## A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL" CHAPTER VII

ACQUAINTANCES

When lying awake in her berth that night, Bawn, reflecting on the swiftness and pleasantness with which her day had flown by in the society of the person in the blue cap acknowledged to herself that she had very foolishly departed from her original plan of making acquaintance with no one on board, allowing no one to introle upon her privacy. She was running a great risk in per mitting herself a friendly intercourse with this individual. True, she had been very careful, had given him no clue to her identity. He did not know her name—not even the name she had chosen to bear during her stay in Ireland - and she now made a resolve that she would not be tray it to him. He had certainly not shown any curiosity, though on one occasion she fancied he had given her an opening to mention her name, possibly wishing to know it as a matter of convenience. She was well aware that she had passed over the opportunity, and that he had noticed it, and it hurt her that she had been forced to be so secretive. But then had she not entered on a course which would necessitate the utmost secretiveness? Bawn sighed as she thought of how ill she was in this respect fitted by nature to play the she had undertaken, but re flected that she must make up by determination for what she lacked in other ways. In arranging her plans the had never calculated on the like lihood of her caring much for what others might think of her, being fully persuaded that the loneliness and singleness of her own purpose would be sufficient to carry her through every difficulty. And now her already she winced because she had from such questioning at her feet,

a distance. It will be but a matter of a few days. To morrow I must begin by staying away from deck all

with an acquaintance of forty-eight

And, having settled the affair in this way, she slept profoundly.

the morrow arrived it was hard to keep to so unpleasant a line of conduct as that on which she had decided. The sun shone, the breezs Down stairs she felt in prison, but still she stayed below in the places inaccessible to gentle men. She appeared at table in her place beside the captain, and at lunch her friend of the blue cap hoped she had not been ill, and told her how delightful it was on deck to day Bawn was obliged to admit that she was not ill, but stated her intention of resting in the ladies' cabin all day. Her friend looked surprised.

You are not ill now," he said. "I never saw any one look more healthy, more undisturbed by the sea. But if you begin to stay do will make yourself ill." downstairs you

I hope not," said Bawn, serenely and passed into the prison to which had condemned herself.

The day passed wearily. All the unpleasantnesses of the sea now forced themselves upon her. Her companions were sick, or unmanage able children who could not trusted long on deck, and a few of those women who, no matter how good the passage, are always grievonsly ill on a voyage. She tried to pass the time by making herself useful and agreeable, but when evening came she felt jaded and depressed I am now fain to be content to mate for want of the abundance of fresh myself among the daughters of men." air to which she had been always accustomed. As soon as it was quite dusk, she concluded that she must breathe freely for a little while he fore settling to rest for the night, and

went boldly up on deck.
It is too late for "Hiawatha," at any rate, she thought, as she leaned over the ship's side and rejoiced in The stars crept out one by one, the phosphor tracks gleamed on the water, the breeze was wild and fresh, and the watery boundless around her. heart widened within her, and her nervous little fears took to them selves wings and fl tted away into the How foolish she had been to feel afraid of any creature! A certain power within her-that power of heart and brain which gave her temper its buoyancy and strengthhad been suffering cramp all day, and now recovered its vigour, so that she was able to turn with a quiet smile on hearing the now well known and importunate voice at her side.

I ask your pardon," said the Blue "for trying to interfere with your good resolves this morning. I had no idea you were sacrificing yourself for the benefit of others. I heard one lady singing your praises to another just now, telling how you had been active as a sister of mercy

"I did not stay for the sake of others, I am sorry to say," she answered quickly; "I was thinking only of myself."

'I fear I bored you yesterday with 'Hiawatha.'" His tone was penitent, but Bawn's quick ear detected a something which suggested that there was a sly gleam of humour in his eyes as he spoke. It seemed that she was making matters worse. Not having been clever enough to pretend to be ill, nor yet to allow it to be supposed that charity towards the sick had altogether influenced her, she had led him to suspect the truth, and to imagine himself formidable enough to frighten her out of his

"No," she answered, "you did not ore me," thinking how very much pleasanter yesterday had been than oday, and how ungrateful she certainly was.

