

sees newly come in from school, and a fragrant and steaming, if somewhat greasy, dish of Irish stew set before her, and all this hideous grime and unloveliness everywhere about her, her appetite suddenly fled. So far the joys and delights of a city life seemed largely a delusion and a snare.

Her walk with Bridie through the city that evening to which she had been eagerly looking forward, was even a greater disillusion. The shop-windows were certainly lovely, but they had this disadvantage in Maggie's eyes, that they made her long for money that she had not, and that she could not have afforded to spend even were it hers. But as they came through the more crowded and fashionable thoroughfares, the girls saw and heard things which, to Maggie's cheeks at least, brought a flush of shame and embarrassment, making her long to get safely home and as quickly as she could. But Bridie was in no hurry; she was to meet 'her young man' after his shop was closed, in the hope that she might induce him to take Maggie and herself to the theatre on his 'night-off.' When they did meet him, however, a sickly and sallow-faced lad, who seemed from his complexion to have already absorbed much of the lard which he handled, Bridie's young man was already in deep and congenial converse with another young person, and had apparently no eyes for anyone else. Bridie went home in tears, and Maggie, greatly disillusioned, made up her mind that she at least did not wish to go to the theatre, or anywhere else, with her cousin's faithless swain.

That night, as she lay awake in bed, trying to forget her sordid surroundings while she listened to the deep breathing of the two grimy-faced younger Dempseys who shared her couch, Maggie thought with a new gratitude and tenderness of her loving father and mother, with an eager desire and longing that amounted to actual hunger, of her own beautiful, immaculate, little blue and white bedroom in the fragrant woodland nest which was given her for a home; and she determined that as soon as she could in decency do so, she would bid good-bye to her town-bred cousins and shake for ever from her feet the dust of Dublin and its streets.

Less than a week later she was speeding merrily along the white road that led from Dunallen station to the lodge-gates of the manor, while her father and mother, sitting beside her in the little pony-car, looked at her with eyes full of welcome and gladness. The scent of the pine trees, new-washed by a shower, floated like incense on the air, the birds sang in the woods, the sun shone out, and the whole world seemed full of joy and beauty and brightness. And then, as if to make up the one thing wanting, whom should they meet near their journey's end but Watt Kennedy himself, looking, to Maggie's eyes, oddly grave and wistful.

Her father pulled up the pony with a jerk. 'I've got my little girl back again, you see, Watt. You'll come up, lad, and take a cup of tea with us?'

Watt looked straight into Maggie's face. Something he saw there brought a sudden light in his eyes, a warm glow of pleasure to the honest, sunburnt cheeks.

'I will, and thank you, sir,' he said simply. 'There's hardly room in the car for any more of us,' John Shanahan said, debatingly. 'Do you get down, Maggie, my girl, and bring Watt along home with you. You'll be there near as soon as ourselves.'

So the two young people, with strangely uplifted hearts, went happily home together.

NEW BOOKS

*Looranna.* By M. A. McCarter. Sydney: George Robertson; Dunedin: J. Braithwaite. In these days when works of fiction are in a great measure devoted to pandering to the baser human passions, it is pleasant to take up a work in which virtue is held up to our admiration and the frivolities of the idle rich are vigorously condemned. In *Looranna*, by M. A. McCarter, we have a clean, wholesome story of Australian life, the moral of which is that happiness is only for those who obey the divine law. The central character in the story is a young Catholic lady, who, on the death of her father, a large land-owner, finds herself penniless. This is not the only cross she has to bear, for her fiancé, an English adventurer, disappears without a word of explanation on learning that she had lost her fortune through supposed indiscreet investments of her father. The heroine, Grace Moore, then gets employment as a nursery governess with a family who had known her father in his prosperous days, and here her troubles begin in real earnest, for the younger

members of the family, who have come back from Europe with all the mannerisms of the English 'fast set,' treat her in a manner which would be resented by even the humblest mental. It is in passing through this time of probation that the nobility of her character and her beautiful faith enable her to bear the burden. Not only does she come unscathed out of the crucible, but her sweetness and her high moral courage help to bring others to a better sense and knowledge of the real object of life. Matters eventually right themselves, and a healthy, old-fashioned termination is reached by the heroine marrying a high-minded friend of her younger days. How all this comes about the reader must find out for himself. The author spares not her pen in scoring those women with domestic ties who squander their money and time at bridge parties, and lavish their affections on pet poodles, whilst neglecting their children. There is a Catholic atmosphere about the story, but the religious side does not obtrude itself. The interest is maintained to the end, and the book is laid down with the feeling that the author has struck a right note in calling attention to the shortcomings of the leaders of society in these new countries.

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