

any little act of kindness. He often got into difficulties with the family, owing to his rashness and want of consideration, and I often succeeded in smoothing down for him many rough places in his daily path; and when he observed that I interested myself in his behalf, his gratitude knew no bounds. I believe he would have made almost any sacrifice to please me. He surprised me one day by saying suddenly, "Don't I wish you'd only be tuck sick." "Why, Terry," replied I, "I am surprised indeed, that you should wish evil to me." "Indade thin," answered he, "its not for evil that I wish it, but for your good, jist to let ye see how tinderly I would take care uv ye." I thanked him for his kind intentions, saying that I was very willing to take the will for the deed in this case, and had no wish to test his kindness by a fit of sickness.

He came in one evening fatigued with a hard day's work, and retired early to bed. His sleeping apartment adjoined the sitting-room. I had several letters to write which occupied me till a late hour; the family had all retired. I finished writing just as the clock struck twelve. At that moment, I was almost startled by Terry's voice singing in a very high key. My first thought was that he had gone suddenly crazy. With a light in my hand I stepped softly into the room, to find Terry sitting up in bed and singing at the top of his voice, a song in the "Native Irish Tongue." By