"Thank you. After that I may venture to ask you to take a turn up and down the deck. A little exercise before sleeping will be quite as good as a little air."

"I dare say it will," said Bawn readily, and, feeling as if she was making some amends for her bad treatment of a friend, she accepted his arm, and threaded with him the groups of other peripatetics, feeling unaccountably at home with this stranger in the crowd.

"How clear the stars are to-night!" he said. "That is one of the best things about being at sea, one gets such a fine view of them all round; and if one only had

a powerful telescope—"
"Yes," said Bawn, gladly, "how I
wish we had!" And by the sound of her voice her companion knew that his choice of a subject of conversation was a lucky one. It had not been made without deliberation, and had been selected among others that occurred to his mind as being furthest off from this world of cares and dangers, secrets and sorrows and less likely to scare away his reticent fellow traveller from his his side. That this lonely girl, with the frank, true eyes, had some good reason for wishing to keep her own counsel and to pass unknown through the crowd was evident to him : and though he wished to cultivate her acquaintance, and, if possible, make her voyage more pleasant for her, he was anxious also that she should not feel embarrassed by his companionship. Therefore he did not ask her where she had been and whither she was going, how much she had seen of this beautiful and interesting world, and what particular part of it she was now expecting to see, but suddenly placed a ladder of escape not been able to be perfectly frank and mounted boldly with her to the stars.

"I suppose you understand some 'Well," she thought, "the only way thing of astronomy," he said. "I used to know a little, but I confess I am beginning to forget it."

"I don't know much more than the names of the planets. I am a farmer's daughter, and astronomy can hardly be expected of me. Some of the constellations seem like old friends when I look at them."

The Blue Cap here overcame s temptation to draw out the farmer's daughter a little, even to the extent of ascertaining what portion of this wide earth her father farmed, and he felt that he had gained a victory over her distrust of him when he heard her make even so vague a statement as to her circumstances.

'When I was a youth," he said, used to think I would like to have a star of my own, a country house among the cool fields above, and a sort of celestial estate, which I could manage in my own way, without so much trouble as one is obliged to take thanklessly enough here.

"Rather a solitary state of grandeur to live in.'

"Oh! I did not mean to be there alone. I was to rejoice in the love of some angelic being, an inhabitant of the star, who was to be as far above mere ordinary women as my star was above the earth."

"You are not so romantic now," said Bawn, smiling.
"No; I was thinking a little while ago, just before I saw your head appear above the stair yonder, that those dreams of mine were a long way off, and that it made me very old to remember them; and also,

Bawn said nothing, but the query naturally arose in her mind, had some charming daughter of men already taken possession of his heart. and, while speaking like this, was he thinking of her? And for the first time it occurred to Bawn to think of him as a person with a story of his own, with a home, with pursuits, occupations, loves, and friendships. He was no longer only a troublesome shadow haunting her to her sore annoyance and perplexity, but an individual who interested her and had the power to make her forget herseif and her own affairs. On the instant she felt that she would have liked to ask him some questions, but, being so resolutely uncommunicative herself, upon what pretext could she look for anything approaching to confidence from him? She re mained silent with the surprise of

They continued their walk mutely. each wrapped in reflection. The stars waxed brighter overhead, the night breeze blew freshly against them. Most of the passengers had gone down to rest; a few sat clustered in dark groups, or tramper up and down deck like themselves The watery world lay dark, restless and mysterious around, and Bawn experienced the pleasant feeling of omradeship—a feeling which gradu-

these new thoughts.

ally grew on her. "I have been thinking," said the Blue Cap, "how very wide apart our thoughts have probably flown while we have been walking the last three lengths of the deck. Your hand was on my arm, but who shall say where

you were carried in this spirit?" "Or you? I shall never know where you have been, nor you where I have been."

"I will tell you, if you give me th slightest encouragement, all that I have seen and said during the last

"That would hardly be fair, for I am not willing to be equally com-

thought would purchase a large pro-

wondered to perceive how two utter strangers like you and me could be. come so friendly, enjoy each other's the while remain perfectly ignorant of each other's lives, past and future, and content to be so; and that, hav ing made acquaintance, we should immediately afterwards pass out of sight of each other and be thought their names. of no more. You see I have not met mind.

