TO A YOUNG GIRL ON LEAVING THE WORLD TO DEVOTE HERSELF TO THE SERVICE OF GOD.*

Thou hast chosen well from life's enchanted bowers,
Leaving thy bright array, thy path of flowers,
For the rude convent-garb, and couch of thorn;

Thou that, escaping from a world of cares,
Hath found thy haven in devotion's fane;
As to the port the fearful bark repairs,
To shun the midnight perils of the main;

Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture pour,
While on thy soul the beams of glory rise!
For if the pilot hail the welcome shore,
With shouts of triumph swelling to the skies;

Oh! how shouldst thou the exulting pean raise,
Now heaven's bright harbor opens on thy gaze.

—Juan de Tarsis—Translated by Mrs. Hemans.

OUR HOLY MOTHER'S LULLABY.*

Holy angels and blest,
Through these palms as ye sweep,
Hold their branches at rest,
For my babe is asleep.

And ye Bethlehem palm-trees,
As stormy winds rush
In tempest and fury,
Your angry noise hush;—
Move gently, move gently,
Restrain your wild sweep;
Hold your branches,—
My babe is asleep.

My babe all divine,
With earth's sorrows oppressed,
Seeks in slumber an instant
His grieving to rest;
He slumbers,—he slumbers,—
Oh, hush, then, and keep
Your branches all still,—
My babe is asleep!

Cold blasts sweep about him,—
A rigorous storm,—
And ye see how, in vain,
I would shelter his form;

Holy angels and blest
As above me ye sweep,
Hold these branches at rest,—
My babe is asleep!

—Translated from the Spanish of Lope Felix de Vegga Carpio, by Geo Ticknor.

* From "Gems from foreign Catholic Poets," collected by James J. Treacy, Editor of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens." "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," "Conquests of our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts," etc.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT,

—A STORY OF THE—

UNITED IRISHMEN.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER XLI—[CONTINUED]

Eugene and Francois were provided with separate horses, the soldiers mounting behind two of their comrades. In this manner they retraced the road they had so recently come.

'Poor Eugene,' thought Francois to himself.

'Poor Francois,' thought Eugene.

Each felt not for himself, but for his friend.

The road widening when they had passed into the valley, the troop quickened into a trot, the two prisoners in the centre and the soldiers before and behind.

Francois for a moment thought to escape, but, glancing at the bound condition of his friend, and his own equally helpless position, he abandoned the idea almost as soon as it was formed.

With thoroughly French lightness of heart under difficulties, he dispelled the annoyance that at first pressed on him, and rode gaily along. At worst he thought it would be only a question of time until he should see *La Belle France* again, and in the meantime there was no use in wearing one's self out with hopeless repining.

It was otherwise, however, with Eugene. There were many reasons why a prison life, even for a short time, would be insufferable to him It it were nothing else, it was the thought of Seamore—the thought of Helen Barrington, and of his sister Alice.

Two years had passed over since he had heard of them, and what changes these two years might have brought about! What had become of the former? Could she have been married to the baronet—the husband and would-be murderer of his sister! But the thought itself was torture. He would banish it from his mind. It were ill brooding to think over it.

To banish the gloomy foreboding that his position gave rise to, he sought to divert his attention by taking note of the surrounding objects. In the bay he tried to make out in the moonlight—now beginning to throw dimly a misty brightness over the waters—the forms of the ships lying thereon.

Turning his eyes from that vague search to the front—a blinding flash met his eyes, and simultaneously a quick sharp report—or rather reports, for they came not all together—smote on his ears.

A confused upreasing of the horses in front, a swaying unsteadily of their riders, a loosening of the reins, a hoarse cry of startled angry voices, followed by another flash of light and another burst of sound!—all occurring in such rapid succession and so unexpectedly, that for the moment the whole business was quite incomprehensible to him. Not, indeed, that he had power or time to form an opinion on the matter, for, in the backward rush of the horses and the little power of control he had over his own with his manacled hands, he was thrown down in the confusion. He was only conscious for a moment of a sense of deadly peril from the trampling and rushing steeds, and then a darkness closed over his eyes, and the world of reality vanished from his brain.

CHAPTER XLII.

TO DUBLIN.

When Sir Trevor Mortimer communicated the intelligence to the soldiers, quartered in the barracks at Wexford, as to where the two fugitives were likely to be found, he wandered about in the narrow streets of which that town is composed until it was time for the mail coach to start.

