

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADIJER.

CHAPTER XIII. LITIAL L'VE AMONGST THE DILLONS—AN IRISH FUNERAL.

Next morning Mrs. Flanagan set out very early for the desolate home of the Dillons. She found them, after some search, in an alley notorious alike for its want of cleanliness and want of light—perhaps moral as well as physical. The two men, John and his wife had only taken up their abode within its dreary precincts because it afforded them a shelter which they could not obtain more respectable localities. For months past the sole support of the family had been the earnings of the youngest daughter, amounting, on an average, to \$2 a week—scanty pittance to provide all that had to be provided. The girl herself felt it hard, very hard, to be burdened with the maintenance of her father and mother, and occasionally came out with something very like an anathema, in regard to her brother and sister, who, as she said, "left the whole burden upon her shoulders." Still, to do her justice, she did what she could to make the old people comfortable, grumbling more or less at times. Her days were spent from 7 in the morning till 6 in the evening, in the working-room of a tailoring establishment, so that she had but little to do with the care of her sick father, or the work of the little household. Before her father "got to be very bad," Hannah used to go home to her dinner, but latterly she preferred to take her dinner with her, because "it was so dreadful dull at home—nothing but groaning and crying, and taking medicine, and all that," so poor Hannah found it more to her taste to eat her dinner amongst the girls in the work-room (several of whom brought their dinners with them, like herself), rather than by the sick-bed of her old father.

When Mrs. Flanagan arrived, panting under the load of a heavy basket, she found the old man in a feverish slumber, his eyes half open, and his thin, wasted hand, instinctively clutching at the faded coverlet, a relic of former prosperity. His wife was sitting beside the bed, her hands clasped on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the emaciated face of her suffering husband.

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Dillon! what's come over you?" said Mrs. Flanagan, in a low whisper, as she set down her basket on the floor. "Don't be so down-hearted altogether, though, and don't know it's hard for you to be other-wise!" she added, as if to herself.

"How is poor John this morning?" "Very middling, Mrs. Flanagan; he put in a poor night of it. I'm afraid he's not long for this world. But won't you sit down—though it's a poor place for the like of you. I saw the day I had as comfortable a house as any one could put their foot in, but that day is gone—far rear gone, it is! And a burst of tears choked her uttering or repining, Mrs. Dillon; every one has their turn of prosperity. Your turn may come again, and if it never comes in this world, it may be just as well for your soul. God sends you these little troubles because He wants to detach you from the world." She had been unpacking the basket while she spoke, and had laid the contents spread on the only table the place could boast of. "Here's a pair of chickens I brought you—they're just ready for the pot, so let us make a fire and put down one of them to make some soup for John."

Mrs. Dillon's gratitude was too deep for words. She could not speak, but taking the hand of her kind friend, she squeezed it between her own, and looked in her face with such a sorrowful expression that Mrs. Flanagan could hardly keep from crying with her. "Here's that would never do, as she said to herself; she came to encourage and to help, not to cry.

By the time the old man awoke, his wife had a cup of the soup ready for him. "Here, John, dear, I've got some nice chicken-soup for you."

"Chicken soup?" replied her husband, in an incredulous tone. "Why, you're only joking, Mrs. Flanagan!" "Indeed, and I'm not joking, John. If I hadn't the soup to give you, it would be a poor joke to talk of it. God has raised up good friends for us when we least expected it. Here's Mrs. Flanagan waiting to see you, and it's her you may thank for the chicken-soup, not to speak of other nice things that she brought for you. May the Lord reward her!" Amen, Betsy, amen. But where is she—let me see her!"

"Here I am, John," said Mrs. Flanagan, coming forward to the bedside, and, hastily wiping away the tears which she would not have him see; "I'm sorry to see you so low, but I hope you'll soon get a turn for the better."

John Dillon shook his head. "No hopes of that, Mrs. Flanagan. The next turn I get will be the last one. May God prepare me for that hour!" he said, raising his eyes to heaven. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him: "Betsy, did you see anything of Hugh since?"

"Since when?" inquired his wife. "Since yesterday!—oh! I sure, I forgot—oh! I did—I did—I—God help me! I wish I could forget altogether. He sent a few spoonfuls of the broth which seemed to revive him, then motioning away the cup with his hand, he lay for few moments silent, while the two women stood looking alternately at him and each other.

