THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER X.

A FAMILY PARTY AF TIM FLANAGAN'S The greater party of that eventful Thursday was spent by Mrs. Flanagan and her two trusty friends, Mrs. Reilly and Mrs. Sheridan, in making preparations for the coming festival. Their joint experience in the culinary art was called into requisition, and the was highly creditable to all conresult was highly creditable to all con-cerned. One made cakes, another tarts, another custards, jellies and blanc mange, Ellie and Susan helping every one in turn, wherever their services were most needed. It was a great day that furnisher a day of pleasurable -that Thursday-a day of pleasurable excitement and joyous bustle from morning till night. When all the necessary cooking was finished and ranged on the pantry shelves, ready for use, Mrs. Reilly and Mrs. Sheridan " made of here is a start of the sheridan t as they said themselves, off home," as they said themselves, "for it was getting near dinner-time, and there would be many a look-out for them." "Now mind and come early this

was Mrs. Fianagan's partovening !" charge. And, Sally! tell Tom not to forget

his fiddle—if he does, he'll only have the trouble of trotting back for it." other

the trouble of trotting back for it." As the two friends walked home to-gether, they very naturally communi-cated their thoughts to each other, as most people do in similar circum-Well! isn't she the kind, sociable,

with you there. I myself am a fiving proof that your position is a false one. I was brought up, as you well know, under Catholic—nay, more, under Irish training; I am Irish in heart— Catholic, I hope, in faith and practice, and yet I am fully prepared to stand by friendly creature!" said Mrs. Sheridan, " no airs or nonsense about her, for all she's so well off. But sure it's the this great Republic, the land of my birth, even to stedding the last drop of The airs of well off. But sure it s the all she's so well off. But sure it s the same with the whole family! Tim him-self is just as plain and homely in his way, and as glad to see us all about him as he was when he was poor and hard-set to make out a decent living for his family. And the boys—there's Edward family. And the boys - there's Laward that's as fine a young man as you'd see in the city, and as much like a gentle-man in his dress and manners, and yet he'll talk to us so cordially, and treat us with so much respect, that we're all dear quite at home with him. There's a blessing on the same family, old and "'G can, and so I will continue, with God's "Give me your hand, Edward !"

said O'Callaghan, warmly; "would that all Irish Americans were like "What you say is true enough, Jenny "What you say is true enough, Jenny dear," observed her friend; "they're credit to the old stock. There's Tim, and he's the born image of my Uncle you !" " I have great pleasure in recording my sentiments of approbation," added Fitzgibbon. "Your mind is rightly con-Patrick, that was steward to Lord Incledon, and as for Edward, why you'd stituted, my young friend, and well balanced. I should like to hear you swear he was a son of my grandfather's -he's just as like as he can be-you never saw my grandfather, though he was answer your nephew, Mr. Blake." "I think he ought to be the very last man to speak in favor of mixed schools—or rather anti-Catholic schools," observed Tim, "I'd wager a

your grand uncle by the mother's side." "No, I never saw him," replied the other, with a quiet smile, "but he must have been very handsome in his young days, if he was like Edward In his young days !" replied Mrs.

Reilly, with strong emphasis, "ay! and in his old days-he was one of the finest old men you ever laid an eye on. I'm sorry you're so near home now, or Miles' ear. I'd tell you more about him." 'Oh ! never mind, another time will ing a cloud gathering on Miles' brow.

do as well; I'm afraid Daniel and the children must be getting hungry by this getting your feet in order for a dance,' said she; "Edward, what are you time.' 'And poor Tom, too-I was forget.

ting all about the dinner, Jenny, until you remind me of it. Good bye till of quadrilles or something of the kind : " Quadrilles do not come first on my evening.

