'ine Flight Into Egypt.

BY FATHER PROUT.

There's a legend that told of a Gypsy who dwelt
In the land where the Pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars,
and her belt
With devices, right wondrous to see;
And she lived in the days when our Lord
was a child
On his Mother's Immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foe—when to Egypt
exited,

He went lown with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, And the future was given to her gaze, For an oblisk marked her abode, and a

sphinx
On her threshold kept vigitalways,
She was pensive, and ever alone, nor was asen
In the haucts of the dissolute crowd:
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharoahs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud,

And there came an old man from the deser one day.

With a maid on a mule by that road;

And a child on her bosom recitued—and the

Led him straight to the Gypsy's abode;
And they seemed to have traveled a weari-And they seemed to have traveled a weari-some path, From their home many, many a league— From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's

Spent with toll and overcome with fati-And the Gypsy came forth from her dwell-

Ing and pray'd
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid
Who had come many, many a mile:
And she fondled the babe with affection's

caress, And she begged the old man would repose; "Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds free access.

And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noon-day she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool;
Where she spread them a banquet of /ruits—and a shed
Wita a manger, she found for the mule;
With the wine of the Paim tree, with the

dates newly culled
All the ton of the road she beguiled;
And with so; gin a language mysterious,
she kiled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the Gypsy anon in her Ethion hand, Piaced the infant's diminutive paim, Ah, 'twas fearful to see, how the features she scanned Of the bab; in his slumbers so calm! While she noticed and marked every furrow that crossed O'er the tracings of Destiny's line; "Whence come ye?" she cried, in astonishment lost, "For this calld is of lineage divine!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph re-"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew, We have fied from a tyra it whose garments are dyed

In the gore of the children he slew;

We are told to remain, till an angel's com

Shall appoint us the hour to return; But till then we inhabit the foreigner's

And in Egypt we made our soj ourn." "Then ye tarry with me !" cried the Gypsy

In joy,
"And je make of my dwelling a home;
Many years have I prayed that the israelite
boy,
(Bleased hope of the Gentiles!) would

And she kissed both the feet of the Infant and knelt And shored him at once;—then a smile Little face of his mother who cheerfully dwelt With her host on the banks of the Nile.

BEN HUR: THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER IV. JUDAH'S MOTHER.

The mother resumed her easy position against the cushion, while the son took place on the divan, his head in her lap. place on the divan, his head in her lap.
Both of them, looking out of the opening,
could see a stretch of lower house tops in
the vicinity, a bank of blue-blackness
over in the west which they knew to be
mountains, and the sky, its shadowy depths brilliant with stars. The city

deputs orbitate with stars. The city was still. Only the winds stirred. "Amrah tells me something has hap-pened to you," she said, caressing his cheek. "When my Judah was a child, I allowed small things to trouble him, but he is now a man. He must not forget" —her voice became very soft—"that one day he is to be my hero."

She spoke in the language almost lost

she spoke in the language almost lost in the land, but which a few—ent they were always as rich in blood as in possessions—cherished in its purity, that they might be more certainly distinguished from Gentile peoples—the language in which the loved Rebekah and Rachel The words appeared to set him thinking

The words appeared to set him thinking anew; after a while, however, he caught the hand with which she farmed him, and said, "To day, O my mother, I have been made to think of many things that never had place in my mind before. Tell me first, what am I to be?"

"Have I not told you? You are to be my here?"

He could not see her face, yet he knew she was in play. He became more seri-

"You are very good, very kind, O my

He kissed the hand over and over again, "I think I understand why you would have me put off the question," he continued. "Thus far my life has belonged to you. How gentle, how sweet your control has been! I wishit could last for ever. But that may not be. It is the Lord's will that I shall one day become owner of myself—a day of separation, and therefore a dreadful day to you. Let us be brave and serious. I will be your hero, but you must put me in the way. You know the law—every son of Israel must have some occupation. I am not exempt, and ask now, shall I tend the herds? or till the soil? or drive the saw? or be a clerk or lawyer? What shall I be? Dear, good mother, help me to an answer."
"Gamaliel has been lecturing to day,"

"Then you have been walking with Simeon, who, they tell me, inherits the genius of his family."

