

themselves; but come and I'll show you what brought me here."

Frank followed her to the end of the old abbey, and there he saw an old tattered cloak thrown over some object. Frank stood beside her while she stooped down and raised up the covering, revealing the ghastly features of a corpse.

Frank stepped back and shuddered.

"No wonder that you should start, Mither Frank; no wonder at all, for my colleen-bawn is much changed. Och! och! mavrone! they kilt, they kilt him. They would not let his mother that suckled him near him to close his eyes or hear his dying prayer! and they feasting and eating all the time. So, alanna, you were the darling boy; but they murdered you, and they'd throw you in a hole like a dog. Oh! they would, they would, the savages; but I stole him away to lay him in holy ground," and she knelt at the head of the corpse and swayed her body to and fro.

"God help us!" said Frank, covering his eyes with his hands.

"O God help us! Asthore machree, shure you're in heaven; but they kilt you. They hunted us out of the cabin, and then refused us work since we wouldn't sell our souls. But you are in heaven, alannah; they can't touch you now."

"I had better get a spade to make a grave for him," said Frank, leaning his hand upon her shoulder.

"Do, and God bless you! But sthoph, I'll send the gaffers for one."

Two emaciated, wretched-looking children soon returned tottering under the weight of a spade and shovel. Frank stripped off and dug a grave, and then helped the mother to lay the body in it. Frank commenced to shovel in the earth.

"Leave these big stones aside, Mither Frank; they might hurt him; and let me settle the cloak about him, for fear of his eyes. Shure, after bringing him seven miles upon my back, the laste I'd bury him tenderly."

Frank closed up and nicely sodded the grave, and while the widow was shedding bitter tears over her only son, he went over to take leave of his mother's grave.

"Farewell, mother!" said he; "farewell, and watch over me and protect me."

"Well," said he to Mrs. Sullivan, on his return, "where do you mean to go now?"

"I am shure I dunna where—any place at all. God's will be done."

"Come with me, then."

Frank took them to his old home. There was a small out-house, with the door on, and the roof partly up. He lit a fire in a corner, and drew some of the dry thatch and made a bed; he then brought in a bundle of sticks.

"That's all I can do now, ma'am," said Frank, "and here is a shilling; I have no more about me, so go and get something to eat."

"God bless you! I hadn't a bit since morning."

The children crouched around the fire, and the mother went to the next village, a distance of two miles or more, for bread.

Frank having finished his little arrangements, went to pay a parting visit to his uncle and to Alice. The old man seemed bewildered; at one time imploring him not to leave him; again, advising him to go. Frank feared his parting with Alice more than any other. Though he resolved to appear calm, still it was not easy for him to school himself into a resigned kind of indifference, when the heart was overflowing, when he was to part from one he loved so well, perhaps forever. It was a soft, calm evening for the season—one of those evenings that seem to herald in the spring. As Frank, thoughtful and gloomy enough, approached Mr. Maher's, he passed by the little summer-house where they spent many a happy hour together. There, in that old trysting spot, sat Alice; she looked pale,

and her eyes were red from weeping. They were alone, and Frank was seated beside her, clasping her little soft hand in his own. Though their hearts were full, they were silent. She rested her head upon his bosom; her breath and her silky hair fanned his cheek; their hearts beat and throbbed in unison.

"Alice, love!" said he, "how wildly your little heart throbs."

"Does it, Frank, does it? Oh, I'm sure it does."

"Yes, love. Will it beat this way for me when I'm far away?"

She looked softly into his face, as much as to say, "Do you doubt it?"

"Oh! it will, it will, love. Alice, do you know that, next to my God, I love you. Sweet girl, I could almost adore you. Oh! life, indeed, would be so burdensome to me now, that I fear I would be reckless of it, indeed, were I not cheered with the hope of one day clasping you to my bosom, my own darling wife. For you I'll toil and win wealth and fame—all, all for you; for, oh! your love will be a powerful talisman to cheer me through life's battle. Yes, while supported by it, I must win—I must succeed."

Alice sobbed and looked into his face, and her peachy cheek pressed against his.

"Ah! Alice! Alice!" said he again, "how can I leave you?"

"Frank, I don't know. Couldn't you stay? Wouldn't we be happy together anyway?"

"It can't be, it can't be, Alice. Oh, let me be a man again. Oh, love, I would almost as soon lose the chance of heaven as lose the hope of one day calling you mine; and yet I must go, for I could not bring you into poverty or a struggle with the world. No, I'll go and win wealth; and if I live, in five years I will return. Be faithful, Alice. Let not any false rumors shake your confidence in me; for if I were to return and find you the bride of another, oh! what would wealth or fame be to me then. No, I would seek a grave in some foreign land."

"Frank," said she mildly, "do you doubt my love? If not your bride, I will be the bride of heaven."

"God bless you. You know love is suspicious. We fear to part with a costly gem when once we possess it."

"Well, well," said she, trying to smile, "I promise you will find the gem as pure as when you parted with it. Now let us go in. You must see my father, and I and my brother will go over as far as your uncle's with you."

There is no need of describing to our Irish readers Frank's separation from his family, for there are few but have met with such bereavements. To his dear sister he promised to write regularly, and to send her money if he could. Nothing affected him so much as the childish imbecility of his father. As he kissed him and wept in his arms, the old man said:

"Where are you going, Frank? Won't you come back soon, and bring your mother. Sure Mr. Ellis won't turn us out of the house."

"I'm going away, father, for good."

"Are you? God bless you, boy! but come back soon, and mind bring your mother; it's time for her to come home."

Frank and his fellow-passengers were carried down on a steamer from Cork to where the ship lay at anchor in the bay.

(To be continued.)

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