"Life has often been compared to a journey," said the Blue Cap, "for the reason that people meet and part thus at all points, exactly like fellow travellers. Now, my thought was simpler than yours; for I was trying to-merely trying to-think of you as a farmer's daughter, and, for the life of me, I could not do it."

"I told you the truth," said Bawn. quickly. "The truth, the whole truth, and

nothing but the truth?" "Not the whole truth. My statement was correct, and that is all.' "What an extraordinarily beauti-

fulradiance has that phosphorescence upon the water?" Yes; but I am tired. It is time

for me to go below." He turned at once, and led he silently to the top of the stair. As Bawn stood on the steps and looked up to bid him good-night, her face appeared fairer than ever in the fresh twilight of the starry night.

"By what you said just now," he aid looking at her attentively, "did said looking at her attentively, you mean to hint that perfect oblivion of each other must necessarily descend upon us once we touch our mother earth again? Why should the sea be so kind and the land so harsh? Is there any reason why we should not continue to be friends?"

"Every reason," said Bawn, decidedly, as she disappeared out of the starlight into the well of shadow gaping for her.

## CHAPTER VIII

FRIENDS

The next morning Bawn made up her mind that she would not be a coward any longer. She fancied she coward any longer. had given the gentleman to under-stand that she wished to remain un known, and therefore might feel herself secure. After what had passed he could never press her for information about herself. Upon these terms she was willing to be friendly, and might accept the pleasure of his companionship occasionally.

Going on deck, she found that he had already prepared a comfortable seat for her, and he soon installed himself at her feet.

'Shall we return to the Indians?' said. looking about for

"No," said Bawn, fearing that this might lead to more personal talk concerning her home and native

"You dislike the Indians? "I have known much about them that is noble." she answered evasively, and then closed her lips and fastened her eyes upon her work.

"I suppose you have been to Paris?" said Bawn, suddenly, raising her head and looking at him calmly. She had made up her mind to dash into any subject that would lead far he added, as if half to himself, "that from her own future and past. Paris would do. A man would be sure to have plenty to say about Paris

"She is going there, perhaps," thought the Blue Cap, "and I wonder in what capacity? American women make the Grand Tour alone, and I have heard that even charming young creatures will do so in case they have no male relations to travel with. Perhaps she is going to be a governess there; but no, in that case she would have professed more knowledge of astronomy. She may be a princess in disguise travelling to meet her friends, who will bring her out in Paris to the delight of their world. She has been warned to avoid all young men as dangerous. and therein lies her mystery. Yes," he said, pushing back his blue cap and showing that broad forehead, the look of strength and reliability which belonged to his face- "yes, I do know Paris as well as most foreigners of my age. And for one who has friends there, what a charming place it is! You will find it a delightful

entrance to the European world." Bawn bit her lips to prevent words of explanation crossing them. Why should she tell him that she was not likely to see Paris or to mix with any gay world? If he persisted in disbelieving that she was a farmer's daughter, and chose to think of her asaa young lady debutante on her way to Paris, why, let him do so, and it would be all for the best. That he should be himself a frequenter of gay cities seemed to lessen the chances

of their meeting again. "I wonder have I hit the mark?" thought the Blue Cap, watching furtively the humorous smile that gleamed in Bawn's eyes as she resolved to mislead him. "What affair is it of mine that I should trouble mythat her circumstances were safe and happy, and that a pleasant future

my mind. The breeze was fluttering round Bawn, ruffling the hair about her temples and ears, bringing a rosy appealed from its sclitude and silence

"You have guessed rightly; I colour to her face, and sometimes to the fidelity of her nature. Those should look for some return. But carrying her skeins of silk a little dazzling scenes which were so familthen a very small fragment of your way out of reach, to be captured iar to her new friend, and which she and returned to her hand by her portion of mine." watchful companion. It happened that a small white handkerchief also my thought—not the whole nor even fluttered forth from her lap and was a large share of it—was this: I whirled into the Blue Cap's face. Catching it as it made a sudden wheel round and tried to escape over come so friendly, enjoy each other's the ship's side, he was about to company, exchange thoughts, and all return it to its owner when a very distinct word of four letters caught his eye, embroidered in the corner. "Bawn" was daintily and flowerily stitched on the delicate bit of cam bric in the place where ladies mark

