NORA BRADY'S VOW. BY MRS. ANNA H, DORSEY.

CHAPTER III. What? Thundering to be heard, Old Land? Ho! bravely and holdly done:
Now! where are thy children gone?
Ay, there, support her, she's weak;
See, see how ner cold limbs shake.
Let ber lean on that rusted brand.
They have tree of the till old dame,
And thou blushest with rage and sham:!
Thou'tt satir,—a fearful token.
That the o'erstrung bow has broken, y

A gleam of sunshine that flickere through the dense foliage which shadowed the window, fell warm and golden over Mary Halloran's face, and awoke her from her deep but uneasy slumbers. Surprised to find that she had passed the night on her couch in-stead of the bed, she could not at first, remember how it was. She pas sed her hand over her forehead, then glanced around the room with a wild and frightened look; and, when she bed and tore back the curtains. But she saw that it had been untouched, and a low cry of anguish escaped her and a low cry of anguish escaped her lips. She tottered toward the bellrope and pulled it, then tell heavily on her face as white as the cambric pillows on which she leaned.

" Did you ring, ma'am ?" said Nora, Where is Mr. Halloran, Nora, she

"It's altogether uncertain, ma'am, if he is not here Troth and I thought he was anng in his bed yet," replied Nora, en deavoring to conceal her own anxiety.

"My husband is not here, Nora:
he's gone. Something dreadful has
happened. I know and feel it. I have happened. I know and feel it. I have felt it on me these many days," she said, folding her long white hands to-gether, and rocking herself to and fro, while a torrent of tears rolled over her

Why, surely, now, it's nothing un-"Why, surely, now, it's nothing unusual for a gintleman to be out airly at this season of the year. I've hard him say, God save him, that he'd rayther be out when the dew is on the fern-eaves and the birds whit-tling through the morning air, that to see the grandest show in the kingdom. He'll be in presently, and have to wait for his breakfast, if I don't be

Nora, is Mr. Halloran's horse in the stable?" she asked. And how should he be, surely, and Mister Halloran out on the hillside, or forninst there at Holy Cross, on his

back?" replied Nora, cheeringly.

"There is one thing will settle all
this doubt. I dread the worst: and yet-my God !--it is necessary for me to know it. If they should be gone, how can I bear it? Help me, O my Father ! thou whose ears are are never closed to the plaint of thy suffering ones; endow me with strength and fortitude to bear the storms which are gathering about my head.

Jesus lover of my soul
Let me to thy refuge fly,
While the nearer waters roll.
While the tempest's wrath is nigh."

And even then, while her troubled soul poured out its cry for aid, she fel calmer and stronger. An Almighty arm was about her, and would bea her up as the bitter floods rolled by now; and in the sorrowful days that were te come, He would be her solace and defense.

She went to an old oak cabinet, and She went to an old oak cabinet, and turning the key, opened the door. One glance sufficed to show her that the shelves were empty. "Yes, they are gone," she murmured; "gone." "And what is it, Mairo Bhan asthore, said Nora, who had come close to her and placed her strong arm ten darly and caresingly around her slope.

derly and caressingly around her slen-der, drooping form—" what is it that's

Ill gone! Sword, spurs, the green uniform, epanlets, chapeau, and all. Gone with my darling to the wild hills of Tipperary, where the cruel hunters will snare and cage him-my eagle-heart, whose first fault is that would be too near the sun. Oh!

"And what is this, suillish machree?" stooping down to pick up a small twisted note which had fallen unperceived when the door was opened. "It looks like his own writing,

'It is-it is !" cried Mrs. Halloran, running her eye rapidly over its con tents. The blood mounted to her pale cheeks, and something like exultation lit up her features, but faded rapidly and she leaned on Nora's faithful bos om cold and shivering. Let me lie down, Nora dear, and read it to me cannot see very clearly. Perhaps I did not see it right," she said, feebly. "Sweet wife" (Nora read,) "I have

courage to die for my country, but not enough to bear your tears and a mutual farewell. But cheer up. Our separation will be short. When we meet again, the old Sunbursts will wave its folds of green and gold over Ireland—the beacon of her freedom. She will lift up her bowed head and be sa nation once more, and our children will be no longer helots, but freemen. Adien, my sweet wife. Ki's the dear ones, and tell Nora I recommend ye all to her loving care.'

