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THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER.

CHAPTER VII. THE SCENES ARE SHIFTED—THE FASHION ALBE BOARDING SCHOOL - UNCLE TIM'S PRACTICAL JOKE, AND OTHER

Seven years had passed since the last appearance of our characters " on any stage." We left the younger branches of the united houses of Blake and Flansgan in a state of transition, just passing from childhood to that mature age, varying in different individuals, when respectively known as young men and young women, or young and gentlemen, as she case ma Fortune had continued to smile on families. Miles Blake had grown rich and independent. People had somehow the habit of calling him Mr. Blake, and when any one, presuming on sery old acquaintance, did address him by his Christian name, it was quite clear that the freedom was not at all acceptable. He had kept his ground as a trustee of St. Peter's, but I am sorry to say that as a Catholic he had lost ground considerably. Old St. Peter's had been voted as unsafe, and a hand edifice was put up for the accom modation of its congregation, now much increased. The trustees vested with full power over the temporal affairs of the church were it would seem, wholly anfit for the office they held. Matters grew worse from year to year, debte were gathering like a thunder-cloud over the doomed church ; the prudent remonstrances of the pastor, and his wise counsels, were set at naught, and the trustees held fast by their delegated authority in opposition to the priests though unable to manage the business of their office with any degree of cess. The consequence was, that the majority of them were ranged against the priest in the temporal order, and in the spiritual they were hardly one whit

e docile or obedient. Deck'd in a little brief authority, they began to wax great in their own estimation, and to think themselves quite equal, if not superior, to the priests. It may well be supposed, then, that Miles Blake had not benefited much, in a spiritual point of view, from his highly valued office of trustee. The was, that whatever religion he had had before that dubious elevation, had nearly all evaporated during these had nearly all evaporated during those eventful seven years. What with his angry contentions with the priests, and his great worldly prosperity, Miles had lost many of his good qualities, and ac-quired bad ones not a few. Perhaps quired bad ones not a few. Perhaps these might have been latent in his character, awaiting circumstances to call them forth, but come how they might, they had come, that was certain His comely helpmate bore her honors somewhat more meekly, owing mainly to the fact that she, unlike her hus to the fact that she, unlike her hus-band, went at times to confession, and did not protend to "act independ-ently," which notion had been fatal to poor Miles. Mrs. Blake, I am bound to acknowledge, did carry her head something higher than in the good old times; she had "fallen into flesh," too, considerably, and the world knows that a good portly rotundity of figure is, of itself, a load of dignity to the possessor thereof; so between the fat and the \$20,000 which rumor assigned to Miles, \$20,000 which rumor assigned to Mrs., and the trusteeship, not to speak of the honor reverting from her "highly-ac-complished" children, Mrs. Miles Blake was a personage of no small pre-

As for Master Harry you would find it no easy matter to recognize him in the tall, thin, and rather cynical looking gentleman I have now to introduce. The light-hearted, hot-headed boy of fifteen or sixteen, with his bright Milesian face, had changed like the eaterpiliar, into the guady butterfly, if a tashionable "Broadway swell" can ever be so called with propriety. Mr. Blake, junior, or Mr. Henry T. Blake, (though where the T. came from no one knew, where the r. came from ho one knew, not even himself), had graduated at Columbia College, after completing his preparatory studies under Mr. Simpson, of unctious notoriety. He and his of unctious notoriety. He and his friend, Zach Thomson, had run the sourse together, gained a fair share of that laurels the Columbia big-wigs had what laurels the Columbia big-wigs had to bestow, and came out together to electrify the city. Both entered the office of a famous lawyer, and were, in due time, admitted to the bar.

" Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown." as Harry observed, making a somewhat forced application of Scott's line. They were both handsome and of polished manners—at least, so thought them selves and their friends; both dressed in the tip of the fashion, and were to be met in all public assemblies; both had their pockets full of money, and were on all these accounts set down as "first rate fellows" by their "fast" acquaintances, both male and female. The young ladies were quite in love with this new Damon and Pythias, and were divided into two parties on their merits as "eligible matches." It is hardly necessary to observe that on quendam friend Harry, alias Henry T Blake, the favorite pupil of sleek Mr Simpson, the distinguished graduate o Columbia College, was not over-bur-dened with religion. He was still to patronize St rather inclined Poter's, it is true—that is, he went there occasionally, where there was some great attraction, such as a famous singer, or a popular preacher, or On such occasions, the like. Henry T. Blake never condescended to go in time for the beginning of Mass. The epistle was always over, and sometimes the Gospel, when Mr. Henry I walked, or rather lounged up the aisle entered the family pew, and quietly took possession of his seat (after kneeling for a second or so) where he took care to remain during the remainder of services, bendin one knee at the Elevation as a mere matter of form. Then Mr. Henry matter of form. Then Mr. Henry T. Blake would lean his elbow grace-fully on the side of the pew, taking good care to exhibit a costly topaz which spurkled on the fourth inger of his left hand. He would put back the universal dark hair from his forehead academy from time to time, just in

with an air of the most consummate nonchalance, bowing and smiling to any lady-acquaintance whose stray glance lady-acquaintance whose stray glance might wander towards the handsome lawyer. Such is Mr. Henry T. Blake, when at twenty-three he appears again

Eliza Blake was no less accomplished than her brother. She had grown from a delicate, and rather sallow featured child, into a slight, graceful girl, re taining only just so much of her early fragility of appearance as was requisite to make her what is called genteel look to make her what is carted general took ing. Her features bore the impress of Irish origin in their purely Grecian character, and her figure, though slight, had that rounded fullness characteristic of the Irish maiden. There was an intellectual expression in Eliza's coun tenance, and a sweetness in "bonnie blue e'en," that spoke of many a rare quality of mind and heart, and they who judged the book by its cover would not have been altogether wrong in their calculations. Notwithstanding the grievous disadvantage under which Eliza labored, in having been all along through the unaccountable folly of her father, subjected to a false system of education, she was still so amiable, in a natural point of view, that her Protest-ant friends all loved her sincerely, and her Catholic relatives said it thousand pities to see such a girl spoiled as she had been. She had grown up under the teaching of "dear Miss Davison," and in the society of the Misses Thomson, Jane Pearson, the Misses Thomson, Jane Fearson, and a few more—all daughters of Mile's "respectable people." When Eliza was about fifteen, she was sent to a fashionable academy, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Washington Paradle grand. ade-ground. There she learned a something of everything, without obtaining a real knowledge of anything in particular, except it might be the whole art of charming, or some such science. She could play some eight or ten grand pieces, commonly called by Pro-

grand pieces, commonly called by Pro-fessors "show-off pieces;" these she could execute with wonderful ease and could execute with wonderful case and rapidity; she could sing all the popular songs from Casta Diva to "Jim Crow:" she had painted a bunch of flowers and a basket of fruit, which were hung up in rich gilt frames, in her father's best parlor, and exhibited by her mother to every new visitor, more to her own gratification than theirs I grippe to say. Eliza was well more to her own gratification than theirs, I grieve to say. Eliza was well versed in history—so, at least, she con-sidered. To be sure her knowledge was rather one-sided—that is to say, was rather one-sided—that is to say, she had read no Catholic histories, no not one, but what difference did that make? she had read some of the very best histories, Hume's, Gibbon's, Rusbest histories, Hume's, Gibbon's, Russel's Modern Europe, etc., so she might well consider herself in full possession of the subject. As to poor Ireland, Eliza had read no particular history of it. None of her teachers had ever mentioned a History of Ireland, indeed the casual notice of the course of events in that country, introduced here and there into the history of England, was more than enough. What-ever history Ireland had, was, of course, mixed up with that of England, and that was all there was to be about it. Once, indeed, when Eliza, at her father's request, expressed a wish to learn something more about Ireland, Mrs. Danby, the principal of the Academy, became quite excited, and actually worked herself into a nervous fit. "You know quite enough about Ireland, Miss Blake!" said she; "the fact is, the less you know about it, it is all the better for you. What on earth has a young lady to do with the sanguinary wars, the intestine broils of ages long past? You see yourself of ages long past? that the Irish race have never distinguished for anything except fer-ocity and superstition, so their history have little interest for any refined or cultivated mind. If I had the misfortune, my dear Eliza, to be born of frish parents—which is, happily, not Irish parents—which is, happily, not the case—I would endeavor to forget it myself, and make others forget it, too, if I possibly could." Eliza ven-tured to suggest, in reply, that the of Greece and of other tries, which she had read, was also full of civil wars and intestine broils, and yet those histories were considered in-teresting and worthy of all attention. Nonsense, child! cried her teacher, impatiently, "how could you think of comparing Ireland to Greece—the impatiently, "how could you think of comparing Ireland to Greece—the classic land of Greece—the land of postry, the land of architecture, the land of valor, the land which Byron loved, the land for which he died ? For shame, Eliza! where is your taste? Ireland and Greece! why, the girl is crazed, I