Well, evening came at last, and with programme, mother," replied Edward, " Tom and I have it arranged that you it came all the friends and connections of the Flanagans. There was Dan of the Flanagans. There was Dan Sheridan, his wife, their son Mike, and and my father shall open the ball with an Irish jig. Either that, or my uncle a young daughter named Annie, about and aunt Blake will join you in a Scotch Ellen Flanagan's age. There was Mrs. Reilly in her new black silk gown, and "Never say it twice," cried Tim, a pretty tarlton cap made for the occa-sion. With her came her son Tom, carrying his fiddle-case under his arm, starting to his feet, and crossing to where his sister sat. "Up with you, Mary, and let us show these youngsten Mary, and let us show these youngeters what we can do. Miles, g you and take Nelly. Why, what's come over you both that you're so lazy ?-look at Nely, how light and airy she looksbrushed up in a stylish Hopknot, and he otherwise looking "every inch a man." Then there was Mr. Fitzgibbon of St. Peter's School, a ave silent old bachelor of forty five, there, now, we're all out at las grave, silent old bachelor of forty five, dressed with scrupulous neatness and precision, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. A very imposing personage was Mr. Fitzgibbon, much given to words of "learned length," and strongly addicted to the use of snuff, yet withal a very excellent man end visit worthy to fill the place of the place father and mother danced any, so iressed with scrupulous neatness and shuff, yet withal a very excellent man and right worthy to fill the place of

ing up ; " I'm not sure whether I can dance a reel or not, but I think I can ; might probably wish to see him grown up an enlightened American, instead of a boorish, old fashioned, half in half dance a reel or not, but I think I can; so I'm willing to try." The reel was thus made double, and Irishman-especially if you intended was kept with great spirit by him for a profession." There was something in the tone, as "The dancing pairs who simply sought renown By holding out to tire each other down." well as the words, of this speech, that save offence to Mr. Fitzgibbon, and in

not as fully competent to form the

The reel was further animated save offence to Mr. Fitzgibbon, and in a lesser degree to O'Caliaghan himself. "Really, Mr. Blake," said Fitz-gibbon, "one would suppose, to hear you talk, that there never was an en-lightened Irishman. Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that Irish teachers are not as fully commendent to from the mind throughout by a running fire of laughing comments and good humored ejacu-lations from the dancers themselves, especially Tim Flanagan and Dan Sher-"Well done, Mary !-- keep it up for

the honor of old Ballywalter. "That's you Jenny !--by the powers you're mending on it !" and cultivate the intellect as Americans, or any others? Or, are we to suppose that it is the religion of most Irish teachers to which you object?

" Hillo ! Miles Blake, what are yo thinking of ? You'll be left behind if you don't stir yourself !" "Very good, indeed, Ellie !" said Mr. O'Callaghan; "I see you can dance a reel, and well, too." Ellie Is it, sir, our religion or our national-ity-our Irish origin, or our Romish

only smiled. It was just her time to "What an animating sight !" ob-

is to, all, our lets origin, or our Romish tendencies, that make us unfit for en-lightening the mind?—have the good-ness to answer me, Mr. Blake!" "I don't mean to find fault with Irish teachers," replied Mr. Blake; "far from it, but I've a sort of a notion that as our sons must grow up Americans, served Margaret O'Callaghan, as Edward took a chair near her. "Yes," said Edward, "it is a sight as our sons must grow up Americans, whether we like it or not, and have got

whether we have to be, and have go to live amongst Americans, they had better learn from their infancy ' to do as the Romans do '; you understand me, I hope? My idea is, that men can't be Irishmen and Americans at the same of joy and happiness to me. How my dear father enters into the spirit of the dear father enters into the spin of all the dance, seemingly forgetful of all the world besides; and my mother—just look at her, Margaret ! see how happy e; they must be either one or the she looks, and how pretty, too, with her sweet smiling face. Yes, that is a sight which does ons's heart good." "I beg your pardon, uncle," said "And my father," said Margaret, would you ever suppose he could ance a reel like that? He's just as Edward Flanagan, "I cannot agree with you there. I myself am a living

light on his fcot as if he were no more than twenty five !" "That will do, Tom, that will do !"

cried Tim, swinging his bulky partner to a seat. "They're all tired, take my to a seat. word for it." "Oh yes," said Dan, leading his wife

to her seat, " you may say, so now, just to cover your own deleat; you can't deny but you were first off the floor ?" "Well, if we were, first on it, Dan-you can't deny that. Tom, who told you to play 'Mrs. McLeod ?""