"No, I have not seen him. I have been up on the market-place not to the Temple. I visited the young Messala."

A certain change in his voice attracted the mother's attention.

the mother's attention. A presentiment quickened the beating of her heart; the fan became motionless again.

"The Messela!" she said: "What could be say to so trouble you?"

"Roman i" she continued, haif to her-self. "To all the world the world meaus master. How long has he been away ?" "Five years."
She raised her head, and looked off into

"The airs of the Via Sacra are well

lower order of people? Why should I, even in Casar's presence, feel the shrinking of a slave? Tell me especially why, if I have the soul, and so choose, I may not hunt the honors of the world in all its fields? Why may not I take sword and induce the passion of war? As a poet.

fields? Why may not I take sword and indulge the passion of war? As a poet, why may not I sing of all themes? I can be a worker in metals, a keeper of flocks, a merchant, why not an artist like the Greek? Tell me, O my mother—and this is the sum of my trouble—why may not a son of Israel do all a Roman may?"

The reader will refer these questions back to the conversation in the market—place; the mother, listening with all her faculties awake, from something which would have been lost upon one less interested in him—from the connections of the subject, the pointing of the questions, possibly his accent and tone—was not less swift in making the same reference. She sat up, and in a voice quick and sharp as his own, replied, "I see, I see! From association, Messala, in boyhood, was almost a Jew; had he remained here, he might have become a proselyte, so much do we all horrow from the idea.

you, O my mother, you can do better by giving me what he cannot—the resolution which is the soul of a man's soul." She swept the heavens with a rapid glance, trying to compass all the meaning of his questions.

"While craving justice for ourselves, it

"While craving justice for ourselves, it is never wise to be unjust to others. To deny valour in the enemy we have conquered is to underrate our victory; and if the enemy be strong enough to hold us at bay, much more to conquer us"—she hesitated—"self-respect bids us seek some other explanation of our misfortunes than

other explanation of our misfortunes than accusing him of qualities inferior to our own."

Thus, speaking to herself rather than to him, she began:

"Take heart, O my son. The Messala is nobly descended; his family has been illustrious through many generations. In the days of Rupublican Rome—how far back I cannot tell—they were famous, some as soldiers, some as civilians. I can recall but one consul of the name; their rank was senatorial, and their patronage always sought because they were always rich. Yet if to day your friend boastsd of his ancestry, you might have shamed him by recounting yours. If he referred to the sges through which the line is traceable, or to deeds, rank, or wealth—such allusions, except when great occasion demands them, are tokens of small minds if he mentioned them in proof of his superiority, then without dread, and standing on each particular, you might hereathers—the superior for shadows, and crying the while, so his another particular, then which, so his another necks a family truly noble, is time alone sufficient?"

"Ah, you forget, you forget; our claim rests not merely upon time; the Lord's preference is our especial glory."

"You are specking of the race, and I, mother, of the family—our family—In the years since Father Abraham, what have they achieved? Woat have they done? What great things to lift them above the level of their fellows?"

She hesitated, thinking she might all this time have mistaken his object. The information he sought might have been for more than satisfaction of wounded vanity. Youth is but the painted shell within which, continually growing, lives that wondrous thing the spirit of a man, biding its moment of apparition, earlier in some than in others. She trembled under a perception that this might be the supreme moment come to him; that as children at birth reach out their untried hands grasping for shadows, and crying the while, so his another with the first out of the truly noble, it and prove the level of their fellows?"

The prove the family truly no if he mentioned them in proof of his superiority, then without dread, and standing on each particular, you might have challenged him to a comparison of records "
Taking a moment's thought, the mother

proceeded:
"One of the ideas of fast hold now is "One of the ideas of fast hold now is that time has much to do with the nobility of races and families. A Roman beasting his superiority on that account over a son of Israel will always fail when put to the proof. The founding of Rome was his beginning; the very best of them cannot trace their descent beyond that period; few of them pretend to do so; and of such as do, I say not one could make good his claim except by resort to tradition. Messala certainly could not. Let us look now to ourselves. Could we better?"

A little more light would have enabled him to see the pride that diffused itself over her face.