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Danby, I am perfectly sane, and I only made the suggestion for the sake of information. bow to your superior judgment. You are a sweet, gentle girl, Eliza, replied the teacher with her most winning smile, "and I was wrong to speak to you in such a tone, but you know my nervous system is so fearfully delicate that the least thing excites me. And, besides, I am so exceedingly interested in your welfare, that I may, at times, overstep the bounds of prudence. You had better go now and practice that grand Valse." So Eliza took her seat at the piano, heartily ashamed of her (first and last) manifest-ation in favor of Irish history. So fared it, too, with Irish music. Moore's Melodies were voted obsolete in that fashionable academy, and any young lady who did happen to pick up one of them out of doors was not per mitted to practice it in school, as i was only losing time learning such old trumpery music. In fact, it seemed as though everything Irish, and everything Catholic, was studiously ex-cluded from Mrs. Danby's academy It was, or assumed to be, a high-toned institution, professing to cultivate the intellect, and to strengthen all the faculties by constant exertion. It was progressive institution, too, and had the proud distinction of always keeping up with the improvements of the so that, as a matter of course, every-thing antiquated or old fashioned, was at once rejected by Mrs. Danby, her husband the writing-master, and her two elegant assistants, Miss Johnson, and Miss Hammersley.

a friendly way; they sometimes examined the young ladies on matters purely secular—never religious—and always paid an extra compliment to a secure of the security of the secu any one who were pointed out (privately) by Mrs. Danby as Catholics, alias Romanists. It is needless to say that no priest was ever known to set foot within the walls. Eliza had been to confession some five or six times the three years she spent at Danby's. This she contrived to Mrs. Danby's. This she contrived to keep a profound secret, in order to escape the ridicule of her companions; they frequently made confession (as they understood it) a subject of merriment among themselves. On these occasions, Eliza felt a painful consciousness that their strictures were but too just, and she could not help envying se who had not to go to confe The poison was making slow but cer-tain progress in her mind, and thus it went on for years, until the time came when Eliza's education was declared complete, and her parents thought it time to take her from school. And high time it was, too, for she was turned of eighteen, a most accomplished young lady, and a sister every way worthy of Mr. Henry T. Blake.

When Eliza came home from school of for good and all," her mother

thought it necessary to celebrate the

event by a grand-entertainment.

Blake had purchased a handsome dwelling in White street, a few months be-fore, at Henry's special request, or rather command; and Mrs. Blake was rather command; and Mrs. Blake was anxious for the opportunity of exhibiting at one and the same time, her new house, the richness and elegance of her furniture, and the splendid accomplishments of Eliza. One of Stodart's best pianos had been provided in articipation of Eliza's return and in anticipation of Eliza's return and it was arranged that on the evening of "the party," the company should be enit was arranged the company should be entertained with a grand concert, consisting of Eliza on the piano, Henry with his flute, and Zachary Thomson on the violin. Then Jane Thomson was to ing a duet with Eliza, and Arabella was not much of a singer, was to Stiebelt's "Storm," for the nishment and delight of the audiplay Stiebelt's ence. The whole was to be, indeed, a grand musical divertissement. These being all duly considered, the whole family resolved itself into a committee on the all-important question of who was to be invited. Mrs. Blake would have "Tim and Nelly, and the (they were children still To this Henry and Eliza children " with her). demurred, alleging that their uncle Tim demurred, alleging that their distributions and his family would not find themselves at home in such a company as they meant to assemble, and, besides, the Thomsons, and the Pearsons, and the Smiths, and the Greens, would find it so strange; they were not accus-tomed to the ways of the Irish. The Flanagans could be asked some other

evening by themselves.

"Well! but you know they'll not be pleased," said Mrs. Blake, "if we don't invite them now. They'll be sure to hear of the party."

sure to hear of the party."

"Yes!" put in Miles, "you can't get over asking them. If you didn't they'd think themselves slighted."