"It was Edward, sir ; he told me he had a reason for it." " Ah, the rogue, so he had !-he had

heard his mother and me say that we danced that at his aunt Mary's wedding, when Nelly was only a slip of a girl, and afterwards at our own. Did you

and alterwals at our own on a to be a notice that, Nelly ?" "Oh! maybe I dian't!—it was that very thing made me dance as I did—I almost forgot that I wasn't a bride again!—eh, Mary! what do you say! did the music bring back anything to you

Yes," said Mrs. Blake, and she was observed to wipe away a tear; "yes Nelly, I might just say as you did yourself-it made me forget the present altogether. What put it in your head, Edward, to get that played for us ?" trifle that if he'd only speak his real

mind, he's as much against them as any of us. Now, Miles, be candid for once, and speak out like a man! Are you or are you not in favor of mixed schools, " My father has already answered our question, my dear aunt-when I saw you all four out together, it just occurred to me, that you had pleasant associations connected with that lively as you used to be years ago?" he added, in a whisper, meant only for strain 1'

" Many thanks to you, Edward," Mrs. Flanagan here interposed, seesaid his father gaily, "your thought, I must say, was a happy one." Mrs. Blake was silent. She looked at

I think it's high time you were al her husband, and saw from the changed expression of his face, that he, too, was said she; "Edward, what are you about, that you're not getting up a set thinking of a painful contrast. "Now for a set of quadrilles," said

Edward ; " what music are we to have -piano or violin ?'

"I vote for the latter," cried Tom, "I vote for the latter," cried 10m, ever ready to oblige; "I'm not tired yet, so if you're all satisfied with my playing, you're quite welcome to it." "Well ! I consent," said Edward, "to let you play this set, but mind I play the next." "Why doesn't Margaret play?" said

Why doesn't Margaret play ?" said Mr. O'Callaghan. "Oh! her turn will come by and

' said gentle Mrs. Flanagan ; ' · let bve. er have her dance first."

her have her dance first." Two or three sets of quadrilles were then danced, including the Lancers and hen came cotillons, and

From the May-day pastime shrinking. He shares not the merry laugh, But the tears of the old man flow, As he locks on the young and gay And his grey head moving slow. Keeps time to the sir they play. The drear around him are drivking, But not one cup will he quaff-Of what is the old man thinking. As he leans on his oaken staff i

There's a spell in the air they play, And the old man's eyes are dim, And the old man's eyes are dim, For it calls up a past May day. And the dear friends tost to him. From the scene before him shrinking. The dance and the merry laugh. Of their calm repose he is thinking. As he leans on his oaken staff."

The song was ended, and all present were enraptured with the pretty air and the simple, touching words, not to speak of the masterly style in which it was sung.

" Do you know," said Edward, " that "Do you know," said Edward, "that that song always reminds me of poor Mr. Lanigan, now dead and gone? I cannot tell why, but so it is. I can just fancy the good old man leaning on his oaken staff — that venerable staff which he bequeathed to me as a couvering of the years I spont under his which he bequeathed to me as a ouvenir of the years I spent under his tuition. Poor Mr. Lanigan!" added Edward in a tone of deep feeling, "may added

he rest in peace !" " Amen !" repeated all present, with the exception of Miles Blake. " Poor Mr. Lanigan !" repeated Mike Sheridan, with more seriousness than he usually manifested on any subject-" many a time he shook that same oaken staff at me by way of gentle admonition !"

And many a time he followed it up with some useful hints applied to a place that shall be nameless. Eh, Mike ?

