Within A pal Singin To a Sleep Water

"Oh sa

Alon
But yo
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With

The se

"Why Nay When I he "Slee Wa May Its

" WI

smile—

If in such fearful days thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook,
Which heaven has freed from poisonous
** things in vain—
While Giffard's tongue and Musgrave's pen

remain— If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot Those wrongs, though blazoned o'er the wor

Those wrongs, though blazoned of the they be.
Placemen alone are privileged not to see—
O, turn awhile, and through the shamrock My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery and of Ireland's woes
Live when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist all future knaves to warn.
Embalmed in hate and canonized by scorn
When Castlereagh, in sleep still more pro-

lows, blues, and greens of the new French school of colors. I don't mind the price. Above all things let them have especially handsome frames of the Via Dolorosa pattern." The letter went on to tell Mr. Dudley Poynter of his doings and the calm throb of the heart of his daily life. "There is not much champagne in it, Dudley, but there is a body that ne'er was dreamed of in your philosophy, or in that of the wild, mad wags of the smoking-room clique."

Mr. Brown completed his copy of the Liberator, to the intense admiration of Father Maurice and the ectasy of Mrs. Clancy. The worthy priest would not permit of its being hung in the kitchen, though, but gave it the place of honor in the snug little sitting-room. It is needles own opiate tongue now deals around. Shall wait the impeachment of that Awful though, but gave it the place of the soug little sitting-room. It is needless to say that the entire population of Monamulin, including the cabin curs—who were now on terms of the closest intimacy Day, Which even his practised hand can't bribe

"And oh, my friend, wert thou but near me now.

To see the Spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out unconquerably fair,
E'en through the blood-marks left by Camden there;
Could thou but see what verdure paints the

Which none but tyrants and their slaves have And didst thou know the spirit, kind and

That warms the soul of each insulted slave, Who, tired with struggles, sink beneath his ms by all but watchful France forreddy for to say 'Repale'
"There's an eye!" And seems by all but watchful France for-got— Thy heart would burn—yes, e'en thy Pittite ourn—to think that such a blooming

part Of the world's garden, in rich nature's charms, And filled with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish, too,
Who, armed at once with prayer books and
with whips,
Blood on their hands and Scripture on their

lips, .Tyrants by creed and torturers by text, .Make this life hell in honor of the next!"

THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT MONAMULLIN.

The entrance of Mrs. Clancy with smoking dish of salmon cutlets turned the tide of the conversation, and in a few minutes the artist found himself with Jyvecote discussing the Royal Academy pictures of the last season, glorifying Millais, extolling Holman Hunt, raving over Leslie and Herbert, and ringing the changes over the pearly grays, changeful opals, amaranths, and primrose of Leigh-ton. From London to the salon is easy ton. From London to the saton is easy transition, and from thence to the galleries of Dresden, Munich, and Florence. She had visited all, and to a purpose. He had lingered within their enchanting walls until every canvas became more or less a Integered within their enchances a until every canvas became more or less a friend. There was a wonderful charm in this meeting. To Brown Miss Jyvecote was a listener fresh, intelligent, naively sensible. To her the clever critiques of this high-bred yet humble artist savored of a receance written but unreal. It is scarcely romance written but unreal. It is scarcely romance written but unreal. It is scarcely necessary to say that when people drop thus upon a subject so charming, so inexhaustible, so refreshing the old Scytheman is utterly disregarded, and the sun was already sinking towards the west when Miss Investel's wheaten saves to the section.

ready sinking towards the web.

Jyvecote's phaeton came to the gate.

Jyvecote's phaeton of your sketches here. "Have you any of your sketches here,
Mr. Brown?" she asked, as she drew on
her yellow dogskin driving-gloves.

"Only a few that I dashed off on my
I hilly from Castlebar?"

Father Maurice was charmed with his
Father Maurice was charmed with his

walk hither from Castlebar."

They were glorious little bits of weatherworn granite, brilliant with gray, green, were green seas ange lichens ; luminous gre and black rocks basking in the sunlight fern-crowned inlets and cliffs glitterin cliffs glittering with wild flowers. She gushed over then What girl does not gush over the sketches of a tall, handsome, earnest artist?