"Even so," said Henry, "it would be easy to make up the quarrel with them, but it wouldn't be so easy to get over the unpleasant consequences of over the unpleasant consequences of bringing them and the others together. If you invite my Uncle Flanagan and his family, you would also have to in-vite those Sheridans, and that tiresome Mrs. Reilly and her son. Now this I will not stand, mother—I tell you that plainly-make up an Irish party some evening, and then you can have all

your friends. "Our friends!" said his mother drawing herself up, "then I suppose our friends are not your friends." "I did not say so, mother," replied

Henry, with his calm, sarcastic smile; "you Irish are so easily touched, that one never knows when he is trampling on your corns. Be pacified, good mother, I meant no harm, I assure

you. Mrs. Blake's heightened color and squall, but Eliza interposed with her accustomed gentleness. "My dear mother, you must not take Henry's words unkindly. You know he would not for the world hurt your feelings; but remember that the circle in which he now moves is totally different from that to which my good uncle and his

family belong."

"Why, Lord bless me, child! one would think to hear you and Henry talk, that my brother and his wife and the young people were all half-savages. Don't you know very well that Edward and Lohn are fit to go into any com and John are fit to go into any company, and that Thomas is getting edu cation for a priest? and the little girls are learning music and all the rest—

what more do you want?"
"Nothing more on their part,
mother," said Henry, cutting her short; "they are all very well in their owa way, but I tell you once for all, that it will never do to have them at this

party; that is, if you want to make it what we would wish to have it."

"After all, Mary, the children may be in the right," said Miles, "we can have another party in a week or two for our own people. They would not enjoy themselves amongst all these stylish, fashionably-dressed friends of Henry and Eliza. Let them have their

own way."
Miles had the casting-vote—a priv ilege graciously conceded to him b ourse, the head of the house-so the motion was carried. Henry made out the list of those who were to be in vited, his mother sitting by in pouting silence, with a face that seemed to say: "Have it your own way—I'll have nothing more to do with it."

But she had something more to do with it, for the next day she was busy from morning to night preparing the house for the reception of the distin-The supper was to be supplied by a neighboring confectioner, who was also to furnish waiters. The whole affair was to be kept a profound secret, at least from the Flanagans "and all that set." Alas! for the

stability of human plans and projects! there was not a single move taken in the house of Blake on this momentous occasion that was not duly recorded in

that of Flanagan. Not one "note of preparation" was lost on the ear of honest Tim—for Tim was still plain honest Tim—for Tim was seven years before. It so happened that the two maid-servants of Mrs. Blake, being Irish, as a matter of course, had stored up in their memories every word that was said derogatory to their own people and between them they took right good good care that the Flanagans sh good care that the rianagans should know all that passed on the occasion of the great party. Instead of being an-noyed at the slight put upon them by their relatives, Tim and his wife were highly amused, and Tim himself watched the progress of the affair with intense the progress of the affair with intense interest, as a capital joke. The young people were not at first disposed to view it in the same light, but their father laughed them out of their resentment, and at length succeeded in making them laugh to. Happile for mence, and at tempts of the making them laugh too. Happily for them all, they could afford to laugh at the silly ambition of the Blakes, for they were to the full as independent, though not quite so rich. Tim had commenced business on his own account ome two or three years before, with Edward as a partner. John was serving his time to the trade of leather dress ing in his father's shop, with two other apprentices. Edward kept the books, wrote and answered letters, and began latterly to assist his father in making the necessary purchases, while Tim himself worked with the boys in a little room off the store, and, when necessary, helped Edward in the selling depart ment. Thus it was that all three worked into each other's hands; they had nothing to pay out to strangers, except the trifling wages given to the apprentices, and what was still more advantageous, their business was alto gether managed by themselves. The consequence was, that in a few years they amassed a considerable su money, and were looked upon as a thriv-ing family. Thomas was studying for the priesthood, and had already gone the priesthood, and had already gone through the Greek and Latin classics, with credit to himself and his friends. Ellie and Susan were still under the care of the good Sisters, and were making a steady, if not a very rapid progress, in the various branches of a good and useful education. They were both learning music, and their brother Edward had made them a present of a piano.

