

we have the comfort of seein' good Christians all about us, than to be livin' ever so grand in a strange country, where they say you'd may-be have to travel hundreds o' miles without seein' a priest or an altar? Sure, wouldn't it be better to see the children beggin' their bread, or livin' on some good Christian's floor, for their bit an' sup, than to endanger the loss of their souls? Isn't the blessin' o' God, an' the happiness of livin' in his holy church, beyond all the riches in the world?"

"True enough, Biddy, true enough, an' sure it's ~~ye~~self has always the good thought with you, but there's no use frettin' about it now when everything is ready to set out in the mornin'." Here some of the children ran in to say that Father Maloney was coming up the *boreen*, whereupon there was a general move, and all went to the door to receive the priest, who had come on purpose to pay a farewell visit, and leave his benediction with a family which stood so high in his estimation. It was now drawing towards evening, and one after another the neighbors entered, each one reverently saluting the priest, and having received a friendly word or smile, retired to where some friend was seated, if possible, near some of the Burke family, who were of course the objects of all attention. Around the wide hearth was drawn a circle consisting of the priest, Andy Burke and his wife, and some ten or twelve of the older neighbors, of both sexes. The re-