

Kitty's thoughts, however, as well as in her words, they were the whitest that were to be found anywhere.

One morning when I was two months in the village, walking across the village churchyard, I found Kitty's 'little cow' stone dead. She had broken her tethering-cord during the night, and eaten a piece of the flourishing yew that grew over Martin Keegan's grave, and alas!

Father O'Brien was quite shocked. 'Dear me, what will the poor creature do now, I wonder? It gave her milk, and she was quite independent while it lived. She will be so troubled, poor woman.'

'She will get another, no doubt,' I suggested.

'Get another? Certainly she will get another. But, think how long it will be before it will milk like Sally—'

I looked across the graves; the old woman, with her shining can in her hand, was coming towards us; she was looking around surprised.

Father O'Brien went forward to meet her.

'Kitty, woman, I have bad news for you,' he said gravely. 'Your poor goat got loose last night, and—' he paused and coughed.

'Is she dead, Father?' she asked quaveringly, while a little pink flush stole into her wrinkled cheeks and her faded eyes filled up with tears.

'I am sorry to say it is,' he answered. 'Mr. Hinkson was coming across just now and found it. We must get you another as soon as possible.'

The tears rolled slowly down her face. She brushed them off with her apron. 'Poor craytur,' she said, as she stood looking down at it; I reared her from a kid, Father, an' she was like a Christian; she knew me so well.'

'It's too bad,' I said sympathetically, 'even if you had a second to give you a drop of milk—'

'Well, welcome be the will of God,' she said resignedly. 'Sure He knows what's best; only I am sorry for the poor craytur.'

'Of course you're sorry—why wouldn't you?' I answered. 'Now, if we only knew where we could get another.'

'Maybe Mrs. Murphy would give me wan o' the kids,' she said hopefully. 'In any case I'm obliged to you, sir, an' to you, Father, for lettin' me keep her here so long. I'll get Paddy Morrissey to come take her away, an' bury her. Good mornin', Father, an' good luck.'

She turned away, the tears still on her face, the empty can in her hand, not one word of repining or bemoaning, perfectly satisfied that it was the will of God.

'That woman is a saint,' Father O'Brien remarked, as he took a pinch of snuff. 'I must see about another little cow for her.'

That evening I passed two small urchins whooping down the village street. One held a covered tin can, and both were making for Kitty Coony's—they were the twin sons of Matty Murphy, and they were bringing a pint of new milk to Kitty. Every evening during my stay in the village these two chaps went with a will down through the little street, and never without their tin can and its sweet contents to Kitty.

'Sure,' she remarked to me a fortnight later, 'God never forsakes wan, if they'll only have patience. There's Mrs. Murphy, now, that sends them two angels every evenin' with the sup o' milk, an' what do you think, if the priest hasn't got me another milkin' goat. Oh, sir, I know you had a hand in it, for it's the kind heart ye have.'

I laughed. 'I'll be going away to-morrow, Mrs. Coony,' I said. 'I hope you will sometimes think of me when you are saying your prayers in the little church beyond; I will come back again, if I am alive, next summer.'

'An' welcome you'll be, sir, an' proud we will be to see you,' she responded heartily; 'an' as to praying for you, that's the least I can do. May God an' His Blessed Mother protect you.'

I shook her hand, and we parted smiling in the sunny hillside—and I never saw Kitty Coony again.

Father O'Brien told me, when I went to Coolcullen the following summer, how she died.

It was of a Sunday morning, and she had just returned from first Mass, and from receiving the Blessed Sacrament as usual, when the post-boy came up the little street and put his head in at Kitty Coony's door.

'Are you there, Mrs. Coony?' he asked gaily; 'here's a letter from foreign parts for you.'

She was preparing her breakfast, and had just put the tea to brew upon the hearth. She turned round and went towards him.

'Mark, alanna, you'll have to come in an' read it,' she said wearily, as she took it from him. 'I'm too near-sighted to see it, an' I'm all of a tremble, too, at the sight of it. Who is it from, at all?'

Mark opened it, and turned to the end to see; it bore the signature of her long-watched for, long prayed for, forgetful son, James Coony.

'Oh,' she said softly, 'oh, Mark, alanna, wait one minnit. O Blessed Mother, I thank you; I knew you'd remember, I knew, I knew,' her voice died away in a murmur, her tired head fell back against the back of the old wooden chair. Mark sprang forward to lift her upright, but Kitty had no need of any help ever again. With that little prayer of thanksgiving upon her lips, surging up from her grateful loving heart, she slept the last long sleep of death.

—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

IN REPARATION

I had been at Spring Lake less than a week when I first noticed her. After that, day by day, I watched her come and go, and day by day felt myself more strangely attracted toward her. Without her that summer would have been one of the loneliest and most trying of my life, for I was far from well, I had no friends in the hotel, and was much troubled about money matters; as it was, I became so much interested in the strange, sad, reserved woman that I was able to forget my weariness and my anxieties.

One warm afternoon some days after I reached Spring Lake, seeking a shady spot on the great porch which almost encircled the hotel, I found one far to the rear—almost at the very door of the kitchens. I had a book with me and some fancy work; but I neither read nor sewed, sitting idly and lazily drinking in the peace of the smiling sunshiny gardens stretched out before me.

Soon my attention was attracted by a forlorn, feeble old woman dressed in the garb of poverty which looks so strangely out of place when it intrudes itself within the sacred precincts of the pleasure grounds of the rich. Slowly she crossed the lawn and went to what I took to be the servants' entrance. She rang the bell and waited patiently for an indefinite length of time before anyone answered her summons. I heard her voice, low and timid and whining, and another which answered her rudely and crossly; then the door was slammed shut and the poor woman crept around the corner of the building and sank down on one of the lowest steps of a flight quite close to me.

She had been there but a minute or two when I heard the soft rustle of silken skirts, and she—Miss Stannard—brushed past me and, going down to the old woman, talked to her very gently. I gathered that they had met before and that it had been for her the old woman had asked at the door, in her humble, unsophisticated way going to the servants' quarters to do so.

After a short conversation the beggar went away with a smiling face, carefully tucking something into the palm of her torn, faded glove. As for me, I paid no further heed to her.

Miss Stannard watched her out of sight before she turned and mounted the steps rather wearily. I looked at her closely—stared at her, I am afraid—but she did not notice me at all. She was a tall, slight, graceful woman, perhaps thirty-five years of age. Her face might have been plain, or at least not unusual, had it not been for her dark eyes, wonderfully beautiful eyes, which were haunted by an expression of great sadness, perhaps even of horror. As I looked at her I wondered if she could smile. I wondered, too, if she could be