"Let us imagine the Roman putting us to the challenge. I would answer him,

and I, with many rejicing friends, went up into the Temple to present you to the Lord. We escrificed the doves, and to the priest I gave your name, which he wrote in my presence—'Judah, son of Ithamsr, of the House of Hur' The name was then carried away, and written in a book of the division of records devoted to the saintly family.

the night.

"The airs of the Via Sacra are well enough in the streets of the Egyptian and in Babylon; but in Jerusalem—our Jeru salem—the covenant abides."

And, full of the thought, she settled buck into her easy place. Howas first to speak.

"What Messala said, my mother, was sharp enough in itself; but, taken with the manner, some of the sayings were intolerable."

"I think I understand you. Rome, her poets, orators, senators, countiers, are mad with effection of what they call saire."

"I suppose all great peoples are proud," he went on, scarcely noticing the interruption; "but the pride of that people is unlike all others, in these latter days it is so grown the gode barely escape it."

"The gode escape!" said the mother quickly. "More than one Roman has accepted worship as his divine right."

"Who, Messala said, my mother, was sharp enough in itself; but, taken with the protes, orators, senators, countiers, are mad with effection of what they call saire."

"I suppose all great peoples are proud," he went on, scarcely noticing the interruption; "but the pride of that people is unlike all others, in these latter days it is so grown the gode barely escape it."

"The grain devotica to the castom of registration in this mode began. We he then the began. We registration in this mode began. We registration in this mode began. We had the hard

"Hitlel said it was, and of all who have lived no one was so well informed upon the subject. Our people have at times been heedless of some parts of the law, but never of this part. The good rector himself has followed the books of Generations through three periods—from the promises to the opening of the Temple; thence to the Captivity; thence again to the present. Once only were the records the present. Once only were the records disturbed, and that was at the end of the second period; but when the nation returned from the long exile, as a first duty to G.d., Zerubbabel restored the books, enabling us once more to carry the lines of Jewish descent back unbioken fully two thousand years. And now"—
She paused as if to allow the hearer to measure the time comprehended in the

measure the time comprehended in the statement.

"And now," she continued, "what becomes of the Roman boast of blood enriched by ages? By that test, the sons of Israel watching the herds on old Rephaim yonder are nobler than the noblest of the Marcik?"

"And I mother—by the books, who

measure the time compresented in the compression, Morals, and the properties of the first tabernace, said almost a Sey, had be remised to make the highest had been all borrow from the influences that it incomes of the Roman bast of blood on well for him. I do not wonder at the change; yet"—her votes fell—"the might have dealt tenderly still be the service of the first tabernace, said when the bears of the Roman bast of blood well bloowed are notice than to tolke the him you doer are notice than the tolkes of the Marcis?"

"And I, mother—by the books, who am 1?"

"And I amended the service of the first tabernace, said the him you doer are notice than the tolkes of the Marcis?"

"And I amended the service of the first tabernace, said the him you can be to the tolk of the service of the great we have hed great ment, is expose the bat of the consult significant we have hed great ment, it suppose, to destinate the propose of the Roman personal that the have had the proped lightly upon its have been in the section of the service of the great when the proped lightly upon its have been in the section of the great when the proped lightly upon its have been in the section of the great with you. It is a hard, cruel nature, "What I have said thus far, my son," What I have said thus far, my son, and the proped lightly upon its have been in the section of the sec descent sanctified by time, is not the honour perfect? Do you care to pursue further? If so, take the Torah, and search the look of Numbers, and of the seventy-two generations after Adam, you can find the very progenitor of your house."

There was silence for a time in the

than you have. Yet, to make a family truly noble, is time alone sufficient?"

children at birth reach out their untried hands grasping for shadows, and crying the while, so his spirit might, in temporary blindness, be struggling to take hold of its impalpable future. They to whom a boy comes asking, Who am I, and what am I to be? have need of ever so much care. Each word in answer may prove to the after-life what each finger-touch of the artist is to the clay he is modeling.

"I have a feeling, O my Judah," she said, patting his cheek with the hand he had been caressing—"I have the feeling that all I have said has been in strife with an antagonist more real than imaginary. If Messala is the enemy, do not leave me to fight him in the dark. Tell me all he said."

