

keepers, could not make us suffer, even in the very least degree, as the damned suffer in hell."

Ned looked very grave and very thoughtful. He was a man of great intelligence, and of quick, religious feeling, and had that deep and almost instinctive reverence for the priesthood which is, happily, characteristic of the Irish peasantry.

"It's true yer Reverence, and it's a pity we don't think more about it."

"And now, Ned, you will see why it is better to suffer for God than for your country, and why nearly all the men who have suffered for old Ireland have suffered for God too, for they are but few of them who were not persecuted for their faith as well as for their politics. And now just see what a grand chance you have to suffer for God, and for your Heavenly Country, and don't be a fool," he added, pleasantly, "and fling your luck away."

Poor Rusheen was not yet so utterly crushed down as to have lost his love for a pleasant look and a cheerful word.

"Well," he said, smiling—and Father Cavanagh was pleased to see the smile—"if it will be pleasing to yer Reverence to tell me, sure I'll be glad to do something for the other world, if I can only do it here," he added, giving away to his depression again.

"Here, man? Why, I told you here's the very place to do it. Now, if your Blessed Saviour, who died on the Cross for you, came and asked you stay here in this dark cell for six months to please Him, and to put up with all the trials you would have in jail, would you refuse Him?"

"If I saw Himself, glory be to His Blessed Name," he added—after the reverent habit of the Irish people, when they utter a holy word—"sure I don't think I could be refusing Him."

"You would not refuse Him Ned, I am sure of it. But He is asking you to do something for Him now—to suffer something for Him, and I am afraid, my boy, you are not willing to listen to Him. Ned, you said a'while ago, I was to 'leave you your anger.' Now I know you did a great and glorious work when you gave up your wild threats of revenge. I know all it cost you to do it,

and God knows, too, which is of far more consequence. And surely you will not refuse Him the rest? Remember, when you go against your own feeling and inclination, and do what you know is right, no matter what it costs you, you are suffering for your God. And is not that something worth living for?"

"It's true, yer Reverence, but it's hard."

"Of course it's hard, Ned. It's hard for you to be in jail. It's hard for you to be shut up here, a prisoner. But it would be a thousand and a thousand times harder to be shut up in hell. And, Ned, those that keep anger in their hearts against any one, no matter what he has done to them, will not get into Heaven, for there will be no anger there. So the less we have to do with it here the better."

"An' sure, sir, you would not have me without feeling, an' I here in jail, an innocent man, for his shame and fault. Even if they let me off this time—and God knows what they'll do, for a poor man has little chance with them—there's my character blasted for life, and the bread taken out of my mouth—for I'll never fire a shot or train a dog for him again."

"Ah, then, Ned, but it's hard to beat the sense into you," replied the priest, pleasantly. "I know it is hard, and I say it is hard; and I tell you for your comfort that I think it is just one of the very hardest cases I ever heard of. But, man, have sense, and tell me if you ever heard of a soldier who got a great victory, complaining how hard it was? Why, the harder it was the more honor he got; and the harder it is for you to forgive those who have wronged you—from you heart out and out—the grander the victory, and the greater the glory and honor you will have from the great Judge of all at the Last Great Day."

The priest had been gone some hours, and Ned had thought very seriously over all he had said. He began to see, as he had never seen before, that Christianity requires something more even than a mere forgiveness of injuries; that to suffer wrong and pardon the inflictor of the suffering was infinitely more noble than the most bitter revenge which enmity could obtain. The little light which his cell window admitted