Suddenly starting, as if an adder had stung him, he turned to his wife: "Betsy, I tell you I must see him before I die—he must come here, till I tell him what's on my mind! I can't die with that heavy load on my soul. Maybe his father's last words might touch his heart, and put him in mind of his own poor soul. Oh, that soul!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, "that unfortunate soul I have to answer for! Oh, God! oh, God! won't you have pity on me and save him? Don't let him perish through my fault!"

"John, dear!" said his wife, "don't be wearing away the little strength you have, fretting about that unfortunate boy! God will bring him round in His own time."

The sick man turned upon her almost fiercely. "He will not bring him round! I tell you no!—no!—no! I might have brought him round when he was young and easily led, and I didn't do it! I let him go on in his own way till he got too big and strong for me to manage, and I have his death upon me—the death of his soul—I have, Betsy; you needn't look at me that way; I'm not mad; it's all true that I'm saying. Both of us are in fault, Betsy, and we're both suffering for it now. God grant that we mayn't have to suffer for it hereafter, too!"

Mrs. Dillon only answered with her tears. Conscience told her that her husband's words were but too true, and she knew not how to offer consolation. Mrs. Flanagan came to her assistance.

"Now, John Dillon, what's the use of talking that way! Don't you remember the old saying, what can't be cured, must be endured? Just make up your mind to do the will of God while you're in the world, let that be long or short—pray to God and our Blessed Mother to protect you and yours—and, above all, John, pray for the grace to die a happy death. Leave the rest to God. He'll not let me hear another word about the past—let bygones be bygones."

"Well, but I want to see that son of mine, Mrs. Flanagan; I can't die easy without seeing him. And that poor Celia. Oh! if I could only get them all to listen to me for one half-hour! Betsy will you go and tell Hugh that he must come and see me!—will you?" "I will, John! if you wish it, but I know very well it's no use!" "Well! can't you try?" "Go off at once!" whispered Mrs. Flanagan; "I'll stay with him till you come back—but mind and don't stay long."

Mrs. Dillon threw her thin, faded shawl over her shoulders, and went off in quest of her hopeful son. About half an hour had passed, marked only by the low moaning of the sick man, and his occasional glances towards the door, when Mrs. Dillon once more made her appearance. Hearing her light step on the stairs, her husband turned his head quickly in the direction of the sound, and fixed his heavy eyes on the door. His wife entered, even paler and more miserable-looking than when she left. She was alone. Mrs. Flanagan looked at the old man. He had his eyes fixed on his wife as though trying to read her thoughts.

"Well?" said he, in a tone of anxious inquiry. "I couldn't find him!" "Yes! you did find him, Betsy!—don't tell me a lie—you did find him. I see it in your face. What did he say to you—tell me at once, if you don't mean to kill me?"

"Oh! Mrs. Flanagan, dear, dear, what will I say to him? I whispered the unfortunate mother. 'I can't tell him what he said—it would kill him.' "No, it wouldn't," cried Dillon; "I suspect the worst, so you needn't fear to tell me. What did Hugh say when you told him I wanted to see him before I died?"

"He asked me—oh! God help you and me!—he asked me had you any money for him—if not, there was no use in his coming—God forgive him this day, as I do!" "That's enough!" said the old man, in an altered tone; "I've heard the worst now! Death may come now at any time. Oh! Jesus, Mary and Joseph comfort me in my last agony! I had a son once, and two daughters, but there's two of them gone now. I'm a poor deserted old man. Oh! Holy Mary, Mother of God, don't you desert me, or I'm lost for ever!"

Mrs. Flanagan's heart was ready to burst. She arose and pressing Mrs. Dillon's hand, told her she would return in the evening with Tim. "And be sure to make poor John take some more of the soup!" said she; "keep it warm on the stove." The other nodded assent, and shook the kind hand of her benefactress, but she could not articulate a word. Bending over the sick man, Mrs. Flanagan said in a low voice, "God be with you, John, till I see you again. I'll be back with Tim in the evening."

