was far happier than hers who wronged SIR THE HALF "Why should you think it?"

ful in my own eyes, and must be so t all who know my guilt, and who canno

"I beg pardon," said Hamond, "I

hope-I-have no reason to form a judgment. Played her part?"

"A prouder, viler par; than hers ap-pears to you." "It cannot be !" he said, with a

have not broken plight-you have not

given your promise to one, and your hand to another. Played Emily's part! You have not deceived, decoyed, duped and blasted the heart that loved you-

that lay for years at your feet in slavish fondness. You have not acted

You

mence that made her start.

now my penitence.

vehe

frie

into the shadow

turned

Brien continued.

a young gentleman whom you kno and who, I believe, sincerely loved n

"Pardon me once more,"

that subsisted between our hearts

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER X .-- (CONTINUED.)

"Friendship is but lightly grounded that will grow cold at sight of a friend's particularly if that error should error, particularly if that error is vere be followed by a punishment so severe as hers. You thought her beautiful have Mr. Hamoud, but you would have once, been shocked to see the startling have that nine years of sorrow and of sickness with her loveliness, before left France. This trinket was hers, Miss O'Brien continued, handing hi small miniature set in gold. "It is the same which you returned her on the the norning of your departure from Dublin though some circumstances prevented its reaching her hands for a long time after. She wished that you would it once more, as a token that you would take it once more, as a token that you for-got and forgave. Look — that dis colouring on the gold was made by her own tears. Does not that touch him?" she added to herself, as he took the minia

sue added to nersell, as he took the minia-ture coldly, and without looking on it placed it in his bosom. "I have long since taught my self to consider the one as my duty," said Hamond. "For the other—but pray let us pass to another subject. Emily and I have had but a hard life here Her suffering, I hope, are ended-and mine shall not be tamely fostered. I have long since discovered the secret of my own mistaken hope-and found the cure too. I have entrenched my self in this hill solitude, where I one my more breathe the air of content and freedom. I hang my peace upon humor of no high born coquette. () will forgive me for having learned coquette. (You speak coarsely). I watch no beck. I court no smile. My heart does not, as it once did, start, like a coward's at every sudden footfall. I walk, or write or read the whole day long, or else sit at ease by my turf fire, and think what a happy man Adam might have been if it were not for the rib he lost in para-

"Yet," said Miss O'Brien, entering freely into the spirit of Hamond's thoughts, though she could have dis pensed with the politeness of the last sneer, "if it be fear that induces you to turn anchoret, there is but little merit in this Parthian warfare The world-the busy world has joys for the deserving as well as for the ingrate and the proud one. Why should we leave them the undivided enjoyment of those pleasures, when we might meet and share them in calm and steady defiance?

should be wiser," replied 'You "You will Hamond, shaking his head. forgive my saying that you are an enemy who must be fled—not fought with. In our strife with you we must keep our hearts out of eye shot. You made our ears the traitors to our peace -for there is a seductive and over whelming grace in the very music of your accents. What? Defy you? Ab, Defy you? your accents. -I thought that once, and my heart bled for it-and all that remains to me, orien for it—and all that remains to me, a you perceive, is to use the privilege of a beaten gamester—to revile and tax you with false play." "I do not know, M . Hamond, whether I am to take what you said as

