

suppressing heresy, if its interference be deemed necessary for the good of society."

Here we receive a clear and unmistakable warning. Who can now doubt that if "Rome Rule" prevails in Ireland, the police and the soldiers of England will be used, when it may 'be deemed necessary,' for 'suppressing' Protestantism in the sister Isle? But, though Rome may act thus when she has the power, it by no means follows, says this author, that Protestants in England have any right to suppress Popery by the same means. He writes: "From the fact that the Catholic State can consistently punish religious dissent, it by no means follows that a Protestant State can do the same" (p. 228).

No; Rome demands the utmost toleration herself, but tolerates no one. And Archbishop Walsh wants to deal out this measure to Protestant Ulster!—*The News London*.

## Family Department.

### A FARTHINGFUL.

BY L. T. MEADE.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

'Nobody. He was screeching of himself black in the face in the middle of the bed.'

'My word! You're a man to be proud on, Minchin, so you are! There, children, don't deave me with any more noise. Katie, take the baby, and make the best handful you can of him. There, I'm a going out. What's up now, Obadiah?'

For Minchin had absolutely risen from his cobbler's stool, and was putting on his coat and hat.

'I mind me now,' he said, 'as Lassie was wandering like in he talk. She may have strayed out and got lost. I mind me as it's some hours as she spoke to me last. Lassie's rare and good at smoothing our leather. I'm going to help to find her, wife.'

'No, you're not,' said Mrs. Minchin, pushing her little husband as she spoke on to a three-legged stool by the fire.

'Set you there, Obadiah, and keep an eye on Katie and the baby, and for pity's sake, man, wake up, and don't do any more dreaming for the next twenty-four hours. Oh, dear merciful Lord—a child with the brown kitis on her wandering out on a night like this!'

Mrs. Minchin wrapped her own thin shawl once more round her spare frame, turned her back on the comfortless room, which nevertheless represented all of home and warmth and love to her, and went back into the streets.

She must find Lassie—she must find the sick child somewhere in those cold sloppy streets. She must take the little form in her arms again, and press the little face to hers, and bring the child home, and do her best for her.

Not much chance now of saving this precious little life, but the mother would do her best, and the child should at least not die in the streets, if any amount of walking and searching on her part could save her from such a fate.

To look, however, for a lost child in such a part of London as the Minchins resided in was very much like searching for the proverbial needle in the hay. Lassie had been hours out of the house, and Mrs. Minchin had not the smallest clue as to the direction in which she had strayed. Obadiah had given it as his opinion that Lassie was wandering in her mind when she left the house. Oh dear, oh dear,

where might not a delirious child find herself—what might be her fate by now?

The night was bitter cold, not foggy, as it had been on the previous evening, but with a drizzling sleet dropping at intervals from the cloudy heavens. There was a high wind, too, and poor Mrs. Minchin's thin shawl was often blown rudely open, and the biting cold pierced her through and through.

She was scarcely aware, however, of her bodily discomforts, so great was the pain and anxiety that gnawed at her heart. She walked straight down the long street, and then seeing a tall policeman wrapped well up in his overcoat, accosted him eagerly.

'I have lost a little gel,' she said. 'She's eight years old, and peart for her size. Her name's Lassie, and she has a white face, and wonderful big eyes, peart, I call's 'em—she's all peart, Lassie be. She was took bad with the brown kitis, and it seemed to go into her head like, for when her father worn't looking, she strayed into the streets. She have been out for hours now; you han't see nothing of her, I suppose?'

'No,' answered the policeman, 'I haven't been an hour on this beat yet. I relieved Constable Z—He might have toke note of her, but it isn't likely. There are heaps of white faced children out, at all times of day. God help the poor things. There wasn't nought remarkable about her dress, was there, m'am to recall her by? She wasn't in blue or scarlet, or anything of that sort?'

'No, no, nothing bright,' answered the mother. 'But it was a face as you might look twice on. No, no, not common, not like the ordinary run of children's looks, and never to be found agen if it's lost now.'

The poor mother wiped something very like tears from her half-frozen eyes. The policeman evidently could not help her, and he had hurt her feelings by comparing her Lassie to every other child. She was hurrying away when he called after her.

'If the child was ill, she was very likely took up, and carried to one of the hospitals. Most like to the London as that's the nearest to here,' he remarked.

