people of Ireland. It is my earnest hope that the progress of events may not compel us to adopt an attitude of more active intervention." The meeting referred to was not a meeting of the Chapter, but the last of the quarterly conferences. The Archbishop availed of the occasion to address some wise words of counsel to his priests, most timely and judicious in the present heated state of popular feeling which it should be the duty of the clergy to moderate and not intensify. The meeting was of the usual private character, and its proceedings were not intended to be made public. The Rev. Walter Hurley, C.C., Delgany, County Wicklow, is the only priest of the archdiocese who has prominently espoused the cause of Mr. Parnell.

GOLD AND GLITTER.

(By VICTOR O'D. POWER, author of "Bonnie Dunraven," "Anasmore," "Sister Angela's Story," etc.

THE two sisters were singularly alike. Constance—the younger by two years—was considered a strikingly handsome girl—a fact of which nobody else was half so well aware as the young lady herself. She was full and lithe, with dark, languid eyes, an aquiline nose, a peachy complexion, and rosebud lips, which had the habit of pouting at the least provocation, or of curving haughtily whenever the damsel believed her dignity interfered with, even in the smallest way.

Mary, on the contrary—the elder sister—was not even passably good-looking, if you go by the chiselling of the features and the contour of the face.

But there were some who said (or rather whispered) the irreverent suggestion that of the two girls Mary was the more attractive, by reason of the frank good-nature beaming in every line of her face, in every curve of her rather large but well-shaped mouth, in every glance of her kindly blue-grey eyes.

Mary was the household drudge, while Constance, the beauty and pride of the family, spent her time over her embroidery, her flowers, her canaries and her lap-dog.

The girl's mother, Mrs. Bellew, was a vain, silly little woman, and had always petted and spoiled the younger girl, cramming the child's mind with many absurdities, which, day by day, became so rooted in the heart of Constance that, as many of her old acquaintances said, "That girl of the Bellews doesn't know herself, and very soon won't know any of us!"

And they were right.

By the time Constance had developed from a vain, selfish child into a tall handsome girl, she had come to appreciate the facts (first instilled into her mind by her mother) that none of her old friends and acquaintances was exactly up to the mark for her—that her lines in life should be cast in loftier places, and that a glowing future lay before her—a splendid matrimonial alliance, a carriage or two, a beautiful mansion-house, servants, balls, garden parties, dress, fashion, admiration, and so forth.

And why not? Was she not the handsomest girl going into the chapel of a Sunday? As her mother declared, "She had quite the aristocratic air, and was evidently taking after the De Brays!"

For Mrs. Bellew had been a Miss De Bray, once upon a time, and necessity alone, she admitted, compelled her to mate with plain George Bellew—who, after all, was but a better kind of gentleman farmer in the district.

George Bellew was the owner of a roomy old country house, it was true, and at the time of his marriage rented one of the finest farms in sunny Cornwall.

Since then, however, things had looked less hopeful.

Mrs. Bellew's soul yearned after dress and fashion, entertainments, and going a-visiting to other houses. Poor George Bellew—hitherto a hard-working, sensible, persevering, and quiet-going man—found himself suddenly wrenched out of his old grooves and made to dance attendance on his pretty, extravagant wife; to drive about with her here, there, and everywhere—to hunt-meets, flower-shows, regattas, and so on.

And this was not the worst either. Bellew House "was thrown open to the public," as some spiteful people said. Visitors flocked to the quiet grey mansion which, up to this date, had been pretty much forgotten by the world. It was necessary, of course, under the new *regime*, that the house should be refurnished.

Mrs. Bellew declared that "these funny old chairs, tables, and carpets would *never* do!" So George Bellew, who had fallen head over ears in love with pretty, feather-headed Milly De Bray, and had taken her without a penny piece to bless herself withal, could only sigh a little and yield the point; and when he came to tot up the expenses of that first year of wedded bliss, I should not like to tell you the exclamation which burst from his astonished lips.

Then, for the first time since his marriage, he had a "scene" with his wife, and thenceforward Mrs. Bellew found it advisable to retrench a little.

But from that time forward the fortunes of Bellew House and farm waned and waned. George Bellew found it necessary to raise money to meet some of his liabilities; then, in order to pay off these sums, he was forced to sell his interest in portions of the land.

So year by year, he became more and more embarrassed, until at the time of which we now treat, the hopes of the impoverished family were centred in the chance of their younger daughter making a wealthy marriage.

"There is no doubt in the world that some rich nabob will fall in love with Constance," gushed Mrs. Bellew. "Just look at her! Did you ever see so lovely a girl? Look at the arch of her neck! It is like the neck of a princess, I declare. Look at her nose and mouth, and the pose of her head! Ah, she is so like Lucinda de Bray, her great grand-grand-aunt! The very same eyes and nose and ears too! And then her accomplishments—her beautiful voice, her painting, her——"

"Yes, yes, I know, my dear," George Bellew interrupted at this junction. "Our girl is all that she should be of course. But don't you think," he ventured to remonstrate, in a low tone, "that this kind of talk of yours is not exactly wise in the girl's hearing?"