"Oh! if I might dare to ask you for one of them, Mr. Brown." "Take all," he said.
She would not hear of this.
"They are your working-drawings, Mr.

selecting one, possibly the least "Will you not require an escort, Mis

Jyvecote, on your lonely drive?"
"Escort! No. In the first place, I shall probably not meet a human being; and in the next, I should only meet a friend were I to encounter anyone. I fear my pro-longed visit has spoiled your work for to day, Mr. Brown."
"My work! You will hardly guess what

"My work! You will hardly guess what I am pledged to do and the work I am about to commence. It is nothing less than a copy of the picture of Daniel O'Connell which hangs over the mantlepiece. It is for Mrs. Clancy, who is to adorn her kitchen wall with it."

"Surely you are not in parcest?" "Surely you are not in earnest?"
"Helas! I am always in earnest

"Helas! I am always in earnest, and so is Mrs. Clancy," he added, laughingly narrating that worthy lady's anxiety with reference to the artistic adornments of the back door.

"May we not hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Moynalty? Father Maurice has promised us a visit. I'm sure my father will call and—"

Pray do not trouble him. I never visit, and, as my stay here is only one of sufferance, I know not the moment 1 may be evicted by my ruthless landlord."

"You should make an exception in our

favor, Mr. Brown. We can show you a Claude, a doubtful Murillo, and a charm-We can show you a ing Meissonier. Our flowers, too, are worth coming to see—that is, they are wonderful for Connemara. Father Maurice, you must ask Mr. Brown come over with you

on Monday.
"Of course, my dear child, of course. He will be euchanted with the castle. You'll come, of course, Mr. Brown?" turning to our hero, who, however, remained silent, although brimming over with words he dared not speak.
"Then it's au revoir messieurs!" gayly ex-

claimed Miss Jayvcote, as she

rapidly away.

It would have surprised some of the artist's London friends could they have peeped behind the scenes of his thoughts and gazed at them as naturalist. working bees. It would have astonished them to hear him mutter as he watched the receding vehicle: just the one fresh, fair, unspotted, and per-fect girl it has been my lot to meet. Such a girl as this would cause the worst of us to turn virtuous and eshew cakes

Mr. Brown had confided in one man ere dropping out of Vanity Fair. To this in

a sin for to ax her to thravel for a cupple days more, anyhow, your riverince.
"Why, her knees are quite v dividual he now addressed himself, request-ing of him to "drop down to O'Conner's, the swell ecclesiastical stained-glass man in Berners Street, Oxford Street, and order set of Stations of the Cross. You don't well,

dividual he now addressed himself, request-

in Berners Street, Ohldross. You don't a set of Stations of the Cross. You don't know what they mean, old fellow, but the O'Connors will understand you. Let them be first class and glowing in the reds, yellows, blues, and greens of the new French school of colors. I don't mind the price.

with the artist-turned in after last Mass to

minit."
"Troth, it's as dhroll as a pet pup's."

theless, strengthning with each successive sunrise and matured with every gloaming.

her by the sea, his hands clasped around his knees and his beloved meerschaum

tuck in his mouth-sat dreaming, and

thoughts. One thing he was firmly resolved upon--not to leave Monamullin without

another interview; though how this was t

be brought about he did not very well see

come smilingly out of the valley of deso-lation, and so he should again, although this was so utterly unlike his former ex-

st. He had never encounterered an

anxious to oblige.
"Imagine," said he, in cataloguing his

together, the latter drawing out his host-digging for the golden ore of a charming erudition, which lay so deep, but which "was all there." Night after night did Father Maurice unfold from germ to bud,

from bud to flower, from flower to fruit the grand truths of the unerring faith in

Miss Jyvecote blushed rosy red as she

And such a frame!

Miss Juey couldn't understand it either,

but held her peace.
According to Murty Mulligan's veterinary

ppinion the pony was still unfit to travel.
"It's meself that's watchin' her like a

magpie forninst a marrabone; but she is dawny still, the crayture! an' it would be

sketch

e supreme.

fighting against his dreams—fights in which

crack av his fist."

Murty."
"But she's wake, sir—as wake as Mrs. Clancy's tay on the third wettin'—an' I'm afeared for to thrust her; more betoken, yer riverince"—in a low, confidential tone—"she's gettin' a bellyful av the finest oats in the barony, that will stand to her bravely while she's rasin' her winter coat."

