

been heard last. And then the dead heat of the fevered atmosphere, the raging thirst and the raging agony—ah! all these were things which those who witnessed them can never forget.

And yet there were consolations in the heroism which one met from time to time. Girls who had been school-fellows or companions to Mass or to the "pattern," on their knees begged for leave to go and nurse their young associates, and often got the same, as parents and others saw that their hearts would break if refused the consolation of being by the sick bed. They shared the agony as the flushed cheek and reeking head and body showed the furnace burning within, and when they heard the shriek of misery they could not alay. Nay, in many cases, they imbibed the contagion, and brought it to their homes and died; but no examples of danger could appal the soul of blessed friendship in woman.

And we must be just to the young men. We have seen a dozen young fellows who took turns in watching and nursing the friend of their own age, whom fate had left without a mother or sister, or other female relative. After their day's labor they prepared to sit out the lonely hours of darkness and dire distress; and came to club their earnings at the end of the week to help the sufferer through his trial.

Clara Meldon often—very often—came to see Amy D'Alton, notwithstanding fever was in the house; because the ladies loved one another, and hearts like Mr. Meldon's associate a great power of preservation in sincere love. But, what was extremely odd, Clara became a favorite with old Mr. D'Alton. After two or three visits, during which he had seen her and heard her, he absolutely called her "Clara;" and said that when things improved he would like to "see her for a long visit at the Crag." The servants were astounded to see old Mr. D'Alton accompanying her and Amy to the carriage; but when they heard that he had presented her with a little oil-painting of the Madonna that had hung in his chamber for forty years, they said "the old master will soon die!"

Well, the "old master" did not soon die; and Charles Baring in about a month, was able to rise from his bed.

His anger had been appeased by his sickness, and he even expressed a sense of the absurdity of his proceeding with Mr. Leyton Seymour.

It will be readily surmised that Clara Meldon shared Amy's visits among the poor, and accompanied her to the church and Sunday-school. Father Aylmer and Father Ned had at all events a pair of "Sisters of Mercy" in their way; and their example had an influence a thousand times greater than even their benevolence.

When Mr. Charles Baring had become convalescent, he was permitted to accompany the ladies and sometimes become their whip; but "Crichawn" was always one of the company, wherever Clara happened to be; and, although a very changed man, at least apparently, the grudge or fear regarding "Crichawn" outlived his indisposition.

One sunny Sunday morning, they all drove to Mass, and mingled with the crowd whose faith was drawing them up the hill. There was the fair white edifice, "the chapel," formed like a cross, and there was the old clustering trees around, and, above, was the majestic mountain stretching its arms right and left, as if embracing the house of God. Young maidens in twos and threes, or two or three of them accompanying one young man; and the old woman with their becoming blue and grey hoods and white borders; and the groups of robust manhood whose elastic step bespoke the spirit and energy of gallant Tipperary, all proceeding in long line to "the chapel" in which their fathers and grandfathers prayed long ago formed a sight which a right-hearted Irishman would enjoy even amid "the fever" and "the distress" and "the disturbances."

All along the road to the church, conversation is always active, and many a plan laid down for the day, and the week, and maybe for the lifetime. The events of the past week had been of a stirring nature, and gave occasion for many comments and many hopes and fears in that large congregation; for, very probably, many of them had deep engagements, and certainly all had sympathies strained to all their tension by holy interests and attachments at that time.

We have said that there was a large sum of miscalculations. People in this