THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Charity.

Though all the world reject thee, yet will I Fold thee, with all tuine errors, in my heart, And cherien even thy weakness! Who can

And cherish even thy weakness! Who can asy That he is free from sin; or that to him Relongs to speak the jagmenis of the Lord, To vindicate the dignity of Heaven ? Behold the Master! prostrate as this feet, Magdalen! O those mild, forgiving eyes, Mercy and pity blossoming in Love! O lips full founts of pardon and of blessing ! Shall I, a sinner, scorn a sinner, or Less love my bc. ther secing he is weak ? Held not my beat rearn to his heiplessoess Like the fourd mother's to ber idiox boy ? O crost mockery, ito call that love W blot the world's frown can wither ! Hyp-oorite! fiend ! Base, selfish man ! fearing to

The first of failow from the dust i From the The solid of failow from the dust i From the The solid of failow from the sympathy of kind Recoil like broken waves from a bare cliff-Waves that from far seas come with holse-less step flow size item intons joy and fearless trust They fling themselves upon its blackened breat.

And wind their arms of foam around its

Seeking a home ; but, finding none, return With slow, and ripple, and reproachful mut

mur. No! True Charity scorns not the love a of the guil'lest, but treasures up precious gift within its heart of hearts, ity returning love where wanted most. flowers that from the generous air im-bube

bibe essences of life, and give them forth to in odors Spirit of Love Divine filled'st with tenderness the rever

oyes for Mary as she gazed upon her B be, Boffen our skopy nature; make us know How much we need to be forgiven; build up True Charity on humbleness of heart. S. E. DE VERE.

KNOCKNAGOW

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER IX.

BILLY REFFERNAN AND HIS FLUTE. Honor Laby went on prospering ; and, on this fine frosty morning, after return-ing from the Station at Maurice Kearney's,

ing from the Station at Maurice Kearney's, we find her a perfect picture of comfort, good health, and good humor. "How is Norah ? How is ma lanna ma-chree?" she asked, stooping down and looking into Norah's pale face. "Finely, mother," she replied, with a languid smile "Will the order to come?" "He will-Father M Mahon himseif, God blees him ! He was goin' over to Boherbeg to answer a call, but the minute I Boherbeg to answer a call, but the minute I tould him you wanted to go to confession to bimself, he said he'd send Father O'N still to answer the call." She pulled off her worsted mittens, and

throwing back the hood of her cloak, thereby displaying a snow white cap, a little crushed and crumpled by the weight fittle crushed and crumpled by the weight of the hood, with a gorgeous broad ribbon as a band over the crown of her head and tied in a bow-know under her chin, she set on a how stool in front of Norah. "Give a guess what I have for you," she said, taking one of Norah's wasted hands between her own. "I don't know, mother." "Somethic' Miss Mary sent you for a Obristmas hox."

Ohristmas box " She put her hand into her ample pocket

and took out a pair of handsome embroi dered slippers. Norah's large eyes expressed the atmost surprise; for such a pair of slippers she

d never seen before. Her mother slipped the wasted hand

solving routing in repairs need, which with beautiful far." She ran to the fire and held the slippers close to the blszs—which was purely a matter of form, for, even if they required warming, she allowed no time for the least heat to be imparted to them. Gently removing Norah's shoes, she put on the embrodered slippers, and looked up with a andle if delight. But the smile quickly vanished, giving place to a look of amazement and slarm. Norah's lips trembled and the tears guebod from her eyes

0518 Surprise kept the poor woman passive for a m ment ; but, recovering herself, she put her arm round her daughter's shoul-der.

t'oned droumstance an cossional histue in his performance on this occasion— caused by a hurried application of the cost cuff to the mose—is, we think, to be attributed. she was so fascinated as to be unconscious of the little bunch of monthly roses which Eille had eilently placed in her hand.

"Billy, a chora," Mrs. Laby exclaime "Billy, a chora," Mrs. Luby exclaimed, remonstratively, laying down her cup without tasting it-for she and Phil were now at breakfast-"Billy, a chora, stop that ! Her heart is too full to-day, for thim grievous ould airs. Play 'I barled my wile an danced o' top uv her'-or somethin' lively." The muddian took the hint, and delighted his and ances with a succession of

delighted his audience with a succession o jigs and planxties that might "care a par