There were no superstitious fears now at his heart; no despairing cry came, borne on the night air, to make him start in terror; no thought of the precipice on the island with the moaning sea beneath it, came into his brain. It was of Moya's information he thought—of her hurried, breathless words.

Redmond! Could he really have been there? Could the mud of the Liffey have given up its dead? Of Eugene Lefebre, it was possible enough, But him! It was impossible. Surely Moya must have been mistaken! And yet—could she? She knew him too well; knew him so intimately that that, too, was impossible. Unless, indeed, her own fears or her disordered imagination deceived her. And that other——'

'Psha! the thing was wholly impossible. Old Moya was deceived.' With a shudder he turned his thoughts away from the subject.

But control his thoughts as he might, and turn them in what direction he would, he could not banish the sensations of coming danger that pressed at his heart. They lay there like the touch of an icy hand, with the strange effect that they sent a burning feeling along his veins to his extremities. And force as he might his attention to the surroundings—to the sleeping streets around him—they clung closer to him, sending now and then a thrill into his very brain that promptly recalled his attention to them.

How long that rift in the sky that betokened dawn was a-coming! How long even after it had faintly showed, it was until the people in the mail coach office were up and stirring—how long after that until the mail itself was got ready. A dozen times he visited it, and as often took a circuitous route through the streets until he came to it again—thinking each turn that it must have surely started by this time, so long and leaden the minutes seemed to him; but coming to a fresh surprise each visit to find that but a short time had elapsed since his last, and that there was still no sign of its being got ready.

But Time, heedless alike of the impatient and the indolent, passes along on its unvarying career, and the hour came at last when the coach was ready to start for the metropolis.

He entered, and seated himself in a corner, wrapped his overcoat around him, buried his face in its upturned collar, and prepared to sleep. He had slept none for the past twenty-four hours; he had had a long and distressing walk into Wexford along the shore and across the fields; and he would now take the rest of which he stood so much in need.

But he found himself unable to do so. Perhaps it was the confusion and bustle attending the crowding of the coach with luggage for the long journey, and the settling of the passengers into their places. Perhaps it was that he was overwearied, and the sleep had gone astray upon him. Whatever it was, slumber was not for his eyelids; the more he shut his face in from the garish light of the morning, the more wide-awake he became—the more the horrid thoughts of the night went flying through his brain. He pulled aside the collar that concealed his face, and thought to interest himself in the bustle around.

Passengers were getting in and seating themselves beside him—trampling the fresh straw under their feet to make it warm and cosy for themselves. Passengers were climbing up on the roof grumbling audibly at the inconvenience caused by the luggage. The yard in which the mail-coach stood was filled with the employees of the hotel in every kind and description of dress and undress, waiting to see the mail start. All of these things gave him for the moment some distraction from the rankling uneasiness that filled him; but an occasional ugly throb at his breast recalled him to himself and to his perplexing forebodements.

At last everything was ready, and the mail was off.

Past narrow streets, where there was only room for the conveyance to pass, and in which the closed curtains showed that the sleepers therein had no notion as yet of disturbing themselves from their repose. Past the suburbs, where working men lived and where the inmates having to be at work betimes were already astir, as was clearly indicated by the open half-doors and the smoke beginning to arise in spiral wreaths of blue from the chimney-tops. And so out into the country road, where the hedges were commencing to show in the grey light, and to make palpable the webs that the dew of the summer night, just expired, had woven over them—in such delicate tracery as girls' hands in Limerick or Valenciennes had never learned to weave.

Sir Trevor Mortimer drew the collar of his overcoat over his face once more, and sank back into the corner which he occupied. The air of the interior of the lumbering vehicle was growing hot and drowsy—the jolting of the machine was favorable to slumber. Insensibly, as the miles passed over, he fell asleep. And to dream.

Such dreams!

All sorts of wandering and perplexing ideas passed incoherently through his head.

Finally: he was standing with Helen Barrington on a cliff—oh! that cliff! What a shudder it sent through him even in his dream!—looking over the sea, which washed up to, and under, the base of the rock on which he stood. He feared to look down from the dizzy height on the thin green reach of water beneath which seemed in the great distance to be only a few inches deep, so clear and palpable the shining pebbles gleamed from under it. But he did look—mustered up his courage to look. And what a depth it was down there! How sheerly the black face of the rock descended, leaving nothing whatever to break the fall! What a length of time it would be before one falling could touch rock or water beneath! Would the life be in one all the time? Would the terrific passage through the air frighten the spirit or life out of the falling form long before the descent was accomplished? He felt dizzy, and the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands tingled. Helen's hand lay in his, and he was about—feeling so giddy and terrified—to withdraw a few paces back; when, suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and—he was pushed over the betling precipice! He felt his feet leave the solid earth; he found himself launched into pure space with nothing but the air beneath him—and destruction. A cry of unutterable agony—a screech begotten of overwhelming dread and despair—burst from his lips!