" And so she will lift up her head, al anna, cried Nora, in a transport, "if he's to be the leader, and had a few like his self to help. It will be done; an' the English with their red-coat sogers, and their black coat parsons, and their their black coat parsons, and their sneaking tithe-men, drivers, and the devil what beside, will be husted off our Irish acres in a jiffy, and lave our beautiful country to shinefane, the rightful owners, by troth."

Nora !" said Mrs. Halloran. ma'am, and I can see thing to be crying afther, at all. If I only knowed where to go and how to go, I'd be off on the wildest Kerry colt I could find to help, only in respect to yourself, suillish machree, I couldn't lave you unprotected! But there is one shall go in my place, please God, and that's Dennis Byrne; and if he's kilt, it'll be the best thing that could happen in such a cause. May God and e Blessed Virgin help the right." "Amen!" said Mrs. Halloran, in a

2 L. Silver it worked

on of our ble protection of our beams that Lady. We may suffer—oh, yes, that we must expect—but, in the end, peace and rest must come. Go down, dear Nora; and the moment anything hapdear

Nora; and the moment anything happens, let me know."

"Yes," said Nora, pausing in the old oak panelled passaze to shake her fist toward a closed door, "and if you hadn't got what you did in good time you'd be on his track, cross bred mule that you are; but, thanks to the scalding tay that lathered your shins, it'll be some time before you can do any mischief, black informer that you are." Then, as if relieved, she walked quietly and swiftly down to the kitchen to begin her usual day, labor. kitchen to begin her usual day's labor, a labor which her cheerful and faithful heart and industrious hands made so light that she not infrequenty had nore time to herself than any other iomestic at Glendariff.

domestic at Glendariff.

No event of importance occurred that day. If a stranger had been passing through the country, he would have lingered on the road to gaze down on the tranquil beauty of Glendariff, and thought it must be the abode of happiness and contenument. He would have known that plants tranged from have known that plenty teem d from those rolling lands, covered with a verdure and luxuriance of vegetation which indicated the fertility of the soil, and those sunny slopes, rich in waving grain, which, as the wind-tide ebbed and flowed over it, swayed and undulated with a motion as graceful and harmonious as the ocean-billow when no storm is on it. In the dis-tance, through a natural vista, his eye would have fallen on the gray ruins of Holy Cross, their desolate grandeur and beautiful decay gilded by the sunbeam, while here and there, through the moss groen arches, the bright blue waters of the Suire might be seen rippling on toward the sea, uttering the same mysterious numbers that i sang of old, like Time, hymning the wrongs, the evils, and the sins of men as it rolls solemnly on toward eternity. And then he would have turned away from the view of Glen dariff—beautiful in its antique style and picturesque site—from its abundance, from its productive fields—to go past the abodes of poverty, which the natural and rich resources of the land had no blessing for, and see men and women worn down with ineffectual labor, bowed and gloomy on the inade quate returns it would afford them, or characterized by a levity and recklessness which, with the livery of want that they were, preached bitter homi

lies by its mockery. As evening wore on, Mrs. Halloran's anxieties increased. She could think of but one thing, and that was the approaching desperate struggle. The very indefinite knowledge she possessed neightened and augmented her terror. When? where? what? were the ques tions that haunted her. The children shrunk back, rendered timid by her silence and paleness, and Mrs. Shea re-tired angry and volable from her be cause she did not open her lips when she went in to report to her concern-

ing the health of Donald More. "An' it's in purgatory I've got be-ore my time," she complained to Nora, with that screeching, swearing pagan ap stairs, that was so crazy to get out this morn' that he swears a big oath and gives a lape, when down he comes flat to the floor, laving me the immortal honor, sure, of picking him up; an' troth if he does it agen, honey, I'll get the pitchfork to toss him in. It was all through your bad doings, Nora

Brady, and you ought to nurse him." "Thank you, dear Mistress Shea; I don't look up to any such grandeur as to nurse such a great gentleman as Donald Dbu," said Nora, laughing, as Mrs. Shea flounced out with a bowl of chocolate for the invalid.

That night Nora sat silent and sad by the freside, her fingers busy shifting from one needle to the other the titches of a stocking, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the glowing turf, he lips silent. No sound was heard but the chirping of a cricket in some warm corner. Ere long the silence was broken by the echo of heavy, slow footsteps. She thought it mic Byrne, and tripped out on the lawn to him; but it was Father Mc-Carthy.