pais fice and round round to speak to When Mary turned round to speak to Phil Lahy, he suddenly remembered his weakness and dropped languidly back into his chair. So captivated were they all that Father M'Mahon was actually standing with folded arms behind Norsh's chair before Mrs Laby exchanged glances with her visitor, and placing a chair at a convenient distance from the repidly sinking patient, folded arms behind Norah's chait before any one was aware of his presence. A sudden break off in the middle of a bar of "Paudheen O'Rafferty," and a sheepish dropping of the musician's under jaw made Phil and Honor look around. Father M'Mahon at once relieved them from their evident embarriesment, by say log to a biddle mark "He's only poorly to-day, Miss. Maybe you could spare time an' sit down and talk to him for a start. I know he'd be

in the better uv id." "I hope, Mr. Lahy," said Mary, "It is nothing serious. I thought you looked remarkably well this morning; and Father M'Mahon made the same remark." "I'd want a little nourishment," said ing in a kindly way: "So, Billy, you are playing for Norah. Tbat's right; that's right. I hope she'll soon be able to come to Mass and hear the organ." And he laid his hand softly on the bad of the softly on Phil har head. She trembled as he did so, and in order to set her at ease he sat down on the chair which Honor carefully wiped

"Perhaps I could send you something, she remarked, still looking at Honor. But another shake of the head was the But about the says," said Mary, "he requires "He says," said Mary, "he requires nourishment." "That's what I want," said Phil, turn-"That's what I want," said Phil, turn-

the chair which Honor carefully wiped with her spron, and said: "Come, Billy; 'Paudheen O'Refferty' is a favorite of mine, so go on with it." Billy Heffernan,' turning his head towards the wall, gave his troublesome nose a vigorous tweats, and obeyed. "Thank you, Billy. Tasnk you. Very good, indeed," said the priest. And with a gratified, though by no means cheerful, smile, and another assault upon his troublesome nore, Billy Heffer-nan lefs the house as silently as he entered it.

ing round and looking earnestly in he face. "A little nourishment." face. "A little nourishment." Mary again looked at Honor, evidently surprised that he should not have proper

"God help you, Miss," said Honer, a lest, "don't you know the nouverheast he wants? Nouverheast!" she repeated. "I never heard him call anything but the "And now, Pail," said Father M'Mahon

"And now, Pall," and Pather Manon, "I want to have a serious word or two with you. After the promise you made me I was exceedingly sorry to near that you were under the influence of drink ou

you were under the helicance of drink on Thursday at the fair." "And you were tould I was under the influences of drink at the fair ?" "Yea." "Aa" would id by any harm to ax who time, but I can give it to you now any

"Thank you, Miss." Phil replied. "Tis nana you, Miss," Fhi replied. "The goin' on twenty years since I read id; an' I was wishin' to see id. What put id into my head was eech' some lines the counsellor brought into wan of his speeches, an' I knew I see 'em somewhere before: tould you ?" "Oh, I am not ! ound to give you my "Oa, I am hot . John to give you my authority. But it was a person on whose word I can reiy." "A a' a person on whose word you can reply tould you that Phil Laby was at the fair on Thursday—and that Phil Laby was

in the better uy id."

Mary looked at his wife for an explan

before : 'Rebellion, foul, dishononring word, Whose wrongful blight so oft has strained The holiest cause that tongue or sword Of mortal ever lock or gained.' I diremember if them lines isn't in 'Lalla "Yes," said the priest, for Phil paused

Rookh."

drunk ?"

"At now, will you tell me, did that "Au" now, will you tell me, did that person who tould you that Pail Lahy was at the fair and that Pail Lahy was dhrunk, tell you that Phil Lahy bought two pigs?" "Well, no; he did not mention that." "Well, no; he did not mention that." "Yee," said Mary, smilling, "those lines are from 'Lalia Rockh."" "The Fire Worshippers," added Grace,

sustentionsly. "Sare enough, 'tis the Fire Worshlp-pers," said Pau, looking at her with sur-"I' il be bound he didn't ; for the devil a thing these people, on whose word you can rely, ever think of telling but the bad

prise. "But," he added, turning to Mary, "is thing." Father M'Mahon rubbed his hand over "Dit," he added, turning to Miry, "h the wan you have genu ine?" "Oh, I snppose it must be." "Twas your Uncle Dan, God be good to him, that lint me the wan I read. An his face and tried to look very grave But thinking it best not to pursue the argument further, he turned to Honor and

"I think, Mrs. Laby, I had better hear

to nim, inst int me the wan i read. An', by the same token, 'twas the same day he gave me the 'Coravoth.'' I was the fust that ever sung id in those parts. But I wouldn't give a pin for them little 'Lalla Rockhe' that's goin' now. That wan was as big as a double spellin' book.'' Mary, who did her best to keen her Norah's confession now." Phil and Honor left the kitchen, and Father M'Mahon put on blastole and drew his chair close to the sick girl to hear her

