

happy together; happy, though not very rich; but to part you! sittin' here wid you to-night, an' my arms about you—to talk of partin' from you! Moya I say again, we'll never part."

"Avoch! many's the time my own thaights an' my own heart brought before me the bit o' land, an' the little cabin and the little garden, an' every thing you spake of; ay, an' more; I seen my own self helpin' you in the garden, or makin' or mendin' for you at the cabin door; or busy about the fluer, inside, to be ready for your comin' home in the evening; but id was all a dhrame! an empty dhrame, though a very happy one! as empty as the wind that whistles on the hill behind us, an' as unthru as that the stars are dancin' in that wather, though *that* seems thru enough too. No, bouchaleen. The mother's curse, an' the mother's grave rises between us, an' opens between us! We *are* parted forever in this world—an' may God help us both!"

"I say no, still Moya! no, no! do you listen to me now. We are promised to one another in the holy name, an' nobody on earth has the right to stand between us!"

"Is id the anger is comin' upon you, bouchal baun?" she asked.

His looks and accents, as well as his words, told that a change began to work within him.

"An' why shouldn't the anger come on me, if id did come?—why should your mother destroy us both for the sake of a wasteful dinner or a new gownd, or a curlishy an a 'God save you ma'am'?—us—two young people in the mornin' of our days—long life an' many hopes before us—cover my Moya undher the sod o' the grave, and send me—if I didn't soon lie by her side—send me, a mad creature over the face o' the earth, killin', I believe, any live thing that would stand up afore me. By the night that's above our heads, I'll not go from you, Moya! There's no one, I say, has the right over you but myself, an' I hould you close—an' I will hould you close!"

"Och, bauchal ma-chree! don't say them cross words to me, an' dont press me so hard—would you hurt me, as well as frighten me, now?—take away your hands, an' let me be goin' home to my mother, in the name o' God."

"Home you'll not go, Moya—never!"

Still holding her in his arms, he suddenly started up with the terrified girl, bore her rapidly across the stepping-stones, laid her at the base of the granite rock, and cast himself by her side.

"What did you bring me here for, ma bouchal?" she whispered, standing up, as well as she was able, after a shrinking glance around, which informed her where she was. He did not answer; but she saw him turn upon his breast, and cover his face with his hands, while his limbs, shook or started, and deep

sounds of great passion escaped him. Ay, the mother-fit was upon him. "Now, my poor boy, you frighten me more and more—the good night to you, for I must——"

He again interrupted her, starting up to her side, and clasping her wildly—"No, Moya, no; not the good night,—no, no!"—and amid showering tears and choking sobs, he impressed upon her lips and cheek kiss after kiss, in rapid succession. Moya was unable to struggle against his strength and blind impetuosity.

"Free me," she could only say, in a low voice, free me; an' tell me, I ask you again, why have you brought me to this evil spot?"

His paroxysm grew less: now, in his turn, his head fell on her shoulder; and, though he still held her, his grasp relaxed as he at length answered,—
"I don't know why, Moya: I can't tell you why; it has gone out of my mind, I believe, if ever it was in id; or I brought you here only to bring you somewhere—no matter where—with me, may be—yes, that's the thruth."

"Let us quit it, then; 'twas here Nora Grace lost her life; an' they say that when two throe lovers stand together near this stone, in the night time, bad fortune is in the path of one o' them, or both o' them—come."

"Yes, so they say; an' we are two throe lovers—an' we are stannin' near the stone—an' the sayin' will turn out to be a right sayin', if you don't hinder it, Moya."

Silence ensued, while in the imperfect light she endeavoured to read the meaning of the young man's features. "Moya," he resumed, in a broken hoarse tone.

"What is id?" she asked, ill at ease, and speaking with difficulty.

"Will you come your ways with me, and be my own Moya?"

"Where with you, bouchaleen? where could we go together?"

"Anywhere that gives our heads a shelter—there can be love anywhere."

"O bouchal, bouchal! you will let me home to the poor ould mother, an' heaven will have a blessing in store for you."

"I give you the warnin', Moya—don't say the no to me, this night."

"An' well you know I wouldn't, cuishla, if the mother's death and the mother's curse were not in our road afore us!"

"Moya, you must, or——"

"Or what?—why do you stop? Is it hurt or harm you'd put on your own poor Moya?"

"No!" he roared out, stamping on the sward; "No!—there I free you!—I take my arms from around you! Go your ways, now to your mother, if you like!—only listen to me first. Listen!"