FELICIELLA'S EASTER

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AND

Some Other Simple Stories and Verses for the Season

BY

MARY LOUISE DUNBAR

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Who an answer gets from the grave of friend?
None know what its depths enfold:
Is it life? Is it death? Beginning or end?
Or nothing but cold and mould?

A riddle eternal the world and breath;
Above us the giddy height;
Below, a horror of darkness and death;
On the Altar a shadow's blight.

Translated from the Spanish of Muñez de Arce.

I am the Resurrection and the Life

From the Word of God.

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FELICIELLA'S EASTER

FELICIELLA was climbing the steep stairs of the great cliffs between Capri and Ana Capri. Although there are in all five hundred and thirty-five steps, and some of them so fallen into decay as to give her quite a scramble over their ruins, Feliciella always preferred them to the new road winding about the perpendicular cliffs. It is a shorter way by the stairs, but Feliciella liked them because they were old and had served the Capri people for two thousand years.

Her energetic bare feet had reached the castle of Barbarossa, the robber chieftain, now a long-deserted, hoary ruin. Here the steps were cut in the solid rock of a savage crag which descends vertically twelve hundred feet to the sea, on the other side. Below her, sea and sky and the village of Capri, snuggled in between great rocks, seemed steeped in rest.

It has an oriental aspect, the little town, with its many-domed cathedral, which suggests a mosque. There are other little domes and arches of the small stuccoed dwellings, yellow, pink, light green, and white, clustered in picturesque confusion on a sort of terrace. Here and there a palm tree rose.

The hillsides were misty with the gray-green of olives. The orange groves in their midst glistened in the sunshine. There were ruins of an old villa of the wicked

Tiberius near by. Even purple Vesuvius, across the pink and pearl water, was smoking languidly, as if in a pleasant dream. Ischia was a transparent soft blue, the opposite shore glistening silver.

It was very evident that the heart of Feliciella was not in harmony with all this loveliness and peace. She had the famous beauty of the Capri girl. Low-browed, with rich color in her cheeks, dark eyes and dark, soft hair, which rippled and curled out of its heavy braids, she might, after all, have been a little disappointing to those who look for the traditional "sirens" and "goddesses" of Capri. With her proud, erect carriage, her willowy grace, great eyes, and fine color, she was certainly very good "material," out of which an artist could idealize a beautiful being.

It was not every day that Feliciella had leisure for climbing the cliffs, and a seat at the old robber stronghold, with the grand panorama of the bay of Naples open to her. You might see her often in a procession of girls as pretty as herself, bearing stones upon her graceful head to a new house building near the old Certosa of the thirteenth century, which is now soldiers' barracks. A thick cushion protecting the soft hair, upon each head rested two good-sized blocks of stone, which had been brought in a boat from the opposite shore. Not that there are not stones enough in Capri. But who would cut the stones, with so many of the young men away at the coral fishing, on the coast of Africa? It is true that nearly every block in the houses of Capri has been carried to its place on the pretty heads of the girls, for the same reason.

Down on the Grande Marina, when the Naples boat

comes in, you might see other pretty Capri girls, doing even harder work than that. One with a heavy trunk on her head turns her laughing eyes on an amazed American lady, and with a flash of her white teeth says half-defiantly: "I, facchino" (porter). She is a "siren," who marches along like an American foot soldier on parade. Another, with an Englishman's bath-tub on her head, could hardly pose for a "goddess" just then, you see! Eight of these girls once started up the steeps to the village with a piano on their heads. They set it down to rest in the pretty locando, which looks out on a shimmering sea, enchanted truly; for near by are the very "rocks of the Sirens," of which Homer tells. An American lady there playfully opened it, and with a roguish glance at the girls, played gay dance music. The untired feet in an instant whirled in time to it, the supple bodies apparently as fresh as the sun-bright morning.

Feliciella was as capable of severe activity as the rest of them, but of late she had been engaged as a model by an English artist. She posed by instinct, or it might be by inheritance of poise and grace, from generations of models. Feliciella was spending some of the unusual leisure hours of the late afternoon at the Capo di Monte, but with a troubled face; the corners of her mouth drooping with a hopeless sadness. Sometimes she started up from painful thoughts in a kind of frenzy, and clenched her brown hands desperately. Then she looked with longing to the sheer edge of the precipice, where it seemed so easy to throw one's self into the soft, quiet sea below. Truly Feliciella's sorrow was no light one.

Her happy girlhood had suddenly drifted into an

atmosphere of suspicion, cruel, almost unbearable to her innocent heart. She had been trying earnestly to live a nobler, holier life, as marked out by the teachings of Fra Silvestro. In her childhood she had been taught a strange mixture of pagan superstition and mediæval ritual. Feliciella still wore a little coral hand on her necklace of the same material to ward off "the evil eye." She had tried to do right in her childhood, partly through fear of the wicked Tiberius, in whose reign the dear Jesus had been crucified. She had seen the ruins of the twelve villas which he built in Capri, and shuddered at his crimes. Surely he might yet haunt the island. She called him "Tiberio" in a low, terror-hushed voice.

But Fra Silvestro had taught her of the life of the meek and lowly Jesus, and her simple, honest heart desired above all things to follow his example. Fiametta, who had always been a little envious of the sweetness and subtle charm of Feliciella's fine and beautiful nature, and of the friends that her goodness and modesty had won her, scoffed at the change she saw in Feliciella: —

"She thinks she is so much better than we!" "We shall have another saint in the calendar, greater than Santa Caterina, it seems." "Bah! I spit upon her!" she had said, with a flash of her black eyes.

The English artist wished to draw all Feliciella's abundant hair into a loose coil, and fasten it with a silver bodkin which she borrowed for the purpose from Santella. It was a choice one, an heirloom from several generations. What was Feliciella's consternation to find it missing one night on her return to her home. She lived with the good Amadeo and Maria, who had taken her into their humble house, a helpless orphan, and loved

her as their own. She returned their love and tenderness in full measure, and was, as Maria said, "the light of their eyes and their sweet song bird."

It is one of the wonders that the Capri girl never seems coarsened by her rough work, and Feliciella was the poem in their simple life. She told the misery of her loss to their faithful hearts, and with untiring zeal did they search with her for the silver pin. The sympathies of the English artist, too, impelled him to do all in his power to find it, especially as Feliciella, sleepless and wretched, was losing her poise and beauty as a model. Santella was inclined to be generous and to console the greater sorrow of Feliciella at her loss, but Fiametta was busy with malicious whispers.

