## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

## TALES OF THE JURY ROOM By Gerald Griffin THE FOURTH JURYMAN'S TALE

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## THE MISTAKE CHAPTER III-CONTINUED

At last came the joyous wedding day, and with it, from far and near, the guests came gathering to the merry house of the bride. The weather was unpropitious, for the had set in with wind and morning rain in all the gloom of beginning winter; but the barn in which, for fit, sh sensible. the sake of increased room, the con pany were assembled, was defende by a thick coating of thatch from th power of the storm, and a roaring fire blazing at the upper end, gave a returning tide of pity for the unforfair guarantee against the influence of the cold. The wedding baked tunate Anty. All was anxiety and read iness to assist her, and no effort sugmeats were set forth, the bagpipes gested for her recovery was left un-tried. Water was splashed in her had struck up a merry ar, and the priest had already taken his place at the head of the banqueting table, face, feathers burnt under her nose and attempts were even made at opening a vein by a skillful farrier who happened to be among the guests, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a poor woman wrappe but everything they ventured to do in a cloak, who sought shelter from the weather, was admitted to a seat by the fireside. The occurrence was for her relief proved for a time fruit-less. While the crowd was still press ing round her, Phelim lay in a chai common to occasion much obser by the fireside, overcome with sus-pense and agitation, but after the lapse of some twenty or thirty min-utes, suspecting from various exclamvation, and the feast proceeded. Great and fearful was the destruction on every hand, and stunning was the noise of the delighted multitude After the meats and other substantial to time, from the group around hi elements of the entertainment had disappeared, and a becoming time llowed for discussing the punch they all arose at a signal from the priest, and a little circle was formed panion of his, to the door, he ad at the upper end of the apartment, tre of which he placed himin the ce ing and in a gentle undertone. self, with Phelim and Maggy before

him. The important ceremony was now about to take place which was to make them happy for ever, and an anxious silence resigned throughout the room, broken only by the whisper of some of the elders to one an other, or the suppressed titter of some sly maiden, at the bashful bearfriend with the same intent look. ing of the bride. Just as the priest took the book, a loud cough heard from the stranger. No one took notice of it except Phelim; but as soon as he heard it, he started as if he had been electrified, and let fall Maggy's hand from his own. Then looking towards the fire-place where the old woman was sitting, a cold shivering came over him, and large flay her alive for it." drops of perspiration hung glistening on his forehead.

What's the matter with you darlin' ?" exclaimed Maggy, terrified friend. claimed Davy, slapping his hands in approval of the communication, "a kind tender-hearted man that never

darin' ? exclamed alogy, etrina at the change which came over him. "Nothing, achree," replied the bridegroom, "but a weakness that come upon me, when I heerd that cough from the ind of the room, it as so like the sound of one that I was once used to, but that can never he heard in this world again.'

Scarcely had he uttered the words when another cough resounded in the same direction, and again a sudden terror seized upon Phelim, his teeth began to chatter, his limbs to tremble, and he kept looking up towards the fire-place like one

was fairy-stricken. "Heaven purtect us!" he ejaculated in a faint whisper to himself. "Phelim Phelim, honey!" cried Maggy dreadfully alarmed.

Sure," muttered he, heedless of be med take every whole happerth "Sure," muttered ne, need gazing the voice of the bride and gazing the docthor ordhers for her.' vacantly in the one direction, berried her with my own two hands!"

man, Phelim," observed the priest, "and I admire your behaviour very "What ails you Phelim?" ex-claimed the priest, shaking him by the shoulder, to arouse him out of I'm glad to find, too, you're not giving

er, who was hanging drowsily man? the pig that I reared from a bonnive w!d my own hands. Yes, two hands look at em not so white over the dving embers on the hearth "Dead !" ejaculated Phelim, spring as Maggy's may be, but belonging to Mrs. O'Rourke for all that, thankee. ing from his seat, as if half astounded at the news, "dead all out is she, Where's my pig again, you born vil-Davy ?' Iain? Poor Phelim, somewhat aroused by Dead as a doornail," returned

Davy, "and 'tis just on the stroke of the fury of this attack, endeavoured to collect his scattered senses, and get out of so awkward a business as