Into one of them. "Isa't id cosy and warm?" she asked, looking fondiy in Norah's face, "ifned with beautiful fur." hts chair close to the sick girl to hear her confesion. 'Phil," as'd his wife, when the priest was gone, "you may as well out out that coat for Mat. "Twould be too bad to disas big as a double spellin' book." Mary, who did her best to keep her countensnee, said she feared hers was one of the little ones; but as her brother Hugh had all her uncle's books, she would see appoint him, an' he goin' to be such a de cent b'y's sidesman." whether the genuine addition of "Lalla

"I won't disappoint him," Phil replied. "But I feel too wake to do anything to-day. I think I must take a stretch on the bed."

xhibiting the gold finch's accomplishments "Well, if you don't like the work, go to its new mistress. When the bird, after much coaring, out an' take a walk, an' 'twill do you good." "I can't do anything when this wake-

moved sideways along its perch, now coquettishly advancing, now timidly hold-ing back, at length picked hurriedly at the ness comes over me" And Phildid man-age to look so faint that a stranger would of groundsel which To never have suspected that he had just eaten a very hearty breakfast. "Tommy," he continued, "reach me the looktag glass." Tommy brought him a small looking-

children, perhape, in order to place her-her darling—in a home worthy of her. And now she is gons—the best and beauti-fulcat of them all—and what a lose that money is! And she will try to make the wretched drose she had lost with her child the argument for her appear. But if her Grace cast a supercilious glance around, and seemed to thick the conduct of her friends quite abard. But when Mary moved aside and let the light from the window fall full upon the sick girl's face,

Grace's haughty lock gave place to one of pity Unlike Mary or Ellie, however, her impulse was to shrink away from that pals face and forget that she had ever

mousy is! And she will try to make the wretched dross she had lost with her child the excuse for her sorrow. But if her dariting's death had brought a queen's dowry to every other child of hers, the sorrow at her heart would be no lighter. Bay to his other one: "You should let your child go where she can better herself. Do you want to keep her a oradge ail her life." And see, the tears are in her eyes, and she answers: "If she goes I won't have anyone to do anything for me." But give ber a train of attendants to anti-clpate her every wich, and the tears will be in her eyes all the same. So, again, this other one, who has lighted upon a tiny pair of red woolen stockings at the bottom of an old drawer. The little feet they encased grew tired, and a eweet, sweet little volce sait : "Carry me, maxima," and a little silky head drooped like a flower, and two violet eyes grew, first brighter and brighter, and then heavy, and fixed, and gizzd--wenty years ago. And when she sees you shake your head she dites her eyes, and mays, with a sigh : "If I had her now how use-ful she'd bato me." You foolish woman ! Look at those four heaithy, blooming girls. Are they not good, and carefal, and affac-tionate, and all that a mother's hert could with? Oa the mere score of utility you have more help than you require, more hands than you con find employment for.

with ' Oa the mere score of utility you have more help than you require, more hands than you con find employment for. And yet you would cheat us with : "How useful she would be to you." But we are forgettin she would be to you." But we are forgetting our story. "Oh, Miss, sure 'its she's bringin' all the luck to me," said Honor Lahy. Grace turned away, with her brows knit

Into something years like a frown. Mary was greatly moved, and felt at a loss for something to say that might southe the poor womao, when Tommy's appear ance relieved her from her embairmes-

Mary now understood the state of the case, and changed the subject. "You asked me some time sgo, Mr. Luby," she said, "if I could lead you Moore's 'Lella Rookh." I hadn't it at the ment. Miss Ellie is certainly an untidy girl. She forgot her gloves, and now Tommy comes numing, breathlessly, up to them with a woolen ruff held high above his head,

"I hope, Mrs. Luby," said Mary, "that Tommy continues to be a good boy." "He is theo, Misa," she replied, wipir g the tears from her eyes with the corner o her apron, "very good at his books. An' every way—on'y for the climbin."" Elile looked laughtedy at the delin. quent, who stratched his curly poll, and returned her smile with a shrug of his

shoulders and a glance of his merry blue "Oh, but as he is so good you must not

be too strict with him," stid Mary. "Bat 'tis on'y the mercy uv God, Miss, Honor exclaimed, as if her patience were tried beyond endurance, "that he don't make emithereens uv himself. An' be sides, I can't keep a stitch on him."

