

"No, no, I cannot pass the sthrane with you," she said, "nor stay out from my mother, even where we are, any longer; 'twas a wrong thing for me to come to meet you, at all; for 'tis sorer to part than I thought it would be."

"Don't forsake me, Moya," replied the young man; "don't, for the Saviour's sake."

"Never lay the blame to me, gorsoon—oh! would I, would I forsake you, if I could help it?"

"Moya, if you loved me—I am ill, Moya, some way I don't know how, an' I can spake but few words to you at a time—if you loved me—if ever you loved me, you would surely help it, Moya."

"An' never say that to me, gorsoon baun, of all words out of your mouth; love you!—och, you have no reason to say id; God, who hears my prayers and sees the heart, knows you have not; feel Moya's heart, this moment, ma *bouchaleen*,*—'tis heavy—heavy; heavy like a lump o' led; broke, I believe—broke, I hope—I hope! An' the sleep never falls on my eyes the night long; whenever I am in the bed, I sit up in id, cryin'."

"Moya, ma cuishla, we won't part—we won't go from one another."

"Och, the sorrow is on my heart to know that the time for partin' has come!"

"No, no, Moya! no—it would be a destruction to both of us."

"I know it will be the destruction of one of us, at any rate; listen to me well, my own bouchal baun; I'm thyrin' to get ready to laive the world; there's something tells me that I won't live out the night that takes me from you; that the next mornin's breakin' will look down on the corpse o' Moya Moore!"

"An' you tell me to quit your side, Moya, in the same breath that tells me that! you love me as well as that, an' you bid me laive you! Cuishla, I'd give up house an' home, kith and kin, land an' goold, if land and goold were minc, for you."

"An' I'd do the same for you, my poor gorsoon, if so doin' only concerned myself in this world, an' laid up no evil for me in the next; but I wouldn't break the ould mother's heart, and arn her dyin' curse."

"Och, my own calleen! what is to become of us then? Moya, Moya, the love is on my heart for you, ever since we were little childer, goin' to the school together! an' now I see that you're in want o' the pity as mooch as myself!"

"I remember the time you spake of, well. There was a day that I climbed up an' spilt the master's ink, an' you took the blame on yourself, widout my knowin' id, an' you never cried when they punished you; but suffered like a stout little man for my sake; an' I call to mind when we used to come home together of an evening, an' when the rain would be

fallin', you'd take off your coat to cover me, an' walk in the peltin' shower widout a tack to shelt her you from id; an' I remember the singin' birds you'd bring me, and the nosegays you'd pull for me; avoch! I remember every thing—up to the very May-mornin' whin you tould me I was your own cuishla-gal-machree; an' if I was the misthriss of a coach-an'-six tonight, not the weeniest word or deed that ever passed between us, could Moya forget, my poor bouchal baun."

"An', afther all, Moya, you talk of goin' from me?" One only idea was at present in the lad's mind, and, that one expressed, with but little variation of words, every time he spoke.

"I'm goin' from you into the grave—but then I'll die free of my mother's death, an' of my mother's curse, an' maybe God will give me a comfort in the life to come. What grieves me most of all, at present, is the knowledge that I must laive you broken-hearted too, for your poor Moya."

"Moya," he said, trembling, while she wept and sobbed in his arms, "if things are to turn out that way, God's heavy curse on my heart, if it does not break!" His tears now flowed fast with hers. She started, sat erect, and looked across the stepping-stones.

"What is id?" he asked.

"Did you see nothing over the sthrane?" He answered "No." "Nor hear any noise! But there's no one to be seen now, an' nothin' to be heard but the whistlin' wind an' the runnin' wather—an' sure I was only puttin' foolish things into my own mind —." Again her head rested on his shoulder, as amid tears and sobs, scarcely lessened or interrupted by her momentary fright, she uttered, in a very low voice, the young man's name: and when he replied she went on.

"You know the berrin' place of my unfortunate people, my poor gorsoon? Yes, you do—only you'll know id better when you follow another coffin there: I remember well you walked afther my father's, and afther my two brothers' coffins, to it; so you'll come there of a Sunday; an' you'll kneel down, barcheaded, on a new-made grave, an'——"

"Cuishla! cuishla! stop them words—I won't listen to them! an' I won't part you, neither! I can't part you: never will I part you! My father is poor and has nothing to give me; but I'm an able boy; I can go through a day's work with any other that ever held a plough: I'll take a bit o' ground; I'll dig on it; we'll build a little cabin on it; I'll labour in our little garden afther the day's work for the farmers, and afore the day's work—afore the sun rises, an' long afther the sun goes down; an' I'll work so well for others, as well as for you, that the rich farmers will come to seek me out, and to hire me; I'll keep up your mother an' yourself, an' if there's a fort'n to be made on Ireland's ground, or a penny, I'll arn it for my colleen; an' we'll be

* Little boy.