Phelim faintly, and squeezed the decently as he could, but the greater his anxiety to appease her indigna-tion, the longer his explanations hand of his friend. Faix he was very exact in his tion, the longer his explanations— the more abject his apologies—the business," rejoined his companion significantly, "Oh mo leare! they're higher Anty's wrath mounted, until he dearies for docthors !" at length in the climax of a violent 'Say nothen, Davy----say nothen,' fell on the floor perfectly in-

observed the widower, "sure he did as he was taught at the university. The interest was suddenly changed. The feelings of the party, which a moment before, ran altogether in He was a kind man, so he was, and I'll not forget it to him.' Phelim was as good as his word ; the week afeer the decease and fun-Phelim's favour, now set back in a

eral of poor Anty, he had the docto invited to another wedding feast, at which thr affair between himself and the blooming Maggy was concluded without any farther interruption, and he was ever after his most intrepid defender when any of the old women in his neighborhood ventured to tamper with his reputation. He was indeed often heard to declare. " he'd go to the world's end for the docthor ---- do anything for him ---- anything in life----but take his medicine."

Having concluded his tale, greatly to the regret of his hearers, who ations which reached him, from time vere much interested in the vicissi udes of fortune which it unfolded wife, that there were hopes of her coming to, he roused himself up, and the fourth juror, without waiting to be called upon, "cleared the cob-webs out of his throat," as he facet-iously expressed himself, with a beckoning Davy Dooley, an old comlressed him with a look full of mean premonitory cough, after which he acquitted himself of the musical part prem Isn't this a purty business of his obligation in the following manner:

Davy ?" "The quarest I have ever seen in "The quarest I have ever seen in "seeling Davy, " she's my born days," replied Davy, " she's coming to, I believe." "We must have a docthor, Davy," Hark: Erin! the blast is blown on the heath, That summons thy sons to conquest

rejoined the husband, eyeing hi or death ; The lines are all set in fearful array. Eyeh ! plague on 'em for docthors And thou must be saved or ruined hadn't they her ondher their hands to-day. Like the flood of the winter, resist 'They weren't to blame anyway,

less and grand, Forth rushed to the shock the Davy, she gev 'em no fair play eithe for death or recovery. The porter tould me she wouldn't taste a dhrop strength of the land ; And hearty and free was the ready of their medicines if they were to

hallo That answered the call of Brian Twas like her cuteness," ob-"Well, but listen to me," continued "Well, but listen to me," continued Boru.

п. Phelim, and stooping over, he mut-tered something into the ear of his Oh! trust not that form so aged and dear, Amid the wild crash of target and 'No better on Ireland ground," ex-

spear, Bright star of the field and light of the hall, Our ruin is sure if Brian should fall.'

keeps poor craythurs long in pain. Oh ! begannies he's the real docthor." Like the waves of the west that burn on the rock hosts at the morning rushed to "Away with you then, arragal," cried Phelim, "I hear her voice get shock. ten stronger; offer him any money But ere his last beam was quench'd

in the sea, Where's Davy going ?" inquired The Raven was quell'd, and Erin was the priest, as he saw him hastily free.

III. Sending him off for the docthor Yet hushed be the sound of trumpet am, your reverence," answered Phelim, "for I'll never let her set and drum, And silent as death let victory come.

foot in the hospital again. They neg-For he, at whose call the chieftains lected her there entirely, them rogues of nurse-tenders, and so I'll have her arose, All bleeding and cold was found at attended at home now, where she'll

the close ; And Erin is sad though burst is her chain,

And loud was the wail that rose o'er the plaiu; For Victory cost more tears on that work in his potato field. Nor was this all his trouble. Now and then

side or his own. A gentleman by birth, a foreign education had added to his natural benevolence a costly demeanour, under which, if I might say so, he used to disguise his funda-mental stubbornness. The consequence was that no one could quarrel with him, except such per-sons as were noted for love of strife, or who could not endure to be

thwarted in their views. Well gentlemen, I dare say you Think o' that Davy," uttered honester hands.

think I have been long enough sing-ing the paroenesis of this country priest. However, I can assure you whatever good qualities he posses sed, he had not one more than he needed, for of all the laborious offices that have been entailed upon our species by the sin of our first parbrother, the former of whom was in species by the sin of our first par-ents, perhaps that of an Irish priest upon a country mission is not readily to be surpassed. There was in the first place some thousands of rough, stiff-necked, wrong-headed, country feloffice in the parlor. "'Tis an admiration to me, Mrs. Ahearn," said the clerk, "that his reverance would put up with the likes at all, at all. There isn't a man but himself that would bear with it.

