

"Make him stay for the night, Tom," said Mr Cormack. "Father Feehan is coming over; or, if you wish," he continued, turning to Mr Armstrong, "I'll pack you into a covered car and send you home at any hour you like."

"Well, when I have taken a rest on the rustic seat in the orchard, I'll think about it," returned Mr Armstrong. "I hope the seat is still there," he continued, turning to Tom.

"It is just as it was the day you got your photograph taken there," was the reply. "The little thatched roof keeps off the rain, so that the timber is as sound as ever."

"I often hear that same photograph discussed," said Mr Cormack. "My daughter Alice says it's the handsomest face and head she ever saw. I forget the name of the saint she says it is like."

Mr Armstrong smiled, and perhaps a little bashfully, while Tom Dwyer laughed aloud, and, turning round upon his heel, seemed to have discovered something on the top of Kileafrohan that wholly absorbed him for several minutes.

"And she has some of your poetry set to music," Mr Cormack added. "Good-bye till evening. Come, Eddy, my man, shake hands again with Mr Armstrong."

Mr Armstrong and Tom Dwyer—seeming to have forgotten the stile and the path through the meadow—walked on in silence, until they came to where the road from the bridge met that which skirted the mountain, when Mr Armstrong said:—

"I suppose Alice has grown to be a fine girl since I last saw her?"

"So she is, sir," Tom answered assentingly, rather than as if replying to a question. "Though people don't take much notice of her, the sister is looked upon as such a beauty."

"Does she sing well?" Mr Armstrong asked, his thoughts going back to the wood-notes wild that flung their magic spell around him long ago.

"Wonderfully!" Tom Dwyer answered. "'Twould thrill through you till you wouldn't know what was coming over you."

Mr Armstrong smiled, but said nothing.

"Mrs Cormack," Tom added, "was saying she wouldn't let her go back to school this summer as she was not very strong. It was Mrs Mary Bernard that noticed it, and advised her to bring Alice home at Easter."

Again their conversation was interrupted by old Martin Dwyer, who was hurrying towards them from the house, with the same elated look as when they first saw him standing on the bridge. In fact, from that moment to the present, Martin Dwyer seemed to be on the brink of a side-splitting burst of laughter. Every object his eyes chanced to rest upon seemed provocative of mirth. Miss Cormack's ringlets floating on the breeze as she paced slowly up and down by the river, the lark that sprang from under his feet as he leaped with almost youthful lightness over a drain in the meadow—even a lonely heron on the top of a dead pine in a marshy corner near Pont-nacopple—though the very incarnation of desolation—seemed to intensify Martin Dwyer's tendency to risibility as he hastened to tell his wife the "good news" he had heard at the forge.

A heavy deadening load was lifted from many another heart besides Martin Dwyer's that day. Men who for weeks before had moped idly about, or gone through their daily tasks listlessly and with relaxed muscles, drew a long breath of relief, and resumed their wonted energy and cheerfulness. And women, wiping away the tears that sprang into their eyes at the glad tidings, went into their rooms, closing the door softly behind them, dropped upon their knees, and with clasped hands offered up prayers to heaven for an unhopèd-for mercy.

The Honourable Horatio O'Mulligan had retired. There was to be no contest!

Fifty or sixty gentlemen connected with the law were disgusted. And Sammy Sloane, the process-server, ate his rashers and eggs that morning without an appetite. But some thousands of poor tenants-at-will rejoiced; and for their sakes—even without thinking of Martin Dwyer and his pretty little daughters—we are not so sorry that the length (or the shortness) of the Hon Horatio O'Mulligan's purse prevented him from "contesting the election" against the other Liberal candidate, the wealthy but ungrammatical Mr Brummagem. In fact, we are glad; the legal gentlemen, and Sammy Sloane, the process-server, and a great many others—including an embryo sub-inspector of police or two—to the contrary notwithstanding.

"No contest!" said Martin Dwyer, as a turo in the road brought him in view of the old ivied farmhouse.

"Is that so?" Mr Armstrong asked, turning to his old friend, whose silence, taken in connection with his evident high good-humour, was beginning to cause him some surprise. "I am very glad to hear that piece of news, Martin."

"Yes," returned Martin Dwyer, moving to the side of the road, and raising his head high, so as to be able to see over the larch grove the loads of lime that dotted a square patch of pale brown, like little white tents a good way up the mountain. "I'll go on with the lime-burning."