Mr. Brown asked Father Maurice a con-

siderable number of questions anent his visit, and was particularly anxious in refervisit, and was particularly anxious in reference to the departure of Mr. Jyvecote.

"He told me himself that he would leave Westpoint to-morrow by the night train for Dublin, in order to catch the early boat that leaves Kingston for Holybead.

Upon the following morning the artist, slinging his knapsack across his back, start-in the direction of the Glendharrasheen

"I want to make a few sketches of the coast scenery about May Point," he ob-"There is better scenery in the Foil Dhuy,

about two miles further on; and, bless my heart, you'll be quite close to Moynalty Castle, and why not go in and see their have a look at the "piether o' Dan."

"Be me conscience! but it's Dan himself
—sorra a wan else" cried one. pictures, your own especially, in such a rand gilt Dublin frame?

Simple priest! Artful artist!

It was a delightful morning that was iming over Monamullen as the artist atted in a control of the control of "I was at Tara, an' it's just as if he was givin' Drizzlyeye [Disraeli] that welt about his notorious ancesthor, the impinitint thief on the crass," observed another.

"Faix, is's alive, it is. Look at the mouth, reddy for to say 'Repale'." uitted it en route to—May Point of course. quitted it en route to—May Font of course. The sea, like a large sleeping monster, lay winking at the sun, and but one solitary ship was visible away in the waste—a brown speck in a flood of golden haze. If young gentlemen would only put the single "why!" to themselves in starting upon "Thrue for ye; there's more fire in it than in ould Finnegan's chimbly this "why?" to themselves in starting apos-such expeditions, it might save them many a heart ache; but they will not. Any other query but this one. What a talisman that small word in every effort of our lives. "Stan' out o' that, Mr. OLeary, or ye'll Three cheers for the painther, boys !"

small word in every effort of our rives.

Brown felt unaccountably joyous and brave, charmed with the present, and metaphorically snapping his fingers at the future. A morning walk by the deep and dark blue occan summons forth this sentiate by the beginning of the sential words are charmed in the sential words. These and kindred comments fiung a adiated pleasure into the inner heart of the artist—that sunctum which as yet was green and fresh and limpid—while the eulogies, however quaint and coarsely served up, bore the delicious fiagrance which praise ever carries with it like a subtle perfume. sation. You bound upon air; champagne fills your veins; all the ills the flesh is heir to are forgotten, all the phantoms of care and sorrow are laid "a full fifty fathoms by The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart. Mr. Brown was enamored of his new ex-

the lead."

It is a glorious seed-time, when every thought bears luscious fruit.

He travels merrily onward, now humistence—possibly with the child passion for toyland; but the passion endured, neverming a barcarolle, now whistling a frag-ment of a bouffe, until he reaches the gloomy defile known as the Valley of sunrise and matured with every gloaming. An invitation, accompanied by a card, had arrived by special messenger for the artist, requesting the favor of his compady, et cetera, et cetera, to which that gentlemen responded in a polite negative, assigning no particular reason, but indulging in vague generalities. He had thought a good deal Valley of gloomy defile known as the Valley of Glendhanarrahsheen. A turn of the sylvan sanded road brings him in sight of the lordly turrets of Moynalty; another turn, and lo! he comes upon no less a personage than Miss Jvyecote, who, with her married sister, a Mrs. Travers, are driving in the di-rection whence he had come. Juey was Jehu, and almost pulled the ponies upor of Miss Jyvecote, and sat dreaming about

senu, and almost pulsed the points upon their haunches on perceiving our hero. "This is a condescension, Mr. Brown," she said, presenting him to her sister. "Will you take a seat?" fancy ever got the uppermost of the rude and real. A longing crept up out of the depths of his heart to see her once again, and to travel in the sunlighted path of her

anks, no; I am about to ascend that mountain yonder," pointing vaguely in the direction of the range known as the

Twelve Pins.
"Then we shall expect you to luncheon at two o'clock."
"I'm afraid not. I propose returning Yes, he would see her just once more, and then stamp the whole thing out of his mind. He had been hit before, and had

by the other road."
"What road? There is no other road." with a visit?" Her tone was vexed if not

no other intention than that of proceeding straight to the castle, and yet he replies in thing like him—so bright, so genial, so cul-tured, so humble and submissive, and so straight to the cashe, and yet he replies in the negative. Let these better versed in the mysteries of the human heart than I am analize his motives. I shall not endeavor virtues to Larry Muldoon—"imagine his asking me to let him ring the bell for five o'clock Mass, and he a Protestant!"