"Of course she knows where the bodkin is." "She is too good to be honest." "They are often so, these would-be saints." She dropped dark insinuations as to like sins of poor Feliciella in the past, and hinted, too, that she herself had most mysteriously lost a part of the dowry money she had saved, during a visit from Feliciella. Fiametta's insinuations were repeated as actual facts. The atmosphere of distrust about her blighted the poor girl's life.

Feliciella said to herself: "God, the dear Father, knows that I am guiltless. He will prove my innocence."

But the dark shadow in which she walked grew deeper. Some of her dearest friends seemed to shrink from her and to guard their treasures from her. She grew nervous with a dread lest something should be missing and the blame fall upon her in this nightmare of misery in which she lived. The triumph of Fiametta over poor Feliciella's position made her harder and more wicked,

and she dared to increase the misery by finding little treasures of her friends in ways which made it possible to suspect Feliciella guilty. Powerless to right herself before the ingenious cruelty of her enemy, poor Feliciella flushed like a guilty one before the suggestive and sometimes sneering remarks of the prejudiced ones. "She blushes with the sense of her own sin," said Fiametta.

Ah! what sensitive soul can appear innocent in an atmosphere of cruel suspicion, with an honest heart horrified at the thought such impossible things could be believed! Feliciella felt that she was becoming a weak victim to the wiles of the cruel Fiametta. "If Fra Silvestro were only here," she sighed. But Fra Silvestro was a missionary, who went here and there as he was ordered, and she knew not where he was.

Amadeo and Maria were true to their darling, and mourned over her paling cheeks and tear-stained eyes. Maria was only a donkey woman, whom you might see on the marina, or scaling the crags with her shaggy beast any day. She depended largely upon the English and American tourists for the few soldi she could earn in a day. She knew just two words of English. "Gallop, gallop, gallop," she would say, as with shining eyes and beaming smile she offered her shaggy donkey for the uses of the "forestieri." The other English word, "good-by," she in some way mistook for a salutation. At her first glimpse of a foreigner she greeted him with "Good-by, good-by," in her soft Italian accent. Amadeo was too old to go to the coral fishing, but he made the tour of the island and the grottoes very carefully and safely in his boat, and offered his services at the hotels, Pagano and Quisiana, on mornings when the sea was

calm and safe. He was just as anxious when the sea was rough to suggest himself as a model in the same places, always explaining with a straightening of his broad shoulders, that "a German princess had once painted him." Simple Amadeo and Maria! who would have protected Feliciella from malice and injustice if they could. But to-day Feliciella found even their well-meant kindness irksome.

She had climbed the stone stairs to Capo di Monte to be alone. Alas! some of the donkey girls, whom she passed, had closed their fingers before her face, with the sign which in Naples she knew meant "thief." Her cup was indeed full.

It was Holy Week, and according to the custom of Capri not a bell was rung or a song sung; not a voice raised above a whisper in the whole island. To-morrow was Good Friday, and she very well knew that they were planning for the solemn procession of priests and people through the streets. It was the first time she had been left out of the interests of the town. To be sure, it was partly the fault of her shrinking self. But how could she meet the changed cold eyes of those she loved, and Fiametta's sarcastic, disdainful smile! She wanted to sob and shout her innocence. She, who would much rather suffer wrong than do it. She, who only longed to help others and could never have borne the thought of an injury to them. Why should she sit there apart from all the life she loved, alone on the cliff, with the black shadow of such a horrible suspicion upon her?

It bruised her very soul. And she had asked the good God to help her. She shivered with loneliness and terror

at the thought that even he had forsaken her. She threw herself down on the hard stones and sobbed herself almost into convulsions. Then gently there stole into her heart a sweet calm. She thought of One who had died, despised, forsaken, a man of sorrows, misunderstood, maligned. She got up quietly and sought a little shrine in a cool, vine-draped niche in the great cliff close by. Again she threw herself down on the stones, but no longer in an abandon of grief. She had no words for the prayer of her heart. In utter silence her whole being went up to God. Her naked soul it was, which reached beyond all fear, all sorrow, all care, to the merciful One who had died and was risen. It was enough now that he knew her innocence and had sent his comforter.

Long she lay there. Voices drew near. She heard them falter and grow silent, as in a dream. A gentle hand was laid upon her shoulder. Santella's soft cheek nestled close to her own burning one, as she raised her head.

"Feliciella, dear, it is found, — the bodkin! caught in the vines below the rustic bridge over the low orange grove at Hotel Pagano. It must have fallen from your hair when you bent over to speak to the artist that day. And, dearest, that is not all. Fra Silvestro came yesterday, and he has talked with the wicked Fiametta, and she has confessed that her dowry money was not lost. She hid it herself, the bad one!"

Santella was sobbing now in Feliciella's arms. Maria was hiding her tears on the donkey's shaggy neck, whose shrewd ears pointed forward, as if he would like to know what all this meant. Amadeo had come, too, with the

good news, and stood looking on rather helplessly. In his eyes glistened something as bright as the little gold rings in his ears. But Feliciella's face was as radiant as the day.

It was the solemn service of Easter eve in the Cathedral. The stillness of Holy Week had grown more devout each day, and now the low chants of priests and people, lying (as is the Capri custom on Easter eve) with faces down, flat upon the cold stone floor in the darkness, seemed but the breath of new life in that long, reverent silence.

Each woman and girl had a little bird swathed in a soft handkerchief, which gave it liberty to breathe, while it made escape impossible. In the holy calm of those hours little fluttering hearts soon lost their terrors, and their presence at this time seemed a part of the worship, for this is also a Capri custom for Easter eve. At the first moment of the resurrection day, all the glad bells of the island swung and rang with the Easter joy. The organ pealed, the chants grew to hallelujahs, and, soaring over all in the great dim church, were hundreds of liberated birds, emblems of the freed soul.

Feliciella, with Maria and Amadeo, stole quietly out amid the echoing hallelujahs, into the glorious moonlight. As she came down the great stone steps, her face radiant with joy and praise, she saw Fiametta crouching in a shadowy corner. There was a trembling of the smile on Feliciella's lips. For a moment it vanished. She stood irresolute. There came into her mind the words of the litany, "Forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and turn their hearts." She stole forward

and put a warm, confiding, cordial hand into Fiametta's, and drew her with her down the steps. Through forgiveness the blessing of a broken, contrite heart came to Fiametta, and Feliciella, who had forgiven, entered into the full joy of her Lord.