"God bless you," was the fervent reply; "God spare you over your children, and good children they are! If we meet no more in this world, pray for me, Mrs. Flanagan—the prayers of the just are valuable before God!"

"Why surely, you don't mean to die so soon?" said Mrs. Flanagan with a forced smile. "With God's help, you'll live this many a day yet!" Dillon shook his head. He knew and felt that death was not far off.

In the evening, when Tim Flanagan and his wife entered the poor dwelling of the Dillons, they found death before them. A few of the neighbors, men and women, were grouped around the bed, and on it lay the stark, cold body of John Dillon, already decently "laid out" by the pitying kindness of "the neighbor women." The bereaved and heart-broken wife sat in a corner near the bed, her head bowed down, and her hands resting on her knees, the picture of hopeless sorrow. Her daughter sat at the farther end of the room, neatly, even tastefully dressed, and carrying on what seemed to be an interesting conversation with a certain Watty Sullivan, a particular acquaintance of her brother's.

Both Tim and his wife were shocked to find the old man dead, but Mrs. Flanagan said within herself, as she thought of what she had seen and heard in the morning: "After all, it's so much the better—what had he to live for?"

The sight of Mrs. Flanagan drew a fresh burst of grief from the widow, but it did not last long, for her kind friend soon convinced her that God had dealt mercifully with poor John in taking him from a world where he had nothing to expect but misery. After spending a few hours at the wake, Tim and Nelly returned home, the former observing that he had to be up early next morning, "for," said he, "I

want to make preparations for the funeral as soon as the subject was not particularly serious. Mr. Flanagan!"

"The fervent ejaculation of most of those present. Mrs. Dillon rose from her seat and went with them to the door, saying, as they parted, "I leave all to you, Mr. Flanagan! After God, you're the only hope I have!"

"Mother!" said Hannah Dillon, with a flushed cheek, "one would think you were a beggar. It's real mean of you to talk so!"

"Ah! God help me, Hannah! I'm mean enough—we're all mean enough—the're no use trying to hide it!"

"Well said, Hannah!" whispered Watty; "I like to see a girl having some spirit in her! Things ain't so bad that the old woman might speak like that. I wouldn't let her if I were you!"

Hannah smiled graciously on her admirer, but, as the subject was not particularly serious, she changed it for one more to her liking, asking Watty if he knew Mike Sheridan.

"What! Hugh's old acquaintance?" "The very same."

"Yes, I guess I do. What of him?" "Why, he was here this afternoon, since father died, and only think, he was quite sorry for the old man, and promised to come back this evening with his father and some of their friends. Ain't that curious?"

"Well, I guess it is," replied Watty, with rather a thoughtful air, as though he were endeavoring to account for such singular infatuation. The attempt was hopeless, it would appear, for he shook his head, and said with a quiet smile: "They're a rum set, these church-going folks; there's no knowing what they're up to, for they don't ever do things like other people."

Next morning Tim Flanagan and Dan Sheridan went out together as soon as they got their respective breakfasts. They had, as they said, a good forenoon's work before them, and there was no time to be lost.

"And I wish we may be able to do anything after all," said Dan, as he buttoned up his great coat in preparation for starting; "the people have a much pity for John Dillon—that's a fact; because they know he brought it all on himself by the way in which he brought up his family. For my part, I'm heart sorry for the poor woman he left behind him, and sure enough it grieved me to hear of him dying in such wretched poverty, a man that we all saw so well off not many years ago; but still and all, Tim, I'm afraid that others won't have as much feeling for him as you and I have."

"Well, Dan, we must only make the trial. *Faint heart never won fair lodg.* Remember that. Let us step out in the name of God. You'll see we'll do better than you expect."

"May the Lord bless your undertaking!" said Mrs. Flanagan, as she closed the door after them. When she had sent the girls to school, and left the dinner all arranged ready for cooking, she put her bonnet and shawl, and walked down to the burial-house, just to see how things were going on there.

It was a full hour after Tim's usual dinner hour when he and his trusty friend returned. They were both in high spirits, and that was "proof positive" that their mission of mercy was crowned with success. They had collected a sum of \$50.

"So you see, Nelly, we didn't spend our forenoon for nothing. Dan and myself are going to make up the hundred. That will leave a nice penny for poor Mrs. Dillon, after paying all expenses."