"Now, Tom, that's not fair," replied Mike with his accustomed good humor "you know you shouldn't tell tales out f school.

What ! not at any given timeten years after the events recorded ? Tell the truth now, Mike, do you for-"Fell the truth now, Mike, do you for-give our old master for all the hard treatment he gave you?" "'From my heart out I do !" said Mike, warmly—" God knows I do !— it was all for my own good, and if I had taken more of his advice, and remem-bered his nunishments language it mould

bered his punishments longer, it would be better for me now ; but, where's the use of looking back-we're all march-ing straight ahead, whether we will or no. Come, I'll give you a song my-

self. Now Mike's voice was none of the best, and he knew that well, but he saw that the conversation was taking a ser ious turn, and determined to raise a laugh; whether with him or at him, Mike did not care-all he wanted was to keep up the fun. With that intention he sang "The King of the Canni-bal Islands," and by the time it was finished there was not a grave counten-

ance in the room. " Is that enough ?" asked Mike, very composedly, " or shall I give you 'The Wake of Teddy the Tiler,' to the same

tune "For goodness' sake, don't !" cried

his mother; as soon as she could speak for laughing; "do you mean to kill us outright? why, you have no more voice than a magpie!" "Well, mother !-best can do no as well."

nore !'

A few more songs were sung by the TWO LITTLE LAMBS OF THE young people, while their fathers and mothers amused themselves at " spoiled five," with an occasional rubber of whist.

The only drawback on the general The only drawback on the general Hild with dark, liquid eyes enjoyment seemed to be the absence of Thomas and Peter, both of whom were prosecuting their studies at Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg. As to Heary and talian tongue, with its musical intonations that are so sweet to hear from a their names were never men. tioned, even by their own parents. child'slips! enild's lips 1 No wonder little Francesco loved his twin lambs. Many scattered flocks grazed near his father's, but no merrier Occasionally, indeed, they would ex-change glances of sad import, when any incident brought them to their minds by ce of contrast. Neither could they themselves as the others did. ir minds were not attuned to the light-hearted gaiety of such a meeting, and they had, moreover, a painful conass that they were separated by

away, and no one was sensible of the e of time. But, Never does Time travel faster Than when his way lies among flowers," so " the witching hour of night " was

so "the witching hour of hight was close at hand before any of the party (except perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Blake) dreamed of it's being so late. There was a general exchanation that it was time to be moving, but Tim declared they must all have deoch a dhorhas be-fore they started "And I'll give you a fore they started " And I'll give you a song while you drink it," said he, ' just a verse for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. He accordingly sang the good old Scotch song—

" Good night an' joy be wi' ye a','

When he came to the lines-

" An' should it happen in after years That you should stagger or chance t I'll reach to you the heiping han' Good night and joy be wi' ye a',"

there was a general shaking of hands warm and genial as the Irish heart. That was the characteristic close of entertainment. Cloaking the shawling were quickly dispatched, and the guests retired to their homes, well pleased with themselves and every one the guests retired to their Even Miles had unbent more else. than a little, and took his share of the right good williewaught " meant to perpetuate the remembrance of " Auld Lang Syne." Henry and Eliza declared that " the

governor" had taken "ower muckle," and were highly scandalized. They did not think it worth their while to speak to " the old couple " on the sub-ject, but to their distinguished friends

ject, but to their distinguished intends they discoursed pretty freely on the tippling habits of the Irish. Now I have great pleasure in stating that there was not the slighest foundathat there was not the singhest founda-tion for this unkind remark on the ac-casion in question. Miles was quite as sober as his son, when the latter looked up from the book he had been reading,

and said, with a sneer-"Shall I help you up stairs, sir ?" "Get out, you coxcomb !" was the father's prompt reply. "What's to hinder me from going up stairs myelf i

