

don suburb, years of married happiness and fatherhood, marred only by that one baulked desire. But how deep was his disappointment only God and himself knew.

When he saw again the Maura Ruadh of his boyhood she was Mrs. Gorman, the hard-working owner of a little shop. She wrought from sunrise to sunset, and long after it, indeed, to keep her fatherless boy at college, and to make a small provision for her old age. Mrs. Gorman wondered why a shadow fell on his face when she told him her son was in a seminary. Dr. Nugent had been genuinely glad to see her, and she felt a glow of Irish pride in being able to say her boy was destined for the altar. She saw his face harden at the news, and wondered if he were upstart enough to think a laborer's son was not fit for the service of God. In that she did him wrong unwittingly. Dr. Nugent was jealous — yes, there is no other word for the feeling that rankled in his heart — but not because God had called a laborer's son to His service. His old regret stirred in him whenever he heard of any vocation, be it given to laborer's or land-owner's son. There was bitterness in the thought that others were called, while his were not.

As he sat watching the sunlit sanctuary with dark unseeing eyes, the sacristy door was thrown open and the young priest came forward to take his seat at the altar. The snowy alb gave dignity to his slight figure, and his boyish face was gentle and spiritual enough to fit the fine purity and exaltation of the place and occasion. He walked slowly, and his features showed evidence of deep feeling. Beside him was the old parish priest, whose Mass he had so often served, and who came to stand beside him in the ensuing ceremony. Without lifting his eyes to the watching congregation he sat on the seat prepared for him, his hands extended palm downwards on the alb. The sunlight fell on his bowed head crowned with wavy red-gold hair, and in his mother's eyes he was enhaloed and transfigured with unearthly radiance. The parish priest motioned to her to come first. She strove to rise, but could not, and her son looked up. He smiled at her with eyes of loving encouragement, and his lips quivered as he saw the tears streaming down her checks. Instead of rising she knelt and stretched out her hands impulsively, crying, "Oh,