The Legend of the Repentant Thief.

By Marian Alice Tapscott.

Weary and with heart dust and heat,
The Virgin Mother vainly sighed for rest;
The burning sands had scorched her tender feet,
The babe moaned faintly on her shel'ring breast;
St. Joseph placed her on his faithful beast,
Offering the pain as consecrated priest.

At last their eyes espy the sight they crave—
A green oasis in the desert waste,
And kindly palm-trees that inviting wave;
Thither renewed in strength and hope, they haste,
And seek a shelter in the lowly spot,
By God remembered, though by man forgot.

Another mother there doth soothe her child,
Whose tiny limbs with leprosy are white.
She looks upon the stranger's beauty mild,
And hopes for mercy in the gracious sight.
Quick brings she water that her guest may have,
Her blessed Babe, that hath power to save.

Her child was but a robber's infant son,
But mother-love knows not such thought to heed.
When the Maid-Mother's loving task was done,
She mixed the water praying in her need;
She plunged her babe where Jesus had been laid,
And, lo! her child was healed as she had prayed.

Their strength renewed, refreshed by food and rest,
The Holy Family went on their way:
The burning sun, low sinking in the west,
Enfolds the Mother in its last bright ray;
The robber matron with a grateful heart,
Holds her fair boy, and watches them depart.

* * * * * *

On Calvary, beneath a dark'ning sky,
Once more the Mother stands beside her Son;
Upon His right hand, waiting too to die,
Hangs a poor thief, whose sands are almost run.
"Lord," breaks his voice upon the heavy air,
"Entering Thy kingdom, oh, receive me there!"

Backward thirty years then seem to roll;
Mary once more doth see the desert isle;
Saved then in body, now he craves his soul;
That robber's son. And almost doth she smile
As Jesus speaks: "Take heart, 'tis well with thee:
To day thou enterest Paradise with Me."

—*Ave Maria.*

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Skeffington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Janet settled Moy on a sofa, and sat down in an arm-chair beside her, and said, 'Now, Moy' (she had never hitherto called her 'Moy'—they had not been intimate enough for that—'now, Moy, dear, I won't have you cry any more. I will tell you about my shopping expedition. Won't you like to hear what I have been getting?'

Moy tried to smile and be interested in Janet's *trousseau.* The wedding was to take place very soon now.

'And who do you think traveled up to Dublin with me?'

'I don't know,' said Moy.

'Why, Mr. Gilmartin!'

Moy was not pale now, as she said, He was very kind. He called, as you did, just before he went away.'

'He was very sorry for you,' said Janet, quietly, and great tears welled up in Moy's sad eyes. 'Yes,' she said, closing them, 'I knew he would be sorry.'

Miss Syms sat looking at Moy for a minute or two, and then she said, '*Moy*, I wonder if it would be wise for me to tell you something?'

'Why not?' said Moy, opening her eyes, and thinking, with tears in them.

'I must not quite promise, and besides I think I will tell you, just to show you, dear, that you are not the only one who has sorrow to bear.'

Moy raised herself on her elbow, and looked at Miss Syms with a frightened expression in her large eyes. 'Has anything happened to him?'

'No; oh no, he is well; but he is not happy.'

'You mean Mr. Gilmartin, do you not?' said Moy.

'Yes, dear.'

'Go on.'

'Well, Moy, you know I have a way—I don't know how it is, but I certainly attract men. They either fall in love with me, or they confide in me. I am sure I can't account for it; but I must go on with my story. The long and short of it is, that Mr. Gilmartin is engaged to a lady in England.'

'I know, said Moy.

'And, my dear, he regrets now that he came to Ireland. He feels it so terribly that he is going away.'

'Going away, and soon—for long?'

'Well, pretty soon. I don't know for how long.'

'Why does he regret coming?' asked Moy, in a hard voice.

'Oh, my dear child, can't you guess? He dare not stay. He has found you, dearest, too fascinating for his peace of mind.'

Moy could not answer. She felt it was true. It explained many looks and words of his.

'He says, dear,' Miss Syms went on, 'that even if he had the certainity of your ever returning his affections, he is bound in honor to another.'

'Yes, I know.' Moy closed her eyes again.

'And he said he felt he must call to say 'good-bye' to you. And yet he dreaded the effect that the sight of you in your sorrow might have upon him. I believe, Moy, it would be almost cruel of you to see that man again. I could not help thinking, as I listened to the poor fellow, of those lines—'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.'

'Oh, Janet, stop!' cried Moy. 'You mean to be kind, dear, I know; but it's all just now more than I can bear.'