"Oh ! nothing in the work dancing thought you felt tired after dancing so much ! I meant no harm, sir, I do assure you !" But his mocking tone blows, was a pleasant place now in blows, was a pleasant place now in

so inten 'I intent that no king tone belied his words. "Yes, you did mean harm," said his father, angrily, " and I command you never to speak to me again in such a

never to speak to me again in such a way—if you do " "You command me, father!" repeated the son, with his sneering smile, " but suppose I do not choose to be com-manded—what then ?" "Come up stairs, Miles—it's very late !" said Mrs. Blake, her heart sinking within her. "You ought to be

" You ought to be in the within her. "You ought to be in bed, Henry ! instead of sitting por-ing over them books. I suppose Eliza's in bed two hours ago." Eliza was not in bed; she was reading in her own

At first Miles resisted his wife's entreaty, but after a moment's pause, he yielded to the gentle pressure of her arm, and followed her up stairs, mutter ing as he went-" another time will do

TO BE CONTINUED.

CAMPAGNA.

E. F. Mosby in Catholic World.

their mild ewe-mother than these; no

fleece so soft, thick, and white as

the great Roman street—the Appian Way—all the time, crossing these Pon-tine marshes without fear ?"

the boy, " and that these cities of the Albana rebelled against Rome, and she

Nino! Ninetto! The little Italian shepherd with dark, liquid eyes the artist, looking at the sunshine or the plains; "but sometimes it is wrapt in a purple haze, quite as beautiful."

St. Peter's. "No; but I shall go when my lambs or fatter lambs ever frisked around

theirs, rone so free from burr or brier. No wonder the small owner's heart pallium "_____" " What is that ?' asked the Englishman. The wollen collar the Pop

> he is a good sheperd of his flock. Brigitta had told him a beautiful

Babe, of how He was the Good SI

story of our Lord when He was a little

of all the world, and of how the sho herds came to worship Him. A lin shepherd lad came also, bringing

one pet lamb as a gift, the only gil had it in his power to bring; and had it in his power to bring; and the Divine Child, though but a few hours old, held up His hand and blessed them

nherd

his

A little

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roads full of splendid carriages and prancing horses-ah, it was sad to give up the Carnival! But Nino and Ninetto up the carrival: Bussed lambs of St. Agnes' feast — that he was resolved upon! Nor did he put his soft brown palm afterwards on the thick white thece without thinking with reverence

that the pallium would be woven of the fair threads spun from it. Nino and Ninetto were like small foster-brothers to this one child, who, toster-brothers to this one child, who, but for their merry frolies, would have had no playmates on the Campagna farm. Francesco fancied that his his-tory was not unlike theirs. They were left orphans early, and adopted by a gentle ewe who had lost her lamb, just as kind Mauma 'Gita had taken care of

him when his young mother died at his birth. 'Gita, or Brigitta, even called him "her little lamb" when he fell into childish troubles.

But Fra Paolo did not teach the lambs lessons. Francesco rather envied them the freedom from learning Latin, and repeating dull verbs, though he looked like a little angel as he stood with folded hands to recite his task with silky lashes curling on the crimson with sliky lashes curring on the crimson of his checks, and lips as red as a lovely flower! 'Gita was half afraid to see him so beautiful and so quiet. Ste did not like to have her little lad in this malarial air, or sitting so dreamily watching the flock in the strange, wide,

onely Campagna. But Pietro was a laborer on the estates of the Buonamonte family near the mountains—the wide plain stretching away from the Apennines in the east to the blue Meditterranean on the south, from mountain peaks to levels, with the Tiber and great on the north-and he came down from the healthy air of the villa, in the the heating air of the vira, it spring, with other peasants who we the lands near Rome. He was a ous old man, and did not suffer as from the sickly air of the plain as of the others who looked premati-yeliow and thin and old. 'Gita 'Gita was

keen as a hawk in keeping her nursling out of the night air or the mists of "Oh ! nothing in the world-only I early morning. The Buonamonte Villa, fortified with

times of peace. While the laborers sweltered on the vast plain of the Campagna, at the villa, near the moun-tains, the tall poplars beside the dovecote were rustling as if with an everstirring breeze; the ancient fig-trees, though gnarled and twisted, still bore two crops of fruit; the vines hung heavy with purple clusters, and the

big scarlet anemones bloomed beside to furrows. Yet the plain had a fascination that

had already won Francesco's heart. Almost every one else grumbled be-Yes, there was cause of its loneliness. a tall Englishman, an artist, who came often, and once had even lingered till the red sunset set the sky aflame. talked to the boy in a friendly way.