"God save us, your reverence," she aid, kneeling for his blessing, which And how is Mrs. Halloran, my

child?" he asked. "She's poorly enough, sir."
"And Mr. Hallorau—where is he?

We do not know exactly, father: he left home in the night, and it's much "Heaven help the poor child!"
said the priest, in a compassionate tone. "Where is she, Nora?"

"She's in the room, sir, Mr. Hal oran's books and things is in, where he used to read and write, your reverence Shall I go and tell her?"

No, no; it is not necessary." replied, hurrying in with a heavy heart, for Mary Halloran was the child of his only sister, and he loved he

Nora could not sit still or rest: so. throwing the stocking aside, she walked with a quick pace down to the lodge, once innabited by a porter who kept the gate. But it was dismantled and almost ruined now, with its low atone walls covered with ivy and creepers and which John Halforan had allowed to stand, because it was picturesque eature at Glendariff. She went to the e road, and leaning her arms on the low sill, stood watching for smith of Kildare. She had not walted

long before he came. "Nora asthore," he said, starting at the sound of her voice, "is it waiting for me that you are here? It's no safe place for one like you, dear.

why isn't it a safe place Dennis Byrne?"

"Because the times is bad."
"What is the matter with the times sure? It seems to me the times is good enough; and if men was as good as the times, we shouldn't have Eng lish sogers poking their noses into everybody's business, and kith and kin low, fervent tone: "we are in our hounding each other, selling their own father's hands. We are under the flesh and blood like nagur slaves."

"Whist, Nora dear! it isn't safe to talk out," he replied, looking furtively about him, and speaking in a whisper. "Is Mr. Halloran up yonder?" 'No; and that's what I wanted to

spake to you about. Have you heard any news to-day?—but come in; it'll be safe altogether there," she said. "May be not." he replied; "may-be not. There's sogers lurking about Glandariff They're watching for Mister Halloran."

They'll have their watching for

"They'll have their watching for their trouble, then. He s not here, nor won't be again in a hurry, according to my judgment. But I ve got something to say, Dennis, and I might as well say it first as last. It's a dark day when it come to my heart, and a sorsowful one when it comes out. But it's no use; may-be it'll bl. w over and may-be it won't: anyway, God's will be done. We was to be married in the spring coming. I have flity pounds and a cow to begin with. You pounds and a cow to begin with. You have enough for a poor boy to settle with; and I won't say I looked to the time with sorrow. I loved to think of being in my own cot, and keeping is cheery and thrifty for you, avourneen and, troth, I had my own dreams of

happiness. But they're over now. It cannot be—"
"What's that you're saying, Nora Brady, after promising me these three years?" exclaimed Dennis Byrne, aghast. "Don't be trifling with a fellow in that way, Nora; joke with anything but that, and I'll laugh with

"You h'ard every word I said, and "You h'ard every word I said, and I'm just as much in airnest, Dennis, as if it was my dying day. And you may give me up intir ly if you like. I can very quick give you back your lovetokens. But my mind's made up, and, what's more, I've taken a vow."

"In the name of the Blessed Virgin, more, what are you talking about?"

woman, what are you talking about?" he asked, half beside himself. "It's aisy enough explaining what i say," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. You know, Dennis, as we las I do, what s in the wind, and Mister as I do, what s in the wind, and Mister Halloran's in it, where every true Irishman ought to be; and, if he's helped by them that have rayson enough to fight, it'll be a glorious day for Onld Ireland. I know that, and want it too, if I am only a poor girl. But mind, Dennis, may be the rebellion will fail—God help them that's risked all they have on the charge and it it. have on the chance—and, if it does I've made a vow before heaven, on the cross, never to wed you if you don't help them that's willing to spill their plood for you, and if sorrow and distress and penury come to Glendariff, never to marry until all is right again with them I love. If they suffer, I ing, as ne deposited the little package suffer; if they wander, I wander. And she had given him, in the depths of his breast pocket.

"Now go on, and don't be afther "Now go on, and don't be afther the state of the s

CHAPTER IV.

But alas for his country !- her pride is gone And that spirit is broken which never would

bend; O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh, For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

Unpræ:d are her sons, till they ve learned to betray;

Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;

And the torch that would light them through

digniys way

digniys way

Must be caught from the pile where their

country expires,"

MOORE.