yet, united as we were by anticipation. it was my hourly sport to sensitive nature-to awake his jealousy flattery or the contrary, but it has a strange mixture of both," said Miss -to see him watch me with an anxious glance through the whirl of the ball and rout, where I had smiles and quips O'Brien, who felt really a little piqued by the bitter virulence of his manner. 'You say, you were once mistaken? Would you think," she continued more for all but him-and pretty sentences strung up like pearls for every ear but Would you think," she continued more playfully, "that a general did his duty " Must I hear this ?" said Hamond. who would change his whole plan of warfure after one defeat? That is a brief experience. Besides, is it not struggling violently with himself-"Fit companions! Worthy frients! Pray, madam-let me beg-"' "I lovel to see him," Miss O'Brien brief experience. possible that the hermit in his silent solitude, might sustain as painful continued, not heeding Hamond's im-patience, "when he alterwards crept contest with the memory of the world as those who live in the midst of allure patience, "when he afterwards crep to my side with a pale and frette ments with its real dangers? Does h brow-and a gentle and reproaching eye-I loved to point out to his notic not buy his safety with an enduring sameness of regret that make those the various members of the youthful dangers look most amiable in the com aristocracy that passed us-to speak parison? Are there not moments of dmiringly of thei tolerable reflection when con tion puts on even a stormier hue than action itself, when the brain is almost torn asunder by the violence of its own almost by the violation of the operased almost to breaking with the memory of past social happiness, and the sense of present loneliness. Must you not sometimes sit down and think on the hopes you once cherished-the vain ad faded visions that made youth so sweat-the stirring ambition, that even the anathy of seclusion cannot subdue Oh, I, for my own part, should fear the solitude that was peopled by my own - the silence that my memory own fancy filled with sounds long gloomy oved and lost for ever, far more than all the mischief that the laughing world in its worst malice could inflict upon me. I am no speculator in human nature," she added, reigning in the flowing torrent of enthusiasm into which she had been betrayed, and speaking in an humble voice-"but if I have erred, your experience will set So far from it," said Ha nond, who was much struck with the manner of his fair companion-"you have told me secrets of myself which surprise and startle me. pause here occurred-when Hamond, who already began to feel strong ly propossessed in favour of the lady's frankness and ready cordiality, peti-tioned for an ample detail of the cir mustances of Lady Em'ly's life on the Continent, which was given with little hesitation. The conversation, as it hesitation. had been long, now grew perfectly familiar, and the lady and gentleman talked as if they had been old acquaint-The former, at length. venturid to become inquisitive in her

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

some seconds, "jidge by your own heart, sir. If she whom you once loved, Emily Bary-pray foreign "Judge-" she again faltered loved, Emily Bary-pray forgive my boldness-bat if she were now living "I have played her part-and met her fate. Ay, I see," said she, as Hamond almost involuntarily moved his chair farther from her-"I see that Hamond almost Involution." I see that his chair farther from her—" I see that I have already by this single avowal forfeited the little interest which you have taken in my history. I am hate-

" Peace !" Hamond exclaime sternly. Then with a graver and gentler tone, "She's in her tomb, gentler tone, "She's in her t young lady-there let her rest. He fate is long since in His hands, in Whose eye the titles and distinctions of human society are nothing more than the holiday sport of children in the thought of serious manhood. And yet, if that great change of being can purify the earthly nature, and make the soul once more white from its worldly follies, and if her spirit," he continued, raising his hands and his eyes, moist with tears, to heaven "can read the heart it blighted—he does not see the silent agony of that heart more clearly than its full for giveness and affection." And here, as if to compensate to his heart for the privation which he had before privation which he had before so coldly inflicted upon it, he drew the miniature from his bosom, and gazed long and fondly upon it, while the lady watched him with an emotion which almost bordered on tumultuousness.

thus. You are not a fiend, a demon-a -pardon me?' he added, suddenly arresting the loudness of his passion, as Miss O'Brien covered her face with her hands, and shrunk back in her chair. "The violence of my recollec-"I ask not of the dead," she said, at length, looking fixedly and s tions compels me to throw aside the decorum that is due from me. I did him. " I ask of that Emily 1001 living, you have lovel, and w 10m, not remember that you were her who, living, wronged you. Suppose she lived yet. Do not start nor wave 'Oh, sir," said the lady, " this is your hand in scorn-such things have been. Tae grave has yielded forth its the very least that I deserve. I wish not to preserve a misplaced respect. My conscience is so galled with the tenants, coffined and shrouded though they were—buried men have sat again beside their living friends—the sea has burning weight of my errors-crimes I should call thom-that I feel a dreadful luxary in avowing them, even though positive contempt and detestation must be the given its half-devoured prey to life and light once more, in a relenting mood positive contempt and detestation must be the consequence. Hear me, I en-treat yoi. Since you have learned enough to hate me, let me tell you all. For you can serve me well. You know the person I have injured." Hamond resumed his chair in an at titude half irresolute, half attention mothers have taken to their bosom their children long thought deadbosoms wives, husbands-fathers, sons. Might this not be again ?"