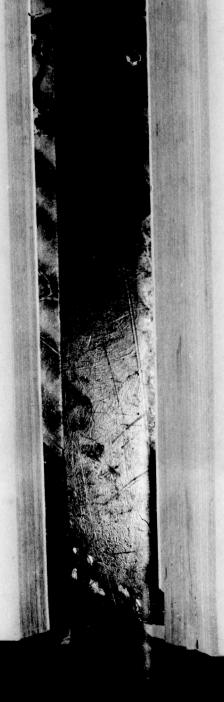
"Do you know this place was once full of cities, with thriving farms be-tween, and that crowds gathered on

"Fra Paolo told me so," answered the boy, " and that these cities of the

swept them away." "Like a mist of fine gold dust," said

"Do you ever go to Rome ?" he presently asked, noticing the lad's eyes fixed on the feathery cypress trees and

are carried to be blessed by the Holy Father! Their wool is so fine, it must be chosen for the pallium. Do you be chosen for the pallium. Do you know, signor, Fra Paolo says the



the lamented Jeremiah Lanigan. There was also a certain Mr. Callaghan, a widower, whose pretty daughter Margaret, was the belle of the evening although quite unconscious of the not cted. Last of all came in Mr and Mrs. Blake, the letter sparkling with jewels and robed in rich brocade dir entrance made quite a sensation. Here comes Mrs. Blake,'' said Thei

Mike Sheridan, "moving under finery, lancing themselves, and Mike Sh as usual. Hush, now! not a word till their majest es are fairly seated. But induced his father to get up and take a

their majest es are fairly seated. where have they left the prince and princess?—I say, Ned, where are your make her dance—it will do her good, make her dance—it will do her good, and I want to see you and her having a share of the fun."

ward with a smile; "I hardly expected the honor of their company. But it "Well, we'll not disappoint you may be all for the better; they are now, I grieve to say, neither with us Mike dear,' said his mother; "I didn't intend to dance any to-night, but for your sake I will, just to let you nor of us. Their presence would only throw a damp on our festivity." e that your mother is not getting old

Conversation had been flowing pretty "Well done, Mrs. Sheridan ! that's freely before the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and, though there was a general silence for some few minutes dier that grand event, the ice was not suffered to thicken, for Mr. Fitzgibbon took up the broken thread.

I was saying, Mr. O'Callag- it," said Mr. O'Callaghan, rising, and making his bow to Mrs. Reilly. said he, " it is my conviction that the schoolmaster or mistress is enther the bane or blessing of society, according as he or she inculcates good Yes, sir, that fact

or bad principles. Yes, sir, that fact is, I think, morally certain." "Not a doubt of it," said Mr. O'Callaghan; "for my part, I have never ocen able to understand the folly O'Callaghan, but it wouldn't be either decent or proper to see a widow danc-ing. It wouldn't agree with this cap, parents who knowingly place their children in the way of acqu ing. false principles. I would as soon think or this black black.' Mr. O'Callaghan respected her scruples, and passed on with a smile to or putting my child into a burning house as into a non-religious school."

