MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNCLE JERRY AND THE "THREE TWINS."

The reader will remember that Mr Motherly had a strong objection to Mr. Guirkie's carrying his purse with him, whenever she suspected him of going to the widow with the "three twins," at the widow with the "three twins," Ballymastocker. She insisted it was her duty to search his pockets on such occasions, and he permitted her to do so, with all the docility of a child, save and except when a third party hap-pened to be present; then he drew himpened to be present; then he drew him-self up, and proclaimed his independ-ence both by word and look, but so ostentatiously withal, that any one with the slightest discrimination might have seen it was only the advantage the coward takes, when he unexpectedly finds help at his back. Uncle Jerry we must admit, rather peculiar in the exercise of his benevolence, or, as Mrs. Motherly used to say, very odd Mrs. Motherly used to say, very out in his ways. It was not exactly because Batt Curley of the Cairn was destitute of the ordinary means of living, that he took such a kindly interest in him, for Batt always earned enough to eat and drink by his fiddle, hard as the times were; it was because he was old and blind, and only a fiddler at that. So also with respect to the widow and the "three twins," at Ballymastocker; there was nothing very lamentable in her case either; but the thought of a poor lone woman, with three children born at a birth to take care of, so fixed itself about his heart, that he found it ssible to banish it. And it was impossible to banish it. And it was only because the case of the negro had something peculiar in it, his sympathy was so suddenly excited in his favor. Had the doctor told him the negro's had been broken, he would have arms had been broken, no would as felt for the poor sufferer, no doubt, as he felt for everybody in distress; but have all his toes broken and disjointed. was something dreadful to think of. A door African wounded in this manner touched the tenderest symnathies of his generous soul.

The reader must not imagine for moment, notwithstanding all we have said, that Uncle Jerry's Fancy had more to do with his benevolence than his heart. No such thing; fancy was only the angel of light that stood by, while Charity, the first born of the Redeemer's love, drew the picture of human sorrow, and held it up before him. Christian Charity, loveliest of virtues! when the Saviour, who gave you in triumph to Saviour, who gave you in triumph to the world, first presented you on Cal-vary, how beautiful you were then! When, taking you by the hand, He led you up the hill, and pointing to the Sun of Christianity just beginning to rise, bade you go forth to bless and bind all beauts together, till the light of that hearts together, till the light of that Sun should again be absorbed in the source of its life forevermore — how modest your blushing face, and how timid your noiseless step, as you then came out from the darkness of pagarism, to weave your web of love round the great heart of regenerated humanity! You had worshippers in those vs to fall in millions at your feet; but where are they now? Alas, alas! like the deserted king of Greece, look-ing round the Bay of Salamis for his scattered ships-

"You counted them at break of day, But when the sun set where were they?"

The goddess of Charity whom mer worship now, how unlike thee she is! Bold and proud, she walks with stately step, and shuns the lowly cabin on her way to princely halis. She extends no friendly hand to the helpless and house-She extends no the darkness of night, but waits for the broad glare of noonday, to carry her gifts to the market place. She stalks along the public thoroughfares n wanton attire, surrounded by followwhom she attracts by the splendor of her garments and the stateliness of her mien. She sets horself up as thy rival, modest, blushing child of God. In the flaunting dress of the courtesan, she disputes thy empire over the hearts of men; and, alas that we must confess it! she gains the victory.

But, dear reader, fallen as the world is, there are some true hearts to be found in it still; some who, like Uncle Jerry, will steal away into obscure places to comfort the poor, and blush like him to be caught in the act. So

as it now. It appears that Mr. Guirkie, instead of going directly to Rathmullen, on his weekly visit to the old churchyard, as Mrs. Motherly had supposed, fell in with the priest, on his way to visit the widow with the "three twins," at Ballymastocker, who was taken suddendy ill, and instantly resolved to accompany him to the house.