RESURRECTION

A MILKWEED seed with its silken sail
Blowing about in a wintry gale
Asketh, "Oh, where is the Spring?"
A bluebird perched on an ice-bound tree
Quavers and shivers his melody,
"Ah, where is the Spring I sing?"

But willows throw out their supple gold
And "pussies" in mouselike gray unfold
In the keen and biting air.
There comes a day which rewards their faith
When blooms in beauty the brown old earth
In the sunshine warm and fair.

GRETCHEN AND THE LILIES

ANTWERP had been unusually wide awake since early morning. The tall, quaint, gabled houses and narrow streets were alive with color. The old market place with its queer little carts drawn by dogs, the donkey wagons, the women running in and out with their white caps or picturesque beaver bonnets, all had a festive air. Even the sabots, kept in place on sturdy feet in some mysterious manner, clattered joyously. From old carved balconies and many mullioned windows, housekeepers had hung rich stuffs, remnants of sixteenth century magnificence.

On tall Venetian masts outside the curbings, floated the national colors, and festooned between them were garlands of laurel, while on little tablets wreathed with bay leaves placed along the length of the columns, were the names of famous Flemish artists.

From church spires, and towers, the Flemish flag was thrown to the breeze. The old public buildings, with their crocketed, and crow stepped gables, glowed with banners and pennons. It was the 12th of August, 1899, the beginning of the festivities which commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great painter Anthony Van Dyke.

His beautiful face looked out from some point of vantage every few steps. Little plaster busts of him were everywhere. They sold Van Dyke wine in the shops. But the glory of the day culminated in the Place Verte

that evening. Every twig and branch of the dusty old trees flamed with electric light, shining through all the colors of the rainbow, down upon a multitude of many colored heads below. Sparkling jets of flame spelled out the name of the great artist in the Flemish way, Antoon Van Dijck, Antwerp's glory that day. On the high stands the fine Belgian bands played.

In the tinted light a child of about eight years, dressed in a simple white frock, with showers of golden hair falling on her shoulders, stepped out into the street from the crowd which filled the square and bordered the curbings, and danced in an ecstasy of delight before the smiling eyes which she had diverted to herself.

Suddenly there was a hush in which she stood still, as if petrified. And then — the bells. For one whole hour nothing but the bells, playing rare carillons, and all that it is possible for bells to do in difficult elaborate music.

All the smaller ones were clamoring, soaring, sobbing, shouting with joy, while great Carolus kept up his constant deep boom, boom, boom, beating on all hearts, until with a kind of pain, one thought what a grand thing it is to be a great artist. Great Carolus only rings for victory. That night he was clanging solemn proclamation of the triumph of the great genius, who, born three hundred years ago, still lived. While in soft waves of rich melody with an undertone of soulful music, the other bells rang of the gladness of the world in such a victory.

The child did not think all this, as she stood spellbound in the street where she had been dancing. But some presentiment of the joy of life tempered with un-

known sorrow mingled for her with the rippling, tinkling melody, and the low deep pathos of the bells. She did not see that the horse of one of the mounted *gendarmes,* frightened at the unusual sights and sounds, was rushing down the street. The man did his best to turn him when almost upon her, but the frantic creature, quite unmanageable, was backing down upon her, when with a stifled shriek a young girl sprang from the crowd, and with one strong movement of her arm, swept the child out of danger, but fell herself under the cruel hoofs. Only a few of the entranced people saw the accident, for an unmounted *gendarme* rushed into the little crowd about her, picked up the poor trampled crushed form and placing it upon a handcart which had been left by the curbing, wheeled it away to the hospital, followed by two weeping friends, a golden-haired child clinging to their skirts. The large blue eyes of the unfortunate girl were closed, the face ghastly white against her coral necklace, the one bit of finery in her coarse, clean dress.

"She is like the dead," said the nurses at the hospital, while the doctor gravely shook his head. The child crouched by the bed sobbing. A kind Sister of Charity who had made as easy as possible on the bed the poor, bruised, broken body, bent over the child and tenderly asked her:

"Where is your home, dear?"

Only sobs answered her at first, but the question repeated, the child raised her head, and putting her little hand on the pale one of the stricken girl, murmured:

"With Gretchen."

The Sister gently led her into a clean marble-floored

room outside the ward, and finally drew from her, her story.

Since her mother and father were buried out of her sight, Gretchen had been her sister-mother, she said. They lived in one room in a narrow street near the wharves.

"Gretchen sewed for a tailor."

"Gretchen was very tired, for she had worked every day, and far into the night, for a long time" on some of the rich mediæval costumes which were to be worn in the grand procession representing centuries of the history of Antwerp and its art.

"Gretchen had been so tired that she had fainted that day over her work." "But it was all done now, and they had commenced the holiday to which they had looked forward so long." "They were to have one whole play day, and perhaps they would see the king, who was coming with his pretty daughter to the fête." There was no one in the wide world for her but Gretchen, and she sobbed still more violently when told that she would have to sleep that night with one of the Sisters in her little cell, so far from Gretchen.

"It will be a case for the Bureau de Bienfaisance to-morrow," said another Sister who was also listening to the sad story.

The next morning Gretchen opened her eyes and tried to smile at Stephanie when they brought her to say good-bye. Poor little Stephanie, who tried to keep back her sobs, as she put her forlorn little hand over the quiet one on the bed. She could not even kiss the pale lips, for Gretchen, who could not move without agony, must be kept very still until the doctor should see her.

He came gently to the bedside, and as tenderly as he could, examined the pain-racked body. He looked sadly into the beautiful blue eyes raised with such pathetic inquiry to his, and said:

"You will have to keep very still for a while, my dear child."

But when he had gone into the clean little marble-floored room with Sister Marie, he said:

"She will never walk; and then — it will be very severe, the suffering."

II

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, too early for the usual "Waits" to go about with their Christmas carols. A light snow was falling in the streets of Antwerp, — those streets which never lose their mediæval aspect.

Up and down in the most frequented ways, under the glimmering storm bleared lamps, wandered two children, a boy and a girl. They were singing an old carol, with the refrain:

> "Rejoice, our Saviour was born
> On Christmas day in the morning."