Hamond dropped the portrait from between his hands, and remained star ing on the speaker in an attitude as se titude half irresolute, half attentive and stirless, as if her eye had been Medusa's, while she continued : while the lady, retiring still farther in to the shadow thrown by the window

" Suppose, I say, Eugene Hamond curtains on the already darkening apartment, spoke in a tone of deep that Emily Bury lived again, would your hatred revive her? Suppose, she continued, panting heavily, and wringing her extended hands, "say agitation. "I was bound, as Emily was, to 833 that she stood before you now, he where I stand, her form thus drooped He was handsome, witty, accomplished, elegant in mind and manner-passion ate, and young-but lowly born-at and penitence, her hands uplifted thus-

Yes," Hamond said hoarsely, least it seemed so, comparing both our fortunes. Indeed, I may truly say eyes still rivited on hers, while he spoke in soliloquy--" There is a mean-ing in those words, wild as they are. that love never was deeper than his said s not earth, earth ? death, death ? Does not the grave stone press heavily where it has been laid? The tomb is Hamond, rising impatiently, "I cannot always govern myself. This is not a not so merciful. It is impossible." tale for ears like mine, that are wearied said

You have not answered me.' with the sounds of falsehood." "You will not treat me so unfairly," the lady, bending low before him. Suppose that she did more than this said Miss O Brien, using a gentle action to detain him in the chair. "Hear all that I wou'd say. I wish not -that she washed the earth before you with her tears-poured out the gushing penitence of her heart-and thus in her to escape your just reproaches, if you should find me worthy of them." Hanond, chafing under the restraint,

"Ha! hold ! Stand back ! Avoid to his seat, while Miss continued. "We were be me !' Hamond almost shrieked in a tone of hoarse anger and horror. "You are not she—'tis false !-Alive ? What are not sho—'tis false !—Alive? What ! living? Near me! Speaking with me! Once more, I bid you in mercy tell me who you are—give me but a trothed-bound by a registered con tract, and still more by the intelligence -hat word-a sign. My heart is burstingplay upon his speak ! your name-" "You have guessed it, Hamond

E nily !" "Uttering a burst of loud, delirous "Uttering a burst of loud, delirous

his strength failed him in the he staggered. groaning action, and heavily, to a chair, while Enily, mis taking the action for one of repugnance and disgust, threw herself again at hi

"Do not spurn me, Hamond, nor look so dreadfully into my eyes. You have already pronounced my pardon. Do not retract your word. I have suffered deeply, Hamond-I have sought you in and reproachful toil and danger-I have witched by your sick bed hour after hour-do you not know this face ? Did it not ever mingle with the phantoms of your wealth-their title delirium ? Oh. do not reject me.

place you on the throne where you only

have religned as a queen since we first met-my own dark and desolate heart. My own dear Emily !" he continued

quarrel before strangers again." Hunter was only less delighte Hunter was only less delighted than his wife at the success of their common his wife at the success of their counses stratagen; and the evening was worm pleasantly in mutual explarations— that of the letter, and the fair hand that ministered to hin (like the prince in the tale of the White Cat) in his mid-

in the tail of the white Cay in the tail of the white Cay in the tail of the white Cay in the tail of tail justice, as to suppose that any thing more than these explanations was re quired, to reconcile me to all that has quired, to reconcile me to all that has taken place since we parted. But you have duped me into happiness—and I should be an epicure indeed is good fortune, if I took exception at the means. I do so only so far as my own Emily's sufferings are concerned. But Smily's sufferings are concerned I will take care to compensate to you for those. I do not know, notwith for those. I do not know, notwith standing the many years that have been lost, to me at least, why we should not still live happily. We have our experience in return for our suffering -the fervor of our youth is cooled and subd.ed-but there is the loss depend subdued-but there is the that the dame of our affection may We will love as well waste or change. We will love as wel though more calmly than in younger and simpler days, and live the happier for our saddening recollections-"

"And advise our neighbors to take warning by our tale," said Emily "and to be convinced that they can be all that true Irish men and women be all that the Irish men and women ought to be; that they may retain spirit-Irish worth-and Irish honor, in all their force, without suffering their hearts to be warped and tainted by the vapors of Irish pride.'

