

Dick's full residence in the archway room, Roger found his little home in perfect order, and the table spread with everything but the eatables, which he was bringing in his basket.

Roger was accustomed to great neatness and cleanliness, but never had his table looked so inviting. To its ordinary utensils Dick had added certain little matters that had been his mother's, and, though the sight of them brought tears to the lad's eyes, he felt

that by dedicating them to Roger's service he was using them, as she would have wished him to do.

The man understood the boy's motive and was deeply touched.

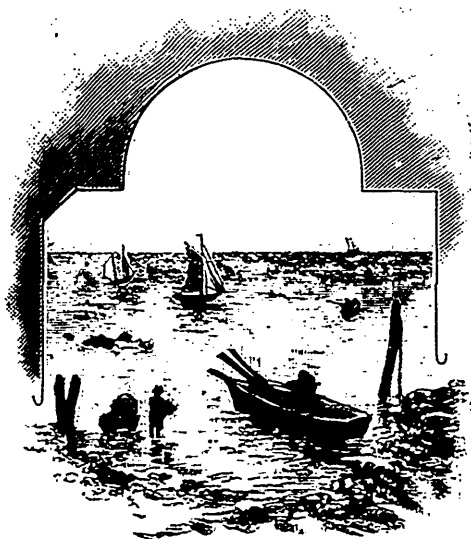
"You like to see things as your mother used to have them," he said.

"It was not for myself, grandad."

"I knew that, lad. But supper will taste better both for you and me."

Roger looked at Dick as he spoke. They understood each other.

(To be continued.)



AN OLD JACK OF KINSALE.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 205.)

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Rector of St. John's, Limrick; Author of "*Sent back by the Angels.*"



'VE neither chick nor wife:
I'm fourscore and three:
All my rough life
I've followed the sea—

At ten half a sailor,
At twelve up and away,
Cruising in a whaler
Around Baffin's Bay.

I've sail'd a yacht for a lord,
All spick and span;
French cook aboard,
And yourself a lady's man.

I've drifted anywhere
On a berg steeple-height;
Me and an old bear
Chumming most polite.
I've seen the blue packers
Ring round and shut—
Mountains of ice for crackers,
And the ship for the nut.

In eighteen 'forty-four,
With the barque *Mary Jane*
I took a lee-shore
On the north coast of Spain;