From under the girl's little blue hood fell a shower of golden curls. The clear, childish treble, sweet and thrilling, touched the hearts of all who passed, and coin after coin fell into the boy's brown leather purse which he held open, as in a deeper voice he alternated with Stephanie (for it was she of the long gold hair), rolling out in a brave manner:

"At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great and the small."

"So much money for Gretchen," said the girl as she held the purse open with little blue pinched fingers, and peeped into its depths.

"Silver money for Gretchen, Gottlieb."

On they went in the misty evening, still singing the simple song until Gottlieb said:

"It is enough; the mother will be anxious."

"She will not blame us that we sang in the streets without her knowledge, will she, Gottlieb? when it is all for Gretchen, and all we could do for Gretchen, Gottlieb."

"But we 'd better go home now," answered the boy, as with hurried feet they passed into a little square by a hoary old church, and were lost in a tipping old house on the other side, whose lighted windows spoke of humble cheer and comfort. It was the home which the Bureau of Bienfaisance had provided for the little Stephanie with a good burgher and his wife, who loved her next to Gottlieb, their own child.

From the good mother Stephanie had learned many things in the Bible which she did not understand fully from the teaching in the great Cathedral whose solemn grandeur was almost oppressive to her. It was sweeter to sit at the feet of the kind mother with Gottlieb and learn about the good Jesus.

Tears streamed from the eyes of Stephanie when she was told of what He suffered for us all.

"It is Gretchen," she would say, "who also suffers for me; I can do so little for Gretchen."

Stephanie seemed to live only in the desire to bring some brightness to her sister on visiting day at the hospital. Every childish treasure was hoarded for that time; every bit of sweetmeat or fruit put quietly away in a little box in her room to wait until that day when she would carry it to Gretchen.

"Poor Gretchen! It is her spine, you know, Gottlieb, which is hurt. I know that the pain tears her like a wolf, Gottlieb; it seems as if Gretchen's pain would kill me when I see her bite her lips to keep back the groans. Why should I enjoy the blessed sunshine and my two feet that can run and dance when Gretchen, my sister-mother, has to lie always on her little white bed in the long ward where so many people are sick and suffering?"

"Gottlieb, it was for me that Gretchen was hurt. It is for me she suffers," Stephanie was saying with her eyes full of tears as they went into the cozy living room, with its quaint old furniture dark with age, brightened by shining brasses. A log was burning on the great hearth of the fireplace. It had been religiously lighted by old Hans from the brand left from the last Christmas fire which had been carefully hoarded for this purpose.

"Let us sit down in the firelight and count Gretchen's money," said Stephanie.

Gottlieb poured it out on the old stone hearth, clicking as it fell, and glittering in the light from the burning log.

"A gold piece!" exclaimed the children together.

"Twenty francs," said Gottlieb holding it up before Stephanie's eyes.

"Who put it in the purse?" said Stephanie. "If

some one made a mistake we shall have to give it back; and oh! Gottlieb, it would buy Gretchen so many nice things!"

"There are ten francs in small silver pieces besides," said Gottlieb. "I think," he said gravely after a while, "that it was the American gentleman who put the gold piece in the purse. The one, Stephanie, who smiled upon you so, and smoothed your curls with his hand. Perhaps he has a little girl in his home over the sea."

"I hope his little girl is n't dead," said Stephanie. "I wish the American gentleman knew how glad I am that I can take white grapes to Gretchen, the grapes that are so cool, and some flowers every visiting day now."

"It would make him very happy; for you know the good book says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"We must spend the money very carefully," she added. "Perhaps the mother will help us to be wise about it, Gottlieb."

"I am most as big as a man," said Gottlieb. "You really do not need any one but me, Stephanie," he added with a pompous, patronizing air, putting the purse in his pocket in a business-like way.

The mother called them to their simple supper of bread and milk and cheese, in the clean tiled dining-room, and gave them large stockings to hang by the chimney for Kriss Kringle's gifts. Then together the children went up the dark stairs to the sleeping room, whose windows looked out upon tiled roofs where doves cooed in the morning, and into which the bells rained down their silvery music every quarter of an hour.

"Gottlieb," said Stephanie in a soft whisper, "per-

haps it was the Christ Child who put it into the heart of the good American to give us the gold piece."

"God bless you," said the mother at the door of the room as the children put up their faces for the good-night kiss and they made their little formal obeisances of curtsey and bow. As they closed the door they heard Hans, who was not Flemish, but a German who had lived a long time in England, singing lustily an old English song:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing:
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

III

THE winter had passed. The spring sunshine had warmed and thrilled the trees and grass into life, and the Easter-tide was near. Something of the fragrance and beauty of the time stole into the hospital ward. Gretchen had been weaker of late. The pain was constantly gnawing now, and sometimes gave her very sharp thrusts. She had become very brave, especially when Stephanie came. The little girl did not dream of all that the self-control of her patient smile cost her sister. But in all the pain and weariness the soul of Gretchen was growing into "the perfect peace which passeth all understanding." At first she had watched the doves preening their feathers in the sunshine by the window, and longed to fly away with them from all the suffering and to be at rest.

"But, Stephanie," she said one day to the little girl who brought her usual offering of fruit and flowers, and who had anxiously asked, "Dear Gretchen, are you not so tired of lying here?" "remember that the real rest is within us. It is when we have God in our hearts, and so have the beginning of Heaven here in this hospital bed as well as anywhere. Perhaps it is nearer Heaven, for God's love is always closer and more real to those who need it most and who are shut in with it. He has said in the good book, 'Without me ye can do nothing,' but with Him one can do and bear all things."

"But oh! Gretchen, you are bearing my pain," sobbed Stephanie.

With a perfect love shining in her eyes, Gretchen clasped the trembling little hand stretched out convulsively to her.

"My darling, my dear one! never think of it in that way again. Just remember how I lie here in the long days, and the longer nights, with a great gladness and thankfulness that you are safe, and will live to be a blessing to the world. Jesus Christ taught us, dear, that happiness is not in getting things, and in having things, but in giving; and it is such a joy to love, Stephanie! Such a happiness to have saved a loved one from danger! Look in my eyes, child, and know that I am glad every hour of every day that it is I who lie here, not you. Remember it, darling! Would you take that joy away from me?"

Easter Eve Stephanie had come with her gifts, — a chrysalis that a lady had told her was just ready to burst into a beautiful butterfly, and three stalks of half-blown Easter lilies.