As Captain Petersham, with his party. rode along, two horses, standing at the widow's door, attracted his attention; and on coming up, he recognized them as Father John's and Mr. Guirkie's. At once he made up his mind to invite the two friends to Castle Gregory, and accordingly dismounted for that pur-

On entering the humble dwelling of the widow, or rather as he stepped on the threshold, a sight met his view which caused him instantly to draw back. Uncle Jerry was sitting near the fireplace, with his back to the door, and so intent at his occupation, that he neither heard the captain's footstep, nor observed the shadow his person cast upon the wall as he came in. The latter, as the reader knows already, was a blunt, outspoken, honest hearted zollicking country gentleman of the old school, and Kate, knowing his ways so well, had been expecting every instant to hear his voice in high banter with Uncle Jerry; but, instead of that, she was rather out again on tiptoe, with his hands raised up in wonder, as if at something he had witnessed within. surprised to see him steal

What's the matter, captain?" she demanded; "is the widow dead?"
"Not that I know of; but such a sight as that I haven't seen for years come down and behold it with your own eyes;" and lifting her from the saddle,

he escorted her to the door of the

Mr. Weeks and the other gentleme of the party, hearing the captain' words, were instantly excited by natural curiosity to see what was go on, and alighted also.

Uncle Jerry was still intent on his york. He was rocking a cradle of more than ordinary proportions, made of coarse wicker-work, in which the three coarse wicker-work, in which the three twins were soundly sleeping. On a low stool beside him lay his pocket hand-kerchief, which he had been using when the captain first saw him, and had only laid down as the party came crowding

round the door.

"Gentlemen," said Kate, turning to her friends and whispering her words low, "I beg you'll retire. This is no fitting scene for profane eyes like yours Away, and leave the captain and

speak to him.

They did as directed; and then Kate, motioning the latter to keep his place, stepped across the earthen floor with the lightness of a bird, and stood be hind the watcher. She was about to touch him on the shoulder with her finger to make him aware of her pres-ence, but drew it suddenly back again,

and waited a minute longer.

In that short minute Uncle Jerry had laid open his whole heart to her. She could read it as plainly as a book. Inserting his hand into the lining of his great sealskin cap, he drew forth from a secret pocket, which Mrs. Motherly had failed to discover, a Bank of Ire-land note, and rolling it up into con-venient shape, took the hand of one of the orphans, and wove it in between its fingers. As he did so, a big tear dropped on the hand, and Uncle Jerry took up his handkerchief to wipe it off. "Hold!" said Kate; "let it remain

there, to consecrate the offering."
"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr.
Guirkie, looking up with his eyes still
full. "Why, I thought I was alone."

full. "Why, I thought I was alone."
"And if you were," replied Kate, hardly able to restrain her own tears, "the lesson had been lost."
"What lesson?"

"That," said she, pointing to the child's hand holding the money, with the mercy drop glistening on it.

"Why, upon my word and honor, Kate," said Uncle Jerry, wiping his tears, "I don't know how it is, but the Kate, smoke of the peat fire affects my eyes more than ever-perhaps it's because

Kate took his hand and pressed it lovingly in hers. "God bless you," she said. "I never see you but I feel my heart growing better. If charity and faith ever dwell in human bosoms, they are surely to be found in yours. But tell me, where is Father John?"

Uncle Jerry pointed to the room. "Has he finished?"

"Yes-you may go in." Kate opened the door gently, but seeing Father John kneeling by the bedside of his penitent, closed it

again. Come in," said the priest, turning his head a little, and seeing her form as she opened the door; "come in, Miss Petersham; and as I administer the sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Redeemer to this poor dying creature, beg of Him, by the love He bore you in the institution of this aderable mystery of the Eucharist, to convert you to the true and living faith.

Kate fell upon her knees.
"God of love," said the priest, pros trate before the open pix, "if ever I have done aught to deserve a blessing at thy hands. I now implore thee to the heart of this erring child. Breathe into her soul the spirit that mickeneth unto life, that she may one lay feel how good thou art, and how inestimable a treasure she possesses in the Sacrament of Thy Love. And thou, O Mary, Mother of God, pray for her, that she may soon break asunder those earthly ties that hold her back from the arms of the Church of Christ stretched

out to embrace her." He then rose and administered the Viatioum to the dving woman, after wards the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and, kneeling once more by her bedside, recommended her soul fervently to the God Who gave it.

As he turned to quit the room, Kate looked up in his face, her cheeks flushed with the emotions of her heart. "Father," she cried, still kneeling before him, "Father, give me thy hand;" and kissing it, she placed it on her head, and asked his blessing.