The priest and his guests had long talks together, the latter drawing out his host—

"Don't you think you are acting rather she said, preparing to resume her drive

He laughed. Au plaisir, then!" And with a stately salutation, courteous enough but nothing ore, she swept onwards.

He watched the phaeton go whirling

along the white road and disappear round a huge fern-covered boulder, and his vex-ation with himself grew intolerable.
"What an ass, what a brute I have been!

which he was a day laborer, the young artist drinking in the sublime teachings with that suprementatention which descends like an aureole. Father Maurice was, as What can I have been thinking about? Invited to the house, I actually refused to pay the stereotyped visit. Why a counter-jumper would have known better. How charming she looked! And that delicious it were, but engaged in thinking aloud, yet his thoughts fell like rain-drops, refreshing, his thoughts fell like rain-drops, refreshing, grateful and abiding.

The good priest, although burning with euriosity with regard to the antecedents of his guest, was too thoroughly a gentleman, had too great respect for the law of broken bread and tasted salt, to ask so much as a single question. A waif from the great ocean of humanity had drifted into this little haven, and it should be protected until the ruthless current would again seize it to whirl it outwards and onwards. Miss Jyvecote betrayed her disappointment in various artless ways when Father Maurice arrived at the castle without the artist "I'm sorry you didn't fetch him blush when she met me! She seemed really pleased, too. What can she think really pleased, too. What can she think of me? My chance is gone." He seated himself on the stump of a

ed tree in his favorite attitude, having lighted his pipe.
"Might I thrubble yer honner for a thrifte o' light or a bit of a match?" asked a passing peasant.

With pleasure; take a dozen!" The man looked puzzled; he had never

en wax vestas till now.
"They look mighty dawny, yer hon artist. "I'm sorry you didn't fetch him bon gre mal gre, father," said Mrs. Jyvecote, "as papa goes to Yorkshire next week, and Juey can talk of no person but Mr. Brown."

"Do you belong to the castle?" asked our hero. Somehow or other the castle and its iumates were uppermost in his "Is Mr. Jyvecote at home?"

exclaimed: "what nonsense, mamma! You have been speaking a good deal more about him than I have. You rave over his "No, yer honner. I met him this mornin' at Billy's Bridge, makin' hard for cards all in his favor, and he "I think it immense." Mrs. Jyyecote uldn't play his hand! What did it mean? affected art and talked from the pages of the Art Journal by the yard. "His aerial perspective is full of filmy tone, and his near foreground is admirably run in, while

Would be go up to the castle, and, announcing himself to the chatelaine, pay that visit which conventionality dema ed? No; he had swung into another cur-rent, and he would not alter his course. sense of color would appear to me to It was better as it was—ay, far better. And there came a sort of desolate feeling "Come until I show you where I have nung it," exclaimed Miss Juey, leading the upon him, striking him drearily like a dull nung 1, exclaimed priest up a winding stair into a turret chamber fitted up with that exquisite taste which a refined girl evolves like an atmosache. Had he seen the last of her? Was his life henceforth to be unlighted by the radience of her presence? Here, in the radience of her presence? Here, in the mystic silence of Glendhanarahsheen, came "You have really hung my guests most the revelation. Here did his own secret surprise him. He had allowed the image artistically. And such a frame: Where on earth did you get it?"

I—I sent to Dublin for it—to Lesage's, in Sackville Street."

with the fellow for of this fair young girl to twine itself around his heart, till he now felt as if he could fling aside pride, reserve, past and "I have no patience with the fellow for not coming over to see this joyous place," said the priest, "and I really can't understand his refusal."

future, just to hear her voice once more, to feel the tender pressure of her tiny And so he sat there dreaming and fighting with his dreams, until his tobacco "gave out," and until, shaking himself to-

ether, he summoned a supreme effort to help him on his road.
"It won't do to be caught skulking here,"

The soft white shingle drawn from the brown-black waters of the lake muffle the sound of approaching wheels, and, ere he can return to a coign of vantage, the

hacton flashes past.

