







OUR HOLY MOTHERS' LABOUR.

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CHAPTER XLII.

When Sir Trevor Mortimer commented on the intelligence of the soldiers, quartered in the barracks at Westford, as to "where the two fugitives were likely to be found," he was answered, "and—where the street of which that town is composed will be time for the mail coach to start."

There were no superstitious fears now at his heart; no despairing cry came, borne on the night air to make him start in terror; no thought of the precipice on the island with the moaning sea beneath it, came into his brain. It was of Moya's formation he thought—of her hurried, breathless words.

Redmond! Could he really have been there? Could the mud of the Liffey have given up his dead? Or Eugene Leifer, it was possible enough. But him! It was impossible. Surely Moya must have been mistaken! And yet—could she?

She knew him too well; knew him so intimately that, too, was it true? Unless, indeed, her own fears or her disordered imagination deceived her. And that other—

Papa! the thing was wholly impossible. Old Moya was deceased. With a shudder he turned his thoughts away from the subject.

But control his thoughts as he might, and turn them in what direction he would, he could not prevent the sensations of coming danger that pressed at his heart. They lay there like the touch of an icy hand, with the strange effect that they sent a burning feeling along his veins to his temples. And for a moment he might his attention to the surroundings—the sleeping streets around him—they clung closer to him, sending now and then a thrill into his very brain that promptly recalled his attention to them.

How long that rift in the sky that betokened dawn was coming! How long even after it had faintly showed, it was until the people in the mail coach and the people on the streets were long after that until the mail itself was got ready. A dozen times he visited it, and as often took a circuitous route through the streets until he came to it again—thinking each time that it must have surely started by this time, so long and teardrop minutes seemed to him; but coming to a fresh surprise each visit to find that but a short time had elapsed since he last saw it. There was still no sign of its being got ready.

But time, heedless alike of the impatient and the indolent, passes along on its unvarying career, and the streets that last when the coach was ready to start for the metropolis. He entered, and seated himself in a corner, wrapped his overcoat around him, buried his face in his upturned head, and prepared to sleep. He had slept none for the past twenty-four hours; he had had a long and distressing walk into Westford along the shore and across the fields; and he would now take the rest of which he stood so much in need.

But he found himself unable to do so. Perhaps it was the confusion and bustle attending the crowding of the coach with luggage for the long journey, and the settling of the passengers into their places. Perhaps it was that he was overworn, and the sleep had gone astray upon him. Whatever it was, slumber was not for his eyes; the more he shut his eyes, the more the garish light of the morning, the more wide-awake he became—the more the horrid thoughts of the night went flying through his brain. He pulled across the collar and the neck of his coat, and thought to interest himself in the bustle around.

Passengers were getting in and seating themselves beside him—tramping the fresh straw under their feet, and the settling of the passengers were climbing up on the roof grumbling audibly at the inconvenience caused by the luggage. The yard in which the mail-coach stood was filled with the employes of the hotel in every kind and description of dress and undress, waiting to see the mail start. All of these things gave him for the moment some distraction from the rankling uneasiness that filled his mind, but on an occasional glimpse at his breast recalled him to himself and to his perplexing forebodings.

At last everything was ready, and the mail was off.

The narrow streets, where there was only room for the conveyance to pass, and in which the closed curtains showed that the sleepers therein had no notion as yet of disturbing themselves from their repose. Past the suburbs, where working men lived and where the inmates having to be at work before were already astir, as was clearly indicated by the open half-doors and the smoke beginning to arise in spiral wreaths of blue from the chimney-tops. And so out into the country road, where the hedges were commencing to show in the grey light, and to make palpable the webs that the dew of the summer night, just expired, had woven over them in such delicate tracery as girls' hands in Limerick or Valenciennes had never learned to weave.

Sir Trevor Mortimer drew the collar of his overcoat over his face once more, and sank back into the corner which he occupied. The air of the interior of the lumbering vehicle was growing hot and drowsy—the jolting of the machine was favorable to slumber. Involuntarily, as the miles passed over, he fell asleep. And to dream!

All sorts of wandering and perplexing ideas passed incoherently through his head.

Finally he was standing with Helen Barrington on a cliff—oh! that cliff! What a shudder it sent through him even in his dream! Looking over the sea, which washed up to, and under, the base of the rock on which he stood. He feared to look down from the dizzy heights on the blue-green reach of water beneath which he saw the great distance to be only a few inches deep, so clear and palpable the shining pebbles gleamed from under it. But he did not—stunned up by his own eyes to look. And what a depth it was down there! How sheerly the black face of the rock descended, leaving nothing whatever to break the fall! What a length of time would he have been falling could he have been falling! Would the life be in one of the time? Would the terrific passage through the air frighten the spirit of the soul?

There was a feeling of success—that he had overcome all the thousand unnumbered perils and dangers that encompassed him by the sheer force of his own strength of will and resolution. He was like the storm-tossed mariner, who, after a long, disastrous voyage, and in the teeth of a hurricane, sees his good ship sweeping into the haven-mouth and to safe anchorage.

His feet were now, that man could do, and he was safe. And it was, therefore, with an exultant heart, and with a radiant countenance, that he stood before the little family group returning thence to the city.

"It is the proudest moment of my life," he said—and well he might. "Wedded to one who was my sole and only love."

But at this moment a light shadow flew hurriedly up to the door, and a gentleman, tossing the reins to his servant, descended quickly from it and ascended the steps.

In a moment more a knock came to the door of the drawing-room. Lord Edward himself went to open it—not caring to have his happiness disturbed by the intrusion of strangers. But it was only one of the servants.

"Well?" said the young nobleman rather angrily.

"A gentleman wants to see your lordship."

"I cannot see him. Tell him I am not particularly engaged. Who is he?"

"Sir George Ponsonby, my lord."

"Oh! Sir George—oh? Where is he?"

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

To the man under sentence of death, reprieve comes with overwhelming sensation; to the soldier, badly wounded on the battle-field, the intimation that the wound is not mortal brings joy exceeding; but it is doubt greater than either, to the radiant sense of success, that filled the breast of Trevor Mortimer as he stood up at the little breakfast party in Leinster House, when they had returned from the church, to respond to the toast of his health.

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