"God be praised for that," said Mrs. Flanagan; "there's not a woman in New York city that's more in need of it. Sit down, Dan, and take some dinner with us."

"I believe I will," replied honest Dan. "I think Tim and myself have earned our dinner well. I tell what, Tim, I'm in more humor of eating now than I was at breakfast-time."

"Pooh, pooh, man, you're too easy cast down. I wouldn't give a pin for a fellow that can't look a difficulty straight in the face. Hold your plate for a wing of this turkey. Nelly, were Edward and John home to dinner?"

"Oh, yes, fully an hour ago. Edward was in a hurry, for he had to buy some clothes that Thomas sent in for before he'd go back to the store."

"Oh! by George, I forgot all about them clothes," cried Tim. "I was to have got them yesterday—and poor Tom wants them, too; for he said in the note that he was to get leave to come into town next Sunday. Isn't it the greatest comfort in the world to have the boys so near us, that we can see them whenever we like? If our good Bishop never did anything else but get up that college, at Fordham, for us, we'd owe him a debt of gratitude. It was only once or twice a year the poor boys could see us when they were at Emmetsburgh."

"True for you," observed Dan; "I can't tell you how happy we all feel ever since Peter came to Fordham last year."

"And so Edward bought the clothes, Nelly?" said Tim, thoughtfully. "Well, I'm sure I don't know what we'd do only for him, he has such a good memory."

"And such a good head altogether, and such a good heart," said Dan, warmly; "his memory's only the least part of his goodness. God has done His own share for him, and no mistake."

It is needless to say that neither Tim nor Nelly dissented from Dan's opinion. The voice that praised their son was music to their hearts.

On the second morning after John Dillon's death, the house was filled with people come to attend his funeral. Even outside the door a crowd was collected, waiting for the appointed time. Within the house all was silent, except the smothered groans of the widow, and the rather ostentatious wailing of the daughter. The people without were discussing pretty freely, as is usual on such occasions, the merits and demerits of the dead—his prosperity in business, and his most remarkable downfall. On the causes which produced the latter effect, nearly all were of one mind, and the general tone of the conversation was anything but complimentary to the absent representative of the

house of Dillon. All at once there was a dead pause, and everybody looked round to see what was the matter. Several voices said, in smothered accents: "There he is—look! look!" And there, indeed, he was—Hugh Dillon himself, standing at the door looking in, a cigar in his mouth, and his white hat drawn down over his eyes. He made no attempt to enter, but stood motionless for some minutes, perhaps turning the matter over in his own mind. People held their breath in expectation, almost dreading some violent outbreak of remorseful grief, but no such thing. After a little while, the affectionate son turned away quite composedly, saying:

"I guess the old man is gone at last—ain't he?" "Most of the people were too much disgusted to answer, but one young fellow, a stout longshoreman, quickly spoke for the others: "I guess he is—did you know him, comrade?"

There was a scornful smile on the speaker's lips, and a cutting sarcasm in his words, which Dillon well understood. Turning fiercely on him, he shoved back his hat, and regarded him a moment with a scowl of unutterable hatred.

"What would you give to know?" said Mike, slowly and sternly. "We've met before now, Phil Ryan, and I have a score against you since our last meeting!" He clenched his fist, and flung away his cigar, as if in preparation for a fierce struggle.

"You must keep your score for another time, my hearty," said the stalwart Tipperary man, with the coolest composure; "bottle up your anger, my fine fellow—this is neither the time nor the place to settle a quarrel."

Dillon was going to make an angry reply, when a low murmur ran through the crowd: "Hush! here's the corpse!" The hearse had been some time in waiting. A shudder ran through Dillon's frame, and his hand, strong heart was shaken for a moment, when the coffin was carried out, and the feet of the bearers on whom his eye fell were Mike Sheridan. Yes, so it was. The four men who bore the body of John Dillon to the hearse were Mike Sheridan and his father, Tim Flanagan, and another worthy Irishman named Patrick Donnelly, whom Hugh well remembered, for he had once given him a black eye in return for certain good advice which he had no mind to follow. Many an eye was fixed on the unhappy young man, and it was said that there did come a certain change over his features. The sight was strange, indeed, to him, for Christian charity or national sympathy were alike strangers to his heart, and their benign aspect was for him dull and meaningless. Still, he was softened for a moment, and did actually assist to place the coffin in the hearse.