Waether Mr. O'Callaghan had for-Ellie Flanagan. gotten the presence of Miles Blake, or that he really intended the observation for his car, Miles took upon him-That is all very fine sen to answer. talking, Mr. O Callaghan, as you have only a daughter, (no disparagement to the ladies, mind !) if you had a son you "No, indeed, sir," said Ellie, stand-

lastly, the whole party, old and young, except Margaret, who furnished the music, were on the floor at once, jigging away to the enlivening tune of Sin Various songs were sung during the you must make them pay their foot

evening, filling up very agreeably the pauses of the dancing. Mr. O'Callaghan was an ardent lover of Ireland and ing." Edward went over, and, stooping everything Irish. Tom Moore was, in down, said something in a low voice to Tom, who immediately struck up that fine reol, known as Mrs. McLeod's. his opinion, the first of modern poets -in fact, ancient or modern, the --in fact, ancient or modern, there was not one who came so near Mr. O'Callag-han's ideas of a great poet. His daugh-ter sang most of the melodies with much The effect was instantaneous : The effect was instantaneous. On went the two couples, like so many lap-wings, all seemingly inspired by the lively strain. The young people en-joyed the sight as much as if they were feeling and good taste. She played well, and had a very good voice, highly cultivated, for her father had spared no expense on her education, particularly as regarded music.

Taking her place at the piano on Edward's invitation, Margaret ran her fingers lightly over the keys in a graceful prelude, asking at the same time: What shall I sing i

"Anything you like !" was the general answer. After a moment's thought, she began

Moore's beautiful song to the air of the Coolin.

"Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow

There was breathless silence while she a good example," cried Edward, seeing Daniel and his wife standing up to There was breathless silence while she sang, for the words and the music are both full of the most exquisite pathos, and Margaret's voice was one of thrill-ing sweetness. When the last faint eadence of the symphony died away, there was a loud and prolonged burst of applause. Edward only was silent, but Margaret knew full well that his silence are more expressive of admiradance. "Now, Mr. O'Callaghan, won't you step out, too ?" "Why, I declare, I can't get over, "Oh, Mr. O'Callaghan, yon must xcuse me," said the widow; "I never danced a step since poor John's death, silence was more expressive of admira-tion than any words he could have and never will, please God ! Don't take it ill of me, sir, for if it weren't for

spoken. "Now, Mr. Edward," said Margaret, looking timidly up, "1 believel have a call. Will you favor us with a spoken. song

"Oh, certainly ; but some one must choose what I am to sing. Mother, will

"Sing that new song that you go

last week, Edward. We're all quite taken with it here," said she aside to her sister in law. "I don't know " Will you dance a reel, Miss Ellie ? I'm sorry I'm not a younger man for your sake, but as I can find no other whether you ever heard it or not.' So Edward took a seat at the end of partner, I know you'll not be so cruel as to deprive an old man of a dance for the piano and began his song :

"Oh what is the old man thinking, As he leans on his oaken staff.

an unaccountable barrier from the relatives and friends amongst whom they uanifestation of coldness towards them on the part of any one present, but the

ately put on these very persons, was, in itself, a mill-stone round their necks. Miles attempted to conceal his very unomfortable feelings by an extra assump contrary, endeavored to appear as "free ion of dignity, while his wife, on the was and easy " as though nothing were amiss, but, in both cases, the veil was too thin to answer the purpose, and only served to make the truth more painfully manifest. Tim and his wife did all they could to make Mr. and Mrs. Black feel output at home: they

Mrs. Blake feel quite at home; they were ably and cordially seconded by Edward, but somehow neither of the girls could make any advances in that direction. Once or twice Susan went, by her mother's orders, to speak to her Once or twice Susan went, aunt, and Mrs. Blake did all she could to encourage an intimacy, but all was in vain. Susan could not forget how, on a certain day, her aunt had ordered her out of the parlor, " because the Misses Thomson were coming in." Ever since that, Susan had an idea that " Aunt didn't like her as well as she

hence her coolness on the used to do." present occasion. Mrs. Reilly could neither forgive nor

the Nomentum road, there to be blessed orget her recent disappointment. Her by the abbot while all the wax tapers onversation the whole evening was evelled at the Blakes, and she took shone like stars, and the incense made the air sweet as a forest of cedars, and voices would sing all the time-like right good care to station herself so hat they could not fail to hear her. angels in heaven-the "Agnus Dei There she sat "in silken robe arrayed," looking as though the ancestral dignity the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world !