CHAPTER V.

God, while the Roman never knew Him; consequently comparison is not possible. "Your friend—or your former friend—charged, if I understood you rightly, that we have had no poets, artists, or warriors; by which he meant, I suppose, to deny that we have had great men, the next most certain of the signs. A just consideration of the start was definition.

addressed to strength, the only divine quality he can clearly conceive; hence his faith in heroes. What is Jove but a Roman hero? The Greeks have their great glory because they were first to set Mind above Strength. In Athens the orator and philosopher were more revered than the warrior. The charioteer and the serific to work or a strength. thank you with all my heart I was right in not having the good rector called in; he could not have satisfied me more was the Hellene the first to deny the old barbaric faith? No. My son, that glory is ours; against brutalism our fathers erected God; in our worship, the wail of fear gave place to the Hossuma and the Paslm. So the Hebrew and the Greek would have carried all humanity forward and upward. But, alse! the government of the world treasures.

of the world presumes war as an eternal condition; wherefore, over Mind and above God, the Roman has entbroned his Carar, the absorbent of all attainable power, the prohibition of any other greatess.
"The sway of the Greek was a flowering time for genius. In return for the liberty it then enjoyed, what a company of thinkers the Mind led forth? There was thinkers the Mind led forth? There was a glory for every excellence, and a perfection so absolute that in everything but war even the Roman has stooped to imitation. A Greek is now the model of the orators in the Forum; listen, and in every Roman song you will hear the rhythm of the Greek; if a Roman opens his mouth speaking wisely of moralities, or abstractions or of the mysteries of nature, he is either a plagiarist or the disciple of some school which had a Greek for its founder. In nothing but war, I say again, has Rome school which had a Greek for its founder. In nothing but war, I say again, has Rome a claim to originality. Her games and spectacles are Greek inventions, dashed with blood to gratify the ferocity of her rabble; her religion, if such it may be called, is made up of contributions from the fatths of all other peoples; her most venerated gods are from Olympus—even her Mars, and, for that matter, the Jove she much magnifies. So it happens, O my son, that of the whole world our Israel

The Dead Cannot be Raised. Messala certainly could not. Let us look now to ourselves. Could we better?"

A little more light would have enabled him to see the pride that diffused itself over her face.

"Let us imagine the Roman putting us to the challenge. I would answer him, neither doubting nor boastful."

Her voice faltered; a tender thought changed the form of the argument.

"Your father, O my Judah, is at rest with his fathers; yet I remember, as though it were this evening; the day he

matheticipies, alleved by leve of a play.

In the serious in the control to find excelly a lines can dispute the apprinciply of the serious in the plant of the serious in the parity gave no force in the parity of the part of a languist span of the first the said and reference to the sperio of the part of a languist span of a languist span of a languist span of the first the visitor had been fit of the come away brait is pickle, we to mote definition in the say from might take, because a come had been fit of the serious and the say from the particular of the say of a lice as a doubt the say of a lice as a doubt the say of a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a lice as a lice as a line of the say of a lice as a lice as

master bui'ders of the first tabernacle, said to have been skilled 'in all manner of workmarship,' wrought the cherubim of the mercy-seat above the ark. Of gold beaten, not chiselled, were they; and they were statues in form both human and divine, 'And they shall stretch forth their wings on high, . . and their faces shall look one to another.' Who will say they were not beautiful? or that they

thread of her thought, she rested awaine,
"You are so good, my mother," he said
in a grateful way. "And I will never be
done saying so. Stammai could not have
talked better, nor Hillel. I am a true son

of Israel again."