And he awoke!

Awoke to find the unreality of his dream; but also to find that every eye in the coach was fixed upon him. For in the paroxysms of his dream, he had struggled violently, and had thrown the covering from his face, exposing to public view the contortion of the one and the other. Abashed by the crowd of faces turned towards him, and alarmed by the dread that he might have said something that attracted such attention, he quickly muffled himself up again

'Are you ill, sir?' a compassionate woman opposite asked.

He gruffly answered 'No,' and shut himself up from further gaze.

But his rest was broken, and all the old mistrusts and perplexities that had slept whilst he slumbered seemed to have sprung again into renewed vigor with his awakening—like summer flies when the hot dawn comes—and harrassed him unceasingly.

What, if Helen should have changed her mind, and not have come? What, if in her halting and indecision she had again vacillated and remained at Inch? The very doubt was terror to him—it meant ruin. Any delay at all—any postponement whatever—meant ruin.

She had arranged to have started early in the morning. He glanced outwards at the sunlight. He must have slept some considerable time, for the sun was long over the horizon, and the people were all in the fields busily at work at the harvest. She must be on the way now, it—the blood rushed back in affright at the thought—she had not altered her mind.

The more he let his mind dwell upon all the contingencies connected with it the more the possibility of her having done so grew upon him. Grew, indeed, so great that he resolved to get out at the next posting station, and await the coming of her carriage—if come it would at all. Accordingly, when the mail stopped, which it did many miles beyond Inch, and the passengers descended to stretch their legs, and refresh themselves, Sir Trevor Mortimer got down also.

But he did not enter the posting establishment. He was far too restless and uneasy for that. With an intimation to the conductor that he had altered his mind, and would not proceed further for the present, he walked back over the mail coach road by which they had just travelled.

What a torturing walk it was! How often his eyes glanced eagerly along the road when it lay straight before him—which it rarely did—for sign of approaching carriage. But there was none. Had Helen then heard of—heard any evil news concerning him? If she had not, why was she not on the road? If she had——'

He felt so ill—so tired and jaded, that he was fain to rest on the grassy slope of a hedge by the way. So weak and ill, indeed, was he that for a time his eyes became obscured, and a mist seemed to grow before them. Also, his sense of hearing became deadened. He was in that position when, if he had been a weaker man, or the spirit within him was less potent, he would have swooned.

As it was he sat in stupor.

Out of which he was roused by the noise of carriage wheels beside him, and a musical voice, not without a strain of wonderment in it, fell on his ears.

'Trevor!—Sir Trevor Mortimer!'

He looked up. The carriage had stopped, and two girls' faces appeared at the window. They were those of Helen Barrington and Kate Howard.

'You here, Sir Trevor!' said the latter in considerable surprise.

'Yes,' said he brightly, as the unexpected presence of the carriage renewed at once his hopes and his courage, 'the mail was so hot and—so crowded and uncomfortable—that I could not proceed further in it. And I resolved to wait for you. I felt very ill for a time.'

'He did not look ill now. On the contrary, he looked blithe and vigorous. He stepped into the car riage, which whirled them all three on the way to Dublin And whatever powers of pleasing Sir Trevor Mortimer had, or whatever powers of conversation, he certainly did not spare them on the way.

What with stoppages, change of horses, and the needful rest, it was the following morning when they reached the metropolis.

As had been arranged between them, Sir Trevor descended from the carriage when they entered the city, and proceeded to his quarters in the Castle to prepare himself for the approaching ceremony. There being no one in Seamore to whom Helen could address herself on this momentous occasion, she determined to proceed to Leinster House to place herself under the protection of the Fitzgerald family who were closely related to hers. It was an unusual way of doing matters, she felt, but Sir Trevor's impatience and importunity were not to be denied.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

To the man under sentence of death, reprieve comes with overwhelming sensation; to the soldier, badly wounded on the battle-field, the intimation that the wound is not mortal brings joy exceeding; but it is doubtful if either of these can compare with the exultation, the radiant sense of success, that filled the breast of Trevor Mortimer as he stood up at the little breakfast party in Leinster House, when they had returned from the church, to respond to the toast of his health.

