

whisper that the love-spark flickered dimly in the ashes of a life; waiting to be fanned ablaze, or for ever stifled. For in such places and in such hearts lie the real wonders of Romance—the real grandeur of Humanity!

For example, though a deal table, a broken chair, and a wretched pallet, with a picture of St. Patrick, a cracked iron pot and a cracked earthen pitcher formed the whole inventory of furniture—the rest had gone over board one by one in the year-tempests to keep the ship afloat—yet they were set forth with a triumphant neatness, which after all dwarfs the victories of your Alexanders and all your other eminent rascallions to whom, Kitty Hannigan would have seemed as a dust-atom soiling their shoe-buckles. And the three weary children, bare-covered in tatters, speaking starvation through their hungry eyes, yet with a stamp of care and love on their wretchedness—were they not in truth *monumenta are perennius*, raised in Almighty memory, to a mother's glory? And the scanty potatoes and sour milk, which she hungered to devour and did not—who will weigh against the sacrifice the glory of a Thermopylae, the heroes of the world's Prytaneum!

But Kitty knew little of this, her grandeur, which only vanity will illuminate—only knowing an eternal instinct, which bade her lose herself to events and be no longer woman, only wife and mother—only thinking, as she watched her husband's gloomy trance that something worse than usual was wrong which left the little breakfast untasted.

"Tade," she at last ventured to remonstrate, "what's the matter with you at all, achora? There's the praties gettin' as cowl'd as a stone, an' the childher dyin' to get a bit."

"Da, I'm very hungry," plaintively suggested Tadeen, climbing upon his father's knee to attract his notice.

"Tade, the poor craythurs didn't brake their blessed fast since yesterday mornin'," the wife went on to urge softly, "an' 'tisn't their own father 'ud keep 'em hungry, whin he could help it."

"Let 'em ate—who's keepin' em?" cried the father gruffly, raising a face that was livid with despair, and starting up so suddenly as to upset the little creature clinging to his knees, whom, however, the permission to have at the potatoes appeased wonderfully soon.

"Are'n't you goin' to have any bruckisht, ashore?" asked the wife with great concern, winding her arms tenderly around his neck. "It might be better, but shure 'tis well to

have that same in pace an' comfort—may God make us thankful! Take a few little mouthfuls, Tade, av 'twas only to oblige me."

"No, I won't," he answered, roughly.

"Shure, what's the use o' frettin' yer heart out? There's the handful av oats outside there waitin' all the mornin' to have you retch a hand to 'em."

"Ay, save 'em for a-tyrant to gobble 'em up like the rest! I'd rather burn 'em!" he cried, savagely; then starting to his feet in a paroxysm of passion, he exclaimed, as he strode hastily to the door: "I will end in murder, I tell you!"

"Hush, Tade darlin', don't say that," cried his wife, alarmed at his terrible looks. "For my sake, Tade, av you iver cared for me—for the childher's—"

"D—the childher, let me pass, I say!"

The little urchins shrank behind their mother at sight of Ryan's fearful passion. She held her ground unflinchingly.

"Tade, you do not mane that," she said, in sorrowful reproach. "'Twas the first word in anger iver passed betune us, acushla, an' lave it be the last. We wor happy together wanst, Tade."

He paused and looked down on the true loving face raised to his—the one spot of sunshine in his world—and the roused devil of his nature shrank from the apparition.

"Kitty, I didn't mane to say anything hard to you or the childher, but the sowl is burnin' out o' me wid throuble an' divvelment. What can I do whin I see you wearin' yerself away like a galley-slave, an' the gorsoons cryin' wid impty bellies, an I—I can do nothin' but curse myself an' ivery wan else."

"Tade, you aren't the same man at all lately. It can't be any good business that keeps you out o' yer bed till the grey o' the mornin', an' that laves you hardly able to do a sthroke o' work for yer own."

"Girl, I towlt you that was no business o' yours. If iver there's to be a bright day for us agin 'twill come o' that same night walkin', an' if no good does come of it—the world has done its worst for us already."

"Don't say that, ashore, while God laves us health and strength, an' the owld roof over us as bad as it is."

"Kitty, we won't have the owld roof itself over us long," he said slowly.

"Holy Vargin, there isn't any new trouble, is there?" She was deadly pale.

"New trouble! I'd like to know what else