"Flatterer!" she said. "You do not know that I am but repeating what I heard Hillel say in an argument he had one day in my presence with a sophist

"Well, the hearty words are yours."
Directly all her earnestness returned.
"Where was I? Oh, yes, I was claiming for our Hebrew fathers the first statuer. The trick of the sculptor, Judah, is not all there is of art, any more than art is all there is of greatness. I always think of great men marching down the centuries in groups and gordly companies separable according to nationalities; here the Indian, there the Egyptian, yonder the Assuian; above them the music of the Assirian; above them the music of trumpets and the beauty of banners; and on their right hand and left, as reverent on their right hand and left, as reverent spectators, the generations from the beginning numberless. As they go, I think of the Greek, saying, 'Lo! the Hellene leads the way.' Then the Roman replies, 'Silence! what was your place, is curs now we have left you behind as dust trodden on.' And all the time, from the far front back over the line of march, as well as forward into the forthest future attracts. back over the line of march, as well as forward into the farthest future, streams a light of which the wranglers know nothing, except that it is for ever leading them on—the Light of Revelation! Who are they that carry it? Ah, the old Judean blood! How it leaps at the thought! By the light we know them. Thrice blessed, O our fathers, servants of God, keepers of the covenants! Ye are the leaders of men, the living! and the dead. The front is thine; and though every R.man were a

the living and the dead. The front is thine; and though every Roman were a Crear, ye shall not lose it!"

Judah was deeply stirred.
"Do not stop, I pray you," he cried.
"You give me to hear the sound of timbrels. I wait for Miriam and the women who went after her dancing and singing."
She caught his feeling, and, with ready wit, drove it into her speech.
"Very well, my son. If you can hear the timbrel of the prophetess, you can dear

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. My system was filled with scrofala; blotches, ulcers, and mattery sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, eight months ago, and has had no return of the scrofulcus symptoms.

prophets. Turn we to the best of Rome.
Against Moses place Casar, and Tarquin
against David; Sylla against either of the
Maccabees; the best of the consuls against
the judges; Augustus against Solomon,

There was then a long silence in the summer chamber.

"You have my permission," she said

finally; "if only you serve the Lord stead of Casar." stead of Cwar."

He was content with the condition, and by and by fell asleep. She arose then, and put the cuebion under his head, and, throwing a shawl over him and kissing him tenderly, went away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How To Save Money. Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of atleast from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Etther sex. All ages. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says : "I Thomas' Edectric Oil, from having used it myself, and, having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

and give it a trial.

THOSE TWIN FORS to bodily comfort,
Dyspepsia and Biliousness, yield when
war is waged against them with Northrop
& Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Its use also insures the removal of Kidney and Uterine maladies,
and promotes unobstructed action of the
bowels. The purity of its ingredients is
another point in its favor. As a blood
purifier it has no equal. It is also a great
is vorite with the ladies.

A Seasonable Hint. A Seasonable Hint.

During the breaking up of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup and other painful effects of sudden coid, are prevalent. It is then that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blotches, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia; I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good." The Christmas Rose. BY MAURICE F, EGAN. "But yo

thirg, you Thrue vinture's

selves the

in the las

slipped l

O Rose of Sharon ! this thy day of glory Fill all cur hearts with sunshine; gone is And from our raptured lips burst the sweet of how thou, Rose of roses, cam'st to

A tud theu wert when Gabriel out of Hea-Came, bending low before thee, Humblest I didn't k
Heart,
And told thee of the Gift to thee Gcd given—
"Then among wenen, Mary, blessed art!"
Kate, an'

And through the spring of the Annunciation, And through the stummer, grew thy Hope and Joy.

God gave thee peace for will's renunciaDan'e, an His great, sweet reace, pure gold without allow.

The summer passed; like swift-wirged doves the days flaw.

Fierce flocds had gene, filled was each rippled sprile.

And August heat had leng dried up the May's ctw.

The Life within thine grew—O wondrous thing:

O Mystic Rose! O Rose of Joy at d Sorrow!
What pasce, what leve abede with thee and thine!

Stretched happy days to-morrow and to-What resce, what leve abode with the banked is and thine!
Stretched bappy days to-morrow and to-morrow
For thee, God's hardmaid with his Son face. So - Catholic World. not see.

Kelly O'Connor's Chris'mas.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

same ev of sims sound, l pair of s MAURICE F. EGAN.

