (our dinner hour), and though toler-

"Can you not leave it otherwise ?" ably sustained by a fair share of fruit he returned, with a significant glance during the afternoon, were quite in my direction. "No!" snapped grandfather, " the ready for our tea at 6 o'clock.

and I'll race you with the donkey and Grandfather's breakfast hour was estate is strictly entailed." twig as far as the cross-roads-not a altered seemingly, to 9; and I was desired to appear on the scene. I descended in all the glories of a off the entail? It seems more natural I must here explain that the that your daughter's child should inperfectly clean frock, my fiery locks 'twig" was a small basket carriage herit Gallow, than your brother's (shaped very much like a turf-creel) tied back with a brand new ribbon, "You are a most disinterested I really felt myself looking quite that, with a swift trotting brown donkey, brought the two rectory nice, as I marched into the breakfastyoung gentleman," said grandfather, room and boldly faced grandfather children every day to Gallow to do with an unconcealed sneer. "You and cousin Maurice. Miss Fluker lessons with me. They had the are ready to beggar yourself, are you ?" eying his nephew with conwas simpering behind the teapot, and benefit of my English governess, Miss Fluker, and shared our early they had already commenced operatemptuous incredulity. "No not exactly," rejoined Maurice, dinner, and generally remained to tions on a very tempting-looking cold raised pie, when I joined the family circle. Bold as I may have looked, I Within the last year, Rody had reddening, "I mean—that is to say" —he stammered. Then suddenly been sent to school, and the basket-carriage only contributed one pupil. was intensely afraid of grandfather. taking his courage in both hands, he Not to appear singular, I may add, so To return to Rody after this long blurted out : were most people. He was a very digression, I gladly and foolishly lent Gallow to your grand-daughter, and an ear to his suggestion. I had been mewed up in the house all day, and stern looking old gentleman, with give me a sum of money to start me high, aristocratic features, and snowin my profession. I am not cut out white hair, with whiskers and brows was pining for a breath of fresh air. for a country gentleman," he added to match. He had a way of knitting Into the wet mule-cart I got, reck. in a low tone. "Stuff ! nonsense ! rubbish !" exthose brows, and looking out from lessly regardless of my clean stockunder them, that frightened me very ings and best frock; and without further persuasion started the mule at a brisk canter. Off we went, down much.

"So," he exclaimed, as I took a stick in such a manner as to raise a cloud of dust out of the carpet, and seat and wished him a timid goodthe back avenue, I leading by quite morning—"so, Miss Nora, that was a nice performance of yours last even. three lengths, and keeping well in send Snap into a distant retreat under the sofa. "When a man inthe middle of the drive, in case Rody The next scrape you get into,' should attempt to pass. I steered ing here he knit his brows, and looked out of the gate, happy go-lucky, and away down the road full speed, standing up in the cart like an ancient Roman charioteer with my

you like it or not. There has been a Beresford of Gallow for the last three I glanced across at Maurice, ex carroty mane fully given to the pecting to meet some signal of sym-pathy, to support me under this over-The mule was going home, hundred years, and I hope there will be one for three hundred more. or thought he was—so was the brown donkey; the race was close, and exwhelming threat ; but he was calmly As to Nora, she is amply provided buttering his toast, and looking just tremely exciting. Rody was gaining for, so you need have no scruples on as if grandfather had made the most on me, for the road was down hill, and the twig was light. With voice and reins I encouraged the still galcommonplace observation. I watched that head. him as he talked. He had quite a profession, and I mean to stick to it," grown-up air, and seemed to have an loping mule; the cross-roads were in opinion of his own on most subjects. sight; the victory would be mine! Would it? Almost at the goal fortune for which I would not He talked of Woolwich, spoke of it as He was going there, and played me a cruel trick, the linchpin "the shop." He was going there, and reading hard for the entrance examicame out of one of the wheels, and I nation. He talked of India, Russia, was sent flying! I landed flat in a of war, of the probable outbreak beheap of mud that had been scraped tween France and Prussia. He quite took away my breath. "He will up at the side of the road. For a uncommon in that. moment or two I was stunned, but I took away my breath. "He will was soon brought to myself by a never do for us," was my mental resaying: "Little girl—it is a girl!" as if there had been any doubt on the subject— "I hope you are not hurt?" "No—no?" L structure of the subject summers. "No—no?" L structure of the subject summer sum