I have already stated that my hero was a young gentleman of warm temper, great energy, and prone to sudden impulses and unconsidered actions, and on this occasion was true to his nature, for he shouted with the authoritative tone of Stop!" est-captain on a quarter-deck.

Miss Jyvecote pulled up.

The artist, glowing with a fierce excitement, plunged down the road and came up to the vehicle. "Miss Jyvecote," he pants, his handsome

face flushed, his eyes flashing, "I don't want you to think me a brute. I do not know why I acted so rudely this morning. I left Monamullin on purpose to come and visit you. Father Maurice says that open confession is good for the soul. You have it new. Do, please do forgive me." "Hand and glove," she exclaims, hold-

ing out her coquettishly gloved hand.

He jumped into the back seat, and in flutter of joyous commotion, was whirled to the grand entrance of the castle.

"You must first come and see my picture, fr. Brown," exclaimed Miss Jyvecote, eading the way to the turret chamber. There was a courteous flattery in this that caused the heart of the artist to swell

in admiring gratitude.

Later on they visited the gardens and the conservatories, tasting green figs and toying with luscious bunches of bursting grapes; and by-and-by came the presenta ion to Mrs. Jyvecote, who complimented tion to Mrs. Jyvecote, who comprimented him in per-Raphaelite terms upon his greens, grays, opals, and blues. "We want some one to continue the pages of Hook," she said, "and I feel as-

pages of Hook, she said, and I feel assured, Mr. Brown, that next year's
Academy will see you on the line."
After luncheon they repaired to the
dining-room, where Mrs. Travers indulged in chromatic fireworks upon a sup Erard piano; and when she had risen artist seated himself unasked, and sang a a little love-song of Shelley's in a baritone that would have pushed Mr. Santley a U. Brown's outrance. Song was one of Mr. Brown's
gifts, and his voice was cultivated to per gifts, and his voice was cultivated to perfection. A deep rich voice, sweet, sad words, with perfect enunciation of every syllable—ma foi, there are moments, and these are moments, and this was one of the latter in the life of Julia Jyvecote.

He sang Gounod's Ave Maria as that sub-lime hymn has been rarely sung in a drawing-room—sang it with a religious fervor, and with a sinple intensity of feeling that wrought its own magic. He felt his suc-cess, and smiled gravely to himself as he bent over the instrument, playing the clo ing chords ever so softly until note after note fainted in sheer melody. He was asked for Annabel Lee—for "that

love that was more than love"—but fused. He possessed TomMoore's secret, a nused. He possessed form moore's secret, and, having procured the desired effect, faded out like his own last notes. Mrs. Jyvecote tackled him upon art, Mrs. Travers upon music, and Miss Jyvecote was silent. Somehow or other in talking to her he was travial and conferred, while in was standard and conferred.

the mind radience of the wax-lights everywhere
—in the hands of Ninive dancing-girls, Dresden Shepherdesses, oxidized silver sconces, and girandoles of quaint and cunconcess, and grandout and the control of the contro What rapture in being seat-

Why does he start and turn pale? Why does Miss Jyvecote gaze at him, and ith a merry laugh exclaim: 'Why Mr. Brown, this photo is the very

image of you."

Beneath the photograph were the Father Maurice.

Mr. Brown had issued instructions to his Mr. Brown had issued instructions of "To Jasper Jyvecote from Earnest Noel."

"Three days away from me! Why, it appears three weeks," exclaimed Father Maurice, as the artist returned to the Maurice, as the artist returned to the cosy cottage of the amber thatch and snow-white walls. "I knew you would appreciate the Jyvecotes, and I felt that they would appreciate you. Have you taken any sketches?"