For Constance was seated by the window over her embroidery, her eyes cast down upon her work, as she listened to her mother's eulogy.

"Oh, nonsense!" was Mrs. Bellew's reply. "She is old enough now to know her value. She is eighteen this very month. Really, we must be thinking of marriage soon. I shall bring her about a little during the summer to some fashionable tourists' resort. That is just the kind of place where a handsome girl picks up a millionaire."

"Yes—in penny novels!" said Mr. Bellew, with a perhaps pardonable flash of temper—seeing that his arrears of rent hung like the sword of Damocles above his head just at the present time. "That is all absurdity, Milly," he added; "believe me, millionaires are not so easily picked up as *The Duchess's Weekly Treasure* would lead you to suppose! But by-the-way," he added quickly, anxious to change the subject—for the colour which had mounted to his wife's temples was ominous, and easy going George Bellew hated a scene—"What about young Roberts? He is very well off, they say, and seems a thoroughly decent fellow. You know he has come as chief engineer, to superintend the building of the new bridge."

"But we have never met him, George!" said Mrs. Bellew sharply. "The name is a good name; and I daresay the young man's profession would suit very well. What do you say, Constance, darling?"

Constance lifted her heavy eyelids languidly and sighed—the sigh of sheer indolence.

"He visits the Townsends and the Danesfords," she replied slowly, as though the effort to say so much were no light call upon her energies. "I heard that Dora Danesford was going in for him."

"Dora Danesford? Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Bellew, for the Danesfords were among the blue-blooded ones of the country side. "Oh, then, by all means, George, see about Mr. Roberts at once, this very day! You met him once or twice, didn't you? Can you manage to bring him here to the house?"

"Yes, I daresay I can," was Mr. Bellew's reply. He is fond of shooting, and I promised to accompany him some day and bring 'Ivan,' our setter, along with us. Roberts has his eye on 'Ivan,' by the way. Well, I can tell him to come any day you wish, and we can invite him to a little informal dinner after we have tramped the bogs and mountains."

"Charming!" cried Mrs. Bellew. "Well say Wednesday—the day after to-morrow. I must tell Mary at once. The rooms will require a little brightening up, and the blinds must be washed, and—Oh! here is Mary herself."

Mary Bellew entered at this moment, an enormous apron covering her almost from throat to ankle. All the morning she had been busy in and out of doors. Of late years the Bellews were compelled to discontinue the services of the parlor maid and cook; and now one female domestic alone was to be seen in the Bellew kitchen, and Mary found it necessary to take upon herself the duties of the absent two.

Yet she never complained. You always saw the same open, genial expression in her good-natured face and eyes. You always heard her sweet low voice as she worked; a tender, contralto voice it was, thrilling to the ear of the true lover of music, and very different indeed to Constance's shrill soprano.

Mary had come in now to make inquiries as to dinner; for she had nearly all the cooking in her own hands. It never even occurred to this noble-hearted girl to feel annoyed at her sister's utter uselessness in the household. She was proud of Constance, proud of her beauty and accomplishments. While she herself slaved morning, noon, and night, while she contented herself with a very scanty, almost a shabby wardrobe, she seemed to think it quite the correct thing that her lovely sister should loll in an armchair, half-asleep over the perpetual embroidery, change her dress at least twice every day, breakfast in bed in the mornings until ten o'clock, and then trip down daintily in her silver-buckled slippers to partake, in a condescending sort of way, of the buttered toast or muffins, which poor Mary placed within the fender, in readiness for her sister's breakfast.

In the meantime, Mrs. Bellew was giving Mary the important information as to dinner. She addressed her older daughter in pretty much the same tone as she was wont to speak to her cook, when she could afford to keep one.

She took all Mary's industry and uncomplaining toil quite as a matter of course. It never so much as occurred to her to thank the girl for her goodness.

But then you will kindly bear in mind that Mary was not a "De Bray." All the De Brays were remarkable, more or less, for their personal beauty. Mary was "a stamped Bellew," as her mother often declared; "a well-meaning poor thing and all that, but very rural, of course, in her tastes and ways."

In his inmost heart George Bellew loved his elder daughter with a love which he had never been able to feel for Constance. But he had never dared to express his feelings openly. Even Mary herself was ignorant of her father's true leanings towards her.

The girl had almost a morbidly depreciatory opinion of herself. Her belief was that nobody could really care for her plain face and homely manners. She always kept in the background when visitors called at Bellew House, and she never dreamed of accompanying her mother and sister when returning these visits.

She went to an early Mass every Sunday, and the moment she came home she removed her best gown, and lo! the big apron was again called into office.

Her life was, in truth, colourless enough, and only for her unceasing activity I am inclined to think that poor Mary Bellew—who was at heart a painfully sensitive girl—would have had a hard time of it during this period of probation.

But among one class, at all events, the girl was truly loved. All the poor householders in the district—the beggars who came for alms, or food, or clothing to the Bellew House kitchen, the blind