Nevertheless, we young people did world. How old are you ?" "Nearly eighteen," responded "No-no!" I stammered, as I stood not fail to do the honors of Gallow to the stranger. We introduced him Maurice, with ill-disguised pride. up and gazed vacantly around. I see Isee

things, he bore himself well-was and listened to the deeply interesting respectful and attentive to grand-father, amiable and polite fo Miss lescription of the sacking of a house, and piking of its inmates, with un-concealed indignation. Nor did his Fluker, and kept his temper in an soul catch a spark of enthusiasm, when, from a nook in the chimney, a astonishing manner as far as we were concerned. I think he dis-covered that nothing cut us up so blunderbuss was produced, and proud-ly exhibited, as having done good covered that holding cut us of so much, or disappointed us so keenly, as his passing over our jokes with disdainful silence — ignoring them and us completely, and accepting many startling disclosures with service in more than one fray. On the contrary, the sight of it made Maurice absolutely furious; he threatened to smash it; told Patsey he matchless self control. a bloodthirsty old rebel, who deserved

to have his neck stretched ;" told us

"we ought to be ashamed of our-selves and our taste for low com-

pany ;" and flung out of the cottage

Deaf to Patsey's reiterated declara

tion, " that he only made up the stories to please the childer ; that he

was but a small gossoon when it all

about the fields, discussing

had times as the babe unborn

Could I not join you, sir, to cut

claimed grandfather angrily, em-

phasing each word with his walking-

herits a thousand acres, rent free, he

finds no difficulty in playing the part

of owner; the estate is strictly en-tailed, and must go to you, whether

You could make over

in a towering passion.

TO BE CONTINUED

A CONVERSION, AN APOSTACY, AND RESTORATION

By Isaac L. Gamewell in the Missionary

Having been requested by a priest I hold in respect and veneration, to give a narrative of my religious experiences, I yield to his opinion that some good may be done to others thereby, not that I think my personal Maurice had completely shaken the dust of Patsey's dwelling off his loyal English feet, and was already nearly affairs either spiritual or material. are of any degree of interest to the general public. I was born of a Prohalf-way home. Grandfather and Maurice got on testant family, and a peculiarly zeal-ous one, and trained in that faith both in the Sunday school and home. together very well. They pottered about the fields, discussing farming, young stock, stall feds and drainage. both by precept and example. But very early in my life I became dis-"You see, it is necessary for you to know something about the place, and to take an interest in what will satisfied with these teachings, and be your own some day," remarked grandfather to Maurice in my hearresolved fully to be a Catholic, almost as soon as I became capable of forming either an opinion or a desire on religious subjects. Just why I made the resolve at that time is a puzzle

to me even now, for I know that I then had no intelligent conception of the requirements of Catholicity-Vot indeed knew nothing about it. the fact remains whether explain-able or not, that the desire existed

and strongly enough to carry me into the bosom of the holy Catholic Church, and I thank God for it !