" Nora Brady, you have done me great wrong this day," said Dennis

Byrne, grasping her arm, as she turned to leave him, while his heart swelled with indignation and grief. He had loved Nora long and faithfully; early and late had he toiled, that he might surround her with homely domestic com-forts when she entered his house as its mistress; and now, when just on the eve of its realization of his bright wearisome travel he reached the chain have all those beautiful dreams so have all those beautiful dreams so mits to the clouds, and broken rudely dashed out—it was almost more into a thousand scenes of the wildest

rudely dashed out—it was almost more than he could endure.

"Now, be a man, Dennis darling," said Nora, wiping the tears away from her face. "If I can bear it, you can, surely. I didn't say at all that I didn't love you, or that I was going to play a false game with you, maourneen. I only want you to be patient, and wait may be a year, may be longer, in respect to the great throuble that's come on the two we love, and who has been the best friends we ever had, and that needs our help as much as we ever needed theirs; that is, if things go wro g with them, that would lay down their lives to make 'em right."

" I see no rayson yet why we should n't marry. I love John Halloran—ay, the very sod his feet presses—an for his sake I'd give up everything but you, Nora; but why we can't sarve him an' his as well when we're man an' wife, as now, bates me out intirely."

"That's because you're a pittiogue,
Dannis Byrne," said Nora, indignantly,
How do I know what's coming to pass? If poverty comes to Glendariff. or rayther if poverty chases them away from Glendaviff, I, for one, shouldn't ike to hoard up the gold that I airned in their service; an' who knows but that I shall have to cross the sea? There'll be enough for Norah Brady's hands to do, without having a master to he fore, to bid me here and ordher m there. And let this be the last of i entirely : if you choose to wait for me, vait; if you don't - be off as fast your two legs can carry you."

Dennis, the stout blacksmith of Kildare, was silent for some time. He knew by Nora's manner that her reso ution was taken and not to be moved and, although he felt angry enough a what he considered her unreasonable ness, the thought of giving her up was like death. Next to her he loved John Halloran. They had been playmates together; indeed, the same breasts had suckled both in their infancy, for Byrne's mother had the nursing of the young heir of Glendariff until he was weaned, and the boys had grown up together, every year strengthening the tie, which in Ireland is as strong as that of kindred, until manhood separated them; and each in his sphere r tained the old love and the old interest, and found many opportunities of erving the other. The friendship of John Halloran had cheered and bright-ened the humble life of his fosterbrother; it had saved him from many

an extertion and much injustice; and the consciousness of it gave confidence and energy to his manhood, for he knew that he was his earthly p-ovidence, and that he was his earthly povidence, and would never let harm, that money or influence could avert, blight his life. He thought of all this now, and the merry sports of "long ago,"—of the days" fishing in the Suire, their wild adven ures and long excursions to the Kerry Mountains, and the delicious to the Kerry Mountains, and the delicious to the Exery Mountains, and the delicious of the Exery Mountains, and the delicious to the He sould not but serve John Halloran, now that dark days threat ened him. He felt ashamed of his momentary solfshness, and at last momentary selfishness, and at last Nors. mo seact n-anam astia tu

"Nors, mo seact m-anam astig the continues dearer than my soul) are you; but let it be as you say. You have tould me what you will do, but what I'm to do is what I desn't know. I don't even know where Misther Halloran is, God save him. I heard rumors of a rebellion, but where it's to break out it's more than I can tell, an' I wish I did, for bedad! I'd like to be in the I did, for bedad! I'd like to be in the thick of it. But there's one thirg, a suillish mahuil agus machree" (light of my eyes and heart) he said, brightening up: "he often tould me, if he got into throuble with the government, as he said from a boy he always intended and was hunted by the Saxon hounds, that I must seek him beyant the clouds—that is in a dange high ne on Rills. that is, in a den so high up on Billy-howry Mountain that the wild craythurs have never made their lair in it. And so good by, Nora: the moon's up, and I'll run down to Larry Ragan's cabin an' hire the suit and wallet of the old baccah man that's been sick in it there two months, and be off before day. One

two months, and be off before day. One kiss, Nora darling."

"The Blessed Mother of God have you in her keeping, my can buy deelish." said Nora, as she allowed him to take the farewell kiss he asked, while tears overflowed her eyes. "Good by, Dennis dear: warm will be the sheda you came heak. God's bets. veha when you come back. God's holy angels go with you. But wait one minute! I'd like to forgotten the very thing above all that must be thought of. Here—hide this about you some where: it's for Mister Halloran, if you and him where you're going to, and give it to him with Nora Brady's numble service and love, and tell him to have no uneasiness in respect to Mrs. Halloran and the childer, for if I ever lave or forsake them in the dark hour may God forsake me. Now hurry off, Dennis; and don't forget the limp when you get the wallet across your soulders."