"I say, Mike," said he, holding out his hand, which Mike did not refuse, though, if truth must be told, he looked as though he wished he could. To him, Dillon was all but a paria. "I say, Mike! this is real kind of you. Where are you going to bury the old man?"

"In the Catholic burying-ground, in Eleventh street; where else should we bury him?"

"Then you may all go to a warm place for me," said Dillon; "I'll be hanged if I go with him to that Irish Popish burying-ground." (This is a fact which I was told by an eyewitness.)

"Nobody asked you to go," said Mike, coolly. "I'd be sorry to send you or any one else where you're after sending us; but I'd advise you to go about your business, Hugh Dillon. We can bury your father without you, and we'll do it, with God's help. He died a Christian, and he shall have Christian burial. Stand out of the way!"

At a moment, Dillon looked as though he would resist and keep his ground; but, as he glanced around on the throng of stern, angry faces, by which he was surrounded, he suddenly changed his mind, and skulked off through the crowd, amid the smothered execrations of some, and the dreary predictions of others. "He'll never die in his bed, I'm sure of that!" He'll be made an example of before he leaves this world!" "If there's a God above, he'll suffer both here and hereafter!" Such were the pleasing sounds which met his ear on every side, as he made his retreat looking defiance at every successive speaker. He had barely reached the angle of the court when he saw the funeral move away, his unfortunate mother and sister being placed in a hackney-coach immediately after the hearse. It was, on the whole, a large and respectable funeral, perhaps, quite as much so as it would have been had John Dillon died at the height of his prosperity. The sight was a characteristic one, and highly creditable to the warm-hearted race whose sympathies are ever with the destitute and the oppressed. I, for one, cannot but respect the feeling which gives rise to such demonstrations. It is an old Celtic practice, and is easily excusable in a warm-hearted, generous people, brought together, or rather thrown together, in a strange land. Long, very long, may it be before the Irish in America cease to cherish

"The kind old friendly feelings" inherent in their Irish nature. Even though the stranger may sneer at such exhibitions, they are dear and acceptable to every genuine Irish heart. It is quite certain that there were many "intelligent persons" at poor John Dillon's funeral, large and Irish though it was, and I think they would have been more than a little surprised had any one even hinted that the demonstration was at all indecorous or un-Catholic. Every man to his taste, say I. The Irish people in America have surely a right to bury their dead in whatever way they please. If disgrace there be, it is all their own—they ask no one to share it with them.

When the funeral was over, Mrs. Dillon and her daughter returned to their desolate home. Hannah was naturally kind-hearted, and where vanity did not interfere, she was well disposed to do what she could for her mother.

But, unfortunately, Watty Sullivan came to hear of the seventy-five dollars which Tim Flanagan had handed over the widow, and his attentions increased seventy-five fold. Hannah's love of dress increased in due proportion, and she gave her mother neither rest or peace till she bought her a handsome suit, of mourning—very deep mourning, indeed, as became Hannah's grief. Poor Mrs. Dillon had a nervous fear of getting through her little funds, so the only thing she bought for herself was a black gown of the coarsest stuff. Grief was in her heart, as she said herself, and it mattered little whether she wore black or not. As for Hannah, she had no sooner secured her mourning than she began to come out again, and newfangled with her sable habiliments, delighted in showing off Watty, and made it her chief pride—

"To brag about the mockery of woe. To midnight dances and the public show."

About a month after John Dillon's death, his widow came to Tim Flanagan one afternoon, her eyes red with weeping.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Mrs. Dillon," inquired Mrs. Flanagan, in her kind, soothing way. "I hope there's nothing wrong?" "Not much, Mrs. Flanagan, not much," replied the poor woman, with an attempt at regaining her composure. "Nothing ought to grieve me now, after what I have come through. Still it's hard, very hard, to have one's own child deny the mother that bore her! Oh, Mrs. Flanagan, it's hard—hard!" and her tears broke out afresh.