On Good Friday, in the great Cathedral, where the altars were draped in black, and the story of the death on the cross was told, she had sat with the grand organ music sobbing and sighing in her ears, keeping time to fear; for "I think Gretchen too is dying for me," she said to herself. The good mother tried to teach her from the chrysalis and the stalks of opening lilies the hope and promise of the resurrection, and the life eternal.

"But oh! Gretchen," she sobbed over those same lilies, as she put them into the thin hand, "you grow so pale and weak! I think you will not only suffer for me, but *die* for me."

Something of "the rapture of the skies" lighted the thin face as Gretchen roused to say, "And to die is gain."

The Sister who stood by said, "Remember how the Christ, the God man, said after His resurrection, 'I am He that liveth and was dead and am alive for evermore.'"

"He that was *dead* said it," whispered Gretchen. "If you do not understand it, Stephanie, keep your heart from murmuring, and lift it to Him who will so fill your life that you will believe it. Dear Stephanie, I am so glad that I have had you to love. Love is such a sweetness in our life here; and now I go soon to the Immortal Love, where we shall meet sometime. Take one of these lilies and see it open, my darling, and know that into greater sweetness and purity and beauty my poor life will open soon."

Stephanie had gone away quieted, and Gretchen had been very still the rest of the day.

Easter morning dawned clear and bright. Gretchen had slept but little through a night of pain. Sleep had been denied also to the sufferer in the next cot, and in a low whisper she had said to Gretchen, who was very near:

"I used to believe that the sun danced on Easter morning. Old Bertha told me so; and when Bertha was young, she says all the fires in the village were put out on Easter eve, that the sun as it danced in the sky might rekindle them. We cannot watch for it, Gretchen, because the shutters are closed."

Gretchen only smiled luminously. In a huge fireplace at the end of the ward where the girls lay, the old log had burned to ashes, and it was down the chimney that the day entered that morning, flooding the dead embers with a square of light which flickered and flamed in such a glory that it seemed as if the old superstition were really true.

Then the nurse opened the shutters, and the full resplendence of rose and pearl and pale gold of the morning burst upon them.

Gretchen murmured her prayer, and lay very still for a moment, trying to keep back the tears that would trickle through her long eyelashes. The lilies by the side of her bed were wide open now, and the smile came back to her lips as she saw them. But she was strangely tired that morning. Her eyelids sank down even before the beauty of the lilies, though her lips smiled still with all the meaning that they had breathed into her soul.

When the good nurse stood by the little bed she almost thought the marble face was that of the dead, until the blue eyes opened, and looked unutterable joy and peace.

Very tenderly the nurse smoothed the soft hair and bent her ear low for the feeble words.

"Tell Stephanie that I shall be strong, and straight, and free from pain in the beautiful land, with my risen Lord. Tell her I love her! Immortal Love," she murmured.

In the other beds of the ward there seemed a consciousness of some change in Gretchen, and leaning on elbows, or turning on pillows, the patient sick eyes were directed towards her bed. The Sister of Charity took the branches of snowy lilies and laid them on Gretchen's breast. Then she saw that in the silent dark of the night the chrysalis had burst, and a beautiful golden butterfly had settled upon the white petals of a lily. She held it up before the dim eyes of the dying girl, then lifted it that all might see, repeating solemnly:

"He that hath the Son of God hath life, and He that hath not the Son hath not life."

The butterfly still perched upon the exquisite lily with wavering ecstatic wings. When she laid them again upon Gretchen's breast, her soul had entered into the Eternal Life.

"Kyrie Eleison,
Christe Eleison,"

rang the bells. And Stephanie, who went home from the hospital late that afternoon with a stalk of open lilies in her hand, saw men meet and then greet each other in the old Flemish, Easter fashion:

"Christ is Risen."

"He is Risen."

THE BELLS OF ANTWERP

I

SWING! Ring! Bells in the steeple,
Counting the moments from sun to sun;
Ring! Sing! tell to the people,
Throbbing, persistent, how time runs on.

A rippling, tinkling melody sweet,
That might be the fall of fairy feet,
Or the joy of life in a glad heart-beat.

Waves of music, mellow and rare,
Gently pervading the ambient air,
Like the peace of a full soul after prayer.

Music soft in a silvery shower
Falls from the daring beautiful tower,
While low and deep is an undertone
Thrilling the heart like a sigh or moan.

The sob of sorrow, the wail of loss, —
Questions profound that the spirit toss.
Listen! Life's mystery beats and swells,
On and on in the notes of the bells.

Ring! Sing! Bells in the steeple,
Counting life's heart throbs one by one;
Swing! Ring! and comfort the people,
Bearing life's burdens from sun to sun.

II

ONCE Antwerp was proud and grand and gay,
And stuffs and jewels in rich array
  Her laden galleons brought;
Magic in iron and wonders in woods,
Tapestries softer than Orient goods
  Her cunning workmen wrought.
She handed on to the glowing West
Treasures which Venice with careful quest
  Found in the radiant East.
Her artists were great and true and bold,
Her nobles and burghers had gold untold;
  Like a prince was every priest.
Venice she rivalled as Queen of the Sea;
In every water her sails spread free.

But Netherland burghers all agreed
That faith and thought should be also freed;
And the darkest page of a bigoted age
Was written here in a despot's rage.

Burned hot and deadly his cruel fire,
Clanked the chains of his fiendish ire,
Dark cells shuddered with tortures dire,

A fury of Death no mercy knows.
Till out of their terror, wrongs, and woes,
An outraged people in might arose.

Who can feel in the peace of to-day,
The stress and strain of the awful fray?

III

Oh, Gothic spire! In your hidden fire,
Flamed upward in lines which never tire,
The yearning and dreaming of men aspire!

Raised and carved by worshipping hands,
Love's offering of service fair, it stands,
Carrying the bells, with their magic spells,
Through the fateful years, the story tells.

On through four centuries storm and calm
They have rung unchanging pean and psalm —
Though wild in the pauses, the tocsin's alarm.

That God was over them all, and in
The clanging, clamoring roar and din,
Men knew in a faith complete, sublime;
For liquid and mellow the curfew's chime,
The carols of Christmas soar and swell,
The chimes of Easter, joy foretell,
Though deep and strong is the battle tide
And riven banners still flaunt in pride,
Till over the city, and over the sea,
Great Carolus booms of victory.

Then Ring! Sing! Bells in the steeple,
God never forgets the world, you know;
Swing! Ring! tell to the people,
Calmly He reigns though tempests blow.