* * * * * *

A few days after Miss Syms's visit Moy came down stairs, leaving her grandfather asleep, and the nurse (for the cook had now settled permanently in that office) watching beside him. When she entered the dining room she found Maurice Davoren there busy writing letters.

'Moy,' he said, looking up, 'the news I have been half-expecting has arrived—the member for the county is dead, and you know I promised to stand whenever a vacancy occurred.'

Moy knew what that meant—he must go. He had always been like a brother to her. Dermot's death had added secondary to their true affection for his memory, but since this new trouble came he had been the one to whom Moy looked for help in every doubt or difficulty. He had written for her, even to Lady Catherine; he had answered her letters; he had seen Mr. Hackney, and inquired minutely into the business Mr. O'Brien had been persuaded to invest money in; and now he was going to leave her, and she felt desolate indeed.

'But Father Fitzgerald will be home in four days, dear Moy,' he said. 'I shall feel quite happy about you then, and I think I have arranged matters with Mr. Hackney for some time to come. I believe that investment will be all right in time, though it is not a paying one now. You will have to see Hackney occasionally, of course, but it will only be on business. Keep him to that, and then bow him out.'

Moy smiled sadly. What seems so easy to a man is not always so to a woman.

'There is just something else I'd like to say,' continued Maurice, speaking somewhat sharply, for him: 'Tell me, Moy, do you really like that absentee fellow, Mr. Gilmartin?'

Poor Moy! The tell-tale blush rose and glowed in her cheeks that had been so pale a few moments before, but she tried to answer as unconcernedly as possible. 'Yes, Maurice, every one likes him very much, I think.'

Mr. Davoren frowned as he watched her, and got no real answer. And yet what reply could man expect to such a question?

'Because I was going to say, dear,' he went on, deliberately, 'that it's very evident he likes you.'

'No, no, Maurice, you are mistaken; I mean—you must not say that, for—he is engaged to an English lady.'

Mr. Davoren looked at her for a moment in silence. Moy was much agitated, and he saw it. 'Then all I can say is,' said he, 'that if you take my advice you will say 'Not at home' when he calls again, for that fellow is a confounded flirt.'

'Oh! no, no,' said Moy, as she covered her face with her hands.

Maurice left the room very hurriedly, and as he went up-stairs he muttered to himself, 'Woman-like, she would defend him to the last; but I hope I shall not meet him, for I feel very much inclined to punch his head.'

Mr. Davoren had seen, the night they dined together how intensely Mr. Gilmartin admired Moy, and, though the two men had not pulled well together, Maurice had felt rather pleased at the idea of Moy returning to the home of her ancestors as the wife of its owner; and he had to confess to himself that anything he heard of Mr. Gilmartin was good, and, therefore, that if Moy loved him she had every chance of happiness. Mr. Davoren, finishing his letters in his own room, heard Moy come upstairs to hers. Not long afterwards a ring came at the hall-door. Maurice only heard doors opening and shutting. He did not know that Mr. Gilmartin called and sent up his card, with a particular request to Miss O'Brien that he might see her. He did not know that Moy, with trembling hands, wrote in pencil, 'It is better for both of us not to meet again,' and that, only waiting to twist the paper up into one of those little square notes, she sent it down by Kitty to Mr. Gilmartin.

Poor Moy! She heard the hall door shut softly—softly as one would close the eyes of the dead. He was dead to her now; yes, she felt that—as utterly lost to her in this world as the brother lying cold in his far-away grave in South America. She held her fingers to her ears, that she might not even hear the receding footsteps of the man she loved. She felt as if, should she hear them but ever so faintly, she must fly to the open window and call him back but once, once more to see his face, ere she bid him an eternal farewell—eternal! And yet he could never cease to belong to her inner life—they had sympathized too intensely for that to be possible.

"Oh, happiness, how has it slipped away,
We who once lived and held it in our hand."

CHAPTER XX.

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."
—Shakespeare.

There are few incidents worth recording in the life of one whose days and nights are passed in the house where, in a quiet up-stairs room, a loved relative lies hovering, as it were, between life and death.

Such was the sad tenor of Moy O'Brien's way through all the long weary months of autumn and winter. After the first few weeks of his illness Mr. O'Brien seemed to rally a little, even so far as to be carried from the bed to the sofa, and this improvement continued. He even regained perfect consciousness, but he seldom spoke, and never of his grandson's death, or of the anxiety about his business affairs, which had so troubled him before, and no doubt been the one great cause of his illness. He would lie for hours holding Moy's hand as she sat beside him, but, except by a feeble pressure of her fingers, giving no sign that he was conscious of her presence.

