

The Impeachment.

FROM MOORE'S SUPPRESSED POEMS. And thou, my friend, in these headlong days, When dignified her drunken antics plays...

THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT MONAMULLIN.

The entrance of Mrs. Clancy with a smoking fish of salmon cutlets turned the tide of the conversation, and in a few minutes the artist found himself with Miss Jyveote discussing the Royal Academy pictures of the last season...

dividual he now addressed himself, requesting of him to "drop down to O'Connor's, the well ecclesiastical, stained-glass man in Berners Street, Oxford Street, and order a set of Stations of the Cross...

a sin for to ask her to travel for a couple of days more, anyhow, your riverine." "Why, her knees are quite well, Murty."

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

persuade himself that this visit was a mere romantic episode in the career of an artist—a thing to be talked of in the sweet by-and-by, and to be remembered as a delightful halting-place in the onward journey.

mous gift of a set of Stations of the Cross and he thinks that you can tell him something about them."

Great was the astonishment of the simple priest when Miss Jyveote disclaimed all knowledge of the presentation.