Tom looked at Mr Armstrong with a shake of the head, which said as plainly as words—"What a simple poor man my father is!

He thinks the danger is over." And now Mr Armstrong bent his eyes upon the ground as he reflected that a general election must come within three years, and might come before the end of one.

The light that sparkled in Nellie's eyes, and the more liquid lustre that beamed in Nannie's as they ran down to the road to welcome their old friend, brought a sympathetic gleam into their brother's face—which had been unusually clouded ever since he saw Miss Cormack walking along on the river bank.

The little girls hurried Mr Armstrong away to see their flower-beds, before he could shake hands with their mother, who smiled approvingly as if the substitution of the flower-beds for the rank docks and nettles was all her own doing, and looked like a woman who had never quarrelled in her life.

"Don't ye know," she said at length, "that poor Mr Armstrong must be starved and tired? Come in, Mr Armstrong, and don't mind their flowers till you're after having something to eat."

"Now," said Mr Armstrong, turning to Nannie and Nellie, having done ample justice to the repast which Mrs Dwyer, with many suggestions of regret that she had not been earlier apprised of his coming, had placed before him—"Now, let us go out to the orchard, and I'll have a rest on the old seat."

Tom walked up the hill, ostensibly to see how Mick Connell and Paddy Brien were getting on with the lime-spreading; but in reality to sit under the Brown Rock and commune with his own thoughts.

ENGLAND AND ROME.

THE following are passages from the sermon preached by the Rev Dr Gasquet, O.S.B., at the investiture of Archbishop Vaughan with the Pallium:—

From the coming of St Augustine and the first establishment of the Church of the English no fact is more clearly marked in the history of our country than the intimate union which existed between the Church of this land and the Holy Apostolic See. When, at St Gregory's command, Augustine is consecrated "Archbishop of the English people," this is performed by the Pope's vicar, the Bishop of Arles, in which city, be it remembered, British Bishops 300 years before had, by solemn synodical act, shown how they recognised the practical import of St Peter's primacy among the Apostles. The ceremony of to-day carries back our thoughts to that month of June in the year A.D. 601, when nearly 1,300 years ago, by the authority of Pope St Gregory, the first hierarchy of English Bishops was established, and "the Pallium of honour from the holy and Apostolic See" was sent by the hands of Paulinus and Mellitus to Augustine as the first Archbishop. It was from Rome that this jurisdiction came. "We give you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul," wrote Gregory to his new vicar, when sending him this symbol of his power, "but all the Bishops of Britain We commit to your charge, that the ignorant may be taught, the weak confirmed, the perverse corrected by authority." And as we review the centuries of Saxon rule, and note how each occupant of St Augustine's chair sends, or himself goes, to Rome for that sign of pre-eminence first conferred on the Church of Canterbury, we recognise how to our English forefathers the Roman pall ever was the pledge and symbol of "the Catholic Faith, of unity, and of subjection of the Roman Church," as writes St Boniface, the English Apostle of the German people, to Archbishop Outhbert of Canterbury. Even in the dark and stormy days of the 10th century, in spite of the dangers and hardships of a journey from England to Italy, almost every successor of St Augustine, including St Odo, St Dunstan, and St Elphege—those three glories of our English Church—made that weary pilgrimage, in order that he might bow his head before the Roman Pontiff, and at his command and concession take from the shrine of the Apostles this sacred sign of his jurisdiction. No difficulties could turn these sons of England from testifying their loyalty to the Holy See. Of one Bishop—Alfain of Winchester—we read, that designated to succeed St Odo on the throne of Canterbury "according to the custom (*more solito*) he set out to Rome to obtain his pall;" but, as his saintly predecessor had in vision warned him, he was destined never to wear it, and he perished of cold amid the snows of the Alpine passes before he set his foot in Italy.

Let us pass quickly onward. From the Norman Conquest to the reign of Queen Mary seven and thirty Archbishops of Canterbury received the sacred wool as successors of St Augustine, and in token of their union with and subjection to Rome. To obtain it many, like their Saxon predecessors, journeyed to Italy; whilst to others it was sent, "by reason of the perils and dangers of the road," by the hands of Papal delegates. And as they knelt before the altar to receive the token of their jurisdiction, most of the long line of prelates were sworn upon the Holy Gospels, "from this hour forward to be faithful and obedient to St Peter, to the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and to my lord the Pope and his successors." It was the profession of the Church of England by the mouth of its appointed head, and by this solemn act of men like Langton, Peckham, and Courtney, Arun-