"Is it your Christian name?" he many strangers, or I suppose such a asked eagerly. "Come, there is no thought could not have dwelt on my confidence in that. I will forget it again, if you like. But let me know it for a few moments. What a curious, uncommon name is Bawu! Perhaps the famous Molly Bawn was your ancestress?' 'Yes," said Bawn placidly. Yester-

day she would have been distressed at this slight accident, but, having accepted the rôle of a débutante on her way to Paris, she was rather pleased than otherwise at having been detected as the owner of a lady' pocket handkerchief. It was testimony to the fact that she was a weal by demoiselle travelling (unavoidably) alone to France, where her friends waited to receive her, and behaving with proper reserve towards chance acquaintances by the way. This was precisely the impression which the sight of the bit of embroidered cambric produced on the Blue Cap's mind, and as Bawn, after a stolen glance at his reflecting face, assured herself of the fact, a sense of the humour of the situation grew on her, and a sly, repressed smile

curled her lips.

Her companion saw it and fancied it told him she was not sorry to be found out, after all; that she had been willing to tease him. And now he felt willing to tease her.

"Now that I know your Christian name," he said, "I am bound to tell you mine. It is Somerled-almost as strange a one as yours. After this we shall be more comfortable. It is a great advantage to have a name to call one's friend by."

"Strangers do not call one another by their Christian names, especially when one is a man and the other a woman.

"But we are hardly strangers, are we? On board ship friendships spring up so rapidly. And then you and I, being each solitary, are thrown upon one another more than in an ordinary case. However, this is, of subject to your approval. I will not pronounce that pretty name of yours without your leave, not even with a 'Miss' before it-for you see I have come to the conclusion that you are not 'married."

"No, I am not married," said Bawn with a look of extreme surprise that the question could have occurred to any one.

"I thought so by your fingers," said Somerled, smiling with great satis-faction. "It is always pleasant to know that one has guessed aright.
I do not like to think of how I should have felt had I been told that I must address you as Mistress Bawn.'

"What difference could it have made, after all?" said Bawn demure-

"Ah! who knows? What differ ence could it have made? It is impossible to answer such a question. Somehow I should like to think that when I meet you again in Paris there will be no devoted husband hovering round you. I would like that our open air, breezy friendship might continue undisturbed by any new element."

" Why do you think we shall meet in Paris ?"

"Because I have friends and I sometimes visit them. I know shall find you out, radiant in sating and laces, perhaps with your head already turned by flattery. Indeed, I I shall then perhaps have only the past to live upon. For I shall find so many newer friends gathered round you that I shall scarce get a word."

Bawn was silent, suddenly carried

back to the evening when Dr. Ack

royd had concluded that she was bent on coming out in Paris as an American heiress. "What do you want to do with your fortune?" he had said. Trip away to Paris, and all the rest of it?'-declaring the French capital uncovering of which increased the to be the gayest and prettiest place for her. Suppose she had been able to put all memory of her father's wrongs out of her mind, and to do as the good doctor and his wife had thought but natural she should do? She might have been now really on her way to the pleasantest city in the world, under suitable protection, and likely to meet this young man, as he expected in those brilliant salons of which she had so often heard tell. And suppose that after months and years he were to prove that he really valued her friendship as much as he now appeared, perhaps pretended to do, and suppose, and suppose-! For a few moments she saw herself sur rounded with these fair circumstances, and thought that, had they been realised, she could have been glad at the prospect of meeting this blue-capped a position, which had been so possi appeared to her for a minute sunned such happiness as she had never yet imagined. But it was only for an instant. The dark forests of her old home rose sombre and forbidding lay before her, I certainly should not let curiosity disturb the serenity of and in the well-known leaf-strewn hollow which they shaded she saw the lonely grave that held all that had

could imagine so well, were not for her; that gay and brilliant Bawn whom she had seen just now moving light hearted through the crowd was only a phantom of herself, an impersonation of the most volatile side of her nature. No, the world of Paris must live on without her, as it had always done, and, alas! was but too well able to do. She had bound herself to live on the shady side of life, under the gloom of mountains, in the shadow of concealment, with the sorrow and wrong-doing of the past always present to her mind

"Do not look so grave," said Somer-led. "Have I been too familiar in my manner of talking to you? you are displeased, tell me, and I will vanish for the day."