She turned round to survey the culprit, whose bones and habiliments she consid

whose bones and habiliments she consid ered in such constant jsopardy. "Oh, oh, what am 1 to do wud him at all, at all? Look at him," she ciled, catching Tommy by the shoulders and spinning him round. "How did you tear that piece out uv your breaches? An' whate is it?" An'

where is it i" Tommy looked considerably surprised ; but guided by the speciators' eyes-and even Grace honoured him with a sidelong

discovered that a pretty large picce was missing out of his corduroys. It could be seen by his puzzled look that he was trying to remember where or how the accident occurred. His mind was divided between Tom Hogen's gate and Mat the Thrasher's whitethorn hedge, when cisting his eyes upwards, as people will do under like circumstances (meaning will do under like circumstances (meaning no reference to Tommy's mutilated gar-ment, but only to the operation of his mind), a ray of light seemed to break upon him from the beech tree. To Grace's profound astoniahment he tubed addenly to the tree, and, clasping his arms round it, began to ascend. Mary, too, seemed taken by surprise. But the proceeding

JOHN JYNKS AND THE ANGEL.

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pleasure if she returned again to the follies of her youth. "Eleven parcels," he said ; "it will be a fine Ohristmas tree. But, my dear Miss Wimple, would it not be more useful to have show and mission Ecstatic joy and peace were in the face ; the raiment was woven of gold and red-gold in the lights and red in the shalows. It was a shock to John Jynks to see who had been blowing the organ. It was an bang shoes and pinafores upon the tree in "Ob, don't," said Datey, in a pleading

"Oh, don't," said Datsy, in a pleading little tone of trouble, "The children want something to play with so much. We haven't half enough toys for them all— and they are such poor toys. But you might send us the shoes and things, Mfr. Jynks"—this came with a sparkling, mis-chievous glance—"we shall get the toys, and you shall get the shoes; they cost a little more, you know. A hundred pairs, all sizzs, please." "That's a large order," said Mr. Jynks; it was the nearest thing to a joke he had John Jynks was in eminently respect-able man; his elik hat was on a chair and his slim umbrells was in the corner. In fact, he was so very respectable that it is surprising to think he had anthing to do with an angel. But, then, it was through a mistake. a mistake,

"Int's a large order," said Mr. Jynke ; it was the nearest thing to a joke he had ever perpetrated in his life. Daisy laughed ; and then she and her parcels ran away before he could even

a mistake. John Jynks was a serious man. His face was long, and inclined to be sepul-chral, by reason of exceeding gravity. In fact, his tastes were so errious that he was practising a dirge on Christmas eve. John Jynks was not any relation to the "Jinks" family or the "Jenkits" family ; he spelt his name with a "y." He was decended from the Zwinke family, who were to be found in Geneva in the fif teenth century. This was his own opinoffer to carry them. For a few moments he looked in at a stationer's window—at the Carlstmas cards painted with every shape of gladness, from children, flowers, and robin red-breasts up to Bathlehem scenes and golden-

were to be found in Geneva in the fif teenth century. This was his own opin-ion, but his opinions were like his pro-perty-not shared by anybody else. One of his opinions was that Christmas was a bore. That morning he had ex-pected a businees letter, and instead he had got an invitation to Mrs. Wimple's party over the way, on Twelfth Night. He had stuck the card in the edge of the looking glass with a growl. He go to a party-not he ! He had never been pre-sent at such useless nonceness since he was ten years old. And that thing came instead of a most important letter ! John Jynks feit personally annoyed by Christ mas. winged angels. "What an extraordinary expenditure of time and money all for nothing, except to retard the proper delivery of important The start is proper delivery of important letters:" Croaking this, Mr. Jynks mounted the steps to the church. He knelt for a few minutes, with his thoughts, alss ! fixed on the absent Tommy ; then he opened the organ, which was in aside chapel near the obnord with a heavilful rece window chancel, with a beautiful rose window above it.

He leant his elbow on the key-board mas. His letter might come yet, but all the deliveries would be late. Another form of useless nonsense would be in the way— the plague of Christmas cards. John and his head on his hand and walted in wain. When he was beginning to think of going home, at last the footsteps passed behind him, and his blower began to work Janks felt that Christmas was exasperat

the lever up and down, and the great deep breath began to blow with a noise of wood and a rushing of air. of them !-playing bress instruments out of time, and putting one's teeth on edge "A nice time for you to come. I have "A here time for you to come. I have been waiting for you. If this occurs any more I shal not have you again," said John Jynks, in a sharp whisper directed toward the side of the organ where the when one wanted to go asleep-singing at the doors till one longed to be a boy again to steal to the kephole and equirt water down their throats. John Jynks thought of this vengeance without a smile, Caris blower worked the handle of the bellow beyond his sight. He began practicing the dirge of his own mas was enough to shatter a men's nerves ; the one comfort about it was it could not happen to any body more than once a year. composition. The blowing was even, the handle went noiselessly up and down.