lows to please and manage, many of them folks of impervious brains and An' to hear the way he talks to him when they meet about the accounts inveterate habits, with which it were as idle to deal as to set about -the daarin' impident language he gives the masther. 'Tis my firm altering the bend of an old oak tree It was in vain he begged of them in his most persuasive terms to make their calls in the day time. If an hand to you from the day he does that, it won't be long 'till the whole old woman had but got the headache, they were sure to wait until he was just dropping off in his first

sleep, and then knock him up to set counthry.' out on a journey of two or three miles across a wild and boggy moun-tain, with all the assurance in the Ned, although I'm in dhread there's a lale of it doesn't go much betther as world that "he never would overtake her." And slight would be it is. Is it thrue for 'em what they say, that of late he's keepin' worse company than ever he did before?" "Is it Misther Richard?" their apology, when, as it sometimes happened after arriving at the scene of terror he found the poor penitent smoking a pipe by the fireside, with-"Be coorse. "Tis then true, who ever tould you." out any more notion of making a voyage to the other world than i

setting out for Constantinople. What added to the annoyance (if so Ahearn, after a pause, "an' I'm a'most afeerd to ax you about it, in dread either that it 'ud be thrue, or patient a man could be annoyed by anything,) was that it was invariably the most worthless, reckless, goodthat I'd be casting such a slight upon for-nothing vagabonds in his parish him an' he not deserving it. who were least sparing of his time fact what I'm tould that he keeps company with the Poundher ?" or labour, and who seemed to think that the less peace or quiteness they At the sound of this terrible word, the clerk laid aside the boot to which allowed the poiest, the more they he was administering the last var-nish of Warren's jet, looked and lisshowed their piety, and the surer they were of their salvation. It tened cautiously on all sides, and then advancing to the side of Mrs. seemed in truth as if by some supernatural means they knew pre-cisely the very moment when their Ahearn, whispered in her ear with calls would be most embarrassing the frightened gaze of one who was uttering a mystery of the most awful and inopportune, and chose that

time especially to lay hands upon the well plied knocker of his door. import : "It is."

And there might be something to say, if those individuals were as libhousekeeper. "So you ought, an' I'm in dhread there'll be more sorry for it before eral in contributing to the decent maintenance of their pastor as they all is over.' were in adding to his labors, but the reverse was the case to a lamentable Fitzgerald, if you please? Because I only heard a little of him from Susy extent. While the good, pious, wellconducted parishioners who never Kenerk, the milk-woman, yesterday when she tould me about himself an troubled their clergyman, but when it was necessary, and always at the proper time were attentive to his Mister Richard, and you know be sides I'm sthrange to these parts. temporal wants, and generous in contributing to his support, those reckless, unmanageable fellows, whom it was impossible to please, you tell me who is Beelzebub ?" who thought least of interrupting his meals or his sleep without neces sity, and had menaces of a complaint to the bishop most frequently on their lips, were precisely those of all others who were most niggardly in giving, and whose names remained longest on the list of the unpaid at

Christmas and Easter; and who were always best provided with an excuse when a horse was wanted to draw home his hay, or a hand to

o' that, Ned." Well, about as good or betther

"I'm sorry for it." replied the

An' who is the Poundher, Misthe

lying at anchor off Ahanish of a self to religion. The care of this he left in the hands of a younger brother, one of the most unprincipled winther's night, when the Poundher an' his men (if the likes could be called men.) boarded her an' the ruffians that ever set foot upon the crew, asleep, an' murthered every one earth. Neither the example nor the kindness of his brother had the least of 'em! One poor fellow med an atempt to escape by letting himself effect upon him, and every body wondown from the boat, an' swimming dered that Father John did not send unknownst, but they spied him at a distance making for the shore, by him about his business, and commit the care of his affairs to safer and the light of the moon which appeared at the moment, and shot him as they One morning it happened that the

clerk and the housekeeper were both busy in the kitchen, the former in would a duck in the water." "O murther, murther alive ! A' giving the last polish to his master's Ned, is it a fact you're tellin' me ?' "I only tell it to you as I'm tould boots, the latter in preparing break fast. They were very free in their remarks both on the priest and his myself. So you may considher, Mrs. Ahearn, what sort o' company that is

for Misther Richard to be follyin the meanwhile quietly reading his after.' "Oh, vo, vo! Misther Fi'gerald, I