"Why, what has happened to you now?—is it Hugh you mean?" "Oh! no, no; if it was I think I wouldn't feel so bad, for I don't expect any better from him, but it was my daughter Celia, that gave me that cruel wound."

"Your daughter Celia—why, I thought she was in town?" "And so I thought, too, Mrs. Flanagan; but it seems she is. About an hour ago I was going down Leonard street with a bundle of clothes that I was taking home to Mrs. Lambert (you know I wash for her, ma'am), when I should I see that my daughter Celia was coming with a young man. She was so gaily dressed that I had to look twice before I could believe my eyes, but it was her sure enough, and myself was so overjoyed that I caught her in my arms, and called out 'Celia, Celia, God be praised that I see you again!'"

"Well! and what did she say?" inquired Mrs. Flanagan, anxiously. "Say! why she drew herself away from me, as if I was dirt in her eyes, that woman?" she told him I was an old woman that used to wash for her. "Oh! indeed!" says he; "I thought she might be some friend"; but Celia answered very quick: "Oh! not at all—good-bye, Mrs. Mullin!"—that's what she called me—"I'll see you some day soon." And so they walked off. Well, Mrs. Flanagan, dear, the sight left my eyes, and there came such a weakness over me that I had to sit down with my bundle on a door-step. It was a mercy somebody didn't steal the clothes, for I must have been in a kind of a faint, and lay against the door, till a lady that was passing roused me up, and when I began to come to, I burst out a crying, and I think that done me good, for I got stronger every minute, and was soon able to go home with the clothes. Then I came straight on here to tell you my trouble. God is good to me, after all, in giving me such kind friends as you and Mrs. Sheridan. Mrs. Reilly, too, is always glad to see me, poor and desolate as I am."

Mrs. Flanagan did not think it prudent to express all she felt on hearing this sorrowful story. She applied herself rather to console the poor mother, by reminding her of that blissful region "Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb," where sin and sorrow are alike unknown. Gradually did the benign influence of hope allay the storm of maternal anguish, and by the time Mrs. Flanagan had made a nice fresh cup of tea, and prevailed on her guest to take it, Mrs. Dillon felt "as if she had been in another world," to borrow her own homely phrase. "I think I can go home now," said she, "and tell Hannah; though, that's true, she'll not be home till 6 o'clock. Well, God be with you, Mrs. Flanagan, you've made my heart as light as a feather!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SCRAP OF IRISH FOLK LORE.

I was resting in the grass on a summer evening when the following little story dropped down upon me.

"Whist, honey! Don't let the walt of such a word pass your lips to the child!"

The speaker was an old woman in a blue hooded cloak and white cap, and was sitting on a bank of fox-gloves in a green dell of Wicklow. Beside her was the stick that had helped her out to enjoy the sweet after-coolness of the remnant of a day in July. Along the sky behind, spread a lake of gold to which the darkening oak-trees made a serrated shore; opposite to her the summer night was creeping leisurely up the dewy shamrock pastures. A triplet of little grey cabins with their snubby chimneys emitting peat-smoke, fragrant as incense, were huddled together with few porches away in the twilight, and out of one of them had come the neighbor whose rude words to the child on her arm had called forth the aged grandame's remonstrance.

"You mane no harm, Nora honey, no more than I did myself when my Larry came back from the other world to check me!"

Nora sat down with a shiver on the bank, crossing her child's little sleepy head against her shoulder.

"Is it a ghost you're talkin' about, granny?" "He died when we were both young," continued the old woman, "and left me with three of them, and hard-set I was to keep the life in them. Many's the time when my body was tired and my heart sore, I did let out an impatient word at the childer. I hadn't mane any harm by it. Only a habit I had,

"Wan night I was sayin' my prayers down on my knees at the old broken chair, and Johnny the eldest (him that went to say) was answerin' the prayers with me. I looked up and seen that the door I thought I barred was open, and I stood up and went to shut it for me. When I turned my head again, it was open still, and I spoke out sharp to the boy to get off his knees and do what I had bid him to do. The child declared he had done it, and he upped and went to do it again; but when I lifted my head after sayin' the Litany, my word to you but the door was as wide open still as if I had set it that way a-purpose, to give a good airing" to the place. I was tired and I was cross (I'd forgive me, and me at my prayers!) and let a bit of a curse at the boy.