Then thick of the Christmas boxes the day after-ibe ringing at the door by the postman and the dustman and the gas-But somehow John Jynks could not man sge the organ that day. The dirge would man and the waterman-and even the taxman; for to the affrighted imagination not come fight. It charged into sounds like the Gloria. When he pulled out the gjops there was no "swell;" the pipes sang cilver throated, and went up into the softest sweetness that mortal ears ever of John Junks it seemed that even the taxman was of the number who had the impertinence to come for a Christmas box.

Importinence to come for a Orthenia tra-Besides, what a crowd were in the streets, laughing, harrying, joking, shop-ping. It made Mr. Jynks ill-positively ill to think of the stoppage of business of the mathematical trans. What did neonla heard. heard a sigh, a most delicious sigh, as if from a keart too happy to listen any more. He stood up and looked around the tide of the organ to see what Tommy was and the waste of time. What did people want holidsys for? What did they want to laugh for? Holidays stopped doing. And there, seated on the pave-ment in an attitude the Italian painters of

want to isouch for 7 Holidays stopped work and made them poorer; and laugh-ing was the worst form of idleness. Thinking these thoughts, John Jynks had come this morning upon the boy who ought to blow the organ. The boy was carrying an unwieldy psrcel, and was fol-lowed by a small sister, a small brother, and a dog, all in the most insace state of laughter—excent the dog. of course, for International the second secon the face wors such a look of Matening ecstasy that words could not describe its peace or its bestitude. The wings, like laughter-except the dog, of course, for the dog was a sensible annial. When Mr. Jynks had predded Tommy very bright reflections, were against the plain church wall ; the garment woven of

the sunset fell in red and gold on the poor in the ribs with his umbrells, as a serious remainder of neglected duty, Tommy had earthly pavement. Now what was John Jynks to do? He taken it as a joke and staggered out of the way, and the parcel had burst and let out had never been in such a position in his life. He felt amszed, of course. But he he neck of a goose smid shouts of de light.

was a contmonplace, protical sort of man, and he thought it awkward—extremely awkward. He dared not go nearer, and he would not go away. He gave a little couph ; he dropped a music book ; he tried "Leave that parcel, and come and blos the organ," Mr. Jynks had said severely. "Please, sir," Tommy said, "I can't leave him, sir. It's our goese going home, again, and coughed and dropped the

leave htu, sir. It's our goese going home, and he can't go home by himself, sir." "Then be quick." "As quick as I car, sir. But if you'd only feel the weight of him, sir.-!" This to Mr. Jyrks! It was appalling, "I shall expect you in five minutes," said the grave and ectous gentlemen; and, turning he cover he met. Win Winsel."

again, and coughed and dropped ine music book at the same time. The spirit opened radiant eyes and looked at him; rose as noiselessly as a light or a shadow moves, and coming laid hands upon his arm with a touch that he could not feel. You don't know me," said the spirit.

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limp, and she is very weak. So never a toy in her life—not one." "Oh ! poor child." The man'sh wrang with pity—and all about "Can't she have something?" "Yee," said the angel; "I w care of that. I can blow out a she her from the carpenter's shop at I mer of the court. It will do for I time is so short. She will be very it. She will take it home and con her finger when the nights are lo her finger when the nights are lo next week they will find it und

next week they will find it un pillow." "Oh, no, no," said the man, ope purse, "I'll buy her the best toy town. I'll try not to let her die." Bat while he was speaking, a away, and the volce of a girl wa weeping, and a little light came up, and showed the whitewashed a prison cell. A girl with eyes I mends, and hot, flushed cheeks, w bing there in a passion of anger a

monds, and hot, flushed cheeks, w bing there in a passion of anger at 'Oh ! what will become of m cried. "If I'd had a bit of fun the lot in the lane, I might ner gone with them. I hate them no I hate myself. I am done for no I've got in here. I wish I was drou and she flung herself down and I she was dead, with her face on t

floor. The spirit turned to the man. "Poor drudge!" he said. "" work enough, but she had no p this is the end of it-the beginnin

"But will nobody do anything f "I will," said the angel. "I l in this dark world a thousand hea

in this dark world a thousand hea ful of warmth and light. They of her yet and lift her up; she is p for want of a little joy." With that word John Jynk. His show was on the keyboard, head was on his hand. Tom standing behind him with a br upon his face. Daisy Wimple had failed to showman : but, wonderful to stat

showman ; but, wonderful to stat evening of the factory girls' p whole show arrived at the schoolmoment the tes was over-two n a reed and a drum, Punch, Judy, baby, Joey the clown, the Disti Foreigner, the Beadle, the Ghost Bogey-all in uproarious spirit

Bogey—all in uproarious spirit came too—the most intelligent T ever took Punch by the nose. The children's evening on Ho cents' Day was also the occasion terious event. Dalsy Wimple, gay, came early in her warm half a dozen friends with her, to

children. "I wish I knew Santa Clau

"I wish I knew Santa Claim Dalsy. "We might have got as ents from him. We want then Then she opened the school ro and drew back with with a cry o Why, the tree was loaded from bottom with glittering toys, an baskets were clustered under it. "Santa Claus!" cried the gir same Santa Claus it cried the gir same Santa Claus that sent P Judz."