IV

A RIPPLING, tinkling melody sweet,
Waves of music mellow repeat,
"God never forgets the world below!"

Falling softly in silver showers
Marking life's changing, throbbing hours,
The bells of Antwerp swing and sing,
Flooding the world with hope they ring.

Chime! Rhyme! Bells in the steeple;
Ring out war with its wild-eyed woe,
Swing! Sing! pray with the people
God hasten his peace to his world below!

ON THE MOUNTAIN

THE "Colleen Bawn" was dead in the village of Lomaneaugh. Kilgarven, Killarney, and Kenmare mourned for the pride of East Kerry. Who so light of foot in the cottage dances, or so blithe at the hay-making, and the Christmas and Easter fêtes?

Her hair was red-gold in its massive braids; the milk of the dun cow and the roses of June mingled in the color of her sweet face. The great blue eyes of her seemed sometimes to be looking out at another world; shining they were like stars, though they darkened and twinkled with the laugh, when the boys and girls frolicked; for a Kerry man is as handy with his jokes as with his fists. When the trouble came to any one in the village Kathleen would "Listen with her eyes" as well as with her ears, said the people, and would give them many a tender word, and mayhap a helping hand. "God rest her soul," said the old people in the chimney corners. "The Holy Saints comfort us for the loss of the sweetest lass of them all."

The women had gathered in the shadow of the church, after the beautiful body had been laid in the consecrated ground close by. Borne on the shoulders of the young men of the village to the grave, the green turf covered her now.

"And Michael O'Sullivan was one of thim," said a portly woman, smoothing her hair, and setting the

shawl straight on her head, "the foine tall shtrapping young fellow who loved her wid all the veins of his heart. He 'd a shmart bit of land too to make her a good home. The eyes of him glinted loike steel, and the feet and the leg of him were foine. But it was the long, bent body that he had when he left the churchyard. Eh! the Colleen Bawn was a jool he 'll not foind the loike of in Ameriky, where they do say he be going. The wake of her was shuperb, and they had keeners from Kilgarven and Killarney, — the best ould ones in Kerry, for the father would have everything in the ould way, so that the praises of the vartues of Kathleen went out day and night until the burying was done. She looked like an Angel on her white bed with the roses sprinkled over her, and they laid her decently with candles and all. But it was Norah, the sister, who would not lave her at all, living or dead, but who sobbed and shivered the day and the night, savin' when the Mass was said, and then she sat like one in a dhream; and she keeps very quite now all the time; they cannot make her spake one word."

"Shure," said a young woman with a black shawl over her head, "niver a widdy grieved for 'Himself' as Norah for Kathleen Mavourneen."

"Oh, musha! be quite, will yez. There is Norah on the fresh grave of her this blissed minute. The Saints defind her, or she will die there of the could, the damp, and the grief."

Far into the night Norah was still lying there under the stars, until the father and mother came, and with sobs and entreaties led her away. But every day as soon as she had helped the mother to make the cottage decent, and peeled the potatoes for dinner, still silent, Norah

went the length of the village street to the churchyard, and threw herself on the grave of Kathleen.

"Oh, hone!" sighed the women in the cottage; "the poor dumb thing is paler and waker ivery day, wid her eyes looking deeper than ever wid the misery that is in them."

The young people were afraid to speak to her; and as she grew more and more like a spirit with the grief, they crossed themselves when she passed, and went before the crucifix in the cottage to pray for the repose of her soul.

"The poor craythur; God give her rest," said the grandmothers in the chimney corner.

"It is Michael O'Sullivan that is braver and better for his grief," said Father Skerry.

The good priest did not tell of the hours that he had wrestled in spirit with the heart that was crushed with grief, and wild with the pain of it: or of that one midnight hour in the churchyard, when the strong man's eyes were opened to the truth, and life and death were reconciled with the hope of the blessed hereafter.

"Norah McCarthy will die," said Michael to Paddy O'Rourke, one morning. "Shure it is myself that has been planning a pilgrimage to the chapels at Gougane Barra, and twelve of the boys and girls will be going a week the day."

"It 's a lone hard way over the mountain and over the bog land of the valley. The rocks are wild and shteep, and ye must be careful to keep the path or ye 'll get 'clifted.' But Father Skerry, the Saints presarve him, says there 's a nine-fold blessing for those who climb the rugged wild mountain, and track the bog land to pray at the nine little chapels beside the small church

at Gougane Barra. And it 's meself that 'll timpt poor Norah to go with us to pray for the soul's rest of Kathleen, though it 's quite onnecessary and onreasonable to pray for the angels in Heaven, I think. It 's Norah's own beshorrowed self that she should pray for, shure!"

The morning of the 8th of August saw fifteen lads and lasses start from the pretty village of Lomaneaugh, and all of the people out of their houses to see them depart: while Father Skerry raised his hand in blessing as they passed him by the peat stack, at the end of the single village street, where they turned towards the mountain, whose crags, precipices, and gray boulders seemed tumbled down by the hand of one of the legendary Irish giants. There were two large baskets of luncheon borne by those stalwart lads, Michael O'Sullivan and Paddy O'Rourke. The lasses would have enough to do with lifting their gowns out of the way of the gay blossomed thorny gorse and springy bogs.

"It 's a good tin mile over the heather, the rocks, and the bogs to the lone lake and the lone island," said Paddy, "and every colleen and every gossoon will have to do the best he can for himself, barrin' what the boys can do for both."

They went along gayly in the sun-bright morning.

"I went out of the door wid my right fut fur good luck," said one of them.

"And I 've a lucky shamrock that 's got four leaves tied round my neck wid a thread," said another.

"Indade, the ould shamrock wid three leaves is much betther for you," said another. "Did n't the good St. Patrick tache the king at Tara the lesson of the Blissed Thrinity from the little three-leaved shamrock?"

The way at first led through green fields fragrant with the new-mown hay, yellow and brown in the mows now, upon the emerald plain. The dew was on the grass, and wild poppies and daisies glowed in the barley fields. Here a bit of a cabin by the road, black with the peat smoke inside, had little flowers and green things springing from the thatch of the roof. The roses which had blossomed it into beauty in June could be counted by their deep crimson hips now, and scarlet haw berries brightened the thorn hedges. There were hedgerows of the hazel and arbutus by the grassy pastures where the small cattle were feeding. The wild convolvulus rioted here and there, while the honeysuckle sent out its subtle, all pervading fragrance. The cabbages and onions in the untidy kitchen gardens showed soft color in the morning sunshine.