He gave it from the depth of his

heart. Then Kate rose, and silently accompanied by her two friends to the door, where the party impatiently awaited their coming.

The captain, who had been a silent

witness of the whole scene, touched his cap respectfully as the priest appeared, and silently mounting his horse, rode off with his friends to Castle Gregory.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. WEEKS PROFESSES WASHINGTONIAN PRINCIPLES, BUT IS INDUCED, NOT WITHSTANDING, TO TASTE WHISKEY

PUNCH .-- ITS WONDERFUL EFFECTS. "Mr. Weeks," said Captain Petersham, after dinner was over and the cloth removed, "I'm delighted to see you at Castle Gregory; and now, as the ladies have left us, we must drink a glass of stout Innishowen together. Mr. Johnson, shove down the decanter to our American friend.'

"Excuse me, captain," said Weeks; "Nonsense! you must drink. By George, that's a pretty thing! not drink, indeed! why, you're not a teeto-

taler, are you ?" 'Well, pretty much. I'm a Wash ingtonian.

"Of course you are-I know all that. But you don't mean to say that every Washingtonian's a temperance man?"
"You mistake, I reckon," said
Weeks. "A Washingtonian don't Weeks.

ean an American, exactly, but a mem ber of a certain temperance society. "O, I see-that's the meaning of it then! Well, 'pon my honor, friend Weeks, I had formed a better opinion

Don't think it wrong to take

pledge against liquor, do you?"
"No-not perhaps for the working classes — but I think no gentleman

should take it. If a sense of his posi-tion, and respect for his honor, don't restrain a gentleman from brutalizing himself, then I say he's no gentleman and no pledge or oath can bind him. What think you, Father John?"

You're right, captain; except in those rare instances when gentlemen regard excess as a sin against God; in such cases a pledge may restrain them when their honor can't. Perhaps Mr. Weeks is one of this class.'

"How-regard intoxication as a sin against God?" Yes-for which He, one day, will

bring you to account."
"Well, as to that," replied Weeks,
"I reckon it depends materially on the kinder notions one has formed on that ere point. Folks differ, you know, considerable about the sorter being God is: and, as for myself, I can't say I ever got well posted up on the subject. But I always maintained that the abuse

"Of course — there never was a second opinion about that." "And I always set my face against it on that account."

"Precisely; you adopted the pre-vailing sentiment—for I can call it by no other name - that the abuse of liquor should be discouraged, not be-cause it's offensive to God and injurious to the soul, but because it's offensive to society—to modest eyes and ears polite.

"Father John, take my advice, and drop the argument," said the captain, "or you'll be head and ears into one of your long sermons directly. Mr. Weeks, don't mind him — he's forever moralizing. Come, fill your glass like an honest man, and drink your national toast - 'Success to the stars and

stripes." Don't drink, I assure you, captain. Should be most happy to oblige you, but it's against my principles."

"Against the—! against a man's principles to drink a glass of punch at a friend's table !" " Don't urge the gentleman," said

two or three of the company—" don't, sir; he has scruples about it. Every best.

"Nonsense! I can't bear to look at a guest sitting at my table as dry as a

"Well, to please you, I'll taste somewell, to please you, I it taste some-thing," said Weeks, at last; "though it's against my principles to drink. Mr. Johnson, have the goodness to make me a spoonful or two of sangaree." "Sangaree. Ha, ha,!" laughed the

eaptain. "Not a drop of it, Johnson—not a drop; make him a glass of whiskey punch. Or, stop—send it up to me; I'll make it myseli." No, no-hold on, captain; excuse

me," said Weeks, intercepting the decanter on its way to the head of the table; "excuse me; I'd rather not; Mr. Johnson will make it." Why, it seems so strange—Whately, could you have imagined it? a freeman, a citizen of the model republic, and neither Presbyterian nor Quaker, to belong to a temperance society. Ha, ha! it's monstrous!—it shocks all my

American prepossessions."
Weeks smiled in his usual cold way, and assured the captain the "Sons of Temperance" were very numerous in the States; and that, for his part, he

had been strictly temperate since he was fifteen years old.