Of course that desire was opposed unanimously by my family, but my mother, an earnest, devout soul, finally said : "My son, I don't want you to join the Catholic Churchnone of us do, but if you are fully persuaded that you ought to do and that the step is necessary to your religious peace, you may. won't force anyone's conscience, nor allow any one else to force yours. But remember, if you will be a Catholic, be a credit to them and be as good a Catholic as you can, and emember also that you shall attend the Catholic Church if that is the church of your choice. I won't force you to attend my church but you cer tainly shall attend some church and at tend it regularly." Sojust there began my regular attendance on Catholic services. And many a Mass have I attended because forced to do so by a Protestant mother-not that ever made any approach to the Church herself, but that of all persons I have ever known she was the most absolutely just and fair to man and to God so far as His will became known to her. I continued thus as a mere attendant at the Catholic services, for several years. I did not receive the sacraments or make any " But I have chosen the army as a special or systematic preparation to do so. I do believe, however, that, returned Maurice, with a pertinacity even in this ignorant groping, I re ceived graces from the Blessed Sacrahave given him credit. "I have always made up my mind to be a soldier, ever since ment, for the sound of the sacring bell, the uplifting of the Holy Host I was a small boy." "Just so," replied grandfather, and even the misty cloud of incense ascending heavenward before the nodding his head, " there's nothing altar filled my mind with awe and my soul with peace. Very little of intelligent faith in all this, theoreti-We all know that half a man's life is often spent cally, you will say. Granted, but I know that under God there was a very great deal of practical saving faith to my poor soul. Finally I re ceived conditional baptism in a little

church in Atlanta, Ga., and made my first confession and received absolution and Holy Communion, all in one day. Then began my practical Catholic, and I found in it

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How are we to find the place in ten year's time?" asked Deb, the matter of fact, with doubtful face. Don't you see our names cut on ment.

stupid ?" retorted her tree brother, forcibly.

Raising her eyes she beheld a freshly cut lop-sided "Nora," at least five feet above her head, and a little lower down, Rody had executed an enormous R on the glossy gray

Here," he continued, " carve your D," handing a murderous look-ing clasp knife to his sister. "Carve your letter, and the whole thing is complete.

'I can't ! I hate carving ! it hurts my hand," whined Debora. "Look here, Rody, it's no trouble to you, and you do it so well," in a cajoling You carve it for me, do!"

Just like your laziness," he returned, not one whit softened by the indeed !' implied compliment, and surveying his sister from head to foot with withering contempt. "If you want a thing done, get some one else to do it for you, that's your motto."

You will pick me a leaf of the best amber gooseberries for this, my young lady !" he concluded, author itatively, as he turned, knife in hand, and made the first deep incision for the back of the D.

wonder what we shall all be like this time ten years?" I re-marked, by way of a digression, as I patented." stood in an easy attitude, with my hands clasped behind me, and hat on the back of my head, and watched in the pie. Rody's progress with critical interest.

Like !" cried Deb, with unusual "like what we are now, animation,

only taller; our faces will be the

Hulloa !" he cried, looking more surprised than pleased, "this is an unexpected pleasure. What are you doing here, you imps? What misirst visit to grandfather and Gallow. chief are you hatching now ?" Hearing him spoken of as a "boy," Rody, Deb, and I looked forward to We maintained a dignified silence, and stared at him stolidly.

leads and make yourselves small."

"The imps deaf and dumb! What his appearance with the liveliest anticipation. In our mind's eye, he was included in various prearranged a blessing !" he ejaculated, as he surveyed us with profound amazeamusements and excursions. He came! One glance was sufficient! For quite sixty seconds we

stood confronting each other ; Maur-He was not our style in the least, no ice gazing at us with undisguised more than we were his. He was not at all likely to be "hail fellowcontempt, and we glaring at him with all the insolent defiance at our well-met" with a posse of mischievcommand-which was considerable. ous children, who were boiling over "Let us hope that we shall know with wild high spirits-impudent, each other next time we meet," said reckless, uncultivated, and disorder-

Maurice at last, with ironical polite y-who had no wish to open a book "On the whole, I give the to wear gloves or collars, or to be palm to you; you are certainly the ugliest of the three," calmly addressotherwise than other young savages. Maurice, on the contrary, read a

ing himself to me. A spasmodic grin was my only reply

daily studying in his own room-'Grin away, my child-grin away ; 'when it was holiday time-when but let me give you a friendly caution. It strikes me that if your he was not obliged to !" claimed to each other, with un-mingled amazement. "He was a mouth grows any wider, we shall mingled amazement. have to put your ears back-we shall, muff!" such was our verdict. He he added, in a tone of had not a bit of fun in him.