The monotony of this life was broken for Moy by flying visits from Maurice Davoren—now an M. P.—by almost daily conversations or walks with Father Fitzgerald, and long afternoons (much cheerier than of old) with Lady Catherine Arthur, who would come over in her pretty pony-carriage, have it put up at the inn, and stay for hours with Moy; or, when the weather was fine enough, insist upon taking her for a drive.

Mr. Hackney had been a good deal in England on business during the winter months, so that for his absence, at least, Moy felt she ought to be thankful.

Miss Syms had been married September, but Moy did not see her very often now. Janet had played a bold and successful game, but she shrank from the sight of her victim, so that whether the young couple were happy or not *Moy* could not tell. Mr. Finch brought out another volume of poems about this time, but that was no proof that he was in a perfect state of felicity; for poets, we know, often 'learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

One fact which Janet had told Moy about Mr. Gilmartin had come true. He had left the country and had never returned. No architect had arrived from Dublin. Evidently no building was thought of. How the agent explained the landlord's change of plans to the tenantry Moy never heard. The people were terribly disappointed, but they were too loyal to complain of him, and he had come to shower blessings upon them—bless ings which they still enjoyed. They were happy, too, in the conviction that he would soon return, for they knew now that he liked them, and they were satisfied to trust him for the future.

If Moy's life was lacking in events of much interest during these weary months of watching, there were incidents that the recording angel must have noted down with an approving smile—deeds of love and kindness from Moy's poor neighbors in whose hearts she ever held the foremost place; flowers and fruit; even a bird that she had once admired in a poor widow's cottage was brought for her acceptance. But sometimes the givers were unknown (as had been the case with the salmon). One morning some lovely flowers were found on the doorstep, so unlike anything in the gardens near that Kitty suggested the fairies as the givers. Moy smiled, but not at the thought of the fairies, in a way (though perhaps not quite as Kitty would have understood). The earth was still full of them for her. In every mountain walk she heard the rustle of their immortal garments as they sheltered in the harebell to let her pass, or whispered to one another under the bending grass and brilliant poppies of the field. Moy was not a poetess, but still for her the earth and air were full of these mysterious beings.

The Finches had experienced one great trial since their married life began. They paid a visit during the honey-moon to the much-talked-of invalid uncle, and Janet, instead of nursing him, as she had proposed doing, managed to offend him mortally. The visit was concluded rather hurriedly, and the first news they heard when they returned home was that *Mr.* Finch's uncle had married the nurse. 'Oh, then and there' was abuse of the long-suffering Irishwoman. 'No English person would have done such a thing,' said even good-natured Mr. Finch. 'It was positively disgraceful.' The nurse had indeed 'got out of her groove' with a vengeance; but the sequel remains to be told (the Finches did not know it till two years afterward, when their uncle died.) As soon as ever the marriage service was over, 'the nurse' got her husband to make and sign a will, leaving all his landed property to his nephew, Mr. Finch, and a modest one hundred and fifty pounds a year to herself. Perhaps few women of any nationality would have been so moderate in their appropriation of their lord's substance, for he would have left her everything, he was so grateful to her for all her love and care, and the most sincere affection existed between them, wide apart as their stations in life had been.

Mrs. Finch had a present for *Moy* when she returned from her wedding tour. She brought and put into her hands, with a sad smile, but without a word, *Mr.* Gilmartin's book of his travels in the East.

Moy said to herself that the present was kindly meant; but she regretted it, for it kept Mr. Gilmartin more than ever in her memory, and she felt that it would have been better than the thought of him should lie, like the violets, under their leaves, or the snow drops, under the snow—not forgotten, only covered up. It was April now, and the returning season, bringing again all its beauties—all its enjoyments of balmy air and opening flower—seemed to make Moy more conscious than ever of the life and buoyancy that had passed out of her life. One afternoon she was returning to the upper garden gate from a visit to old Mrs. O'Leary, in her cottage, when she heard a carriage dashing along at a furious pace on the road below. Near as it was, nothing was to be seen, for the trees (most of them evergreens) and shrubs on the bank hid even the wall that skirted the high-road. Suddenly there was a pause—a crash—a woman's scream—and then silence! As quick as she could, Moy ran into the garden, and down the walk to the gate into the road; and there a pitiable sight met her gaze. Struggling horses, which a coachman and two other strong men were trying to hold down, as they lay, entangled in their harness, an overturned and broken carriage, and some men and women lifting from the ruins the apparently lifeless form of Mrs. Finch. Everything Moy could do she did. She never for one moment lost her presence of mind. The doctor was sent for; Mrs. Finch was carried into the O'Briens' dining-room: Tim O'Leary was despatched to try and find the poor husband; and in the meantime Moy did all she could think of to restore Janet.