I'll engage you never saw such limping done afore, by a fellow wid sound legs,' said Dennis Byrne, laugh

looking back, alanna, for fear of the black luck," said Nora, pushing him

(u ting a stout black thorn by the

roacside, Dennis Byrne started on what might have been considered a will-goose chase, if the results of his journey had not proved that his instincts had guided him aright. Travel ing most by night, and begging a su and morsel here and there on the road-side evading with success the parties of English soldiers that dashed from time to time across his path, keeping his ears open when, two or three times he was invited to spend the night by the tarf fire of some hospitable peasant, and saying but little, he heard that battle had been fought in Tipperary, and that the patriotic band who dared to strike for freedom and their native opes, to be told that it could not be, to of high hills which, lifting their sumgrandeur, whose steep defiles and beetling cliffs were full of sublimity and magnificence, threw their broad shadows over the fruitful valleys of Munster. Following sometimes the steep and rugged balleagh, or forcing I his way cautiously along the windings of a parrow well track, he scaled one rocky height after another, deterred neither by their perils nor bleakness from the accomplishment of his faithful purpose. Occasionally he 101ght the shelter of some sheeling perched high up among the cliffs, and whose poverty - stricken inmates made him welcome to a meal of potatoes and milk, but could give him no information of what was passing below. Up in that wild region they heard but little of what was passing among their feliowmen ; nor cared they much, for in the struggle for existence which for evermore saudened their life, in the grasp and clutch for the barest means to avert starvation and bitter want, they had no time to spare on the con cerns of others, or to waste in dreams which their life-long shadow had made idle and profitless to them. They bore with sullen patience the evils of their lot, and endured the sweat and labor entailed by Adam on his race, without, many, many times, the reward of the bread promised It was late in the afternoon when

Dennis Byrne, at the imminent peril of life and lin b, reached the cave, high up on one of the highest peaks of the Ballyhowry Mountains, which John Halloran himself bad discovered years ago. But it was lonely. No living creature had disturbed the stones which they had piled up at its entrance. And it was now that the stout heart of the blacksmith of Kildare failed him, and the fruitlessness of his tois overwhelmed him; and he sat down on a moss-grown rock and wept like a child. Relieved by this outburst of tears, he sought a more sheltered place, for it was bitterly cold, and, taking a crust from his wallet, moistened it with whisky and ate it, after which he cleared away the great stones one by one from the entrance of the cave, and gathered moss and dead fern to make nimself a lair to sleep in that night. At length, his arrangements being completed, he threw himself down to rest, which he had never in his life of toil needed more than he did then. He cast his eyes abroad: the last gleam of sunlight had fled away like

gold-plumaged birds from the erags and peaks of the neighboring moun-tains, and the gray mist like a silent flood had risen from the valley, and enveloped him until he almost imagined himself to be the lone inhabitant of some desolate island. He felt awed by the deep unbroken silence and dreary solitude of his situation, and, drawing his well-worn reserv out of his pocket, he knelt down and devoutly recited it, after which he crept into the cavern, and was soon sleeping calmly and heavily.

He might have sleep two or three hours, he could not tell whom he

sours, he could not tell,—when he was suddenly awakened by something falling heavily upon him. Starting up with a wild cry, he grappled with the intruder, who was a man, and who seemed powerful enough in frame, but from some cause or other feeble and

neipless.

"Who are you at all?" cried Dennis, while a cold moisture started to his lips. "If you're a friend, spake; if you're a foe, bedad, it'il not be long before you find your broken bones in the glen below!" was his only response : then there a dead silence, and the man lay limp and heavy on his arm, and his low quick breathing gradually ceased.