sorrowful conviction. Then, taking off his hat with elaborate courtesy, he said. "Babes in the wood, adieu. If you

only knew what it costs me to tear myself away from you-Oh, by the

way"—as if struck by an after-thought—"I presume that I have to thank you for the very nice apple pie playful banging at his door, by many artless practical jokes (prebed I found awaiting me last night. The holly-bush in the bottom was alluded to), by tripping him viously

up in the dark, or by unexpectedly quite an inspiration, and ought to be supplementing his morning bath by a sudden douche from some upper A deprecatory giggle from me

assures him (if further assurance were needed) that I had had a finger window. Needless to say, we did not amalgamate; our guest scorned climbing trees, and driving the "Let me inform you, my young

friends," he proceeded, raising his donkeys voice, and surveying us with a pair tastes lea donkeys tandem—neither did his tastes lean to rat hunts nor practical jokes. We had long been languishing of very angry, handsome, dark gray eyes, "that I am not going to stand for a new victim; and as he would not

mt Kate: A fortnight previously Maurice Dan, the coachman, who, though well the dog cart and chest to the most reliable gooseberry bushes in the garden, we took him round the

Beresford had arrived, to pay his accustomed to my escapades, is first visit to grandfather and Gallow. hiding a smile with his white gloved hand; I see the mule and the dilapidated cart; I see Rody; I see the twig, but can this tall youth, who has helped me up, and who is still holding my muddy hand, can this be

Maurice? Of course it is. "What in the world must he think of me?" is my next thought.

"She's not a bit hurt, she never is," put in Dan, with laudable gravity. to his thrilling recollections of Who is she? Do you know where she lives ?" asked the stranger benevolently.

"Who is she, is it ? Sure she's your own cousin, Miss Nora O'Neill : who else could it be ?" returned Dan, with unintentional irony. Here was a pretty introduction ! but I was

forced to make the best of it. I pretended that I was hurt, and assumed great deal, and spent several hours a slightly invalidish appearance, as, head on one side. I tottered with my toward the dog-cart a truly humbling we exspectacle. I was scraped—yes, my frock was literally scraped—with Rody's knife; my hands and arms were dried in my cousin's handker-

chief ere I was permitted to ascend and be driven home, while Dan more idea of a joke than grandfather himself, and there was nothing Irish about him, except his eyes and his looked after my late conveyance and He steed. I don't think I ever felt so name. Yes—and his temper. He had a fine, fiery temper of his own small in my life as during that miserable drive. My long legs dangled down before me, actually caked with mud, my new blue llama frock was no longer recognizable as either new or blue. Mud on my my mental vision. hands, my arms, my face, my hair.

I should have liked to cry, to cry long, to cry copiously, but by an heroic effort I restrained my feelings. Tears would only make matters

worse, if worse they could be ! I had no handkerchief. I stole a glance at my companion. He was spotless,-a neat, dark tweed suit, irreproachable white linen, remarkably well-cut it in four; and flouring the griddle, boots, remarkably good feet—the and laying it thereon! Maurice did same, of course." "It's to be hoped not, for Nora's sake," observed Rody, with discon-I warn you to find some other field to be sent expressly as a "subject," all—I mentally noted, as I looked at called him "a seditious old ruffin;" or description. Considering

Ah, well, I give you just ten year soldiering, and you see if you won't be pretty sick of it at the end of that yard and stables, presented him to time, and only too glad to turn your the dogs, escorted him to the bog, sword into a plowshare and come and gave him-oh, rare treat !-- a drive in settle down at Gallow."