Judy." Dalsy peeped into the baskets

Daisy peeped into the backets enough warm little short to set Tears brimmed into her eye good he is, and no one ever kne When the Twelfth Night pa John Jynks was one of the fir at the brightly lighted house a

WAY. Nobody would have recog Jynks. It had been such a hap mas, he said, and what a bless mas was ! "If we could only he mas eve all the year round, whe it would be !" it would be !!

Why shouldn't we ?" ea'd Di

"Why shouldn't we ?" ra'd D Why not, indeed ? "Anyhow," said Mrs. Wimpl mas lasts for twelve days. Nob cheat us out of a day of it." It was a Twelfth Night pa good old style. Carols were the "Twelfth Cake" was cut, an figures from the top were dist lot, and John Jynks was the Daise was the queen. Now lot, and John Jynks was the Daisy was the queen. Now had to rule the evening an arrange the pastimes for the of "I to arrange pastimes !" exc

Jynks, looking cerious egain ment, and feeling like a fish, o among all his gayety. "Au gentleman would do it twice me. Do excuse me, Miss Dal did such a thing in my life." "No !" said Dalsy. The tone meant "Question ! and there was a funny arch

"What is id, Norah ?' she asked. "What ails my darlin' ?

Bat it was after a long struggle Norah

"Ob, mother," said she, "she is too good."

And, pressing her face sgainst her mother's breast, the sobbed so violently that the poor woman became quite alarmed

Phil Laby hastened in from the shop door, where he had stopped to repeat his promise to Mat Donovan that he would t "disappoint him." "What ails her ?" he asked,

"Ob, wishs, what but she's so thankful to Miss Mury for the slippers," Honor replied. "I don't know what in the world to do wud her."

"Have sense, Norah, have sense," said her father, gently. She recovered herself by an effort, and

resumed her usual position with her head leaning against the back of her chair.

Jeanlog against the back of her chair. "Twill do me good, mother," said she. "May be so, which help uv God. Au' Miss Mary tould me Detor Kiely 'Il be out next week, au' sho'll bring him over to see you; an' who knows, wud the blessin' uv God, but he might be able to be carrebbe. You wan ' wan ' do somethin' for you. An' now," she continued, resuming her usual cheerful manner, "I'll go and get the breakfast ready. Sit down on that chair, Phil, an' talk to her, an' tell her all Father Hannigan said; and 'tis he's the droll Father Hannigan. He'd have you laughin' wan minit an' cryin' the next. I wish we had Billy Heffernan to play a tune for her. That's what 'd rise her heart. An', be all the goats in Kerry, but here he is himself. Sit down there in the corner, Billy, an' play a tune for Norsh. She was so lone. play a tune for Norah. She was so fone-some all the mornin', wud no wan but Tommy and Friskey to keep her company, a tune 'il do her all the good in the world." Billy sat down on a bench near the

window under the linnet's cage, and tak-ing the joints of an old flute from his

glass with the frame painted a bright red, and a brass ring in it to hang it up by and after surveying his visage for som time, and pulling up his shirt collar, which was of the highest and stiffest, Phil ex-claimed with his eyes still fixed on the

"Honor, I look very bad."

"Now, Phil, don't be makin' a fool uv yourself. I never see you lookin' better in my life. Ax Norah." "You don't look bad at all, father," said

"I feel very wake," said he, making a

movement to rise, but looking as if he could not do so without assistance.

"Wisha, wisha, what am I to do wud him at all at all ?" Honor muttered to herself. "If wance he lies down there he'll stay till Sunday mornin', at auy rate An' I d. n't like to sind for Miss Mary the day uv the Station, an' all-an' moreover a strange gintleman in the house."

Honor had found from experience that

no one but Miss Kearney could talk Pail out of his "weaknesses," and on critical and on critical occasions she was in the habit of sending occasions she was in the habit of sending for her unknown to the patient Mary would come in, as it were, accidentally, and after a chat with Path about "Columb-kill's Prophecies," or some other interest-ing subject, she always succeeded in con-vincing him that he was perfectly well, that it was only his nerves, and that areas that it was only his nerves-and that even the "inward pain" was imaginary. "I think, Honor," said Phil, "I'll try

the spirits o' turpentine. This pain is comin' at me."

