

in history; a true story, which, if it rested on any other authority than that of the hostile and unsympathising Williamite chaplain, might be deemed either the creation of poetic fancy or the warmly tinged picture of exaggerated fact.

The bodies of the fallen Irish, as already mentioned, were for the most part left unburied on the ground, "a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field." "There is," says the Williamite chronicler, "a true and remarkable story of a greyhound belonging to an Irish officer. The gentleman was killed and stripped in the battle, whose body the dog remained by night and day; and though he fed upon other corpses with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch that of his master. When all the corpses were consumed, the other dogs departed; but this one used to go in the night to the adjacent

villages for food, and presently return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. And thus he continued (from July when the battle was fought) till January following, when one of Colonel Foulkes's soldiers, being quartered nigh hand, and going that way by chance, the dog *fearing he came to disturb his master's bones*, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece then upon his back, and shot the poor dog." "He expired," adds Mr. O'Callaghan, "with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as that master had shown devotion to the cause of his unhappy country. In the history of nations there are few spectacles more entitled to the admiration of the noble mind and the sympathy of the generous and feeling heart, than the fate of the gallant men and the faithful dog of Aghrim."

(To be continued.)

A Complete Story

BRIDEY BRADY

There had been a good deal of discussion in the committee-room before the Sisters of Charity were allowed to visit members of their Church who were patients at the Alexandra Hospital, but eventually the sensible and broad-minded members had their way and the black veils and habits of Sister Joseph and Sister Anne became familiar to the patients in which ever wards a Catholic happened to be.

As a rule, a list of those they might visit was given to the Sisters at the office, but it was little Mary Rooney, the wardmaid, who whispered to Sister Anne one day as she passed by, that the child in the bed next to the patient they were about to visit was the bearer of a name as Irish and as Catholic as her own.

So, whilst Sister Joseph spoke with their own sick woman, Sister Anne smiled across at her small neighbor and asked her how she was.

"I don't want ye," cried the child, as though terrified. "I can say me own prayers."

The Sisters did not need to be told any more. It was self-evident what Bridey Brady's past had been—probably the child of a mother whom poverty, or drink, or sin had made willing to part with her baby—body and soul—for the sake of what she could get for her—one of the countless souls who are bartered away by poor and bad and drunken and dissipated mothers for a share of the £40,000 which the Irish Church Missions count as their approximate annual income. A child brought up to revile and fear the Church which Christ has endowed with Truth for ever, though that Truth had been her birthright. And the next time the Sisters came a little wicked face gleamed maliciously behind the curtains of the bed, and a shrill little voice, only modulated for fear that someone in authority would interfere, mocked them.

It was not in the beautiful airy wards of the Alexandra that the Sisters came, for the

third time, on Bridey Brady. The week after they had been serenaded by her musical effort, a strange face lay on the pillow where her poor little ignorant one had been and the Sisters learnt that, discharged as incurable, the poor little "Bird's Nestling" had been taken to the Union—to die. At the Workhouse Hospital there were not the same restrictions as held good at the Alexandra, and making an excuse for a visit, the Sisters found the little girl. But even here, in spite of the fact that all her surroundings were strange and that the Sisters' were faces she had seen before, the cruel months she had been told about nuns, clung to her and nothing they could do succeeded in making friends with her. The nurses told them the child was growing weaker, but young life is vigorous and the owl might still be many weeks away.

And yet, though there were no more wishes for the perdition of the Pope, neither were there any signs whatever of making friends.

One day, however, after many unsuccessful attempts, Sister Anne thought she saw a light on the little face, so pinched and small now, and growing even smaller, that she had never seen before.

Someone had given Reverend Mother a bunch of grapes, and it was when these were taken from the Sister's bag and laid, with their juicy coolness, on the lips of the sick woman in the bed by Bridey's, that the child's eyes showed here was something she coveted.

"Are you fond of fruit, Bridey?" Sister Anne seemed to ask the question casually, but at last the vulnerable spot had been found. Poor little dying Bridey's pride could stand no longer against the lure of—grapes, and she nodded her head. "Next Tuesday we shall come again and you shall have a bunch, all, every one, for yourself, Bridey."

Tuesday came and with it a November day of blasts and squalls and driving rain. Rev-

erend Mother suggested that the weather was too bad even for visiting the poor.

But Sister Anne thought of Bridey and her grapes and she begged to be allowed to take them as she promised. In the Infirmary Ward Bridey lay and watched the rain, shivering and shuddering even under the blankets of her bed. The wind moaned and shook the casements of the Infirmary Ward, but what seemed to terrify the child who lay and watched it was the rain driving along in sheets and pouring on the window frames as though water was being thrown on them from a bucket.

But the great eyes in the little shrunken face did not see the scene before them, but something rising out of the past that frightened, almost appalled her.

Long, long ago—so it seemed to her—when Bridey, like other children, had a mother, there had been a wet day just like this one, and that dimly remembered mother had come into the dark, bare room, which was the child's only idea of a home, and had taken Bridey into her arms. Even still she could almost feel the arms that were about her—the only loving arms she had ever known—and the rain had been as wet on the shawled shoulders under her cheek as it now was on the window-panes of the Ward.

The next remembrance was of a cough, hard, racking, tedious—just such another as shook her own poor little frame. After that everything seemed blurred, until the spotless wards and classrooms of the Bird's Nest had taken away all meaning for Bridey from the familiar word "home." There was no consecutive thread of reasoning in the child's mind, only heavy rain and thick, sodden garments conveyed to her still the most awful thing she had ever known—the loss of her mother. That anyone should go out in the rain unless driven to by sheer necessity never struck her for a moment as possible, so she put from her the idea of the Sisters taking her the fruit they had promised. After all, they probably would not have given her the grapes in any case. The Bird's Nest training was very strong, and according to its teaching no Papist, more especially a nun or a priest, was to be trusted. Still the rain came down, and Bridey, with the terrible feeling of loss and desolation upon her, fell into a fitful doze. Suddenly she awoke, but she thought she still was dreaming, for by her side stood two dark figures whose white caps and smiling faces alone relieved the gloom, and cloaks and veils and black serge habits, all were sprinkled, nay, more, in places sopped with rain.

"Well, Bridey"—it was Sister Anne who spoke—"did you think we had forgotten you and your grapes?"

She took the purple bunch from her basket, dark here and there where the bloom had been rubbed off, and holding them towards the child, she detached one grape and began preparing it to be eaten.

But Bridey's eyes were not on the grapes; they were glued to the rain-drops that sparkled on the Sister's veil and cloak. Timidly she stretched out a little clawlike hand and then, for the first time, she addressed the nun directly.

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