"Christ defend us ! the poor soul is ead; and I'd rayther it'n wolf than a dead man, to spend the night with," exclaimed Dennis, while the cold drops rolled over his face; but now a faint moan reassured him, and he dragged the stranger out into the cold, keen air. A dark cloud which had obscured the moon sailed slowly away, and her clear, bright rays fell. full on the white, upturned face which Dennis Byrne supported on his should er. He looked down on it for an in stant in wild amaze; he pushed back the matted hair from the bold forehead, and exclaimed,-

"Holy St. Patrick! but it's him Then he laid the head of hisself !" John Halloran down on a rude pillow which he made of his clock, moving it as gently and as tenderly with his great rough hands and awkward limbs as if he had been tending an infant, drops of potheen between the lips of tne exhausted man, and unbuckled his stock: all of which seemed to revive him. Soon he opened his eyes and looked around him, then into the face of Byrne, whom he recognized at once,

and grasped his hand.
"True—true; faithful to the last," he said in a faint voice. 'How are

they at Glendariff?"
"Well and safe, your honor; but what's this - and this? What's throuble, sir ?" said Dennis, pointing to some black stains on Mr. Halloran'

shirt-bosom.
'I was wounded, Dennis: not badly. Loss of blood, though, has weakened me. I wish I might have died; for to survive the ruin of all I planned and hoped for, is more than I can bear. All is lost. At Ballingarry a few des perate hearts periled their all in the chances of battle. They expected aid from dastards who promised but failed to come to their succor. Of these noble and glorious men, some are our fees, and will meet the doom of felons others, like myself, are hiding until the hour arrives for us to fly into an

exile of poverty and obscurity."
"But surely your honor will return Glendariff? Sure, sir, Mrs. Hallor an's crazy with sorrow in respect to you, and Nora's put me off intirely," said Dennis, scarcely comprehending

all his meaning.
"I fear I shall never see Glendariff again. I must fly to France or America: not to shun death or danger, but ignominy. I shall find means to send for my family. Of course they will be stripped of everything. On, my God! my poor Mary and the little ones! But, Dennis, you must go back, man; you must hasten back and stand by them all. I charge you to protect them until I can bring them to me,

wherever I may go."
"I think it 'ud be better intirely to stand by your honor's self," said Byrne, while his broad chest heaved

"That cannot be, my friend. I know your faithfulness; and, in leaving you with those who are dearer to me than life, I shall feel that they have not only friend, but a protector," said John Halloran.

"I will stay; I will do anything your honor wishes; an' it's little I'm able to do, but I'll endeavor to do it right. But let it all alone now, sir, and go to sleep. When the sun rises I will call you. There's a snug bed of heather within our old nest, and your honor can make yourself aisy in respect to any one's comin', seein' that I'm goin' to watch till morn.'

Heart broken, and enfeebled by loss of blood, John Halloran, thankful for an hour's repose, crept into the cave, and was soon asleep. The next morning he awoke refreshed and strength ened. Dennis had kindled a fire of fagots in a sheltered corner, and made such preparations as his wallet afforded for breakfast.
"What is that you have on Dennis?

I think it will help me in my escape to the coast—that beggar's gown and bag. Can you spare it?

"Your honor welcome to it intirely, only it 'ud be a disgrace to see suchlike rags on your shoulders, sir. And it's a narrow honor'll have, for the whole country's swarming with red-coats," said Dennis

Byrne.

I have friends a little lower down of old on the mountain. That wild son of old Sheehan's, whose life I saved some years ago, is at home. I saw him yes-terday, and he has promised to get me off as soon as his vessel drops down from the north."

"An' he's engaged in the free trade, sir, is he?' "Yes. He's a smuggler," said John

Halloran.
"Here's good luck to him, then,
"Here's good luck to him, then, and to all that's up for their rights," said Byrne, "and may he get your honor safe away till the outery is

over."
I'll trust him. I should not have chosen him; but I trust him," was the short response.

" And where is your honor going "I scarcely know. I wish to go to America; but they shall know at home, whether it be in France or the United States. I am without a shilling; and circumstances must guide me. I am like a piece of drift wood, and God alone knows where or how I may be stranded."

stranded."
"Your honor'll pardon me, an' poor
Nora too," said Dennis, fumbling in his
pocket, "but she sent this to your
honor, with her humble service and love,

and hopes it may help you, sir."

"And what is it?" said John
Halloran, holding the little package
neatly sewed up in brown silk in his
hand, and turning it over and over with a troubled curiosity. Fhen he cpened it, and found, neatly folded within, fifty pounds in notes and gold. "I cannot take it!" he exclaimed, while

tears gushed from his eyes.

