

go down to posterity in the same category as Gerald Griffin and the Banims.

And while she was doing all this literary work, she had a two-fold task to fulfil, which occupied all the time that could be snatched from one noon to another. As a wife and a mother she had the care of a delightful home, the duties, so religiously fulfilled towards a loving husband and adorable children; and as a biographical and literary critical preface to the collection of McGee's poems, which she edited, cannot but perceive how powerful was the bond of sympathy between these two noble and gifted Irish souls.

But that was not all. Her literary labors may have had some degree of recognition by the world; but she did other work and had other cares that were hidden under the cloak of a Christian humility. As one writer said:—

"Besides her vast literary work, she was also largely connected with many Catholic charitable institutions, and assisted in founding 'The Home for Friendless Girls,' 'The Foundling Asylum,' 'Home for the Aged,' 'The Night Refuge and Working Girls' Home' etc. For the latter institution she wrote the first page of the first year's annual report, and by special request contributed the first page to the 25th anniversary report."

During the last twenty-two years of her life Mrs. Sadlier has made her home in Montreal, and her venerable, benign and inspiring face was familiar in every circle where good was to be done, the cause of faith, or that of country to be advanced. Every morning, especially every Sunday morning, in the bright spring, the radiant summer, or the golden autumn, she might be seen wending her way to St. Patrick's, or to the Gesù. It was meet that on a Sunday morning, just as the faithful were bowing before the elevated Host, at the eight o'clock Mass, and as the bells announced that solemn moment of profound devotion, her happy soul should have moved quietly away from earth and ascended to the God whose laws she so faithfully obeyed and whose goodness she so thoroughly appreciated.

One evening, away back in the early nineties, the writer sat beside her in her little, comfortable parlor, in Park Avenue—where for several years she resided—and felt a glow of sentiment that no pen can tell and no pencil trace, as he gazed upon that beautiful yet aged face, and listened to the thrilling, softly melodious tones of that sympathetic voice as she read for him the last poem that McGee had written—that imperishable "Miserere Domine." And, in extending to her bereaved relatives the expression of our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, we cannot more worthily bid adieu to the grand old lady of Irish heart and Irish genius, than by paraphrasing the last lines of that poem:—

"Sadly we wept who laid her there,
Where shall we find her equal?
Where?
Naught can avail her now but
prayer:

Miserere Domine!"

And that tribute of prayer the Church offers to-day, and in it we join, with all our heart, as we humbly repeat—"May her soul rest in peace."

Drusilla and the Cow.

Two startled old faces looked down from the haymow. What was Drusilla saying?
She was carrying on a conversation in the cow stall—a conversation of the most personal character. To whom was she unfolding family secrets? To whom was she making such a moan about loneliness and misery and other girlish nonsense?
"Now, you see, my dear Daffy," her voice went on, "I must do something. I cannot live on in this state. Here am I, eighteen years old. When I was fifteen, I

thought I would run away. You said, 'Wait a bit.' I did wait till I was sixteen. Then I wanted to run again. You said again, 'Wait,' and I've waited and waited, and now I'm not going to wait any longer."

"But surely you are not going to do such a silly thing as to run away?" said a voice singularly like the girl's own.

"Good gracious, no, Daffy; I've too much sense now. I've outgrown that foolishness. I've read too many stories of girls and boys running to large cities. Oh, the poor things!" and there was a quiver of compassion in the girl's voice. "I can just see the crowded streets, the cold buildings, the stony-hearted strangers. No, I want to stay near my aunts. They are not wholly disagreeable. They are good and kind in their way; but, oh, it's a terrible way for young people! We get up, eat, drink, work, and lie down again. Why, we are no higher in the intellectual scale than you are, Daffy," and she convulsively hugged her listener's neck.

"Other people live in the same way," was the severe response. "And other people have their children leave them!" said the girl, passionately. "If you don't make home pleasant, your children will drift away. Who comes to see us? I have't a friend in Grovetown—no, not one!" and the unhappy young voice trailed away into miserable weeping.

One of the two old women in the haymow above held up her dismayed hands. "Who's Drusilla got down there?"

"Sh-h, Purpose!" murmured Aunt Melinda, shaking a forefinger at her. "No one—no one," and she shaped her mouth into a big O. "She's talking to the cow—our family cow. Thank fortune, she's not babbling her secrets to any of the neighbors—the baby!" and she listened contemptuously to the pitiful sound of the young girl's sobs. "Talking to the cow!" whispered Aunt Purpose, stupidly. "But there are two people, I hear their voices."
"Do hush; she'll hear you! I tell

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you she is alone—the little mix! She talks to the cow, and the cow talks back."

"But I don't understand!" muttered Aunt Purpose, in deep bewilderment. "Cows can't talk."

"Well, girls can rattle on enough for themselves and a whole herd of cows," said her sister. "She's pretending Daffy can talk. Hush! she's stopped crying."

There was silence below for a few minutes; then the cow remarked, brokenly, "You say you are going to leave your aunts, and yet you do not intend to run away. What are you going to do?" The girl answered in a choking voice: "This evening, after I have washed the dishes and hung up the cup-towels I shall say, 'Aunts, I am going to leave you. If I could do you any good or myself any good by staying, I would do so. I have written a note to

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