

foot to the end of the world for me; and though this was hyperbolic, I believe they would have done much to prove the sincerity of their repentance. Indeed they did much; for they scoured the country round to recover my stray horse, which was at length brought to me, little the worse for its wanderings, and with the portmantau and property it contained untouched.

'There's both good and bad in ould Oireland,' said Peggy Magrath triumphantly; 'but, Roland, ye mightn't have been so locky if ye had lost the poor baste in Yorkshire, let alone all England over;' and I partly agreed with her.

I should do scant justice to Peggy's bewilderment if I were to attempt to describe it, when she found how I had been raised from poverty and degradation to comfort and respectability. The conviction of its being so loomed upon her at last, however, and her joy was boundless.

'And now, Peggy, my first, best earthly friend next to my mother, we must not part again now that we have been brought together,' said I.

'Is it part wid ye, I would?' said she; and she burst into tears.

We did not part; or, rather, we parted then to meet in Dublin a few weeks later. I was there, preparing for my return to England, and had taken a passage for two, when the waiter at the inn announced to me that an elderly woman was asking for me in the hall.

'It is the person I expected; ask her to come into me,' I said.

Exit waiter, and enter—yes, it must be Peggy Magrath; but so changed, externally!

'I wouldn't go to disgrace ye, Roland,' she whispered, when I had expressed my admiration of the neat, clean, and respectable appearance she made; 'and I have not spended all the money you gave me;' and she put back a purse into my hand.

'But how then have you managed? and how is it you have delayed so long? I was afraid

'Nirer fear for Peggy,' said she. 'Is it manage? Why shure and shure, I came all the way a-foot. D'ye think Peggy'd be casting away your money, riding in them cars? Is it delay? Ye're not gone yet, darling.'

'No, but we are going to-morrow, Peggy.'

And on the morrow we left Ireland behind us—Mrs. Magrath and I. 'Some natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon;' 'for wasn't she wid her own heart's darling?' she said.

We travelled together into Yorkshire; and I saw my dear old nurse comfortably established in a small cottage near to the factory, for

she would neither live in my house, nor be beholden to me for her support.

'Whist, darling,' she persisted when I returned to the subject once and again, 'Peggy Magrath'll not disgrace ye, any way; but ye'll got refuse her to 'arn her owne bit and sup so long as her poor old bones'll last out. She'll be inore contented, darling; and she'll not disgrace ye.'

She didn't disgrace me, dear old nurse and protectress of my helpless childhood! my next to mother! She knew her own weak points and besetting temptations; and, for my sake, she abjured at once and for ever the dangerous seductions of the spirit bottle. She became infirm at last; but before then—

Well, before then, Fanny Grey was no longer Fanny Grey. I very well remember one pleasant and memorable journey into Kent. I went there alone, and returned to Yorkshire in good company. And I remember one particular event that happened during my stay at Daffodil Farm. I remember, too, my old friend Mr. Blake's parting words, when he shook hands with me at his gate after my dear little new wife was safely seated in the coach that was to convey us to London, on our way home. I need not repeat them; but they were something about honesty, industry, and God's blessing; and then he shook hands with me again very heartily, and the next minute I was seated beside Fanny—not Fanny Grey; then the coach was in motion, and when we looked round for a last glance, we could see more handkerchiefs than one put to more uses than one. And yet it was not a sorrowful occasion either.

The first to welcome Fanny to her new home was Peggy Magrath; and years later, when Fanny was past the bloom of British beauty, and Peggy was an old, old woman, it was Fanny who tenderly and lovingly nursed the kind old nurse of her husband's childhood; and who succeeded, as I humbly hope and firmly believe, in leading her to the Good Shepherd.

Before this time I received intelligence of the death of my grandfather, after he had sunk into utter childlessness of mind and helplessness of body. His property descended to my cousin; but not long afterwards I received a characteristic epistle from her, offering to share the inheritance with me. What my answer was is of no particular consequence, it being a sort of family secret which I have no right to divulge. I may say, however, that I was present at my cousin's wedding, and that a life-long friendly

intercourse sprang up in due time between our families.

I never heard more of my poor father.

I am an old man now. Those of whom I have written are nearly all lost to this world. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." I have recorded some of the events of my earlier life; respecting my later years, let it suffice to add, that "goodness and mercy have followed me." I have had much prosperity, not unchecked by reverses, much happiness not untinged by sorrow. But by my side is still a kind, loving companion, and a gentle comforter, who, having, near upon forty years shared alike my hopes and fears, my joys and griefs, is the support of my age, as she was the guiding star of my youth—my last best earthly bosom friend and teacher, as she was the first who

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

And now, readers, my story is told; and its use is not far hidden, I trust, beneath its surface. Surely it may teach some down-trodden one that there is no condition in life so hopeless as to be beyond amelioration and redemption; and that there is a POWER to which he may look, and an ARM on which he may lean for strength and encouragement, when worldly helpers are few; so that, trusting in God with an evangelical faith, and looking up to him with filial confidence and love, he may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me," and

"When lowest sunk in grief and shame,

Filled with affliction's bitter cup,

Lost to relations, friends, and fame,

Thy powerful arm can raise me up.

"Thy powerful consolations cheer,

Thy smiles suppress the deep-drawn sigh,

Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,

That secret weeps the mourner's eye."

If this be accomplished, this story will not have been written in vain.

But surely it will also yield consolation to those who, in their efforts to do good and communicate, and inspired by the spirit and love of their Divine Master, do not shrink from contact with the dregs of society, but plunge with morality and spiritual heroism into the parlious of poverty and destitution, and seek to convey into the haunts of indignant beatitude and unwept crime, the faithful saying, which is worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—even the chief.

"Oh, you who prove yourselves to be the best and truest friends of your country by your Chris-