Mrs. Minchin thanked him for his suggestion, but she thought it too improbable to follow it up, and would not have thought about it a second time, had not a man who stood by a great barrow of sweeties, cocoa-nuts, apples, and oranges suddenly accosted her. He had been listening to her conversation with the policeman, and he stepped forward a pace or two, casting an anxious backward glance at his barrow as he did so.

'Excuse me, ma'am, one word with you,' he said. 'Just come alongside here, ma'am, if you please. One wants to have twenty eyes in their head, ma'am, agin them thieving young 'uns. Now then you varmint, I'll tell the Constable H—on you, see if I don't! Well, ma'am, you was speaking about a little gel, thin, and with a cough, worn't that so?'

'Yes, yes,' said Mrs. Minchin eagerly. 'Have you seen her! With a cough? yes—and thin, oh, yes, werry thin. Oh, I'm in such mortal fear about her. Have you seen her mister, speak and tell me?'

'I know all about her,' said the man. 'I'm certain sure os she's the gel you're looking for—a little 'un, with big eyes, and a sorrowful sort of a face—and oh, my word, a grave-yard cough, if ever there was one. She came along, and she axed for a farthing's worth of cough-no-mores. Twelve's my number, but I give her thirteen, 'cause of the sort of way her eyes pleaded. She did look all chirpy then; but would you believe it, some of them bad young 'un got around her. Oh, ma'am, talk of the worries of some children! why, they're more spiteful and 'cute and onpleasant than any other creature in the world, and they come around the little 'un, and coughed, and worked on her feelings, so that she give away every one of the cough-no-mores. My

mord, but I never seen such a sight, never; hevery one of them she gives up, and looks at her little empty hand, and sighs like, and then turns white as death, and down she flops on the carth at my werry feet.'

'And where is she now?' asked the mother. 'Yes; that were Lassie all over; but where, oh, for Heaven's sake tell me, where is she now?'

'In the London Orspital, ma'am. A sister came by at the werry moment, and picked her up and carried her off. Yes, she was the most generous child. Why ma'am—oh my word, you'll fall if you goes at that rate!'

But Mrs. Minchin was already nearly out of sight. Her heart was aching, and yet it was joyful. Yes, she was quite right now—there never surely was a child exactly like Lassie. Oh, if God would spare her life after all!

She soon arrived at the great hospital, and after a little persuasion was allowed that very evening to bend over the little 'bed, and to kiss the child whom she feared she might never see again.

Lassie was very ill, in extreme danger, but somehow the mother when she looked at her felt down deep in her heart that she would not be 'took.'

'I can't say why,' she remarked. 'Only I think somehow as I'll have her back again.'

When Mrs. Minchin said this to the kind nurse, she could not help shaking her head.

'The child is in God's hands,' she answered. 'But few children as ill as your little Lassie ever get better.'

Nevertheless the mother did not lose her faith, and in the end the great struggle between life and death ended for Lassie on the side of life. Gradually and very slowly she got better; it was truly at the eleventh hour, but still, at that hour she was saved.

Never was a child better nursed at the London Hospital than this one, and never was a child greater favorite. That forgetfulness of self which had been her strong characteristic always, came to her aid now, and made her invaluable to the often over tired nurses. What stories she could tell the other children, how wonderful and ingenious were her plans for keeping them quiet! When all other resources failed, she gave them the history of a certain wonderful farthing, and that story was sure to delight and please.

'And did you really give all the cough lozenges away, Lassie?' a chorus of young voices would ask in conclusion.

'It seemed as if I couldn't help it,' she would answer.

Perhaps that was the truth.

THE END.

## HOME.

In these days of unrest attention is largely diverted from the special blessings of home life. Men easily lose sight of the healthful repose, the perfect rest from conflict, which makes the life of home the sweetest symbol of heaven. Some of the peculiar advantages of our American civilization are full of very serious dangers. An immense territory, a spirit of adventure, a love of travel, the unexampled rapidity with which large cities spring from the very wilderness as if by magic, the novelty of all things and the consequent lack of sacred associations which resist change—these, and many other causes, greatly lessen, where they do not entirely destroy, that peculiar feeling which finds its expression in "Home Sweet Home!" Nay, even closed furnaces, or radiators, or steam-pipes, are not without a serious effect upon domestic comfort, or at least domestic coziness. Compare, for instance, the pathetic longings of the wanderer in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village":