piano. Ellie had gone through a course of Ellie had gone through a course of exercises, and could play and sing most of Moore's Melodies, "without ever looking at the music." She could also sing some of the beautiful hymns of the Church, Adeste Fideles, "Jerusalem, my happy home," O Sanctissima, and a few others, with a pretty accompaniment, so that her little accomplishments were already a valuable addition to the social enjyment of the family. to the social enjoyment of the family Even Susan could contribute a small share to the common stock of amuse

Share to the common stock of amuseme... don't
She had a remarkably fine voice,
and could accompany her sister, or
either of her brothers, in their
familiar songs and hymns. Edward
played the flute, and John the violin, so that as their father and methor lin, so that, as their father and mother fondly said, "they weren't depending on any one for amusement. They could amuse themselves without ever crossing their own threshold." And so they could, for they were all happy in each other, and desired no other society, except it might be their friends and relatives, the Sheridans and the Reillys. A happy family was that of Tim Flana-gan, for they lived in the grace of God, and in the exact fulfilment of every Christian precept. They had removed to a larger house, which they furnished with a view to comfort and conveni

with a view to comfort and convenience, rather than show.
"I'll tell you what I'll do, Nelly," said Tim to his wife, on the day of the great party of Blakes; "I'll just drop in to Miles's, to see what they're all about. I'll put them into a quandary." "Don't Tim, dear; don't go near

There's no use bothering them when they're all busy with their grand "But that's just what I want to do,

Nelly," replied Tim with his cheerful suile. "That's the smallest punishment they can get for their nonsensical pride. It isn't that I care about their making little of us—for, thank God! that's what they can't do; but I want to shame them a little, and that's the honest truth," Well, well, Tim, have your own

way; I know you like to have your joke, let what will come or go." "Poor oke, let what will come or go." "Poor souls!" sighed Nelly, when her husband was gone; "your joking will do them as little good now as your advice did

when it might have served them."
When Tim reached Mr. Blake's door he rang the beli somewhat louder than usual, whereupon Betty, the housemaid, ran with all speed, and Mrs. Blake put her head out of the parlor door, telling her to be quick, for she was sure there her to be quick, for she was sure there was some visitor at the door. She had scarcely spoken the word when in walked her brother, in his plain, every-day clothes, his hands in his pockets, as usual, and a roguish smile on his fine, manly countenance.
"Dear me, Tim! is it you that's in

it?" said Mrs. Blake, with a very un-sisterly voice and look; "I thought it was someboly else. [Go into the back arlor—but stay—come in here—no, no it's a little cold—come down to the

-it's a little cold—come down to the kitchen, and take an air of the fire."

"No, thank you, Mary, I'll go no further at present. I'm none of your 'cauld rifed bodies,' as old Elspeth, the Scoth beggar-woman, used to say. Do you remember her, Mary?" he added, seating himself on a handsome ottoman just opposite the door leading to the hale warden, or dining room. to the back-parlor, or dining-room.

"No-no-oh! what am I saying?— to be sure I do?" and Mrs. Blake made a desperate and a very visible effort, to recover her composure.
"Well, that same's a comfort," said

Tim, drily; " its wonderful how short people's memories are growing now a-lays. I often think of the time, Mary, when poor Phelim and myself were a pair of strapping gossoons, vieing with each other to see who'd have his ridge of potatoes dug out first; and you a purty little bare-footed gersha, gathering for six spaies at a time. We weren't so grand then as we are now Mary ; but, after all, them were pleas ant times. There were no silks or satins then, Mary, but there was full

and plenty of good country cheer, and good decent country clothing; and better than all that, there was peace in our hearts, because they were simple and contented, and not puffed up with pride." There was a seriousness, al most amounting to solemnity, in Tim's voice, and his face assumed for the moment, as expression of pity tender-ness, as memory brought back

"The days that erst had been."

But Mrs. Blake was not at all liged to him for his reminiscences. Why, Tim, is it a sermon you're going give us?" she said, tartly; "if it is, it's a queer time you took, just in the very middle of the day, when a body has a thousand things to look after." has a thousand things to look after."
"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons,
Mrs. Blake!" said Tim, very politely, and the waggish smile came back to his face. "Sure I forgot all about the party. Here I am, clavering and talking about things that are not fit to be entioned in such a house as this,' lancing nicing round on the tastefully-mished apartment; "and you, pool man! like a hen on a hot griddle, as furnishe I see you are. I was forgetting all about the business that brought me ere. I just came up to tell you that you needn't expect either Nelly or myself this evening. At for Edward, he's engaged to spend the evening with Dr. Power. I'm sorry for having to disappoint you, but it can't be helped. It would take Nelly or me a week at least, to prepare our best manners—so the to prepare our was quite too short."