don't know what to say about it at all, at all. An' wasn't there ever any attempt med to put a stop to such doin's ?' "There was many a time, but what

good was it for 'em. They might as well be sthriven' to catch an eel be tween their finger an' thumb. They took out the sogers to look for him, an' twice they even caught him, but opinion, Mrs. Ahearn, that 'tis what he didn't let 'em keep him long. he wants is to tire him out until he'll One time—asy ! Isn't that a rap I hear at the hall-doore ?" ""Tis, an' a double rap too. I suprise out o' the property entirely, an' let him have it for himself, an' my himself, an' my

pose 'tis Misther Richard. tha thought fit to come at last, afther goes in ducks an' dhrakes about the keepin' the master expectin' him Why then, that would be a pity. these three days. Dear knows, twould be well we had either less or more of him.'

"I' you ! there's another rap What a hurry he's in."

Mr. Fitzgerald, who added the dignity of porter to those of clerk, groom, and valet in the service of his master What else? Sure 'tisn't Father laid aside the boots which he had at length brought to a suitable degree of lustre, and went to the hall-door. He had not opened it many minutes "I hear a thing of him," said Mrs when a cry of terror suddenly re sounded through the house followed

by exclamations of "help! murder robbery! The Poundher! The wather pirate ! TO BE CONTINUED

HOW GOD REPAYS

The factory gates were thrown open, and the throng of toilers poured out, pressing on with the eager though weary feet to where a spell of well-earned rest awaited them. Though to a casual observer the appearance of the young women and girls who composed the working staff of the great Manchester cotton fact tory presented a great similarity of a more careful glance would type, note a difference. The plain, simple fashioned garments of some showed a scrupulous attention to persona neatness. Their whole demeanor bore the impress of an innate self respect, that self-respect which makes its owner look upon her work, however lowly, as duty. To many of those toilers the divine gift of faith Will you answer me one question taught the higher truth, the duty is first, Mrs. Ahearn, if you plaise can the direct carrying out of the will of Him Who spent the greater part of Lord save us, Misther Fitzger HIs early life in the hard ill-requited said the housekeeper, crossing toil of Nazareth.

nerself, and curtesying devoutly A girl of this latter type was Nora what is it you mane be that ?" Driscoll. Quietly she made her way through the crowded thoroughfares, "I mane to say that the one an swer will match both our questions. Who is the Poundher? Why then, I'll past the smoke - begrimed public buildings to the narrow, ill-paved ell you, ma'am. Although you bein street, where, in on attic of small from another part o' the counthry lodging-house, she lived. It was a make no doubt yo weary climb for Nora's t!red feet to heard tell o' the River Shannon ?" "O vo! sure the world hear talks that same attic, yet she was content,

glimpse of sky and of the river, for the Irwell flowed past this quarter of

Nora was the orphan daughter, the

mainstay and support of her dearly loved mother. Separation was a cruel trial for both, but Nora had

resolutely faced it. Her aim was to

get together the amount sufficient to buy the little cottage in which her

nother lived, an aim made possible

by the Irish Peasant Proprietor's Bill.

Then her mother would have a roof,

however lowly, from which no unjust.

tyrannical power could drive her. Little by little the sum was accumu-

was approaching, and looking searchingly at her. It was a girl with a some-what hard face, and sharp, rather bold eyes. Cheap finery and tawdriness were the keynotes of her ill-kept dress and headgear.

for her home over the sea.

"I say," she accosted Nora, in highest-pitched, real Cockney tones, could yer give me something to eat an' drink ? I aint 'ah nothink this

'ere blessed day." Nora stopped. An involuntary re pugnance, for which she immediately lamed herself, kept her silent for a few seconds.

"Oh, well," resumed the other " if yer 'aven't the 'eart to help a pore girl, I can help myself. The river's there.

"Stop!" cried Nora. putting her hand on the torn jacket sleeve. didn't mean not to help you. I'v I've no money to spare. I'm only a factory nand. But if you come with me I'll give you something to eat and drink. She led the way to her little attic, shivering inwardly at the sinister suggestion of the river. Too well she knew what that meant. Every month, every week, it yielded up its tribute of those who had sought refuge from misery in its dark depths. "Now," she said, when she had

placed her own frugal supper before her strange guest, " will you tell me something about yourself, so that I may see if I can help you.'