"And, pray, Mr. Weeks," said the captain, filling his glass from the tumbler, "what pleasure or advantage can you derive from this self denial you practise-it's not for your sins, I sus pect-eh? "No, sir; don't believe in that doc-

trine. "And why the mischief do you ab-

"Why, because it suits my constitution best, and saves my pocket besides."
"O, that indeed; I understand you

"Two excellent motives-ain't they, captain ?'

"You must ask Father Brennan, sir that question involves a knowledge of morals of which I profess to be entirely ignorant. What say you, Father John, will his motives stand the test of your

Father John shook his head, but said

Father John shook his head, but said nothing in reply.

"Well, look here," pursued Wecks, turning to the priest. "I ain't a-goin to dispute the matter now; but just multiply fourteen years (the time I've been temperate) by three hundred and sixty-five dollars saved each year,—and that a about the lowest estimate I are pulse, and you have precisely five can make—and you have precisely five thousand one hundred and ten dollars, exclusive of interest. Now I call that I may be mistaken, but I

call it a saving."
"Not a doubt of it," replied the priest, smiling—"not a doubt of it; you calculate very closely, though—

no, sir; I merely follow

"Well, no, sir; I merely follow Cousin Nathan's advice, and don't waste my powder. I had a cousin once called Nathan Bigelow—"
"There," ejaculated Uncle Jerry, laying down his glass untasted, and rising from the table; "there! he's at Nathan again. I vow and declare can't stand it—this is the fifth time. What's the matter, Mr. Guirkie?

inquired the captain.

Nothing very particular," replied Uncle Jerry, making his way out; "I'll return presently."

"Well, this cousin of mine," con-Weeks, "this cousin called Nathan-"O, he's the man used to preside at

town meetings, direct the minister what to preach, and so forth. Yes, yes, you needn't mind; we have heard of

"Have, eh?" "Yes; he's quite familiar to us."

"Well, I was only going to say that I merely followed his advice. And now with regard to my second motive, I found, when about fifteen years of age, or thereaways, that liquor proved a cetle too exciting for my constitution both mentally and physically."

"Ah, indeed," said the

said the priest : how so, pray ?' "Well, it softened my heart a leetle

more than I found convenient."
"You drank too freely, perhaps, for

a boy of your age?"
"Well, guess I did—rather; can't say I got drunk, though—got tight once in a while. But the darned thing used

to draw a sorter skin over my eyes, that I couldn't see clearly what I was

"Hence you gave it up?"
"Yes. You'd like to know, perhaps, "Certainly — let's hear it, by all means."
"Well, it was kinder funny, too. Father sent me one morning, when I was about fifteen or a little over, to a place called Meriden, with chickens and squash for the market. It hap-pened I took a young colt with me father bought short time before, and

father bought short time before, and he was a smasher of his age, I tell you—only rising five, and as pretty a piece of horse fiesh as you could scare up in the hull county. After selling the provisions and putting the proceeds in my wallet, I dropped into a bar room to have a drink before I'd start for hum. Just as I took a cigar after the brandy, a long-legged, gr looking chap—Vermonter, guess he was
—comes up to the counter, and says he, -comes up to the counter, and says ne,
'Youngster, that horse of yourn's
pretty smart horse, I reckon.' 'Well,
yes,' I said, 'considerable smart for a
colt.' 'What time does he make?'

""" he 'No. Three and a half.' Says he, 'No can't do it.' 'Can't?' says I. Says he, 'No, hain't got the points for three and a half nor four neither.'

you can bet, if you've a mind to.' Agreed, says he: 'what'll it be?' I ain't particular, said I. 'Well,' got no objection.' 'None,' says I I'm quite agreeable.' "Well, having got the lend of a sulky from a doctor in the neighborhood, we marked the course, appointed a time-keeper, and off I started. Crackie how that colt did put that day!

says I, quite coolly, as I lit my ciga

Well, he went it slick, I tell yer. The critter knew just's well as I did myself what he'd got to do, and he struck out like a good fellow. Won the bet, of course?'

"Won it! Yees; and twenty seconds to spare besides. 'Well,' said the tall fellow, coming up to me, as I stepped from the sulky, and clapped the colt on the back—'well,' said he, 'he did his prettiest, I reckin?'

