

"Mr. Smith is a good, charitable man; no doubt, and he shall have his reward. I wish I could say as much of these ranting preachers that are running about the country, sowing strife among Christian people."

"Begor, they ought to be hunted like dogs."

"No, Shawn, no; God will take an account of their doings. Judgment belongs to God."

"Well, you know best," said Shawn.

Still he looked as if it would be a great deal pleasanter to try a bit of rustic persuasion with them.

"Shawn," said the priest, after a short silence.

"Well, sir."

"A hem—ha! Shawn, I want to know how do you live?"

"Very well, sir," said Shawn, pretending to misunderstand the priest; "very well, sir, the people do be very good to me; I never want for anything, glory be to God!"

"It's not that I mean, but do you go to your duty—do you go to confession?"

Shawn held down his head.

"Ay, Shawn, tell me now; you see as a minister of God, it is my duty to look after you."

"Shure, I have no parish, Father O'Donnell; I am here to-day and away to-morrow."

"Oh, oh, you unfortunate man! is that the reason you would run headlong to perdition? is that the reason you would damn your immortal soul? is that the reason you would not go to confession—to the tribunal of penance?" Oh, Shawn, I fear for you."

"I believe I am a wretched sinner," said Shawn, very humbly, "but not near so bad as you think."

"How is that?"

"Is what a man never did or never thought of doing a sin?"

"Certainly not, Shawn."

"Well, then, when I found that I belonged to no parish, I thought that nobody had a right to me, so I never went near a priest nor to Mass, nor never thought of doing either. So I'm not as bad as you thought."

Despite Father O'Donnell's honest indignation at Shawn's want of religion, he had to smile at his nice distinction; so we will leave the worthy couple for the present.

After Father O'Donnell left, Alice and Frank walked into the little garden. There was a rustic arbor entwined with honeysuckles and hops in the corner of it. A green bank

extended from it to a little rivulet that ran babbling and sporting along. In this arbor Father O'Donnell was wont to read his breviary on fine evenings, and here now our lovers seated themselves. The little stream babbled on; the merry voices of the lads and lasses of the village, as they passed along to the hurling green, floating on the breeze. A thrush and blackbird, from a thicket near, seemed to endeavor to tire each other out. There was a delicious freshness in the balmy air; it was an evening for lovers to breathe forth their feelings of devotion. Though Frank and Alice loved deeply, though they knew that they were dear to one another, yet they never spoke of love, but their eyes and hearts communed with each other.

"Oh, there are looks and tones that dart,
An instant sunshine to the heart."

They were alone. As they sat side by side, how sweet was the intoxicating draught of love that agitated their young bosoms; you might hear the ticking of their hearts. Her beauty, her wild, natural graces, joined with the unspeakable tenderness of her affection, threw a charm around her that almost hallowed her in the eyes of her young lover. They remained some moments as if enraptured and afraid to break the spell. True love is silent; the heart is too full of a sweet thrilling sensation to find vent in words. It is told by the furtive glance, the suppressed sigh, the soft, low voice, and then, the low, whispering words that tremble on the lips. How sweet is this young love that brings the pearly tear to trickle from the maiden's eye, like dewdrops from the morning flowers—this love that binds young hearts with a mysterious feeling, with some strange fascination, which is beyond the power of the writer's pen to portray. Love seems to be the great inherent principle of our nature. In childhood the lisping tongue breathes its little cares and hopes at a mother's knees. Who can picture a mother's love as she cherishes her firstborn; as she fondles it with enraptured gladness, her very heart throbs with a delight unknown to all save a mother. Thus were Frank and Alice insensibly drinking the delicious poison.

"Alice," said Frank, as he pressed her little head against his bosom. Alice looked into his face; there was a beaming mildness in her eyes, and her rich hair clustered around her face. "Alice, darling, how wildly our hearts are beating; tell me sweet one, is this love?"

Alice hung down her head; a faint weak-