At last she opened her eyes. 'Am I dead?' she gasped. 'Surely these are the pains of hell!' Then she relapsed into unconsciousness.

When *Mr.* Finch arrived he was nearly distracted. He could give no orders. He could not think of anything, but kept repeating: 'I warned her about those horses, but she would not drive them, bearing-rein and all.'

The doctor suggested carrying Mrs. Finch home, as it was only a few yards farther on. *Moy* asked if she had not better remain where she was. Mr. Finch said 'Yes' to both.

But the doctor, putting no more questions to him, had the poor lady carried off. Two invalids in the house would be the death of Miss O'Brien,' he said, 'and they sha'n't till her between them if I can help it.

So *Mrs.* Finch, still insensible was taken home to her own luxurious room, and Moy sat up with her all that night, and sent her father's kind nurse to her early in the morning, and let Kitty take her place beside him while she got a few hours' sleep herself. She was up and dressing again when word came to her that Mrs. Finch had been very dangerously ill for some hours, and that she wished to speak to Miss O'Brien at once.

All through the night Moy had watched by her. Only once had she seen her open her eyes and look about her, and even then she had not spoken, but found that the look haunted her. She went now as quickly as possible, and was admitted by servants looking frightened enough.

Moy believed that their mistress was dying.

Mrs. Finch was lying among her richly rimmed pillows, when Moy went up and asked her very softly what she could do for her.

'Nothing!' was said in what seemed like the spectre of a voice, so faint, so hollow was its tone. 'Don't you know I am dying? Didn't they tell you so? My ribs are broken in—I cannot breathe. Listen; I have something of yours. Don't look at it now, but take it. I could not bear to see your look. See! it is here,' pointing feebly to the pillow. 'Put your hand there. I made the nurse get it for me.' Moy drew out a letter—a much worn letter.

'Now go,' said Mrs. Finch, sharply. 'You would not reproach the dying. That was given me once for you. I have given it to you. Now go.'

Moy left the room without a word. She saw the handwriting, and walked home like one in a dream. Then she went up to her own room and read the letter which Mr. Gilmartin had given Miss Syms to hand to her friend—how many long months ago!

CHAPTER XXI.

"Ceremony was not devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship
There needs none."
—Shakespeare.

Moy rather astonished Kitty MacClancy by coming down stairs (about half an hour after her return from *Mrs.* Finch's bedside) all dressed to go out again.

'I must see Lady Catherine to-day,' she said, brightly. 'I shall not be longer than I can help, Kitty. I don't want any one but Tim to go with me.'

O'Leary was sent flying by his lady-love for a car for their young lady. And very soon—Tim on one side *Moy* on the other, the driver in the middle seat—she set off for Lord Arthur's lovely place. *Moy* had not been there for some time, but she could not have believed the way was so long. She felt that Lady Catherine would help her and tell her how to act. She must write to Mr. Gilmartin at once. She knew that. But how, and where to? Oh, to think of all these sad, sad, weary months that he must have been thinking her so hard—so cruel—not even to grant his prayer for one farewell look. But he would forget all that misery soon, when he knew how dear he had been, how dear he was, to her.

At last she found herself walking into Lady Catherine's pretty little morning room. She felt like one in a dream, and she knew she must look different than usual, for her friend's greeting was: 'Is anything the matter, dear child? You don't look unhappy; and yet—'

She took *Moy's* hat off, and they sat down side by side on a sofa, and Moy told her kind friend all, and held towards her, but did not offer to read her, the dear letter she had only just received.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Howells' Future Plans.

While Mr. Howells will not, during 1893 confine his literary work to any single periodical, it may be authoritatively announced that he has entered into a contract with *The Ladies' Home Journal* whereby his most important work will, for some time to come, first see print in the pages of that magazine. His new novel, 'The Coast of Bohemia,' begins in the Christmas issue of the *Journal*, and immediately upon its close *Mr.* Howells will begin in the magazine a series of editorial autobiographical papers, in which he will trace the influences which led him to a literary life, his course of reading and his favorite authors and books. The articles will practically tell the story of the famous novelist's life, and promise to possess in a rare degree that attractive interest which always attaches itself to the life of a successful man when told by himself. Howells had his early struggles; his early resources were few, and these he will trace among other things in these article, describing, too, how he mastered four different languages to acquaint himself with the literature of the countries most attractive to him.

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