The girl began a voluble account of her doings. How she had come to Manchester from her home in the country, seeking employment. She had been parlor-maid in a family, and had been dismissed on unjust suspi-cions; had failed to get another place and had made up her mind to end all by drowing herself.

"Oh, don't say such a wicked thing!" said Nora. "You know well how that would offend God."

Gawd?" repeated the other with a short laugh. "You don't suppose He'd trouble much about the likes o me, do you ?" "God loves you, more than ever

you can understand," said Nora, simply and earnestly. "But now will you take my advice and go back to your home in the country? Manchester is no place for you. Get out of it as quick as ever you can."

'Can't replied the fgirl sulkily. "Got no money. An' my home's a long way hoff, right down in Kent!" Nora felt staggered. There was certainly no means of getting the girl to such a distance. Oh, what was to be done. She dare not let this girl go from her to-night, hopeless and penniless, with that black-flowing river near at hand. An idea sprang suddenly into being. It solved the problem, but it struck a chill at her very heart. She covered her face with her hat, while the girl watched her curiously. Could she do it f Could she give up her cherished, long-planned joy for the sake of this unknown girl? No, for her sake, she could not. But for His sake, for the love of Him Who had sent this wan dering sheep across her path, she could and would

She stood up, and going to the box that held her little store, opened it.

"Emma," she said to the girl, who amongst other things had informed her that her name was Emma Willis, "if you get the money to take you to your own place, will you promise me to leave Manchester to-morrow for your home ?"

because from it could be had a "I should think so. Just give me the chance, an' see if I don't.' Well, here's enough to get

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Suddenly she became aware of

some one standing by a lamp-post sh

the stupor which seemed to oppress him, " are you ill? or what is all this way to that foolish and wicked preju-dice against the doctors which has been so prevalent since the cholera strange proceeding about ?"

before ?'

run, aroo ! oh ! mavrone !"

"You're an honest and a sensibl

leaving the door.

I'm not well, indeed, your revercommenced." replied Phelim, recovering 'I'd be sorry to undervalue the ence." I don't know what's the himself. gentlemen, your reverence," returned matter, but I'm sure I'll be quite well Phelim, "sure, what ud I do at all when this business is over. Let us now without 'em, and poor Anty is so bad. I wonder is there any chanc go on.

He took Maggy's hand again, and for her?' the priest proceeded, but when Phelim peaas like an apoplectic attack." "Is it anything of a lingering diz commenced to repeat the customary words after him, "I take thee, Marwords after him, "I take thee, Mar-garet Fitzgerald, for my wedded aze ? your reverence," continued the husband in e faltering tone. his eyes instinctively fixed wife.' itself on the little woman at the fire place, when to his utter horror he s generally a very sudden one saw her slowly rising from her stool, and throwing back the cloak from believe she's a gone woman," served Phelim again inquiringly. her head, turn around to the company. A general scream acknowl edged the presence of Mrs. Anty O'Rourke! She settled her look priest.

omething for her." steadily on Phelim, and walked slow-As he spoke Davy came running in ly towards him. He staggered back the doctor followed at a more dignitwo or three steps, and would have fallen, had he not been supported by fied pace. He had met with him by good fortune, a few perches from the those about him. Her person seemed cabin, and immediately secured his to grew taller as she advanced attendance. On examining the patient, the doc-

countenance more ferocious than he had ever seen it, and she was struggling with suppressed passion to such a degree as for some moments to impede her utterance. When her feelings at length found vent in

for medicine !" "Thry something, your honour, words, she shook her clenched fist at exclaimed Phelim earnestly, " she was as bad or worse before, and she him, at once relieving the party from all suspense as to her spectral char-acter. "You villian," she exclaimed

you thought you got rid of me did You thought you had three feet of the sod over me, and that you a few words on a scrap of paper, he directed Phelim to take it to the dismight get on wid yer pranks as you pleased yourself, but I'll spoil your pensory, where he would get two powders, one of which he was to give divarsion for you. I'll trait you wid a wife, so I will, you unnatural dog. his wife as soon as ever he returned, and the second at 5 o'clock, if she Your darlen indeed curtsying to lived so long. Your Maggy achree. So Maggy. ma'am hem. Nothen ud satisfy you The people cast ominous looks at but to be Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. O'Rourke, enagh! Why you unone another, as he concluded, and the doctor and priest departed tomoral, unproper character, would you gether. Davy meantime started off afresh for the medicine, and as soon have the man marry two wives a would you have him scandalize the as he got back, took care to see it adscandalize the ministered strictly as the doctor orcountry? Oh you rail Turk I have been watching dered. At ten minutes to five precise (to Phelim) every turn of you these three weeks | ly, Mrs. Anty O'Rourke took her de-

back; I've seen your doens your coorten and dearen and drinken. What's become av the pig, you hang-he laid his hand on Phelim's should-

shore Than ever defeat or Ruin before.

