

yond our conceptions, glorious beyond all that eye hath seen, or the heart of man conceived."

"I was reading yesterday, mamma, about a good monk that left his convent, lured by the singing of a little bird. Its voice was so melodious, that he spent, as he thought, the most of the day listening to it. When he returned, what was his surprise to find the convent changed, and all the monks strangers to him. After making inquiries, it was found that he had been some hundreds of years listening to the little bird, which was no other than an angel. Oh, how delightful to hear the whole choir of heavenly angels chanting hymns of love and praise."

"It must, indeed, Bessy."

There was a silence for some minutes.

"Mamma!"

"Well, pet."

"Would you wish me to be in heaven?"

"I would, love."

"Then, mamma, sure you won't fret when I die?"

"What makes you think of death?" asked Mrs. O'Donnell, wiping her eyes.

"I don't know, mamma; yet something tells me that God will take me to Himself. I'm sure it must be my guardian angel that tells me so."

"O Bessy, Bessy, don't break my heart by speaking of death."

"I thought, mamma, you wouldn't grudge me to be happy in heaven; sure I would get to be your guardian angel to watch over you and papa, and Kate and Frank."

Mrs. O'Donnell gave a few smothered sobs, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, mamma, and I won't say it any more, and, papa, kiss me," and she went over to her papa and twined her tiny arms around his neck.

"God bless you, child!" said Mr. O'Donnell, as he raised his head and pressed her fondly to his aching breast—"God bless you, darling! and spare you to us to cheer our misery!"

Mr. O'Donnell and Mrs. O'Donnell chatted and laughed and played with that fond child. They forgot that misery and ruin were on their track; their hearts were too full of love and hope, and they forgot the dark frowns of the world. Thus they spent their time until Frank and Kate returned. Mrs. O'Donnell had the tastefully-laid teatable spread before them, and a cheerful fire sparkled in the grate, and sad, but still loving hearts welcomed them.

During tea the conversation was chiefly about Willie; after tea, Mr. O'Donnell brewed his glass of punch, and Frank did the same to refresh himself after his journey.

Frank stirred his punch, and then balanced the spoon upon the edge of his glass, and then looked at his father; but the latter was in one of his usual reveries. Frank hem'd and haw'd and at length said,

"I suppose you called upon the attorney to-day, sir? Is there any chance of a settlement?"

"None, Frank, none in life; I offered any compromise, but none would be accepted; nothing but pay down in full. This is very cruel, Frank—very cruel, considering all we have lost by that unfortunate bank, and that these people had as much right to meet the losses as I. While there was a gain, they had their share—why not of the losses? But now, as they have the writ out, they are pressing to enforce it before Mr. Ellis becomes subsheriff. I asked but two years to pay them all off. I told them that if my effects were scattered they would ruin me, without getting themselves paid."

"What will we do, sir?"

"We have only one course now, Frank—that is, to trust Mr. Ellis; let him seize and sell the stock and effects for rent; you can buy them, and get a lease in your name."

"I believe we must do so," said Frank, musingly.

"Yes, Frank, there is nothing else to be done; we can then pay these harpies without breaking ourselves. Frank, my dear boy, you cannot believe what a desire I have of ending my days in this old house of my fathers," and he looked about the room; "so go to-morrow to Mr. Ellis and tell him all. I hope he will act honorably."

"God grant it!" said Frank, doubtfully.

"Well, there is no help for it; we must trust him," said Mr. O'Donnell.

(To be continued.)

HEAT AND DISEASE.—During the reheating of the furnaces in an iron establishment in England, says the British "Journal of Science," the men worked when the thermometer, placed so as not to be influenced by the radiation of heat from the open doors, marked one hundred and twenty degrees. In the Bessemer pits, the men continue a kind of labor requiring great muscular effort at one hundred and forty degrees. In some of the operations of glass-making, the ordinary summer working temperature is considerably over a hundred, and the radiant heat to which the workmen are subjected far exceeds two hundred and twelve degrees. In a Turkish bath, the shampooers continue four or five hours at a time in a moist atmosphere at temperatures ranging from one hundred and five to one hundred and ten degrees. In enamel works, men labor daily in a heat of over three hundred degrees. On the Red Sea steamers, the temperature of the stoke hole is one hundred and forty-five degrees. And yet in none of these cases does any special form or type of disease develop itself.