There were two miles of pleasant pastoral scenes ere they reached the steep mountain. Rough rocks and tangled gorse made the way difficult, or the heather softened it and offered a tempting couch of rest, in whose purple depths it was easy to dream of the fairy folk. Their landmark was an old thatched shed halfway up the mountain. Danger lurked in every step from the way indicated by that. These pilgrims did not while the journey with ghostly counsel, or solemn meditation, but enlivened it with sweet Irish songs, rolling out "The Wearin' o' the Green" in the loneliest spots. Michael and his sister Aileena kept the silent Norah a little apart with themselves, but were pleased to see that the air and the exercise were bringing the color into her cheeks.

At the very top of the mountain they stood in the clear

sunshine, among the jagged rocks, and looked down the valley to the little lake, and the small island with its tiny church and nine chapels under the old yews and rowan trees, and off to the blue serene water of Bantry Bay. Here something of the meaning of the day came to them, uninterrupted by the careless laughs, and snatches of song which floated to them from the rest of the party. But Norah was not ready for words yet. The instinct of kindly hearts allowed nature's stillness and the sweet influences of earth and sky to brood, soothe, and comfort the stricken heart.

Once upon the bog land of the valley their difficulties were beyond expectation. Every step sank in the black mud under the coarse, yellow-green grass. But an Irish peasant maiden has a happy-go-lucky way of reconciling herself even to a bog land. "We 'll dispinse widout em," said one, as the shoes and stockings came off. Up came the skirts quite out of the way, and with rosy faces tip tilted, on they went.

Now a pilgrim knee deep, and sinking fast in a soft quaking place, must be rescued. "Niver a bit we mind," they say. Was not the penance of the journey to be performed amid jagged rocks, rolling stones, and prickly whin bushes? And now it was supreme in black springy bog mud.

"It is n't agrayable," said one.

"But it 'll make Barney McGee quite dacent," answered another.

"Faix, it 'll do the soul of him good," laughed a blue-eyed girl.

"Whisht! when she gives her attinshun to it, any girl can be a blathering fule," answered Barney, as he took

the teaser with one strong arm and swung her most unexpectedly over a mud hole.

"It 's an avil spirit he has which do be always in mischief," asserted the pouting victim. "Bad cess to his impidence!"

"Shure Michael O'Sullivan looks like a tinant on rint day," she continued.

"Ma service to yez," answered Michael, smoothing his forehead.

"Oh! and shure he 's as perlite as a Frenchman; one of the rale quality," shouted Paddy O'Rourke.

"Shure and I 'd loike some praties and milk, and a herrin' for a bit of mate," said Barney, as they came to terra firma. "Spakin' ginerally, I 'd take whatever I can git."

A few moments brought them to the border of the lake, where their thorough ablutions (which included their feet) being finished, they sat down to a substantial luncheon.

"Faith, it 's moighty improvin', the mate and the dhrink," said Barney.

There fell upon the company an expectant hush as Michael O'Sullivan rose and gravely said:

"On yon little island Gougane Barra, Fin-Bar lived in his small cell almost fourteen hundred years ago. Although it was himself who founded Cork, and was its first bishop, he was that humble that he came to the lone island to be alone with his God, to confiss his sins, and to pray for the wisdom, faith, and goodness to carry on his work among men. Let us do to-day as the loikes of him would do. Let us pray humbly to that God for whose worship, like St. Fin-Bar, we have come to the

quite here, crossing the crags of the mountain and the bogs of the valley."

One at a time, each with rosary in hand, they passed over to the island on a slight, narrow bridge, and knelt reverently before each altar with bowed heads. It was an impressive scene when for an hour and a half the devotions continued in this lonely spot, surrounded by the tall, wild Caha mountains. How much of the sense of human need, and the love of the All Father was in the worship, and how much of an old superstition in a new form, who can tell? But the strong face of Michael O'Sullivan was transfigured with faith and hope. Out of the mystery of life and sorrow he had entered into the Holy of Holies, and it was easy to draw near to the Father in Heaven now at any time.

He and his sister supported Norah between them, and watched her pitifully as she silently passed her beads through her thin fingers. Then with a convulsive sob, she threw herself on the ground and wept with a passion of grief.

"The heart of her will not break now, shure," said Michael; "it 's the tears will heal its bruises: God rest her soul."

"Dear Aileena, forgive me," she said at last.

With reassuring hands they led her into the little church. A young priest who had come to the island before them, and who had finished his devotions, was just passing out, and detained them to talk about the island and St. Fin-bar. He then showed them the sunken cross on the grave of Fin-bar. Speaking of the beauty of the mountain-circled lake and island, the priest quoted the lines of O'Callanan, whose grave he pointed out to them under a Celtic cross:

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra
Where Alleluias of song rush forth as an arrow;
In deep valley Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their homes in the mountains:
There grows the wild ash, and the time stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child its sad monitor scorning,
It brightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

"And its zone of dark hills, oh! to see them all bright'ning
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down mid the thunder's deep rattle
Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle:
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Maylough the eagles are screaming;
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?"

Michael did not notice that the rest of the party had gone carelessly on without them. But quite unconcernedly the three pursued their way, talking of the island, the worship, and the humble duties and simple pleasures of their peasant life. In passing the row of stones which marked the ruin of an old rath, Norah whispered:

"Let us be quite here lest we disturb the good people."

"Och! the family of the chieftain who once lived here have long been under the sod, shure," said Michael. "The dhun or rampart which went round the houses has long since fallen, and there is no remnant of the sun-chamber of the wife of the chieftain on the top of the dhun."

"But, Michael, it 's yourself knows that it 's the fairy folk I mean."

"What fairies, Norah McCarthy?" asked Michael.

"And faith, Michael O'Sullivan, it's yerself is an innocent, indade, to pretend not to know of the little people no longer than your finger, who can grow to giants in their anger."

"And what is the dress, and the face of them, Norah Acushla?" asked Michael, delighted to hear the note of ready interest in Norah's voice again.

"Faith, and it's to yerself that the Sun Duble Macuola, the wise woman, has told of the fairy maidens in foine white gowns, with the loose soft hair, which the fairy matrons bind with a golden band on top of their heads; and the little elves in jackets of green, and white breeches and stockings. And if the fairy wears a hat," continued Norah, in a low voice, "it is the flower blossom."