Whether the anticipations of th lovers were fulfilled-whether their old contract, so unhappily broken, was now again respected -or whether they were content to wear out the remainder of their days in the quiet enjoyment of steady esteem and friendship, are ques-tions in which, probably, the reade tions in which, probably, the reader may now have ceased to take an inter-est;] will intrade yet so far upon his time, nevertheless, to tell him that Castle Hamond soon became (what all Irish houses are, with few exception he abode of hospitality, and (what all Irish houses, alas ! are not) the seat of happiness and comfort. The traces of male hand and taste soon became evident in the improved appearance of the little demesne; the hav band no longer aspired to the office of a gateand lock-the avenue was cleared eded-the bundle of newspapers was no longer permitted to act as deputy for a window pane-and the economy o the establishment was no longer so con fined, as to involve Remmy in such de grading implications as that thrown the wren boy at the commence out by

ment of our tale. " My master is delighted at the thoughts of Miss Emily comen to life agen," said Remmy O'Lone to his mother, as he sat dat gling his leg over the corner of the kitchen table one evening. "May be 'twould be another evening. "May be 'twould be another story with him after they're married a

It was not "another story" with them, however. Humond and Emily persevered in the benevolent course of life which both had adopted for some time before ; and the condition of their enantry, and of all the cottagers who ame within the sphere of their good offices, afforded a pleasing proof of the penefits that might be conferred on even the most destitute portion of Munster cottagers by a single well-disposed esident

esident proprietor. Lady Emily Hamond was seated in a matic chair, on a fine summer evening, hear the gravel plot before the hall Mr. Hamond was walking door, while down the lawn with Mr. Charles Lane and his young wife, who were now sober, settled bodies in their neighbour hood. Looking on one side she saw Remmy O'Lone sidling towards her in a half bashful way - now pausing, and looking sheepishly at his toes - now pushing his hat up behind, and using more comical actions than I have time

said Remmy, with a toss of the head. "Ay, angels like them that they put upon hearses—all head and wings—with gingerbread gilding—an' death under— au' sorrow after 'em. That's all the angels I can see in 'em!" tainly will not do that. I will send for Edith, Winifred is out riding with her father. But poor little Edith has not been very well lately. She had a fright soon after we arrived." We cannot think who the woman was," said one of the I've been trying to find out for you

The plot of the foregoing tale is identical with that of a drama, in tw ever since. acts, sent by the writer to Mr. Arnold late of the English Opera House. Sub Mrs. Noberry looked puzzled The ot er visitor explained : " Some orute of a woman set her dog at the sequent occurrences induced the author to relinquish the desire of seeking an brute of a woman set her dog at the children when they were out collecting for their orphanage, and poor little Edith, who is a timid, delicate litt'e thing, has been having nightmares and introduction to the public through medium of the stage, notwithstanding the kind and pressing instances of the gentleman just named. The incidents of the tale are, so far as the writer is s reaming in her sleep. How Laiy Mary can allow them to go out begging, aware, entirely imaginary, but the maoner in which they are treated still bears a strong inpression of the mould I never can understand. It me an altogether uncalled for humilia-tion, but she has extraordinary severe a which they were originally cast, and is probable that what might have aided their effect in scenic representaviews on the subject of holy and I believe she considers that begging for the poor is a necessary part of a training in holiness. I don't approve tion has a directly opposite effect in a performance intenned solely for the calm and quiet consideration of the of it myself. However, as I was say. ing, some woman set a dog at them, and frightened Edith nearly out of her wits 'I'd like to set a lion at her, and see i parlor fire side. THE END.

MRS. NOBERRY'S SUBSCRIPTION. The front door was open, and the mistress of the house stood in the hall.

"Go away !" she shouted to the little girls who were about to ring the bell. They spoke at once: "We have They spoke at once: "We have ome to ask if you would kindly give small subscription toward-"

"No, I won't! Be off with you. There I salways some one bothering for money. I won't be woried all day long by beg gars at the door." "Bat we are not beggars," replied

the elder of the two small children, whose neat, plain clothes might have suggested that they came of poor but parents.

"I thought you said you wanted oney," remarked Mrs. Noberry me! money

honey, sharply. "A little subscription toward a home for orphan children," the child began. "People shouldn't have orphan chil-"Com't approve of them," inter-I don't approve of them," interrupted the woman. She was unusually impatient and irritable that morning The cook had just said that she go home to nurse her brother; and her new dress was so tight it would Things not meet across the chest. seemed to be conspiring to annoy her. These beggitg children were the final "We heard you were a Catholic, and

thought of course you'd understand," pleaded the elder girl. "Oh! I understand all right. Now

run a way." They hesitated still. A child's head had appeared beside the woman in the doorway. She looked a nice, kird child

"If I have to speak again I'll set the dog at you," said Mrs. Noberry. "Spark !" A fox terrier came dashing round

the corner of the house. The younger child screamed, and clung to her sis ter in an agony of fear. "On, please, please call away your dog!' cried the sister, who was trem-

dog! bling too, but more with anger than with fear. "Edith is so dreadfully afraid of dogs." 'Go away, then !" shouled the wo

man, without attempting to restrain the terrier's investigations.

