



The Children's Hour.

"Paddy,"

The Street Cleaner.

THE prosperous village of Spithfield could not boast of many homesteads more snug and comfortable than that of Thomas Cassidy. It consisted of a ground-floor and a first flat, wainscotted in pretty bright red, lighted up by four large windows through which the sunbeams came dancing to the great amusement of the children. The interior was not remarkable for any luxuriousness, but for its spotless cleanliness and restful home like air. But remarkable were the granaries, plentifully stocked with rye and barley, the cellars packed with potatoes, the closets filled with fine-spun linen.

This prosperity was partly due to Cassidy's grandmother, a woman over eighty years of age and known throughout the country under the name of "Paddy, the street cleaner." It was beautiful to see the love and respect shown her by her grandson Thomas and by her three little great grandchildren Jack, Mary and Jane. The best bed in the house was hers also the best place at table. And were she not slightly blind, slightly deaf, slightly paralysed, Paddy would have been the happiest old lady in the county of Cork and perhaps, for that matter, in all Ireland. But had she been even more infirm less loved and less cared for, the Irish peasant had