

How often, for instance, when the tasks of a summer's day had concluded have we left the streets and passing through a southern suburb ascended the hills, where seated amidst the fern and heather by the side of some clear rill that poured down from the mountains in the rear, we have enjoyed the pleasures of a perfect solitude within full view of the populous city.

How easy it was then to fall into a day dream, and once more to people the metropolis and its neighborhood with the men of other times. If the memory did not care to stretch back through many ages to the famous Good Friday, when there across the bay to the north Brian conquered the Danes at Clontarf, nor to when in times less glorious for Erin Irishman, Ostman, and Anglo-Norman were engaged in a deadly struggle in the streets beneath us, nor yet to later years when Lords Deputies plotted against the welfare of the native chieftains, and many a deed of wrong was coolly planned and foully executed; it was, at least, of interest to review in mind the efforts of patriotism at the close of the last century, to speculate as to what would have been the effects upon the country had the famous resolution of the Volunteers survived to our days, or had the eloquence of Grattan been potent to accomplish all that the orator had devoted his life to; to look forward also to a brighter future, when a Parliament should be again assembled upon Irish soil, and Dublin occupying her true rank amongst cities should lift up her head as the capital of a great nation, rather than, as now, acknowledge herself with shame to be no more than the chief town of a subject province.

But let us enter the city and discover what may be its aspect: in streets of good proportions and fine appearance—the widest of them being Sackville-street, which forms the subject of our illustration, and which may compare favorably with the other leading thoroughfares of Europe—lively crowds are hastening to and fro. Cabs, carriages and omnibuses, together with that peculiar national vehicle, the outside car, are speeding on their way; nor are the wains of heavier traffic wanting; all is life and motion. Now and then are to be heard, escaping from the general confusion of sound, a snatch of conversation, or some witty repartee, the utterance of which forms so distinctive a mark of the race to which these citizens belong. On every side are to be seen bright looks and gay costumes. A well-favored, kindly people, distinguished by refined tastes and good manners, are evidently abroad, and a stroll over the pavements they frequent cannot fail to be attended with pleasure. Large and well-furnished shops with the goods showily displayed in their windows characterise the business streets; those filled with private residences are many times handsome and always of respectable aspect. Here and there are to be found squares, laid out as pleasure-grounds and well filled with trees and flowering plants; and scattered thickly all over the town are public buildings, government edifices, educational institutions, theatres, hospitals, exhibition buildings in connection with the arts and sciences, convents and churches. Of these latter, the principal in point of antiquity and architecture are the Cathedrals, St. Patrick's and Christchurch, the first-mentioned said to occupy the site of a church built by St. Patrick, the second restored, under the name of the Most Holy Trinity, by the Earl of Pembroke, otherwise known as Strongbow, and wherein that adventurous warrior was buried; the Archbishop, St. Lawrence O'Toole, who had vigorously opposed his arms, charitably officiating at his obsequies. These two venerable buildings to which we allude have, however, long since been desecrated, and perverted from their rightful service. They are held by the authorities of the Anglican Communion and are remarkable for the excellence of the music performed in them, but so little is the presumably spiritual character of their worship recognised, that even by members of the sect which acknowledges it as an expression of its faith it is not unusual to hear the choral celebration of the evening service in St. Patrick's Cathedral spoken of as "Paddy's Opera."

The Catholic Churches which have suffered no desecration are all modern, and none are remarkable for any extraordinary beauty. Times, however, seem more hopeful, and if it be too much to look forward to the restitution to its just owners of at least one of the ancient cathedrals spoken of, we trust the day is not far removed when a temple will be erected that will be a worthy monument of the victorious faith of a mighty nation.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

AFTER STORM COMES SUNSHINE.

"WHAT, Harry," replied the Captain, soberly; "I am off for New Orleans to-night."

"O, do see Ned first, dear Aleck," said Rosine, coaxingly; "it will be such a triumph for me. I do not care to tell him; we have fought this battle o'er and o'er again, and the dear Colonel—O, here he comes, I must tell him;" and breaking away from Harry, she ran to the hall with the story for the Colonel. He was at first stunned by the suddenness of the news, and then joined heartily in the general rejoicing, saying, "I hope Ned will not be sorry; he is rancorous in this matter."

"He ought to sorrow with me," replied Captain Hartland "that his fierce injustice added fuel to the fire in my bones; you may tell him—but I am off by the quickest route," and taking his hat he hurried out before the Colonel could summon his thoughts to say, "Welcome her here," which was in his heart.

He reached New Orleans, wearied but not exhausted, to find the band of Sisters had left only the day before for the north, Laura travelling with them. One night's attempt at rest, and he started again, overtaking them in Baltimore. Sister Angela came at his bidding; she had never hinted to Laura what might be in store for her, lest there should be some slip. "At last, Dora!" said Captain Hartland, taking the Sister's hand. "Thank you with all my

heart, may God reward you for all you have done for me and mine. Where is my wife? does she know of this change?"