Mrs. Blake was thunderstruck. The color came and went on her cheek. "Who, what do you mean, Tim?—what are you talking about?" and she threw herself into an arm chair, actually

panting for breath. What am I talking about?" said Tim, taking up a fan which lay on a table near hir, and presenting it to his sister; "there, Mary, dear, you're getting weak, I'm afraid—lan yourself a little, or, stay—here's a smelling bottle—take a snuff of it, and it'll bring you to in a jiffy. What was I talking about? why, about the party, to be sure

But who-who invited you, Tim?" "Why, Mr. Henry T. Blake, no less a person. You needn't look at me as if I had two heads on me. And mighty polite he was too, and, indeed, the same invitation was a condescension on his part, that I'll not forget in a hurry. Even if he is a great American lawyer, he doesn't seem to forget that he has an old frish uncle, a leather cresser in the Swamp. Poor young gentleman! he'll be quite down in the mouth when he finds that none of the 'Flanagans or the Sheridans, or any of that set,' can accept his kind and flattering invitation. Give my compliments to him and Miss Enza. Good bye, Mary; take care and don't overheat yourself dancing to-Enza.

But, Tim," said his sister, following him to the door in great confusion, did Harry really invite you to the party ?"

invite us ! why, to be sure he did ! Didn't you know?"
"Yes-no-oh! now I begin to think

"Don't trouble yourself to think of it, Mary dear! said Tim, with the same provoking smile. "You know all about it, and so do I. Good bye! I'll come of it."

up to-morrow or next day to see how you all feel after the party!" Mrs. Blake was soing to say some thing in reply, perhaps to make an excuse, but Tim made his exit hastily, drawing the door after him with a clap that rang all over the house. This brought Eliza tripping down stairs, her hair done up in papers, and her slight

figure wrapped in gure wrapped in a loose calico dress. "What on earth is the matter with you, mother?" she asked, seeing the confusion still visible on the usually placed face of her mother. "Who have

you had here ?"
"Them that I had no wish to see at But it's just g is. I shouldn't be led by the nose in my own house, and by my own children.
If I had stood it out manfally, and insisted on Tim's people being invited, I wouldn't have had to go through what

"I really don't understand you, mother. I wish you would tell me what has happened to ruille your temper

Just then the door-bell rang. "Oh! here comes Henry!" cried Mrs. Blake; "now I'll see how the matter s'ands. Henry," she said, meeting him at the parlor door, "did you, or did you not, invite your Uncle Tim's people to the

party?"
"Is it I, mother?" said Henry, with real, unmistakable astonishment.

'Why, how, how came you to think of such a thing?—do you suppose that I have lost my senses since we talked the tter over before?"
'If you have not," said Eliza, with

a significant glance at her mother,

a significant glance that it is a some body else has."
"Why, goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, too much occupied with her own perplexity to notice the dis-respectful bearing of her children.
"Why, goodness me I way United "Why, goodness me! your Uncle Tim has just been here to let me know that none of them could come this evening. You may be sure I was astonished, and didn't well know what to say, but a lest I asked him who invited them, and he told me you did; remarking at the same time, that it was very kind and

very condescending on your part."

Henry and Eliza exchanged glance and then both laughed heartily.
"He's a jolly old fox—is Uncle
Timothy!" said Harry; "He has been quizzing you, mother. I pledge you my word of honor I didn't invite him. No fear of that-but I may some other time when an opportunity offers. Think no more about it. Let us have dioner as soon as possible, and let Uncle Timothy go for the present."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Duty has the virtue of making us feel the reality of a positive world while at the same time detaching us -Ameil's Journal.

THE PEARL ROSARY.

It was Rosary Sunday, a mild, sunny day, when all nature seemed to be striving to pay homage to the Queen of Heaven, whose joyous festival was being celebrated by her faithful children throughout the world.