There was a feeling of success—that he had overcome all the thousand nameless perils and dangers that encompassed him by the sheer force of his own strength of will and resolution. He was like the storm-tossed mariner, who, after a long, disastrous voyage, and in the teeth of a hurricane, sees his good ship sweeping into the haven-mouth and to safe anchorage.

He was safe now. Despite all that man could do, he was safe. And it was, therefore, with an exultant heart, and with a radiant countenance, that he stood before the little family group returning thanks.

'It is the proudest moment of my life,' he said—and well he might. 'Wedded to one who was my sole and only love——'

But at this moment a light phaeton drove hurriedly up to the door, and a gentleman, tossing the reins to his servant, descended quickly from it and ascended the steps.

In a moment more a knock came to the door of the drawing-room. Lord Edward himself went to open it—not caring to have their happiness disturbed by the intrusion of strangers. But it was only one of the servants.

'Well?' said the young nobleman rather angrily.

'A gentleman wants to see your lordship.'

'I cannot see him. Tell him I am most particularly engaged. Who is he?'

'Sir George Ponsonby, my lord.'

'Oh! Sir George—eh? Where is he?'

'In the Yellow Room. He is most anxious to see your lordship for a second.'

'I shall see him for a second,' said his lordship, closing the door after him carefully, and descended to the apartment mentioned.

'Well, Sir George,' said he, shaking hands warmly with the new arrival. 'I am glad to see you. You must excuse me if I cannot spare you much time. There is a wedding at which some friends of yours——'

'It is about that wedding I called to see you, my lord——'

'It is quite a private and hurried affair, else you, Sir George, being, I believe, like myself a relative of the fair bride, should have been present; but as I said——'

'Present! my lord! Then I should have been present at one of the greatest acts of scoundrelism that ever—— Do you know that Mortimer is married already, and that his wife is living?'

'Hush! Sir George,' said Lord Edward, as he glanced at the excited face of his friend, those are wild words—and at such a time, too!'

'But they are true, Lord Edward,' said Ponsonby passionately. 'Perfectly true! There never was a baser or more scoundrelly act perpetrated than this ceremony just concluded. It is an outrage upon all that is innocent and——'

'This is too absurd,' said the nobleman quietly, attributing these vehement expressions to some cause other than the right one. 'I must ask you—I must, indeed—not to make use of such expressions.'

'Do you think I am speaking what is not true, my lord, said the impetuous baronet, rapidly hastening to that state of temper in which it made little matter to him with whom he quarrelled.

'Peace, George, peace! Remember the place and the occasion.'

'But I do remember them. It's because I remember them that I am here. But, my lord!' said he pausing, 'I see there is no use in further addressing you on the subject I must see Helen Barrington myself.'

'You must be aware,' said Lord Edward coldly, for his sense of what was decorous and becoming had been seriously outraged, 'that Lady Mortimer is not to be disturbed now.'

'Lady Mortimer!' said Ponsonby, with great contempt—the name seemed to call up every sensation of loathing and repugnance he was capable of—'I tell you she is no more Lady Mortimer—though all the clergymen in Dublin assisted at the ceremony—than she is Lady Fitzgerald or Lady Ponsonby. But I must see her. I shall not leave this house, except by force, until I do. If there be no one else to protect this poor girl, by the Heavens above me!—I will,

The young nobleman looked at him steadily for a few seconds. Then, impressed by the firmness, the determination, and the passionate resolve thereon, he said: 'I think I had better call in Sir Trevor. He has a right to hear this!'

'Do so, my lord. Bring him here.'

Lord Edward rang the bell. The same servant appeared. Desiring him to whisper Sir Trevor out, he disappeared, and, in a second or two after, the baronet entered the apartment.

'Sir Trevor,' said Lord Edward, carefully closing the door, 'I sent for you because I thought it fitting that you should hear what Sir George Ponsonby has to say. Before it goes further, I may say that I am convinced he is mistaken; but still it is right that you should hear him and relieve his mind——'

About that note of hand,' said Sir Trevor. 'I may acquaint Sir George,' said he with ill-concealed haughtiness and exultance, 'that but for my unavoidable absence in the country it would have been paid long since. To-morrow I shall——'

'You quite mistake, sir,' said the baronet, 'I did not come here to speak of money matters or gambling debts. I came here as an Irish gentleman should, to extend the hand of friendship and protection to a young girl who is being cruelly deceived.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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