This decided Honor, and the whispered Tommy-to his great delight-to run and ask Miss Mary to take a walk over in the course of the day if she could at all.

CHAPTER X. "A LITTLE NOURISHMENT."

Mary, accompanied by her sister Ellie and Grace, soon made her appearance;

my held temptingly against the wires of its cage, Ellie's delight was only second to that of Honor Luby herself, who gave much more attention to the little by play at the window than to the conversation about "books and larnin" " between her husband

Mary, too, stopped for a moment to comtemplate the little scene, Ellis's bonnet was hanging on her back and her hair fallen loose over her face and

Rookh" was among them. Phil was by this time quite cured of his

Weakness, and Mary rose to take her leave. Duting their conversation Tommy was

shoulders, while the boy, who was on his knees, looked up at her with a triumphant smile, as the goldfinish snatched the groundsel through the wires, and, placing its foot on it, commenced pulling it to

Mary thought the group would be

Mary thought the group would be a good subject for a pleasant plcture. But how sad was the contrast when she turned to the straw chair, and the dark, meiancholy eyes met hers. And when she felt the love-the almost worklp-for herself that filled those melancholy eyes, Mary found it hard to keep back the euclion that swelled up from her here motion that swelled up from her heart. She turned her face away and pulled down her vell before bidding Norah good bye.

"On, Mary," said Grace, when they had got into the open air, "wouldn't it be well for that poor girl if she were dead ? and for her mother, too ?'

"Oh, M'ss !" Grace started and looked around. It was Honor Laby who had followed them with Ellie's gloves, which she had forgotten. The poor woman's hauds were stretched out as if begging for her child's

life, and the tears stood in her eyes. "Oh, Miss, sure 'tis she brings all the luck to me!' This woman would snatch her child

from the grave merely because "'twas she brought all the lack to her !" Ab, if that old house were built upon

crocks of gold-enough to purchase the crocks of gold—snough to purchase the fee-simple of broad Tipperary—Honor Laby would have flang it all into the sas, and been been content to "beg the world" with her child, if by doing so she could have the light in these length areas

keep the light in those languid eyes a little longer. Remonstrate with the heart-broken

was evidently nothing new to Ellie, who was indebted to Tommy's climbing pro-pensities for an extensive collection of birds' eggs His mother shock her head, as if she

had just made up her mind that Tommy's case was quite hopeless, and that reclaim-ing him was an utter impossibility. Grace's eyebrows became more and

more elevated as he mounted higher and higher

But on resching one of the highest boughs he stretched out his hand, and the object of his ascent was visible to them all the town. She looked as fresh and all the town. She looked as freen and roay in her warm fur as if she were young Springtime marquereding in Winter's dress. She looked straight up at Mr. Jynks' long face with the sparkling glauce all; for there was the missing piece of corduroy fluttering in the breeze. Thrust-

all; for there was the missing place of corduroy fluttering in the braczs. Thrust-ing it into his pocket, he descended with a rapidity that caused Mary to put her hands before her eyes, as if she thought the catastrophe which his mother consid-ered so imminent was at hard, and that Tommy was then and there determined to

of a pair of most innocent eyes, and she ssid, brimful of glee: "Do tell me, Mr. Jynks, have you any idea where a Punch and Judy lives?" Mr. Jynks was surprised. He was more he mer shocked it was the merid Tommy was then and there determined to "make smithereens of himself." It was greatly to her relief, if a little to her sur--he was shocked. It was the very last emark one could expect from a girl of prise, that when she looked round the cause of her anxiety was nowhere visible —he having scampered into the house the efinement to aman of mature years and intellectual pursuite. "I'il tell you how it is," she said, chat. moment his foot touched terra firma, as if he ware quits unconscious of the presence tering away, with a funny, puzzled little air of business puckering the pretty fore-head for a moment. "On Boxing Day it of the little group who had watched his

performance with so much interest.

performance with so much interest. Mary said good by a agsin to Honor Laby, and want a little forther up the bill to pay a visit to Tom Hogan's handsome daughter Nancy, who she suspected was plning in thought in consequence of an approaching event in which it was conjec-tured that one Ned Brophy was to play Toby because Toby is ten shillings — Toby because Toby is ten shillings more — Tobles are very dear." Mr Jynks shock his head at Dalsy and the model in smeared 40 n important part.

Perhaps there was something in Mary's the world in general. "But you are not going to carry all these parcels round the town in this search ?" he asked. own heart, which, unknown to herself, made her sympathise with pretty Nancy Hegan.