"And did not the Sun Duble Macuola, the wise one, tell the biys to pull off their hats, and take the pipe out of their mouths, and say, 'God save ye ladies and gintlemen,' when they went by the Raths where the good people live now?" asked Norah, looking at Michael reproachfully. But Michael only smiled with the light in his eyes, at the gibe.

It was not until the bog land of the valley had been passed, and they were well up the mountain, that the fog which had been gathering settled thickly around them. They could only see a dim outline of each other. Michael pushed his stick before him, until it touched a large rock. Bidding the girls take hold of one end of a rope which he produced from his pocket, and to stand without moving at all until he should return to them, he went on a little way, keeping a hold on the rope himself, then went back to say:

"We have lost our way intirely. There is a rock there which juts over a bed of soft heather, and there ye have roof and carpet, ye see! and what more do a Kerry man and lassies need? The morns morning will bring the sunlight, and then we 'll over the top of the mountain, and on to Lomaneaugh, blithe and gay. Now follow my fut, with the hold of the rope, gurrls, and ye 'll be as comfortable and paceful as a box of kittens. We might be dashed over the precipice to black death if we went on, ye know, Mavourneens."

Obeying him implicitly, they were soon snugly fixed under the ledge on the soft, fragrant moss and heather. Norah seemed almost like her old self in the little excitement, until an owl hooted on the rocks above them.

"It 's an evil banshee!" she said in terror.

"It 's only a burd, by mi faith," said Michael.

"Oh, hone! Oh, hone!" sighed Norah, rocking back and forth with the old misery in her heart. "I heard the banshee before Kathleen died; a gentle banshee it was, as if she came for one she loved, like, for she crooned low and sweet, and she chanted low and sad, and the weird wailing and sobbing that it was. And I looked out of my window at the back of the house, and I thought I saw her in the white mist above the meadow. Oh, hone! She has taken my darlint, the light of my eyes, away."

"And how did the banshee look, Norah McCarthy?" asked Michael, with a little tremor in his voice, as his own sorrow for a moment controlled him.

"Her long light hair was of gold, I think, and her thin white gown much below her feet as she floated over the meadow, with the two little hands of her

stretched out tinderly as if she were a saint and gave a blessing. Ah, my lost darlint! the pride of the village, my Colleen bawn!" and again Norah gave up to uncontrolled weeping.

For a while the two friends let her sob in the dark and silence. Then Michael lifted his face, which his hands had covered, and said gently:

"Norah, why do you believe in the fairy folk and the banshee, and pay no heed to God's strong Angels of whom Father Skerry tells us?"

"And what Angels?" asked Norah, ceasing her sobbing.

"Why," said Michael, "there was Gabriel, who brought the lilies to Mary, and told her of the blissing to the world, that was to come through the child Jesus. What did a fairy or a Leprechaun ever do for poor mortal man, in rale love and kindness? For the fairies are only good to those who please them, and most onreasonable beings they seem to be from the story of them. My faith! the blessed St. Patrick taught the people of the Christ who came into the world to save sinners. . . . Did he fear fairies and banshees?"

"I have n't the larnin' of the books," said Michael, "and I misremember the names of the other strong Angels Father Skerry knows about; and it 's not shuperstitious is Father Skerry about fairies and banshees. Lave your banshee and her wailing, acushla, and think of the Angels of the Resurrection who sat in the tomb, and told the people who came, that the Christ who had died for them was risen, and was alive again. And that means," said Michael, "that all the dead we have loved, who have loved and lived the teachings of Jesus Christ,

and have salvation through Him, shall live again. And we, if we live the life that Jesus taught, and are the saved wid Him, shall meet some time.

"Who but Kathleen," he added with a reverent tone, "should be in the Glory of Heaven, wid the angels, waiting for you and me, Norah?"

"Who but Kathleen?" murmured Norah; "but, Michael, tell me the story of Jesus? I do not understand it quite in the church. The robes, the incense, and shure the great music, wilder me, I think. And when they show the babby in the manger at Christmas time, I cannot understand how one so great and grand should be loike a little babby, just loike Tim McGuire's wife's babby. I get mixed in me brain, musha, in the church. Tell me plain loike about it, Michael."

And there in the mountain fog, on the heather, under the shelving rock, the soul that had learned the truth through suffering, taught the simple, suffering soul beside it, the wonderful story of supreme love, and supreme sacrifice. From the Angels in the beginning of the life human and divine, who sang the "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, good-will to man," — through all the self-abnegation, the teaching, the loving ministration, the agony of the sinless soul that bore the world's shameful burden of sin, the painful death, — to the Angels of the Resurrection, who proclaimed, "He who entered into *death* lives and triumphs over death." And in the stillness and dark of the mountains the light of truth and love entered into the soul of Norah.

Fortunately an Irish night in August is short. At one o'clock a wind which howled indeed like a malicious banshee rushed over the mountain, and swept off the

fog. The three cowering under the rock were glad when it wailed itself away. More joyful yet, when in pink and pearl the day broke on the mountain top, and crept down into the shaded valley, glittering with diamonds which flashed in dewdrops and brooks.

Once over the rocks at the top, they easily found their way by the landmark of the old thatched shed and down over gray boulders and thorny whin bushes to the peaceful valley with its cottages and flowering hedgerows, its green pastures, and quiet sheep and cattle. By the peat-stack they came to a group of sturdy young men gathered around Father Skerry, discussing plans for scouring the mountain in search of the wanderers. In breathless surprise, they saw the long silent Norah go up to Father Skerry and say:

"Father, Kathleen is with our dear Lord. It is meself longs to live the good life and meet her. The Lord who was dead and is alive again in the Heaven has made the way clear to us."

The young men bared their heads and bowed them.

"Amen," said Father Skerry.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

ON EASTER DAY

THE noble heart so just and true!
The loving life so blameless!
"Be pitiful, O God," we sue,
"To loss and grief so nameless."

The sweet spring green, the lilies sheen,
Which by the altar glimmer,
Chide death, with hope of life serene:
Yet eyes with tears grow dimmer.

Earth bound, we hear not in our songs
Of Easter promise holy,
The seraph echoes sweet and strong
Of Hallelujahs solely.

Which welcome to eternal joy
The faithful soul and stainless,
Where peace divine without alloy
And Christ he loved his gain is.

Breathe Hallelujahs low and sweet,
Earth's sighing turned to singing:
While faith, effacing self, complete
Through tears its triumphs bringing.