In the darkened chamber of a tiny cottage sat a young girl, a rosary of rarest pearls, linked with gold, slipping through her fingers, as she ever an anon turned to glance at the sleeper on the bed near her, whose form was dimly discernible in the faint light. At length she stirred, and immediately the

girl was at her side.
"Will you take a little broth, mother?" she said. "I have some on the fire for you."
"A little, dear, if you please," said

the mother, faintly.

The broth was given with the tenderest care, and again the invalid

slept.
Nelly Carson, the young girl on

whose presence we have intruded, went to her vacated chair, and holding her rosary still in her hands, fell into a deep Before her mental vision ro up a Rosary Sanday of the past—the happy past—when she, a child of ten, had spent that day, which most of all resembles heaven on earth, the day of her First Communion. What joy had filled her innocent heart when for the first time her Lord and her God took up His abode there! And after the happy, holy joy of the morning, what a delightful day she had spent with her kind parents, one of whom now lay silent 'neath the green grass of the churchyard! And when the happy day was over, and the little friends who had been invited to share pleasures and the provided feast had departed, a new treat was in store for her. Her kind mother gave her a rosary, the same that Neily now held twined around her fingers, saying as she did child, you have often admired my pearl rosary, with its golden chain, and now I give you the companion of it. There is a history connected with it, which I shall tell you some day. In the mean-time say it very often for one who was once innocent and pious like yourself."
Thus her First Communion Day had ended, but when her mother's night kiss was imprinted upon her brow two great tears fell down, which some how Nellie connected with the rosary, whose costly pearls looked like great tears themselves. Who was it that had once been innocent and pious as she And to-day again, as so often before, she thought of the unrevealed history, and prayed to the Queen of the Rosary for that unknown soul, that the piety and innocence that had once been hers might be restored.

Her mother's voice woke Nellie from her reverie. She hastened to the bed-side and found Mrs. Carson awake and feeling brighter and better than she had felt for a long time. As her eyes fell

on the rosary she said:
"Now, dear, open the blinds and let the beautiful afternoon sun in, and as I feel so strong I will tell you to day the history of the rosary you received on your First Communion Day." The blinds were raised and the glor-

ious October sunshine flooded all the room, giving the invalid's pale face a glow of color and resting aureole around the young girl's golden

head. "When I was a little girl," began Mrs. Carson, "I lived in Rio Janeiro. I had besides several brothers, a twin sister, who was my very soul. My father was the captain of a large vessel which sailed between Brazil and Portugal, and on the day of our First Communion he presented us both with these beautiful pearl and gold rosaries which he brought from the latter country. The two clasps which connected th ends of the chaplet were engraved in gold with our names. Mary on mine and on my sister's Stella. Time went the present time," replied Mrs. Blake, on, and every happiness was ours. I need not relate to you all that led to here, and if I didn't get a worrying no our separation, but the day came when poor unfortunate woman ever got it. my sister left me—left our dearly loved with one who despised our holy faith, and to become his wife gave up the family who loved her so tenderly and the religion for which each one of us would have willingly given our life. since that day I never heard of her. Her neglected rosary I have always treasured, and entrusted it to you on the happy day of your First Communion, hoping that your prayers would win her back to God."

Indeed, dear mother, I have prayed fervently for the unknown soul en-trusted and only to-day added another rosary to the many I had recited for her. I noticed the name of Stella on the clasp, and often wondered who and where she was. Now I will pray more perseveringly than ever.

II.

Nellie Carson had been brought up in omfort, and even in affluence, but the failure of her father's business and his sudden death a few weeks after had thrown her on her own resources, being,

as she was now was, the only support of her widowed mother.

She had secured a place as saleswoman in a large dry goods establish-ment in Philadelphia, and in that city accordingly she and her mother took up their abode. Great as she found the change from a life of enjoyment to one of hard work, Nellie never complained, but strove to lessen her mother's discomforts by providing for her all the little luxuries she could afford, denying herself many necessaries for this pur

In the place of her employment she was well liked by the majority of her companions. She was quiet and re-served with them, but she was ever eady to oblige and treat them all with a geatle deference that won their hearts. One only looked on her with disfavor, and this girl, Ellen Thomas by name, lost no opportunity of insulting and annoying her. Sometimes it was very hard to bear, the more so as she was conscious of no ill conduct on her own part toward the rude girl wao so often male her suffer, but she resolved at last to try by special kindness

to make a friend of her enemy. On the day after the opening of our