"No," said Bawn, brightening.
You need not go. I fear I should now feel lonely if altogether left to myself.

This speech was the result of her reflections, which had just proved to her how completely apart their future paths must lie, and howutterly unlikely it was that they should ever

meet again in this world. He glanced at her gratefully, with that bright smile which always looked so good as well as gay.

And what about the cross children and the sick ladies?" he asked With them you could not have been

It is far pleasanter here. Even with me as a drawback?" 'Even with you as a drawback."

For the life of me I cannot bring myself to be sorry I missed the boat ought to have sailed by, though for your sake I ought to regret it. I have seen several charming persons gazing at you with benevolence, and looking daggers at me. That old gentleman with the flowing beard, for instance, is dying to oust me from my position as your knight and to step into my shoes. Had I not been here he would have spread your rugs and carried your camp-stool.'

"That prosy old gentleman who worries the captain with questions all dinner-time ?"

The very man. I see you might have found him almost as much a nuisance as myself."

And so the day wore away, and the Blue Cap, as he walked up and down deck that evening at dusk, told him self that the gold-haired young woman with the broad brow and firm mouth, whose peculiar look of strength, humour, and sweetness had fascinated him, was really surrounded by no unpleasant mystery, but was only as reticent and dignified as maidens ought to be. He wished he could ask her plainly

to tell him her name antecedents, and real position in the world. At first he had fancied that she had a downright fear of his acquiring any such information concerning her, but now it seemed to him that she only took a sly delight in withholding it. He concluded that it did not matter to him at present how silent she might be, but resolved that before they left the steamer he would per suade ber to be more communica tive. He remembered with a little vexation that she had shown an utter want of interest in his affairs and no curiosity even to learn his name That they should part in this state of ignorance and indifference was not to be thought of. Three days of almost hourly companionship with this girl had made him feel that he did not want to lose sight of her. And yet he acknowledged that there was in her a certain power which would enable her to baffle him, if she pleased.

While his mind was still occupied with these reflections he saw Bawn come forward as if to meet him, walking with a quick step, and seeming to have some word of importance on her lips. But no, she had not seen him, though she paused at the ship's side close to the spot where he stood. At this hour he was generally down below and she was resting in the ladies' quarters, and she evidently had not expected to see him. noticed that she held in her hards the little, delicate mbric pocket handkerchief w! had picked had nicked up and restored in the morn ing, and saw he deliberately tie it up in a knot and drop it into the sea. He watched her with surprise. Was

it for having accidently revealed to

him her Christian name that she thus punished the otherwise unoffending bit of cambric ? The truth was that Bawn, having unwittingly allowed it to get among her new and plain belongings, and having used it unawares, had now resolved to get rid of it, considering that, though it had served her this morning by setting her fellow traveller's speculations on a wrong track. yet it was an undesirable possession for a person of the class to which she wished in future to belong. meanwhile the young man, observing her, felt his former wonder at her great desire to remain quite unknown revive, and did not venture to speal to her as she turned away without seeing him, and went straight down stairs again for the night.

TO BE CONTINUED

## A QUESTION FREQUENTLY ASKED

"Would a Catholic be allowed to marry a divorced non Catholic who was never baptized and who is ready to become a Catholic?"

Among the private question sent to this department, there is none more frequent than the above. Every one who joins the Church and has any doubts about his previous marriage can have this marriage investigated

by the Matrimonial Court of his the brute would net let me come cese. If the marriage was valid, near him. it will be so declared, and no divorce circled, ploughing up the sand and can undo a valid marriage; if it is found to have been invalid, the decision of the court to that effect will render him free to marry. Any Catholic pastor or confessor can give the necessary information about having the case brought before the Matrimonial Courts. - Catholic Herald.

