

of death ; and this it was that stopped her from being carried over the weir. She had so firm a hold of those flags that I was obliged to cut them off near the roots to disengage her ; and to see her lying there, with her hands bound, and the long leaves in them that they tell me she had been playing at martyrs with, and with that heavenly smile on her countenance ! I never should forget that sight if I were to live a hundred years, and a hundred more on the top of them.

*Father D.* That sight, Dick, will be remembered to all eternity in heaven. It is one worthy the attention of men and of angels.

*Dick.* Well, sir, and that was not all ; for close beside her, among the rushes, lay that basket of roses that I saw you gathering this morning out of her own little garden. They say that her last words were to give those roses to the Blessed Virgin.

*Father D.* And Oswald—how does he bear it ?

*Dick.* Oh, sir, he is very quiet ; but still I think he is clear out of his senses, for he will have it that Miss Agnes is not dead. I carried her home in my arms, and sent my wife first to prepare madam for the sorrow that was coming upon her. As for Master Oswald, he had taken the basket and had gone on too. He walked along without even so much as lifting up his eyes ; but I saw him from time to time kissing the basket that he held in his hand, as if he was not worthy to carry it, until I lost sight of him altogether. I slackened my steps, sir, as I came near the house—for I had not the heart to think of the mother—and I was plotting in my head how I should behave, and what I should say, when who should I see but madam herself coming out of the gate with the servants, and walking without hurry or agitation, as collected and calm as when she goes up the aisle of a Sunday morning. She comes up to me, and takes Miss Agnes into her arms, oh, so tenderly ! and walks straight up the steps, and through the porch into the church, and there she laid her at the foot of the altar, and said the Salve Regina, in which we all joined. Master Oswald had been there before us, for the basket of flowers was on our Lady's altar ; but he did not come near us. He had hidden