

"There are ten in it, but leave me the old ones, and here is three pounds; God knows it's by pinching and starving myself and children I made it up."

"That will do, ma'am; Burkem, get the docket, and when this woman gives you the ten geese—ten is little enough for a pound—give it to her."

"Yes, your honor."

"God help myself and my poor orphans!" groaned that wretched woman.

It is unnecessary that we should follow the worthy Mr. Ellis seriatim through all the tenants; it is enough to say that the geese, the cows, and some slips of pigs, were all disposed of in like manner.

There was one poor fellow, and it was most affecting to see him take his leave of his cow. Magpie was enjoying the luxury of a sop of hay when he returned to her, after her fate being sealed inside.

"Poor Magpie, poor baste, what will we do afther you; come here, poor Magpie."

Magpie left the hay, and placed her head between his hands, as if to sympathize with him.

"Poor baste," said he, kissing her; and then he wiped the big tears from his eyes—"poor Magpie, your corner will be lonely to-night, and the childers will miss you, and cry for you! och, mavrone, it's the bitter news I have for them; but God's will be done," and he wiped his eyes again; and he left the yard, he looked back, and Magpie looked after him, and followed him.

"No, I can't stand it," said he, and he blubbered out as he went away.

On the whole, the tenants were well pleased with their day.

"He was hard enuff on the poor," said Mr. Doyle; "but anything is better than to be turned out of the house."

"Thru'e for you, Mr. Doyle; what fear is there of us? hav'nt we the cabins over us, and our health, the Lord be praised!"

"Well, it is not a bad day's haul," said Mr. Ellis, as he closed the books. "Poor fools, if they but knew the mercy they are to get. Is it on account you have given all the receipts, Hugh?"

"Ya'as, sir."

"Give that woman's docket to Burkem, and let him go for the geese; and mind, let him say it was to buy them I did."

"Take it down to him yourself, and leave me alone."

"Ya'as, sir."

Mr. Ellis lay back in his chair, and thus soliloquized to himself:

"So far so good; things are going on smoothly; we must keep these Ballybruff tenants on hands until after the elections, for his lordship has assured me that an election will take place in spring, and Sir W. Crasby will represent the conservative interest. We must get all these to vote for him; I know these d—d priests will

oppose us; no matter—let them refuse, if they dare. Well, if we gain our point, I know I will be made a J. P.; ay, faith, a J. P. Hugh Ellis, Esq, J. P., sounds nicely; doesn't it, though; ha, ha, great change since the day I came hero with a few pounds in my pocket. In any case, after the election, we will evict the Ballybruff tenants. Here are two letters"—and he pulled them from his pocket, and read them over, and then he put them into a private drawer. "One is from John M. Nale, offering me five hundred acres at a fair rent and a long lease; another from his uncle, offering me the same for about three hundred acres; three and two are five, just what's in the Ballybruff property. I know his lordship will want a few thousands shortly about that building of his, and that will leave me able to give it. Capital, that building of his—how I got him on with that, for fear he wasn't running down hill fast enough. Well, who knows for whom he is building it. Heigh ho! what would the world say if I were living there yet—heigh ho! eight and two are ten thousand; no joke of a mortgage, heigh ho!" and he leant back in his chair, evidently well pleased with the state and prospect of his affairs.

(To be continued.)

### MACAULAY'S TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, and fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

In setting out with the army (said Gen. de Sonis) I condemn myself to death. God will reprove me if He pleases; but I will have Him always in my breast, and you know well that God surrenders never! no, never!