## SAVED BY THE ROSARY

It was the close of one of those nellow evenings in early October, when departing summer, heaving its last lingering sigh, sends a breath of warmth and a flush of glory over the of the setting sun, gushing forth through a rift in the black pall that shrouded the western horizon, flooded Knockarone with a blazs of golden

banks of the Avondhu, and stood to admire the wondrous painting of the heavens. I watched the mingled slowly fade out of the heaped masses upon the sky and an ominous shadow warm clasp of the hand, cantered I reached the turning, I wheeled round in the saddle to wave a fare. well to the solitary figure in the dusk-shadowed roadway. The sudden movement affrighted my nervous mount, he reared wildly, shied at a patch of bark stripped treetrunk, and was off at a mad gallop, with the bit in his teeth, before I had time to recover my balance. ging with all my force at the bridle, at length succeeded in pulling him up, three miles further on, recking with steam and lathered with foam.

My old friend had given the coit rather a flery character. Though darkness. not vicious, he was young and nervous, with a breadth of chest and a poise of head which clearly evidenced nnusual strength, endurance and spirit. I determined to proceed more cautiously after this little incident, though haste was necessary in view of the fact that night would have certainly overtaken us before the passage of the Owendarragh estuary had been completed.

It may be as well to explain that though at low water the crossing of this broad creek is attended with very little risk, it becomes a most difficult and hazardous undertaking when the tide happens to turn. The whole expanse of sand becomes rapidly covered. The sea appears to creep up by subterranear channels, transforming safe and compact stretches into shifting and dangerous quicksands, eating up imperceptibly the expanses of dry ground and swelling to a rushing torrent the stream of fresh water which represents the river at its confluence with the ocean Anxious to repress the forebodings to which these reflections gave rise, I climbed into the saddle once more

and pushed forward at a smart cant er. But I was dismounted again almost immediately, and a glance was sufficient to show that the piebald had cast a shoe in his wild burst. I was the less disheartened peared once more and continued for by this new mishap as I recollected that my friend, Luke Kelly, kept his forge a mile or so further on, where the road slopes down to the shore of the estuary. I resumed my journey, accordingly at a gentle amble, until I saw the red glow of his furnace, like the blaze of a beacon, on the darkening roadway.

The brawny Luke had neatly fitted a new shoe before I had digested half the news regaled for my benefit by the gossips assembled round the smithy fire. They all accompanied me down to the strand afterwards, to wish me God speed. The weather had changed in the meantime. Heavy clouds had rolled up out of west and the wind came rising and moaning from the distant sea The first drops of a thunder-showe fell heavily on the pebbly beach. while as far as could be e discerned in the deepening gloom, the channel of the river, some hundreds of yards out, seemed to be filling rapidly with

"You must make haste, avic," said the honest smith, as he helped me to "the wind's getting up and the tide is on the turn." He glanced uneasily round the murky horizon.
"I'm afraid," he went on, "it's a real bad night we'll be having, so don't spare your spurs, sir, but get across as fast as you can, and keep your eye on Casey's mill." He ran beside me for some yards as I urged my horse across the sloppy sand; then stopped and watched until we were both lost in the thickening

On reaching the channel I tried to deep, but he at first refused : then. when I used the spur, plunged flerce ly in and was out of his depth in an He swam gamely enough instant. but obstinately kept his head down the stream. After a struggle I suc ceeded in landing him, but unforand endeavored to remount, however, Bulletin.

Round and round he tugging and rearing and plunging until I was quite exhausted moment now it grew darker and darker, and coaxing and threatening grew alike fruitless. At length finding I could not approach the sad-dle on either side, I seized an opportunity, when the piebald was close to the bank of the stream, to sharply back him, by the curb, helf-way down, almost into the rushing water. Before he had strugglad to the top again, I threw myself into the saddle and was immediately carried off at full gallop in the direction of the sea. I soon, however, had gathered up the reins and turned his head once more toward the point where the outline of a windmill could be vague old, silent face of nature. The rays ly distinguished on the further shore. I felt I had not a moment to lose.

