

hung timidly back, awaiting their turn to receive the honor of the master's notice. Even when the good man had taken the seat placed for him by Biddy, he had one of the children on either knee, caressing each in turn.

"God knows, your reverence," said the school-master, addressing the priest, "God knows, this family is a loss to the whole parish, for old and young of them were an example to all—sure I may say it now, as they're going away from me, I hadn't the like of these children in my school; and I declare to you, Father Maloney, I loved them as if they were my own flesh and blood."

"I do not at all doubt it, Mr. Dogherty," rejoined the priest; "and I have only, for my part, to wish that they may continue, when in a foreign land, as good and docile as you and I have ever found them. To this end we have to pray that God may spare to them their worthy parents."

"An' I hope, children," said Master Dogherty, while his voice trembled with emotion, "an' I hope ye'll not forget the poor old man that taught ye how to read your prayer-books—an' that ye'll remember him in your prayers—an' never be ashamed of your country, as they say some grow to be, but always be proud of being born in poor old Ireland, because it was, ay, and it is, the Island of Saints;—and above all, children, ye'll be mindful of the old faith—the old religion that ye learned here at