"One, the lake of Glendharrahsheen, which I mean to finish; and then, pardre, I must say adioi to Monamullin for many

long day."
"Tut, tut, tut, man! we can't do without you," said the priest; "and mind you Mr. Brown, I'm sure the ladies at Moynalty would have their likenesses done, and give you a good deal of money for them, too —probably as much as five pounds

apiece."
"Five pounds apiece," thought the artist, "and Millais getting two thousand guineas for a single portrait!"
"And I'm delighted to tell you, my dear friend, that your O'Connell has already got you a job. Mr. Muldoon—you might have noticed his shop nearly opposite the chapel, a most flourishing concern—is anxious to have his likeness done, and will have his wife and mother painted also, as well as his five children and his collie; and if his maiden aunt comes from Castlebar he'll throw her in, provided you can draw her chaise. So I think," added Father Maurice triumphantly, "I have been doing good business for you in your ab-

"Splendid, my valued host! But before I can touch these commissions I must finish the lake."

"Of course, of course; there's no hurry. But, mind you, Muldoon is ready money, and all you young fellows in the world require a little of that—not that you want require a little of that — lot this guest it here," he cried hastily, lest his guest might suppose that anything was required of him; "but when you take a day in Westpoint, or perhaps as far as Sligo, you'll want many little things that couldn't be had here for all the gold in the Bank of Ireland."

The three days Mr. Brown spent at Movnalty completely rivited the which might have been easily burst ere the iron had grown cold. He endeavored to "Father Maurice has received an anony-

persuade himself that this visit was a mere romantic episode in the carreer of an artist—a thing to be talked of in the sweet by-and-by, and to be remembered as a de-lightful halting-place in the onward jour-He tried to fling dust in his mind's ney. He tried to fling dust in his mind's eye, but succeeded in closing the eye to everything save the glorious inviting presented in the save to day in a

ent. He floated on from day to day in a sort of temporal elysium—why call it a fool's paradice?—so tranquil that it was impossible pain or sorrow could be its outcome. An intimacy sprang up in this wild, strange, isolated place that a 4ccade of London seasons could never have brought to ripeness, and felt in the entowages of the palatial dwelling as though he was in his own old home. He rode, walked, drew and sang with Julia Jyyecote. She, too. He floated on from day to day and sang with Julia Jyvecote. She, too, would seem to live in the present, in the subtle, delicious consciousness of being ap-preciated—ay, and liked. The suall chance of ever enjoying a repetition of his visit lent a peculiar charm to every cir-cumstance, and forbade those questionings as to who's who with which the favored ones of fortune probe the antecedents of the standers at the gates which enclose the

upper ten thousand.
From the accident of the photograph he was playfully christened Sir Everard, and it became a matter of amused astonish-ment how readily he accepted the title and how unvaryingly he responded to a call

upon the name.

He quitted Moynalty in a strange whirl of conflicting thought.

"May we not hope to see you in London, Mr. Brown?" said Mrs. Jyvecote raciously coming upon the terrace to bid him adieu. "We go over in April, and our address is 91 Burton street, Mayfield. I know how sorry Mr. Jyvecote will be to have missed you, especially as he arrives here to morrow; and I am also confident that he would be anxious to serve you although," she added, with a caressin courtesy, "a gentleman of Mr. Brown's gifts require no poor service such as we could render him."

could render hum."
"Howlong do you remain in Monamullen, Mr. Brown?" asked Mrs. Travers.
"Until I finish a sketch of the lake here which Miss Jyvecote intends to honor me

"Oh! then we shall see much more of 'I am compelled to raise the drawbridge

and drop the portcullis upon the hope Mrs. Travers. My work-drawing is here, and "Then If Mohammed will not come to

the mountain, the mountain must come to Molammed. I'll drive my sister over to service next Sunday, and see how the priest, the painter and the picture are getting a." It was a great wrench to the artist to

tear himself away, and the sans adieux that fluttered after him on the evening breeze seemed sad and mournful. Was the barrier between Mr. Jyvecote and himself utterly impassable? Could it not be bridged over? He could not assume the initiative. He would see Jyvecote and himself utterly impassable and the same the initiative. out like his own last notes. Mrs. Jyvecote tackled him upon art, Mrs. Travers upon music, and Miss Jyvecote was silent. Somehow or other in talking to her he was stupid and confused, while in conversion with the others he was at his best.

Pressed on all sides to stop for dinner and remain the night, he could scarcely refused, although pleading dress and the probable anxiety of his host. The first point was settled by a declaration upon the part of his entertainers that it would be a treat to sit down in morning toilettes; the "Across country."