the twig ; and last, but not least, took Here I sneezed violently, and grandhim to call on Patsey White; an old man who had once been herd on the father, who had wholly forgotten my presence, looked sharply round, by no means too well pleased to find that I had "assisted " at the interview, land, and was now pensioned off, and lived at his leisure in the back lodge. To spend an afternoon with Patsey and harshly ordered me to leave the gathered round his turf fire, roasting room, which I did, effecting my repotatoes in the ashes, and listening tirement with all the dignity I could

muster. Grandfather liked Maurice - he was to us the acme of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The fact that Miss Fluker strongly objected talked to him, and made much more of him than any one I ever saw in his to these reunions lent an additional company. I think the reason of this piquancy to the entertainment. We was that Maurice, although perfectly were never tired of listening to Patrespectful always, was not one whit afraid of him, nor in the least discomsey's reminiscences and stories, which varied from "Vinegar Hill" to the fited by any of the rude, sarcastic speeches that his uncle used to scat-Siege of Troy ;" with a few marvelous anecdotes of the Beresford family

ter broadcast. Grandfather was a soured and disthrown in as a slight interlude be tween the two epochs. Where he picked up his information I know appointed man. The loss of his wife, a year or two after her marriage, was now ; but he was very fond of telling a blow he never recovered. The elopement of his only child-my us about "Throy," as he called it and Hector, and Ann-Dromack, and mother-was another of misfortune's the wooden horse ; and used to enter heaviest strokes. From this latter he never rallied; cut himself loose from all society, and shut himself up so thoroughly into the spirit of the narrative that he frequently led us to imagine that he had been an eye among his own farms and fields, almost as much isolated from his witness of what he described. this day Vinegar Hill and the plains former circle of friends and acquaintof Troy are indissolubly associated in ances as if he had taken ship for my mind's eye; and Paris and Lord another country. Now that I look back on it, I do not think that Maurice Edward Fitzgerald, Fair Helen, Emmet, and Ajax, stand side by side on ay mental vision. Biddy, Patsey's grand-daughter, it that summer at Gallow. Walking and talking with an irritable caustic would occasionally allow us to assist old gentleman, and being tormented her in making a griddle cake. Deb to the verge of insanity by three and I took it in turns to knead the lively and inventive young people, dough in a brown crock. Oh ! the filled up the best part of his dayrapture of handling it, and pressing reading for his Woolwich examinait, and spreading it on a board, and rolling it, and patting it, and cutting it in four; and flouring the griddle, tion being a kind of light distraction

joy and peace and rest for my soul. But owing to my circumstances at the time (I was a soldier) my instruc tion was very desultory and I did not receive confirmation, both these lacking elements contributing to bring about the fall which it pains. me to record. About this time the religious world was imflamed with discussions about the dogma of papal infallibility then about to be promulgated by the Vatican Council; discussions whose bitterness can hardly be imagined or credited by

this younger generation, and like many others at that time, presumptuous in their ignorance and hard ened in their self-will, I adopted a position of opposition to a doctrine of which I knew nothing and said I could not believe it for I believe it to be sound psych. ology and theology that he who resolves that he cannot believe in a matter of faith (as I did, though un consciously so, perhaps) is in the identical attitude of him who says I will not. However, as my reverend friend asked me for a leaf from my experience and not for a treatise on theology or psychology, we will leave that question to those better leave that question to fitted to discuss it, and proceed to the practical effect of the attitude I decided that as an honorable man I could not reject a dogma promulgated by the Church and continue to retain membership in the Church which promulgated it, and I still consider it a just decision. So I quit, without any ceremony or leavetaking—just quit and did not cross the door of a Catholic church fo nearly forty years. And I may sa just here that had I been in this matter as fully honest as I was pharisaically pretending to be, had I exercised some of the inflexible jusand relaxation. He had no congenial companions, no boating, riding, or tice and fairness of my mother (to not appreciate our friend Patsey ; he rackets-no amusements of any sort which I had before alluded) in this matter and, studied the question be