Loud applause followed the con clusion of the song of the fourth juror, after which, without any preamble, the gentleman who sat next in order commenced as follows :

THE FIFTH JURYMAN'S TALE DRINK, MY BROTHER

"Very little I fear, Phelim : it ap-CHAPTER L. I don't know, gentleman, said the fifth juror, after pausing for some to collect his thoughts what your opinions may be of Irish 'Not at all," replied the priest, " parish priests in general, but it was

my lot at one time to have an indiv Ove! ove! the poor craythur ! I idual of that class for a neighbor, and a more civil, worthy kind of man have seldom 'Indeed I fear so," answered the est, " unless the doctor can do The fifth juror was here inter-

rupted by some murmurs and cries of "order !" from two or three of the company. After some discussion, however, it was decided that simply to speak of a parish priest in the

narrative could not, strictly of speaking, be considered controversial and the story was suffered to pro-"A bad case," he half muttered to himself, "a bad case! too far gone ceed. A more worthy civil gentleman

than Father Magrath it was not often my lot to meet. He was one of those few persons in whom good principles are engrafted on a happy nature, and whose minds like som recovered of it." "Not so bad as she is now," replied the doctor despondingly. "However, I must do the best I can," and writing fertile regions of the east, produce spontaneously and in abundance the flowers and fruits which are elsewhere only the product of costly and aborious cultivation. He was well liked by all in the neighborhood, ex-

cepting a perverse few with whom it would be a disgrace to be at peace, and this without any mean com pliances, such as are too often used by cowardly spirits to propitiate the good will of those they fear. Many an occasion arose between him and the gentry in his neighborhood to try his firmness in this respect, and while Father John accepted and returned without hesitation or distinc tion, the civilities that were offered

him, all were surprised to find him as independent and as unyielding in his measures as if he had not dined and cracked his jest with them on the previous evening by their fire-

some zealous preacher of an oppos than ten year ago, this Poundher, as they call him, was a boatman on that ing creed would cast an eagle eve upon his remote mountain parish

river, that used to be, airnin' his bread like the rest of 'em by carryin' and make a sudden and unexpected turf, an' praties, an' corn, an' butter, an' things that way, for the small inroad, preaching through highways and byways, and scattering small tracts about him like hand grenades, farmers along shore up to the Limesetting the whole district in commo rick market, an' gettin' his nate per cintage upon the loadin'. The little boat he had is all the substance he tion for a time, and then as suddenly make his exit, leaving Father John was left by the ould father when he some month's work at least upon his hands to pick up all his combustible died, an' I'm sure 'twas enough for him if he'd be satisfied to get his liv cahiers and clear the soil of the ing quiet and honest, to keep sowl eeds of heterodoxy which he had

ald,"

still for all, I

body together, without left behind him. Sometimes, like-wise, such an individual, bolder than brinin an' either to any throuble, here or herehis brethren, (no small thing to say afther.' "Twas a fine life, Ned."

would seek an opportunity of en "Well, you see Mrs. Ahearn, since countering him face to face, in the presence of the most ignorant of his the fall of Adam we're all prone to satisfied sin. The Poundher wasn't lock, and open a volley of citations an' he got tired o' gettin' honest from various councils, the very wages, an' tackin' back an' forward names of which were sufficient to in betwixt Limerick an' the West. So vest him who was capable of utter what does he do but to lend an ear ing them, with all the authority of a man of parts and learning, more to temptation, an' turn out a watherpecially before hearers who are but pirate

"A wather-pirate!" "A *rale* wather-prate.