The sand, so firm and holding in the strouded the western horizon, flooded the main street of the little town of Knockarone with a blazs of golden stagnant pools filed visibly, and joining, formed shallow lakes through I had just come to the door of old which we deshed in a shower of John Connor's pretty cottage on the spray. Night had now almost closed in, and I had great difficulty in keep ing in view the whitewashed mill I had set up as my guide. I had urged heavens. I watched the mingled the piebald into a hand gallop when allowly fade out of the heaped masses suddenly and without warning, he of cloud, until a sudden gloom came | went down, I was unburt, but blinded with wet sand, startled, shaken, conscape. A cold chill struck for an instant to my heart, but it passed an instant to my heart, but it passed at once as I leaped into the saddle of to his feet. A glauce was sumction at once as I leaped into the saddle of to show that he was dead lame. As the spirited piebald I had purchased to show that he was dead lame. As I noted the fact all the horror of my mind in a that afternoon, and returning my I noted the fact all the horror of my host's hearty beannacht leat with a situation rushed on my mind in a flash. I looked round anxiously for bravely up the deserted street. As the dim line of the coast; I searched about for the white mill. disappeared in the gathering gloom.

The shock of the fall and the plunging and turning of the horse in rising bad confused all my notions of the points of the compass. My bearings were lost completely. It seemed to have become black night in an instant. The water appeared to flow in all directions round about. It was impossible to judge which was the sea and which was the river side. closed my eyes for a moment and breathed a prayer to Mary, Star of the Sea. Then I peered into the

As far as the eye could reach, l saw nothing but patches of muddy water eating up the few stretches of dry sand that still remained. I heard nothing but a rushing tide on all sides. Gathering all the strength of my lungs, I shouted for help again and again, listening at intervals, everynerve a strain. But there came no answering voice; nothing but the swish of the tide and the mosn of the wind. I stumbled on a short distance and at length drew up on a miniature island amid the encircling waters. But this last haven was soon invested by the ocean and grad. ually covered, until the tide was lapping about my riding boots and slowly and imperceptibly imperceptibly creeping up around my ankles. My anguish was pitiable. Three times in different directions I nushed on, but stopped perforce when the water rose above my wais?. At last grew desperate. Grasping the bridle of my helpless horse in a despairing grip, I determined to dash forward at random, trusting to Providence to direct my steps to safety.

I gave one last glance round; it seemed a mechanical act of utter hopelessness. But at that moment, just behind me, something sparkled twice and disappeared, then reapa while to shine so steadily that instant my horse's head was turned about and, dragging him by the bridle, I stumbled forward.

It was a hard fight. The ground

seemed literally melting from under us. Now we struggled through soft clogging sand, now splashed over hil-locks rising out of the waves. Now we were almost covered by the sea ; now half smothered in muddy brine, we lost our bearings and the heaveneent beacon for minutes at a time, But at last our difficulties disap peared. The outline of the shore became plainly visible in the dark ness. The water grew shallower and shallower, the sand firmer and more holding. Soon we reached the dry beach, scrambled over the shingle, and were safe. But I did not stop : I could not rest. Across the lo weed draped rocks I hurried to the lonely, wind driven roadway. A poor fisher's hut stood on the opposite side, a little distance to the left. Tying my horse to a neighboring tree, I approached dwelling. Through Through the single small window streamed the light of a pair of candles placed a foot or so apart, and the murmur of voices was heard within. I listened a moment before knocking at the door for directions as to my route. In an instant I was held entranced. No words of mine can describe the feelings of joy, of gratitude, of love, that suffused my heart when I understood what was taking place in that humble home. I heard the "Hail Mary" repeated in a rough, manly walk the colt across the ford where it | voice and the "Holy Mary!" succeedwas not more than three or four feet | ing in the fresher and purer tones of children's voices. Honor of God's mother had saved me. Some inner impulse sent me to my knees. I drew out my beads, blessed myself devoutedly, and there in the darkness of a tempestuous night, prayed as I never prayed before. I soon began tunately it was on a shelving bank of sets clogging sand, and I had to slip Star of the Sea had shone in the out of the saddle and climb up on flicker of their humble rushlights to foot, holding on by the flap of the pluck me forth from the jaws of a pommel. When I reached the top black and horrible fate.—Catholic pluck me forth from the jaws of a