The child of the house pushed past her and seized him by the collar. quiet, Spark! He isn't savage; he wouldn't really hurt you," she el. "Oh! den't cry, please don't cry

I am so sorry." She drove the dog back to its kennel and led the little strangers to the garden gate. Then her mother called

"I'm coming directly, mummy," she answered, hunting in her pocket for half-penny.

later.

all.

"Come when I call you!" shouted Mrs. Noberry, angrily, and Edith be gan to cry again at the sound of the oud, harsh voice.

But Mrs. Noberry's voice was not always harsh and loud. It was a

"I don't think I shall care about that

She was decked out for the visit in

scarlet pelisse with brass buttons and

velvet cuffs, a satin sash, lace collar

locket, chain, bracelet and brooch, and

feathers in her hat. She felt uncom-

fortable, and looked far less attraction

than she had done in her holland over

with her dark curls flowing natur

And as a matter of fact that was ex

visit

actly what Lady Mary did think, though

From the moment that Mrs. Noberry

"I am so glad that you have come to

reside here," she began. "Most of the people in this neighborhood are so

dreadfully common. I hardly know a family with whom I care for my Maggie

girls," said Mrs. Noberry. "Maggie is longing to make friends with them."

to associate.'

tired dentist.

It was a most unfortunate

SEPTLMBI

asked. Lady Mary cu "I think that it for you and ve berry, if you we subscribe again." "Oh, mother!" "I think that

"But mother!" "You are no

dog?" "Oh, no." "Then you ar "Then you ar Maggie's mother "Yes, rather." "Well, I feel And even if she to you, that is Offer it for the

So they went rs. Noberry Mrs. serge frocks and ing up the gard "How do yo sure Maggie

said when she came back ; but Edith is the most wonderful little saint already, and if you can believe it she prays and if you can believe it she prays every night and morning to St. Vincent de Paul to soften that woman's heart." Maggie listened with open eyes; but whatever remark she was about to "If you plea make was checked by the appearance of Lady Mary's youngest child. In a plain white flannel frock, with no sash, no hair ribbon, her hair hanging loose about her thin, pale face, she stood in

"Please do

ot think of as

Mrs. Nobern .Edith and ago that we ear to keep t nd father giv but we have t the rest.

"I know, M it. and she wo orphan too. keep a child Twelve p

She tcok drawing-room shillings from pennies from writing table

" That is t tion," she drawer and paper book, eet, and children wa standing wh blotted it, f envelope and "This is

she said ; must thank having soft Bullock-We

> kind Nero did n pleasure o' hristians to light th our Englis drawing, a lic Bishop country a passed at the statu

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In ob

as to give a home for orpha of God ? " It was their f The tears sta

eyes. Her voi as she said. me again!'

the doorway taking a survey of the strangers before entering the drawing room. When her large dark eyes rested said she thoug telp the orpha "How much

"We want whole smcunt;

rushed to bury her head against her mother's shoulder. Is's the woman who set her dog at that.'

e !" she gas ped. "Impossible !" cried Mrs. Noberry. "Sarely there must be some take," said Lady Mary.

"Of course it was entirely a mis-take, " said Mrs. Noberry: "the beg-gars about here are so very tiresome, and how could I guess for a moment that those were your children?"

"Then do you mean to say that it was you ?" asked Lady Mary, surprised

and shocked. "You knew in any case that they were somebody's children," interposed the other visitor "I cannot conceive how any mother could have been so

cruel! Lidy Mary rose. "I must ask you to excuse me," she said. Edith was still trembling and sobbing. She took her hand and moved toward the door, Maggie sprang forward to open it. and threw her arms round the little girl's neck.

girl's neck. Lady Mary stooped and kissed her. dear, "she said. "May God reward you for your kindness." This might have been the end; at

with the little Stuarts soon followed,

and the children became fast friends.