It was as in a dream of innocent rap proper person. Her memory was ran-sacked for all the facts most honorable ture that Francesco went to sleep that night. He had not heeded then Mauma o her ancient house, and these she re Gita's reproachful voice: ained with an emphasis truly remark pertinacity by no means greeable to those who chanced to be

her immediate listeners. The stories they had all heard a hundred times, at least, and though most of those presen were descended from the same ancestral line, they could well have dispensed with such frequent repetition of glories, past, present, or fature. Mrs. Reilly was in her element, uplifted, as it were on the wings of memory to a position of respectable height. Still the evening passed pleasantly

beat with pride as he watched their ecstatic playfulness, and the eager their fat tails, as they It is marked with crosses, and means and friends amongst whom they wagging of their fat tails, as they nursed, or that he loved then, when, in answer to his endearments, both turned their comical, narrow little faces to him, with a soft, quavering,

Raal Raal Francesco declared-though no one except his father Pietro, an old shep-herd, believed him-that they had dif ferent expressions and different voices from the other lambs, and thus he could know Nino and Ninetto any-

both. Francesco always thought of where! "All sheep are alike," said good old himself as the little shepherd bringing his twin lambs, and he fancied the dear Fra Paolo, and for the first time in his life Francesco dared to be vexed with Lady Mother would say to him after the blessing; "My child, take thy lambs home and care for them for His the kind Father, nor would be reconciled

until the good Father told the boy that since their fleece was so fine they might sake." The kind Englishman soon became be chosen for the two lambs blessed by the Holy Father himself on St. Agnes' acquainted with Nino and Ninetto as well as their little master, and begged day, from which the Sisters of San Lor-enzo shear the wool that is woven ir to to paint their portraits, with Fran-cesco's, of course, with the others, only he was too wise to let the boy the pallium, or precious collar, with long ends, worn by the Pope and the

think of his own picture at all. Archbishops in their holy ministry. Francesco's beautiful eyes grew wide Francesco, in turn, was charmed to show the signor the special marks of with delight and wonder, as the old man went on to tell him of the beautiful his pets.

Now see you, dear signor, has not eremony. He had seen pictures of the Nino a tiny black spot on his nose? Ninotto's is pure white; and look you, how he loves to be petted, while Nino dear St. Agnes with her little lamb cuddled close to her side. On her feast he knew the lambs would be carried first to the old church of St. Agnes on

frisks and capers continually." Many a sketch was taken of the dark, sweet face and the brown eyes, while the lad talked of the pallium, which the Capuchin Sisters, or those Sau Lorenzo, would weave from the

fleece. "It will be laid for a night on St. Peter's tomb," said Francesco,

eyes shining. "I think I shall call them St. Peter's Lambs."

As the Englishman spoke a shadow Then no Carnival for the lad this fell across the ground, and looking up,

spring! The lambs' wool was to buy him clothes, father." "Then he can give unto the Church not only the wool but his heart's desire! Do not stand in the lad's way," replied the old man gravely. When Francesco remembered this afterwards by noon-day light, he was

sorry to miss the Carnival, the gay Carnival, with flowers and jests, and the shepherds piping and singing, and the confetti falling like rain, and all the pressed for money. The Englishman was young, and could not be very busy,

they saw the young lord of Buonamonte, whom the Englishman already knew. He and his sister had been riding with a party across the Campagna, and his sister had stopped to see old 'Gita, its sister had stopped to see one. The once her nurse and foster mother. The brother had come in search of the artist, meanwhile, for he hoped to induce him to restore some old Buonamonte portraits at a small price, being much Englishman

of all her line were centered in her own