The room was small and scantily furnished, but in all its arrangements there were traces of womanly taste and thrift. The window was low and narrow, and locked into an uninviting court, but it was covered with a curtain of dainty white, through which a stray gleam of sunshine fell upon Nelly O'Connor's plants. These were a living sprig of green shamrock from the old soil, and a pet geranium, the gorgeous crimeton blessems of which shore out like rubies amid the emerald setting of its foliage, in spite of "winter and cold weather." It seemed as if the in fluence of Nelly O'Connor's loving heart had power to protect her silent pets from the blight of the fiercest frost, for while her neighbors' plants withered and died at the first touch of cold weather, hers throve well, and from their little window nodded defiance to sleet and snow.

On the neatly papered walls of this little room hung three pictures—the Immaculate Conception, right above Nelly's head; St. Patrick and the Serpents, and Daniel O'Connor's arm-chair.

Having told all I remember about the room, I shall try to describe Nelly herself.

She sat in her usual place by the win. The room was small and scantily furn-

self.
She sat in her usual place by the window engaged in her usual occupation—sewing—for Nelly O'Conner had to work for her own living and for that of her father, too.

That pale gleam of winter sunthine lightly touched her smooth brown hair, and formed a halo around the head that bent over the work so intently. Imagine a graceful little woman cled in a dark dress with snowy collars and cuffs; imagine an oval face with less color in it than it roseessed three months ago, when

imagine an oval face with less color in it than it possessed three months ago, when it looked its last on a certain given like across the sta; a pair of dark blue eyes, scree, ca m, yet bright, with at times a sparkle of laughter in their depths, and at others a shadow of sadness. Imagine—but what's the use of imagining at all i—anybody that never saw Nelly O'Connor anybody that never saw Nelly O'Connor can not imagine what a chanming, modest Irish girl she was at that time.

After a while it became too dark to saw. Nelly cose and stirred the fire until it cast a red clay on the wall opposite

sew. Nelly rose and stirred the fre until it cast a red glow on the wall opposite. Then she flitted silently about the room and brought out the tea things.

"Father's late this evening," she murmured, when the table was fully arranged.

"If I hadn't so much confidence in Tip, Ild feel as views."

I'd feel at xious." And Nelly went to the door and locked

into the gleomy court. There was nobody coming, so she lighted her lamp, and again the seldom idle needle began its flight. Five minutes later pattering steps be-Five minutes later pattering steps occame audible without, and there was a sound of scratching at the door. Nelly opened it, and a small, curly black dog bounded in and stood on his hind legs to

receive the girl's caress.

Slower and heavier footsteps followed. and a tall, strongly built man entered the room. His hair was white as snow, his face was ruddy and unwrinkled; though old, he would have seemed perfectly hale old, he would have seemed perfectly had and hearty, were it not for the strange indicision of his motions and terrible expression of blankness—of some incomplete.

That want of something—that it completes that want of something—that it completes the strange of the strange of

pleteness—was real. For ten years Brian D'Connor had teen blind. Light and

O'Connor had teen blind. Light and darkness were the same to him.

"I was beginning to be anxious about you, father," she said, taking the old man's hat and overcoat.

"An' sure hadn't I Tip with me?" answered he in a cheery voice, as he atooped to pat the dog's curly head.

"Faith, he's the real Tip an' no mistake in his love of fightin'. If I hadn't held on to his string with all me strength, he'd have been the death of half a dozen curs to day. But that's nayther here nor there.

to day. But that's neyther here nor there. Let's have tay, Nelly jewel, an' I'll tell

Let's have tay, Nelly jewel, an' I'll tell you something?

The meal over, Nelly gave him his pipe, and he sunk into his arm chair, which was always placed in his favorite position, poposite the print of Daniel O Connell. He could not see the picture; but as the gitator often figured largely in his conversation, it gave him pleasure to emphasize his remarks by pointing with his pipe at the potrait of "ould Dan himself,"

"Well Nelly mayourneen," he began,

"Wel!, Nelly, mavourneen," he began, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "Tip and myself have had a long walk through the city, but there's no work stirrin' that a blind man can do.". He spoke gravely, but without bitterness.

"An' what if there isn't, father?" said

Nelly hastily dropping her work, "Sure's there's plenty for me to do." The old man shook his head. "It isn't the likes of you, mayourneen, that ought to be slavin' here from morn to night, wain' your firgers to the bone for a worthless ould wreck that can do nothin' but eat and sheep."