"I have told her nothing," was the reply, "knowing that it was more fitting the pleasing intelligence should come through you. She is in the house; I will send her to you."

Into that interview we must not gaze; it must suffice us that Laura, the discarded, forsaken wife, was restored to the inmost heart of her husband—to all the love of early days, made tenderer, truer, and more enduring by the fires of adversity.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FINALE.

THE sun rose brightly on the second day of October, the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, shining through the purple haze of autumn, and tinting with rosy fingers the scattering clouds of vapor that lingered near the horizon. The high Altar in the Church of Our Lady of Angels was decorated with rare and beautiful flowers. The usual hour of the morning Sacrifice had been a little delayed for the administering of another Sacrament. Harry Greenwood and his bride knelt in devotion before that altar, offering to God the vows they were there to make; while Captain Hartland and his restored wife bent the knee with the bridal party, and as the priest, receiving the ring from the bridegroom, placed it upon the proper finger of the bride, Aleck Hartland, unseen, slipped the bright circle he had so long worn with a heavy heart, upon the finger of his wife, now nearer and dearer to him than ever. Mass for a newly-married pair was celebrated, Harry and Rosine still worshipping at that altar, where they together received the Living Bread, while at the conclusion of the services, Father Roberts pronounced the solemn nuptial benediction. It was a peaceful, holy scene, where the purest joys of earth mingled with the treasured hopes of heaven, not a jarring thought, not a passing shadow even on those young hearts, here pledged to each other, and together to their dear present Lord, for all time and eternity. Marion had contrived to steal from her princely home with the little Lily, to witness a ceremony that recalled to her only weary, heart-saddening memories. Mr. Benton could not be persuaded to come to town for even this occasion; but the mother was with her beloved daughter. Colonel Hartland gave away the bride, the little Philomena, now a fine grown girl, standing as bride's-maid, while Harold had come all the way from St. Louis, as he asserted again and again, solely to do his duty as "best man."

That was a charming bridal party as they took the cars for dear Hawthorndean, not one missing, and only one with the old heart-ache clinging to her—the drooping Marion; the light-hearted, out-spoken joy, contrasted with her own desolate well-remembered bridal, followed by no nuptial benediction.

Harold brought news, which he told privately to his mother, of the reported engagement of Horatio Leighton with some grand lady in Washington. "O, Marion! what did she want with that old fool?" he inquired contemptuously, as he ended his communication.

"Hush, my boy," said his mother, laying her hand reprovingly on his lips; "he is your brother."

Dr. Hartland and his father had had quite a little friendly quarrel about giving the bride away, Ned declaring that it was his right, but here the Colonel was positive, so the son was obliged to submit.

"I haven't given you away, Rosa," he said, as the wearied party reached the lovely home at Hawthorndean, "and to-morrow I want you for Paradise, Sunny Nook and Purgatory. Shall I have to ask his permission?" he added, looking quizzically at the bridegroom.

"Never," said Harry, smiling, "she is just as truly yours, only I may sometimes break in on your *tête à tête*."

"You mean to keep that right, ha; Well, we'll circumvent him, wont we, Rosa? What does he know of the lovely places about Hawthorndean?"

It was suggested by the Doctor next day in that ramble, which perhaps it is unnecessary to say was not made without Harry, that Rosa could not possibly be spared to set up a separate establishment; what were two lone men like his father and himself to do? At first the husband's resolution was quite fixed, that it was only right and proper that they should make a home for themselves; but his persistence was shaken by the earnestness and warmth of the Doctor and Rosa. "It would be so nice, Harry, to have the dear Colonel and Ned at our table;" and at last he gave his consent to the pleading look of those brown eyes, and the touch of that little hand as it lay in his, to leave things as they were at present; to give up the rooms he had proposed to take till they could get a house, and suffer Rosine still to be the head of the Colonel's family. Colonel Hartland had provided very generously for his beloved daughter, but to keep her in his house!—how he longed for it, but his delicacy had forbidden him to make the request. When he heard of the decision made under the sweet skies of Sunny Nook, he was like a boy again, thanking Harry with so much emotion and simplicity, that the young man almost blamed his own heart for the wish to have her all to himself.

Dr. Hartland could not as yet be quite cordial in his manner to Laura, there was for some time a restraint between them; cold, formal politeness on his part; but at length, the quiet, shrinking course which she maintained, wore its way even into his obdurate heart. As for the restored wife, she knew no pleasure now but Aleck's wishes, and the tiny cottage below the lawn was a home of sweet content, made sweeter by grateful loving hearts, that had both drunk deeply of the bitter cup of sorrow.

The young growing parish at Hawthorndean, with its increasing numbers, afforded a field for Laura's energies, so freely employed at the Home of the Orphans, and the poor and the sick, the destitute and forsaken, found in her a friend and helper,—and she had the pleasure in time of marking a growing interest in these things in her husband's heart. Willie, the dear blind boy, was at