

ONAL WRITERS AND THEIR THEMES

(Concluded.)

It was a chance word that, shortly after Gilchrist's departure, aroused the serpent of jealousy in Peadar Ban. The men were grouped at Eamon's Corner in the September dusk for their accustomed gossip; the glow of their pipes made small points of light in the gloom; their voluble Gaelic speech flowed in a stream of friendly argument over this and that. Only Barty Dall, Blind Barty, the fiddler, sat silent, contrary to his usual wont.

It was a chance word that, shortly after Gilchrist's departure, aroused the serpent of jealousy in Peadar Ban. The men were grouped at Eamon's Corner in the September dusk for their accustomed gossip; the glow of their pipes made small points of light in the gloom; their voluble Gaelic speech flowed in a stream of friendly argument over this and that. Only Barty Dall, Blind Barty, the fiddler, sat silent, contrary to his usual wont.

The Passionate Hearts of Inisglair

By ETHNA CARRERY in "Donahoe's Magazine,"

ledge be imparted to her? Gilchrist had sent neither message nor sign since his departure, but the schoolmaster had his address in N'la 'Cliaith, and Peadar could obtain it easily. But then, how was he with his imperfect English, to write down all he had to say to Mac Giolla Christ? He had never been taught to write in the Gaelic, which was his native speech, and in which his thoughts moved most freely. He could fancy the supercilious air of the other when unfolding and perusing the ill-spelt, ill-written appeal to his honor from his humble rival No, no, that would never do, some other way must be found.

ly, without doubt, and what harm is there in that? Most women are willing enough to be admired." "Brigid was never that sort, gentleman, and you know it." "She is a woman." "Will you write to her then and say what you have just said to me?" "No, I shall not write."

"I want to say," he began abruptly, "that I am not taking this step through fear of your threats. I am going for—well, call it justice's sake, and because—because—Oh man, I know now why you are called the Passionate Hearts! It is a true name. You are deadly—every one of you—for all your calm and kindly ways. Brigid too—she will never forgive me; I feel it. It is she I fear—not you. I have gone through worse than death since you entered this room, through shame and regret and bitter humiliation. And now I go to greater abasement—perhaps, God knows—to the end of all things. The Passionate Hearts! Oh why, in my foolishness did I play with leaping fire?"

When Brigid saw him entering the doorway once again, she rose from her chair, and stood grasping it tightly, for her limbs had grown weak and were like to fall her. Sibeal's shrill volley of welcome rang in her ears without meaning, and she could not comprehend the greetings uttered in her father's deep accents. Oh, something wonderful had occurred, something that made her heart bound and grow glad as in the old days. What was it? Who was speaking now? Surely, that was a dear and long desired voice. She was beginning to comprehend at last.

unfamiliar Brigid disappear, and the song return to her lips. Gilchrist had once done a good deed—a hard thing in the doing—for Brigid's sake. Could, or would he, too, overcome this temptation—for the same dear sake?