Must be infased into the blood of the weak And the inflated into the blood of the weak and debilitated, who suffer from disease of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys or blood. This revitalizing constituent is supplied by Bardock Blood Bitters which repairs waste, drives out all impurities and restores health to the entire system.

ding the joints of an old late from his pocket, commenced screwing them to gether, without uttering a word. Norah preferred "the soft complaining flate" to the "sar plercing fife;" and because she did, Billy Heffernan-though he never stafd so-invested the proceeds of a load of patched up his old brogues to make them inst another winter; to which last-men.

turning the corner, he met Miss Wimp John Jynks was a very precise man. He drew back a little and said: "I_1_ have not that pleasure." "Ah ! I thought you did not know me. and sizes. And the more she dropped, and the more she was delayed and incon-venienced, the more she laughed, as if it We have never been together. I am the angel of joy." was all fun. Nothing but the noneensical spirit of the season sgain ! But this was a much worse case than Tommy and the

angel of joy." The very precise man made a little bow. The spirit smiled again. His smile was like the sunshine when one is up in the pure air of mountain heights; it made one Daisy Wimple was the merriest girl in

glad. "And pray what do you do ?' the spirit zeked. "What do you do every day that you have not come across me ?"

not come right. It changed into sounds

In a pause in the music John Jynks

"My time is spent in literary leisure, and in music-for music's sake," said John Jynks, condescending to explain. Ah !" said the angel wistfally"-and it

is such a dark world !'

With that he turned away. Every-thing darkened indeed as his presence departed. It was like the coming of night. Just to get light, and to see what would happen, the man followed him. When he walked with the angel every-

thing was bright again-the best aspect everything seemed to be turned toward him. The church was decked with holly ; the

head for a moment. "On Boxing Day it is the factory girl's tea party ; and we have ten shillings over out of the funds, and I thoughtPunchand Judy would make them laugh—and I saw a man in the square the other day, and he said it was ten shillings The church was decked with holiy; the crib was ready, and a merry sound of volces came from beyond the wall. The angel opened a locked door, and smiled so gay an invitation that John Jynks had to follow. "I can't help stepping in for a minute, I sail have not time." wild John

Jynks, not liking to come to a children's party. "I was not aware that door was

over unlocked." "Oh ! I can unlock all things," said the

j yous angel; "and I can rule like a king; you do not know half my power." Well, in this school room there was a "Oh no; these are for the Christmas

tree in the school-room on Holy Innocents' Christmas tree, and all the children got playthings except one. This last little one came in late with a crutch, and leant sgainst the wall and cried most bitterly. Nothing was left for her. She had limped in from the strength in from the street-a ragged little gutter child.

"Can a child like that live ?" asked John Jynks, locking at the pury crocked frame, the small pinched face blue with cold. "She will die off soon," said the angel; "she has only one week more." "And she cries so piteously," said

weet songs of a saddening nature, and dusting his study. They would spend their honeymoon in the British Museum, with a view to improving her mind; and Mrs. Jynks would incur his severe dis-

eyes. "I'm positive I did'nt,"

Jynke. "Ah! And who made our t girls laugh-two hundred poo were that night-I thought yo to know the number, and would set them up for six Panch and Judy was such fur

"Oh !--now--now--Miss Da "You know you did," sai little maiden ; "so there's no ing it. And the Christmas t you could have heard the child "I never tanched a Christ 'I never touched a Christ

my life." Perhap not ; but you mad touching

"Well, if I am to be king said, to escape from the su generosity, "I can tell you a and you can make up the rea gramme, so long as we fin Roger de Coverly."

Sir Roger de Coverly ! W lous suggestion from the of Jynks. The company greet with laughter and applause came Queen Daisy's part gramme

"If I am to make a la "If I am to make a in looking round with a pr such a privilege, "I rule, as Night Queen, that there a happy music to-night, and us shall sing sad songs-an shall recite poetry about a and all that-you know, bec like anything dismal or sad,

So nobody sang, "Oh ! tha lying under the churchyard thing of that sort, which ind yet made any one brighte Shelly may have said that " are those that tell of sadd are those that ten of skid but they are not the song life's reality. Somebody through old Scotch verses who was "but a lassie y

"Eleven parcels," said Jynks, elevating his eyebrows. Somehow he liked to talk his eyebrows. Somehow he liked to talk to Daisy Wimple, though she was so very silly as to be fond of smiling. He hoped she would some day "settle down" into a serious woman. If that day came, and the laughing face was grave, he might—he might—Mr. Jynks hest-tated about it, but still he might —offer her his hard and heart, and allow her the privilege of singing for him sweet songs of a saddening nature, and dusting his study. They would spend

TO BE CONTINUED. A New Element