"Then you do not intend honoring us 'treat to sit down in morning toilettes; the treat to sit down in morning toilettes; the second by the despatching of a boy to second by the way light of the second by the despatching of a boy to second by the way light of the second by the way light of the second by the artist he was patronized, as the bar once if the way light of the could be placed; and yet to win her as the artist he was patronized, as the bar once if the was patronized, as the artist he was patronized, as the bar once if the was patronized, as the bar once if the was patronized, as the artist he was patronized, ast the artist he was patronized, as the artist he was patronized,

In musings such as these did Mr. Brown pursue his work, and the picture came to life beneath his glowing hands. The cannecessary etc ater vas, with all the arrived from Dublin, the good priest marvelling at the pecuniary resources of his guest. "His little all," he thought "and e's going to make it a present to my sweet great surprise was in store for

Mr. Brown had issued instructions to make London friend to forward the Stations of the Cross, free of all carriage, to the Rev. Father Maurice O'Donnell, P.P., Monamullin, Ballynaveogin, County Mayo.

This order was promptly complied with, and a lovely autumnal evening beheld the and a lovely autumnal evening benefit the whole village, curs and all turn out to speculate upon the nature of the contents of four gigantic wooden cases which were deposited in the little garden attached to the priest's cottage. It were utterly usedeposited in the fitted the priest's cottage. It were utterly unless to endeavor to describe the furore casioned by the opening the boxes; the itement rose to a pitch never realized in Monamullen since the occasion of the visit of the Archbishop of Tuam—the Lion of Fold of Juda. Father Maurice fairly wept for joy; Mrs. Clancy insisted upon doing the Stations there and then; and as each icture was brought to light, from the folds of wrappers as numerous as those sur-rounding the body of an Egyptian mummy a hum of admiration was raised by the assembled and reverential multitude. The ood priest never guessed the source from whence the splendid gift had emanated, endeavored to trace it to Miss Jyvecote—a belief which Mr. Brown sedulously sustained—and Father Maurice, full of the idea, chanted whole litanies in her praise, carcely ever ceasing mention of her "I'll drive over to-morrow and tender her my most devoted gratitude. I'll offer up Masses for her. I'll—"

She will be here to-morrow, father. Mrs. Travers is to drive her over. Don'you think we ought to see about hangin Don't e Stations? It will please her immensely to see them in their places in the church. A hanging committee was appointed and the work of suspending the pictures car-ried into instant execution. The mouldy

little edifice was soon ablaze with gilding

and glorious coloring, which, alas! but seemed to display its general dinginess more glaringly.

"My poor little altar may hide its diminished head," said Father Maurice mournfully, brightening up, however, as he added: "But, sure, I'll soon have Miss Jyvecotte's beautiful altar-cloth."

The "castle people" arrived upon the following morning and were escorted by the artist to the church.

"You have come over upon an interest-

mous gift of a set of Stations of the Cross thinks that you can tell him some-

thing about them.

thing about them."
Great was the astonishment of the simple priest when Miss Jyvecote disclaimed all knowledge of the presentation.
"Why, father, you must think me as rich as Miss Burdett-Coutts," she cried.
"These beautiful works of art have cost bundreds of panels. Mr. Brown have will hundreds of pounds. Mr. Brown here will tell you how much they cost," turning to that gentleman. How often a stray shot hits home! Mr. Brown had the receipted bill in his pocket at that pertcular mo-

"They are French," he said, evading the question.

"Consequently more expensive, n'est ce

"They are not badly done." "They are on the borderland of high art, Mr. Brown. Why do you pooh-pooh

Poor Father Maurice was fairly nonplussed. All his guesses anent the donor fell short, while his surmises died from sheer inanition. It could not be the cardinal. Might it be little Micky O'Brien, that ran away to sea and was now coming home a rich man? or Paudheen Rafferty, who was a rich man? or Paudneen Kallerty, who was thriving grocer in Dublin? For the first time in his life the parish priest of Monamullin felt uneasy, if not unhappy. What did it portend? Who could possibly take so serious an interest in the affairs of his serious an interest in the little parish? Mr. Malachi Bodkin might have done so in the olden time, but the famine of '48 left him barely able to keep up Corriebawn. Sir Marmaduke Blake s a scamp who racked his tenants and

spent his money in debauchery.
"I suppose I shall learn some

ed the priest. "I must be patient, but I wish it was to-day."

