

"Father," said Mary, were you in Callan?"

"Callan? To be sure many a time."

"There's a farmer of the Kenneys there."

"No doubt."

"Well, I want you to send the ten pounds to ould Paddy Kenney."

"Is he your father, Mary?"

"Throth, no sir—or my uncle, or my cousin."

"Well?" the priest inquired, looking puzzled.

"Well, sir, Paddy Kenney was a farmer five or six years ago; an' mother an' I lived near him. Father was dead, an' we had very little; an' the things went hard with Paddy Kenney. He brought the loaf o' bread, an' the grain o' tea to the house, and the bottle o' milk in his pocket, when mother was sick an' I could do very little by spinning a bit o' wool for a weaver."

"And you are going to pay him now?"

"Oh, no!—nothing could pay Kenney. But I sent the first five pounds I earned to my poor mother. She has the cabin an' haggart still, an' the neighbors work it for her. Now, sir, this is all I earned you see;" and she let fall the fold of her cloak to show how poor her attire was. "I spared every penny; because I heard that Paddy Kenney was gone down; an' I want to send it to Paddy—poor Paddy!" the kind girl said.

"Very well," said Father John; and he coughed like some one who wanted to clear his throat.

"An' see, Father!"

"Well?"

"Don't hurt poor Paddy's feelings, you know," said the servant-maid. "Tell him that the Widow Quinlan's daughter had that much to spare, an' sent it to him to lend it to him. Mind Father, to lend to him, and then he won't feel so low!"

God bless Mary Quinlan! She had a heart of gratitude; and she believed in God.

These poor servants and workmen perform a wonderful mission for truth. People cannot help inquiring for the principle which gives strength to fidelity, and life devotion, and all-abounding faith. Father John used to tell of a Yorkshireman, who sent for him, one night very late, and whom the

priest found very ill, and in a great passion at the same time.

"What—what is the matter pray! say!"

"Say! I'll tell thee, sir," the Yorkshireman cried. "Here's my good woman, and yon," pointing to a burly man, "and yon see, they be sore about sendin' for the priest!"

"Oh, I see."

"Well I said to 'em that there wasn't no kind of use in all the talk—as I'm—but I shall die an Irishman!"

Well, he did die an "Irishman!" The Yorkshire man could not separate the ideas of Catholic and Irish; and such, as we said, are the workings of the workmen's faith in America and in India, too.

An orderly named Denny, an Englishman, came from time to time with Captain Seymour's horse, or with papers, or letters; and thus became known to the domestics. Mr. Seymour liked him. He had great honor and much common sense, and he believed he said the man was faithful.

Father John was one evening reading his Breviary in the garden just half-an-hour before tea, when Denny smartly came up to him, and made his salute. Father Hayes returned the salute by a bow.

"I want to become a Catholic, sir."

"You?"

"Yes. I've told Mr. Seymour."

"And——?"

"He says, 'Do as you like;' and I mean to."

"You must see me at my house."

"Certainly, sir."

Here was a new experience that made Mr. Leyton Seymour somewhat more interesting, and, of course, sent Father Hayes' mind a-dreaming.

Some two or three weeks after, Father Hayes was in the midst of a lot of Indians. The good father was a great favorite among the Indians, and one day a round dozen of them came into the city, and found themselves in due time at Father Hayes's house. A good long ring, a good loud knock, delights an Indian; and, as may be supposed, "they had their claim allowed," when they demanded admission. There was as many as eight Indian girls, four men, and they came solemnly trooping into