No one minded Maggie dropping her h's

and putting them in again in all sorts

any rate it was an unfortunate begin-

". There is no chance of any intimacy with the Castle now," said Mrs. Noberry, when Maggie begged to be tken there again. Great was her surprise, therefore, at

enger. A MARTY finding Lady Mary's card upon her table a few days later, when she re-turned from a shopping expedition. An invitation for Maggie to go to tea In no tim

the fire of ly than in t the beginni No weapon was then l as they we every was on the especial ma eretic wra

of wrong places. "She has a good heart," said Lady Mary; "that is the great thing." Winifred and Edith showed her all heir treasures, and told her stories of our friends the Saints.' Their large French picture book delighted her. She has never seen so beautiful a drawing of St. Francis of

these

Assisi and the birds before. St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Vincent de Paul are our favorites," Winifred explained ; "Edith prays to St. Elizabeth about your mother every night, because her relations couldn't understand her being so devoted to the governme

other visitors.

seems to

poverty,

she'd be frightened,' was what Winifred

Toward the ca adding up their a found that they w of the year's subs " Mother, wha

asked.

tuen. "Pardon me," said the lady, "if I am intrusivo. Bat you have already given me half a confidence, and it is on that I would presume." "You will show me a kindness," said "You will show me a correment" "you have no correment"

Hanond, "if you use no ceremony. Pray speak freely.' know the cause of your retire-

but where's the hope from that? never would forgive me." "Go, do your part," said Hamond said Miss O'Brien, after once minutes. "Yet, if I should judge by the demeanour of Emily, and by my own heart, I should say that your stat, end, at least." more holding her peace for a few minutes. "Yet, if I should judge by

and high birth-

will, if you desire that I should do so, leave you this instant, and never ver in a paroxysm of ungovernable fury your sight again ; but let me for once from your own lips, be assured that I and flinging the chair across the room, while Miss O'Brien recoiled in terror an forgiven. While she spoke, Hamond gradually at this unexpected burst of violence recovered, and muttered, while he gazed steadily on her-" Merciful Providence 1 It is, indeed, her form-Wnat ! tannt him with his lowliness-with the station of life in which the mighty Lord of life and nature had placed him? Did you tax that poor being with the will of Providence? warm, living, and real! The eye is dimmed with tears, but it is the same -the check is paler and colder, but the same soft relief is there still-the same high forehead," he continued. Why do you not chide the wren that it cannot outsoar the eagle ? or those dwarfish shrubs before ur, that they do not uplift their boughs above that " I have been cheated many years with a dream of misery, and here comes my and not upnet their organ action that pine or oak? Shame on you! Shame and sorrow on you! In this manaer was it that my brain was stung, even to the very verge of madness—I feel the scourges of my heart renewed—but you early happiness, waking and bright. Reject you ?" he added, as the echo of her words came back upon his memory " Oh. letme lift you from the earth, and

are not yet too late-you have not ve fang your false vile person into another's arms—your injured love may yet be sought and satisfied. Oh, fly then ! fly (since you speak of poni tence) return to that poor wretch feet-you know not the misery he en dures-you know not how his heart is

tenderly, "my resentment was not so dear to me as you are. Nay-nay-no more imploing looks, you have my heart's forgiveness now." burning and his soul darkening within And I will treasure it more heed fully than your first confidence, Ha him-how restless are his nights, how bitter is his food-how lonely are his

thoughts-how he howls and groans i "Hush," said Hamond, "I hear lootstep.

the anguish of his spirit. You know not what that anguish is. I do. Fly to him ! Find him out ! If you have Emily turned her head and beheld Martha Hunter, holding the half open a corner of the earth unsearched, and save him not. you are a murderess ! Seek him out-fling yourself at his door in her hand, and gazing with her own sweet and benevolent smile on the scene of reconciliation. When she met Emily's eye, she let the door close, and feet-moisten the dust around them in a moment the two friends clasped close in each other's arms. with your tears-and if his pride-his honest, injured, manly pride, refuse the amend, and he should justly spurn "I owe all to you, my darling Martha, to-you and your kind hus-band. But this is only one act in you in your humbleness-go then, and hide you in your shame, where the eye

your whole life of goodness and

"Poh! poh! no speeches now. Well, Mr. Hamond, did I not tell you this lady would be worth knowing. "yet I would be penitent." The with a still more hesitating voice Come now, and let us make the toilette Hunter has agreed to take an Irish dinner for once, and is waiting for H

in his dressing-room. Take Emily's arm, pray," she added merrily, as they were leaving the room-" I will dispense for once with ceremony. That's a good boy and girl-go, and never

wer

or space to describe. When he had at length approached within about a yard of his lady's side he made a grin, and with a half-laughing affectation of free dom