After luncheon-Father Maurice's break-After luncheon.—Father Maurice's break-fast—the artist and Miss Jyvecote strolled along the shore. The sun seemed to shine with a certain sadness, the gray ocean to moan as if in pain, and the shadow of the "we shall not meet again" to hang over Julia and her companion as they seated themselves in a secluded nook surrounded by byte prokers—and in which the world

by huge rocks—a spot in which the world seemed to cease suddenly. "And so you think of leaving?" she said after a long silence, during which she drew eccentric circles in the sand with the tip of

er parasol.
"My kismet says 'yes,' Miss Jyvecote."

"My kismet says 'yes,' Miss Jyvecote."
"Does your kismet say whither."
"It points to that little village on the Thames called London."
"We go to London next month, en route to Egypt. My sister Gussie—you never met her—who has been in Italy with my uncle, is recommended Egypt for her chest. Papa received letters yesterday."
"How long do you think you will remain in London?"
"Only a day or two."

"Only a day or two."

"Might I hope to see you?"

"Why not? Our address is 91 Burton street, Mayfair." Mr. Delmege, of the Guards, go-

ing to Egypt?"
She looked gravely at him, full into his eyes, as she replied, somewhat coldly:
"Not that I am aware of."

His heart gave one great bound, as hough a dull, dead weight had been sudremoved.

denly removed.

"I hope to see your handicraft on the walls of the Academy when we return."

"Sabe Dios!" he said, clasping his knees with his hands, and gazing out across the

'If you try you will succeed." "I have a very poor opinion of my own ower of success in anything. I am color-ss, purposeless."

Neither one nor the other. You have man in the Guards, a chum of her brother
Jasper; possibly this Guardsman was the

Mith three such friends as companions life

is a garden of flowers."

"And yet till within the last few days I have found it but a desert.

Then silence fell upon both. Then silence fell upon both.

"Father Maurice will miss you dreadfully," she murmured. She was very pale, and her dark eyes turned upon him with mournful earnestness.

"He has become mournful earnestness. "He has become so much attached to you; and the poor so much attached to you, so much attached to you, ittle grouping of the flowers. Do you know," she added, "I shall say an Are Maria when I visit the little church, and for your conversion?" "Is that a promise, Miss Jyvecote?"

"It is."
"Will you also"—he stopped suddenly short, and dug his heel in the sand.
"The shay is waitin' for ye, Miss Jewel, and Missis Thravers is roarin' murdher," cried Murty Mulligan, thrusting his shock head between a sleft in the rocks.

cried Murty Mulligan, thrusting his shock head between a cleft in the rocks.

Brown sprang to his feet and offered Miss Jyvecote his arm. Neither spoke during the walk to the cottage. "If you should hear of me through your bro.her, do not think ill of me," he whispered, as the head her into the phaeton. handed her into the phaeton. What do you mean?" she ased in a low

tone.
"Promise me that you will not forget Brown, the poor artist." "It is scarcely necessary," she murmur-

ed, as she gave him her hand."
There was a blank at the priests home when the artist left. Father Maurice missed him sadly—missed his hit at backgammon, his gay gossip, and his cheery ompany.

was a rale gintlemin," said Mrs. "He was a rate glutenin," colored to give me a goolden soverin—mebbe th' only wan he had—but I tuk a crukked ha'penny for luck, an' it's luck I wish him wherever he goes."
"He was the nicest man, an' the nicest-

mannered man I ever seen," chimed in Murty; "an' I'm in dhread that I spoke too rough whin he offcred me menumera-

"He promised to come here next summer, and he will keep his promise,"

Mr. Jocelyn Jyvecote was seated in the study at 91 Bruton Street, engaged in persing the columns of the Times. He had lept well, breakfasted well, and was horoughly refreshed after his journey, as had arrived in town from the East upon

e previous day. A servant entered with a card upon a

ver salver.

Mr. Jyvecote adjusted his eyeglass and leisurely lifting the tiny bit of pasteboard, said "What does this mean?" he cried, letting it fall again. "Is the gentleman wait-

In the 'all, sir."

"Show him in."
A tall, high-bred-looking young man