too apt to suppose that the man who 'Tis th talks most and loudest has the best way he used to do, of a night when of the dispute, and that he is th there would be no moonlight, most learned whom they find it hardest to understand. Then again cast anchor in one o' the small lonesome creeks along the river side, an' there was the perpetual fighting at fairs, and drinking in public houses, then he'd go paddlin' about in a small skiff he had along with himself to say nothing of night dances, card an' a few more of his commerades that he had under his command, an' players, fortune-tellers, and such characters. To counterbalance the whole of 'em havin' plenty of all this he had, it is true, his satis arms an' ammunition, lyin' in wait faction also. He had the pleasure of believing that he was doing some for the poor boatman that would be comin' back from Limerick afther good in his way, and of numbering amongst his flock some gentle, peacesellin' their little cargoes. When they'd see a boat out in the middle o ful souls, such as one sometimes has the happiness to meet in his selthe river, they'd slip out alongside her in the dark an' rob the crew or fish world, and whose very looks in-spire serenity and love. He had, bemay be do worse if they offered 'em

sides, his books of theology and ec-clesiastical history, to furnish him any resistance-" "You don't tell me so ?" entertainment in his leisure hours, and if life after all felt burthensome "The country knows it. 'Twas as much as a boatman's life was worth

that time to venture out from the quay of Limerick at any time that he'd be likely to be overtaken by at intervals, he had the hope which we all have, that he was laying up provisions for a better.

I should have told you that Father John was not dependent on his parish for a subsistence. He inherited a small property, of which, at the wickedness.

suggestion of some friends rather than by his own inclination, he retained possession after devoting him

the city. This evening the young there girl's spirits were high, and all things

"Oh, I say! Well, you are a trump looked bright to her. Out of her hardly-earned wages she had just no mistake.

And you promise to return home completed the sum of money which to-morrow?

'I promise. You can take my would enable her to take a short holi day in Ireland, the dear homeland, word for it. I'll be hoff by the first from which hard necessity had driven train."

With a torrent of protestations of gratitude the girl took her leave. The next few days were days of trial for Nora. Apart from her own dis pointment, there was that of her mother, which she felt even more keenly. Well, it was all part of that evening's sacrifice. She faced it gencrously and threw her self anew into the daily toil of the factory.

" Nora," said the forewoman, about a fortnight later, "I want this order to be taken to Longman's. Would you mind going there after hours ?'

lating. The girl's sterling worth and cheerful, unstinted labor were appre-Nora assented, and at the appointed ciated in the factory. Some more years, and with God's help her dream time set out on the errand. It took her into the busiest part of the city.

She was nearing one of those flam-boyant looking music halls, where would be realized. But apart from the one great object entertainment is provided to suit the to which she devoted her earnings. Nora had another cherished scheme taste of those who frequent them, when her eye fell on a noisy group She would give herself the joy of approaching it. What did she see to cause the sudden start? Who was short visit to that little cottage in the green glen around which her that central figure, loud-voiced, gardearest hopes were entwined. She ishly dressed ? Another moment she was face to face with the girl. Their would spent some happy days with that beloved mother for whose dear eyes met. It was Emma Willis! sake she toiled in the grimy atmos She gave Nora an insolent stare, and phere of a fog-ridden manufacturing city. So, by dint of extra pinching with a coarse laugh turned to one of her companions. The next instant and privation she had collected the the two were separated by the hurryprice of her journey to Ireland, little hoard which she kept safely ing crowds.

The incident was over, but it left a stowed away in her attic at the top sting that burned into Nora's inmost of the house.

Making as much haste as possible. heart and for many days rankled there, making a wound that would refuse to heal. So this was the re-Nora pressed on. It was the eve of the first Friday. She would take her very simple evening meal, and go to sult of her sacrifice. The girl she befriended was false to the core. the neighboring church of St. Francis Xavier where on the eve of every She was spending those hardly earned shillings, laughing doubtless at the First Friday she made the Holy Hour. This act of loving service she never simplicity of her whom she had fooled. Oh, it was hard, hard. By slow de omitted. And always she found that grees only did Nora succeed in soothshe came from it refreshed in mind and heart, strengthened to take up ing her sore spirit by the thoughts of the burdens of the coming days, and faith. It was for the love of God she face their difficulties. To-night her had made her sacrifice. He does not ask for the success of our efforts. Holy Hour would be a glad thanks-

The cup of water given in His name will give pleasure to our Father in

night upon the water. I h'ard of a thing he done once that if it be fact, flogs all ever I hear for the dint o'

" No !"

"Asy an' you'll see yourself. Of a time Bill Doherty's big turf-boat was