"Bad luck to you, Johnny!" I said, "have you no hands on you at all that you make three tries at a door and can't manage to shut it?"

"The child cried and crept into bed and fell asleep, and when I had well barred the door, meself turned in after him. But before I settled rightly to my rest I took a back glance at the door; and there it was standin' open as wide, like as it was late politeness to somebody that was just expected.

"I jumped out of bed in a passion but before I reached the door there was someone standin' in it—Larry my husband, and he carryin' a child on each arm, the two that was buried with him in the graveyard at the Kill.

"The sweetest reeemed of my face, and my tongue dried up, but he looked into my eyes so kind like that at last I gather up my courage to speak to him.

"Larry, I said, 'will you sit down at your own fireside, and I'll make up a fire; for you look cowed and pale,' says I, 'and so does the childer that I never thought to see again. Give me little Mary into my arms, that I may comb her yellow hair,' says I, 'and give her a sup of milk to bring the rosy color that she uses to have, back into her cheeks. And let me wake up Dermot that I may see his blue eyes that were the light of our first wedded years, my husband,' says I. For a sort of madness had come over me at seein' them, and I seemed to think that they were rale livin' again, and come back to me to stay."

"I can't, my woman," says Larry, says he, 'for I only come to you on a God's-errand. And I brought the childer with me for a warnin' to you. Don't let the walt of a curse ever pass your lips any more to them you have still with you, my girl,' says he. 'Oh, Molly, don't curse the childer! Look at these two on my arms,' he says. 'These little innocent childer with their love and their prayers have been my salvation. Your curse will poison their innocence,' says he, 'and you'll have to answer for it.'

"I'll never do it again, Larry," says I, but will you put them childer into my arms for a minute, and will you give me wan kiss, as it's yourself that used to know how to do without the asking?"

"Well, he came near to me and let the childer in my arms, and he leaned over and put his lips upon my own, and oh, the cowl of them!—the dead cowl of the little cratures on my breast, and the ice of himself's face agin' mine—they went through and through me, and froze me up and killed me. And I cried out aloud like a mad woman and fell down on the floor in a hape. And when I came to myself, there was nothing but the stars shinin' through the open door where he had left it open for a sign. I heard a big sigh and a couple of little twitters like the young birds at the dawn, as if him and the childer had been watchin' till they seen I was better, and only passed away when I came back to my senses."

"Maybe you're errand it all," said Nora, whose sun burnt cheeks had been growing paler as the story approached its climax.

"No," said the granny, "for as like a kind of a token, my lips where himself kissed them was iver and always after that the color of blue purple, like the lips of a body that does be froze with the cold. And I have two white marks on my breast, where the heads of the little dead childer lain, same as if the child had druv the blood out of that part o' my bosom back into my heart, druv it so hard that it never could return."

She ceased, and I, as aavedroper, had no mind to rise up and try to argue the old woman out of her faith. She remained sitting on the bank after Nora had gone away and put her sleeping child in its nest under the poor cabin thatch. Presently the aged scold drew forth some large rosary beads and began to pray out loud in a continuous murmur.

The greys of the landscape deepened; the green purple of the trees sank into guifs of black all around; a few poplars beyond the cabins stirred faintly in the sky, and the white-blossomed boughs of alder-trees glimmered out of the deepest darkness down the vanishing road, and suggested the hovering nearness, yet aloofness of a reservoir of sympathetic and vigilant spirits.

Sir Walter Scott.

We use to wonder how Cardinal Newman could think that the Waverley Novels helped to soften anti-Catholic feeling in England. It seemed to us that no Protestant could regard otherwise than with contempt the Church as Scott pictured her. But a recent number of the Tablet gives us the testimony of George Borrow agreeing with Newman. The author of "The Bible in Spain" was fiercely anti-Catholic, and he says that "the tide of Popery which has flowed over the land did come immediately from Oxford, but how did it get to Oxford? Why, from Scott's novels." And this English gipsy thinks it "the crowning judgment of God on what remained of his race, and the house which he built," that Scott's heirs entered the Church, and "the house becomes the rankest Popish house in Britain."—The Caskeet.

Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.