

"Yes, my love; no words could paint its beauty, for ears have not heard, nor eyes seen, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory of heaven."

"Mamma, I would like to go to heaven; would you like me to go?"

"Mrs. O'Donnell looked at that quiet, ethereal-looking child, with her pale cheeks and bright eyes, and a pang of anguish struck her heart at these words, and she thought what would she do if she lost her darling child, and a tear trickled and fell on Bessy's little hand.

"What ails you, mamma? sure you would not grudge me to go to heaven; if so, mamma, and if you'd be very sorry, I will pray to the good God not to take me, and I know as He is so good He will not refuse me."

"No, child, no! do not; God will take you in His own wise time; but not now, Bessy; what, darling, would I do after you?" and she pressed her to her bosom.

Bessy remained silent for some time, and then looked up and said—

"Mamma, are Richard and Ellen in heaven; but I know they are?"

"They are, child."

"Why, then, do you be crying for them if they are so happy in such a beautiful place?"

"I don't know, pet; I feel lonesome after them, and yet I know they are with God."

"Our Father who art in Heaven! Oh, how good God is mamma, and how grand heaven is, when it is the kingdom of God's glory and of His angels and saints."

While this conversation was going on between Bessy and her mamma, and while Kate and Willy held an equally interesting conversation at the other side—a conversation which seemed to please them both very much, for they often smiled, and looked at each other and then at the book, for I am sure there was something very interesting in that book, we will take a look into the kitchen to see what Frank was about.

A farmer of the wealthier class must have a large establishment of servants in order to cultivate his farms and to collect his crops. Besides the regular staff he generally hires additional hands, while cutting and saving his corn and hay, and digging his potatoes. Mr. O'Donnell had not all his potatoes dug as yet, and therefore was not able to dispense with his additional hands. When Frank went into the kitchen, most of the servants were collected around a large table playing cards. A few were sitting at the fire enjoying a comfortable shanachus with the housemaids.

"Arrah, sthóp, James Cormack, and don't be going on with your pallavering," said a roguish, funny-eyed damsel to a good-looking young fellow, that seemed

to be making love to her by the process of teasing her as much as possible.

"Sarra a baporth I'm doin' to you, Mary; you are only drammin', achorra."

"Well, sthóp now, and let me doze away; you know how early I was up to-day, or faix if you don't, maybe it's the mistress I will be calling down."

"You'd like it, indeed, Mary," said the other, with a most provoking look. Mary threw her arm carelessly over the back of the chair and leant her head upon it, and closed her two roguish eyes as if to sleep. James had a feather, with which he tickled her face and nose, which, of course, set her sneezing. James turned towards the table and asked, "how is the play going, boys?"

"Och! only middling," said a fellow, who had just turned his hat inside out to bring him luck. "Divil a baporth we are getting; Bill is winning all before him; some of the colleens must have sthuck a comb or needle in his clothes."

"I have the five," said another fellow, hitting a thump upon the table; "that's our game."

"Ye needn't laugh so," said Mary to the company at the fire, who were enjoying her bewilderment.

"Faith it is pleasant," said Shemus-a-Clough. "Begor, Mary, if you were to see the purty faces you were makin' you'd laugh yourself—turning up your nose this way, just like the hounds when they'd get the scent."

Shemus cocked up his big nose, and made some ludicrous faces for Mary's special enlightenment. Mary didn't seem to know well whether she had better laugh or cry at Shemus's rude comparison; however, she compromised the thing by moving up from the fire and placing her apron to her face.

"Ye think I didn't know who did it. That I may never sin, but if I was shure it was you that did it, James Cormack, I never would speak another word to you."

"Mary, alanna," said James, "don't blame me, now; that's a good girl; shure I was looking at the card players."

"Get out; maybe I didn't see you," said Mary; giving him a slight kick with her little foot.

"Och, murther, Mary," said he, rubbing his leg, though the kick would not hurt Uncle Toby's fly, "sorra a one but you blackened my leg. If you do be as cross as that when you are married, God help the man that gets you. Och, I am sure when you have a couple of children, there will be no sthanding you."

"There is more of it," said Mary; though from the little laugh she gave, and the slight red that gleamed on her cheek, it was evident she was well pleased.

"Whisper, Mary," said James, after a pause.