"And surely it 'ad break poor Nora's heart to think you scorned it, sir. She heart to think you scorned it, sir. She has no use for it surely, for we're not thinking of ourselves until the dark days are gone by, an' troth she knows it's safer in your honor's hands that in her own. Anyway, I'll lave it here, sir, if you won't take it; for I wouldn't dare show my face at Glendariff if I letched it back. Why, it 'nd never do,

your nonor."
"Oh, Heaven! Well," said Mr. Halloran, with deep emotion, "tell Nora I thank her for her loan. I won't think but that I can return it to her, one of these days, tenfold. But it is time for us to part, Dennis. You must time for us to part, Dennis. You must hasten back with my sore heart's best love to them all. Pakiss on Grace's little head for me, and tell Desmond to be a man and take care of his mother and sister. Perhaps even now my poor Mary has heard that I am killed or hasten and the shock has broken be Mary has heard that I am killed or taken, and the shock has broken her heart. But you must get there as fast as you can, and tell them I am safe and well; and give this to my wife," said well; and give this to my one of the John Halloran, severing one of the thick brown curls from his forehead with his knife. "Give my love, too, with his knife. to Nora, and tell her to stay by themthat it comforts me to know she is there.

"But the gown an' wallet, your honor?" said Dennis, in a choking voice, while he pretended to undo the fastenings of his beggar garb to hide

his tears.
"No; I do not need it. I fear it is disguise I could not counterfeit will. Good-by, faithful friend. I hoped a few days ago that we should deliver you and your brethren from the voke whi binds ye; but all hope is wrecked. Oh. God! O my country! when thy own sons forsake thee, and turn their eyes coldly on thy misery, what is left but despair? On, recreams to all sacred rights! On, helots, who wear your chains in inglorious rest, would that I could rouse you I would that I could kindle the flame in your cold hearts that is consuming mine, that the deathblow might be given to the foe and the oppressor! But it is vain: my wishes —my wild hopes—my prayers—all are vain. Farewell, my friend."

Dennis Byrne wrung the offered hand of the broken-hearted man. Awed by the outburst of his grief, he could not peak, but turned and walked swiftly away, to carry the poor comfort his tidings would afford to the locely and sorrowful hearts at Glendariff.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE.

I remember once telling her I would the Hellespont for her sake; also that I would rescue her from the mouth of Vesuvius in eruption. If I don't mistake, I think I told her I would allow wild lions to tear me limb from limb ere one tinge of annoyance would cross her dear face. All for her sake! That was in the happy courting days, and she, dear girl, only smiled at it all and said, "Charlie, dear, you're profuse !"

Bless her! bless her! bless her! And here I am, at 2 a. m., pacing the cold linoleum; my teet bare; there's a tack somewhere, and it has caught me heady. I should now for give vent to strong language, but in my arms is little Goily, otherwise Elinor, a wee bundle of femininity; the compressed essente of joys, hopes, fears, auxieties Golly is teething. She knows there's something wrong. I know it. She is howling and has been, for the past hour. I am ing and nas oven, for the past hour. I amtired, and can't help wondering if Napoleon ever felt like this on the eve of his great battles. Up and down, down and up! I rather fancy I must have walked about a hundred miles, and Phyllis is sleeping so soundly.

"Do Golly, have a sleep for a few

"Do, Golly, have a sleep for a few minutes," I say to the poor kiddle, "come, now, there's a dear!" My tone is soothing, persuasive, gente, alluring. In reply, Golly raises one little fist, and, catching hold of mustache, pulls it fiercely. How didn't drop her on the floor is a mys-tery! I sit at the end of the bed to rest for a moment. Has Golly discovered the secret of perpetual motion, I wonder? or, am I to become like that individual, "doomed for a certain term to walk the night."

Suddenly Golly's head droops ; the crying ceases; the breathing slowly; she asleep.

Poor little kid, how she has suffered!

What a brute I have been to utter a word of complaint, when I ought to know that children's ailments are to turing and severe! I take her litt pink hand and kiss the little fingers. stroke the little fluffy curls, golde beautiful, pure gold, and look at the little eyelashes bedewed with tears.

"Little Golly," I whisper to sleep on, dear ; daddy will take care

And here I am, very much in negligee; cold, tired, and, shall I confess it? in bad temper.

The little clock on the mantlepiece

ticks softly; the hand points to three. And for the life of me I can't prevent my thoughts going back to my bachelo days and thinking of many a little jovial evening at a club where a small ircle of musical enthusiasts would "steal a few hours from the night," and stretch the time with song and story until often the approach

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