"Why then, please your ladyship," said he, "if it wasn't making too free, ma'am, there was a little girl that I had a sort of a rattlen regard for - Nelly, you know, ma'am; 'tisn't living with you or anybody belongen to your ladyship still she'd be, ma'am, I wonder?'' "Oh! Nelly? she was married very

mummy, dear," said Maggie; "I hate best clothes myself." soon after your master left Dablin, to sergeant, Remmy." "Gondoutha! Wisha an' I never

seen the peer of her. That's the way of it, Nelly? Wint off wit a sodger Very well, why-" "Indeed she was a foolish girl

Renny,'' said Lady Emily. "Oh then — not contradicton your ladyship—not an otnoe of foolish flesh ally. "Now you look nice," remarked her mother. "I want her ladyship to think my little girl is smart." was there upon her carcass. Ayeh, fool indeed! If you bought Nelly to sell for a fool you'd lie a long while out your money. Tis like all their "Where drives." she also thought some other things which were charitably left unsaid.

"Whose doings, Remmy ?"

"The women, ma'am, with submission to you. Women an' pigs bate the world

entered the drawing room she felt out of her element and ill at ease. She "Oh! fle, Remmy. How can you be so ungallant, so un Irlsh as to say that in my presence," said Lady Enily, talked a great deal, and said things that she did not mean to say out of sheer nervoust ess.

miling. "Irish or no Irish, ma'am, I speak the plain truth, an' sure 'tis well I knows em," said Remmy, stoutly. "Barring what's of 'em that's ladies, 'an under proper governmint, there isn't such

rogues goen." "Oh, fie, Remmy, I am quite ashamed

"Oh, mummy ! the Johnsons are very nice children," interposed Maggie, of you." "Sure I say only what isn't ladies, please your ladyship. I'd go down on my two knees to your ladyship if I thought there was any offence in me who was not shy. "Hush, dear! their father is a re-"A man of whom my father has the highest opinion," said Lady Mary, quietly. "I am hoping that the little Johnsons will be able to do lessons with my daughters." "I should so like to see your little words; but as for the women lower order," said Remmy, with an aristocratic curl of the upper lip, "it stands to raison what I say, an' I stand

by it. 'Oh, shame! Remmy ! you a Muns terman! You should talk of them as angels sent down to guard and cheer you." "Angels, ershishin ?" (does she say?)

"Not if they always wear their best ocks," said Maggie. frocks," Lady Mary laughed. "They cer-

peor. And we both ask St. Vincent de Paul to look after our orphanage. 'Ladies,' he said, compassion and different woman who called on Lady Mary Stuart at the Castle ten days Her little daughter accom panied her. "I want you to know the Stuart children," she explained; "they will be such particularly nice friends for you;

charity have made you adopt your children; little creatures for your children; you will be their mothers according to race, because their mothers according to nature have abandoned them. Isn't beautifully dressed, well brought up, and with all sorts of grand relations. it a lovely picture?

Maggie was much interested, and repeated everything she learned, at the Castle to her mother when she got

"Winifred and Edith don't have sugar in their tea, and get the money instead, and that is why they wear plain frocks. Will you let me be like "We'll see," said Mrs Noberry,

softening. "If we can collect more money than

is wanted to keep our children through the year," Edith explained, it will go toward Christmas prese for the others.

"You don't have Christmas presents

yourselves?" asked Maggie. "Not now. Our friends and relations have got to know what we like best

"I th'n't you will be saints," said Maggie, gravely. "I think I'd rather be a martyr"

said Maggie. "I hope so. A saint is one who loves

God more than anything," said Edith.

God more than anything, show "That's very brave!" "You remember the day I gave you my halfpenny? Well, I had to eat cabbage for dinner as a punishment." "Don't you like cabbage?" "I hate it; but I ate it all up, and acted for another helping, Like St.

asked for another helping, Like St.

Laurence.' "I never heard of St. Laurence eating cabbage!" exclaimed Edith, much

surprised. "Not exactly cabbage," Maggie exwas roasted on plained, "but when he was roasted on one side he said, "Turn me on the plained,

"Yes, it was just like him!" cried the martyr Winifred; she recognized spirit.

Maggie was often at the Castle now, and sometimes "Spark" accompanied her. Edith had long since learned not most, if got the number Hegart this ski Fort Father and ab many o reside ured u gardin advanc grand tempor partic cruel by pe the le even we le born i was a

a sist occas Dohe the p of his of th born.