"Said I, 'No; not by a long chalk."
Darr the matter, said he, 'he won the bet, any way; so come in and have a drink. As the chap spoke, he becken-ed to two or three other hard-looking customers, that seemed to be loafing about the corner, and then drove into an oyster cellar. 'Brandy smashes and cigars for five,' said he, passing the bar-keeper. 'You'll go that, youngster, won't you?' 'Well, don't care if I do,' said I, 'though I ain't much accustomed

"So yo drank too much on that occasion?" observed one of the company interrupting the details, for he thought

"You'd better believe it, friend Well, to cut the story short, before I left the cellar that afternoon, I lost the price of the squash and chickens, and swapped the colt besides for a Canadian pony, a gold watch, and \$37 in cash. Next morning came, though, and O scissors! if I din't feel like suicide."

"Conscience stricken," said the priest, "for the night's debauch?" "Conscience stricken! Why, po: but letting that green chap come it over me so smooth. Well, I swow, never felt so cheap in my life—that's a

"He cheated you, then?"

"Yes-guess he did cheat me. n a bit, though; you'll hear. About o'clock next morning, father came into the kitchen swearing like fifty. I was lying abed at the time, just think-

was lying and up."
""Where's the young scamp? he cried: 'by thunder, I'll cowhide him this winute within an inch of his life.' "'Good gracious!' exclaimed mother.
'Why, Amasa Weeks! Ain't you ashamed?'

ashamed?'
"'No, I ain't.'

"'You oughter then.'
"'Stand aside,' shouted father, 'and let me pass."

'Amasa, ain't you crazy?'

"'Shut up, I say. The young scoundrel! I'll teach him how to trade! " 'Poor child,' said mother, 'it was

his first trade; and what could you expect of a boy of fifteen? Why, gracious, if he was taken in about that watch, it ain't agoin to ruin you...is it?'
"'But the horse! the horse! But shouted father.

"'The horse! why, what's the matter with the horse?'

"'The matter!—thunderation's the matter!—the critter's blind!'

'Blind!-why, you don't say!' "'And lame! lame! the tarnation villain !

Pheugh,' said I, jumping out of bed and bolting through the open win-dow with my jacket under my arm; 'it's time I warn't here, I reckon; without waiting for further information

on the subject, I cleared."

After the suppressed titter, which accompanied Weeks's story all through, had at last broken out into a broad laugh, and then subsided, Father John quietly observed that the gentleman's first lesson was rather an expensive

"Should think so," said Weeks in reply: "it cost me, or father rather, omewhere in the neighborhood of

\$200. "And so, after that, you concluded to drink no more?"
"Gave it up, sir, right straight off

I saw it wouldn't pay."

"And that, I suppose, was your only motive for becoming temperate? "Why, yes-of course it was."

"Well," said the priest, "I can' admire it much. Had you only united that motive, selfish as it was, with a desire to please God, and save your

"Whew!" ejaculated Weeks, in-terrupting the priest; "that's quite another affair. My principle is, to leave Christianity and religion, and all that sorter lying, to those whose duty it is to look after it. I'm a business

man, squire, and my object is trade, and nothing else."
"Good!" cried the captain, returning and clapping Weeks on the shoulder as he passed him on his way to the head of the table. "Good, sir; that's honest speaking. By George, Weeks,

you're a trump."
"Well, them's my sentiments, and I Weeks, taking courage from the captain and the poteen together. "I'm a business man, and make no pretensions

to piety, nor nothing else."
"Certainly not, sir; that's as much

as you can attend to.' as you can attend to.

"Of course it is—no doubt of it."

"And see here," said Weeks, after finishing the last glass, and making the spoon ring in the empty tumbler—"see here, captain; I may as well say what I think. I never saw a pious business man yet worth a copper to the country. onnie I never did.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the captain; listen to that, Father John." "And I tell you what, sir," con-tinued Weeks, turning to the priest— who now kept his head down to hide a smile, while he toyed with his watch chain for an excuse—"I tell you what, sir, ministers may say what they please, but they're a darned set of humbugs; that hull amount of it."

"Hah! take that, my reverend friend," chuckled the captain again. "The truth occasionally, you know,

will do you good."
"I'm quite surprised, Mr. Weeks," gravely observed the priest, while the smile still kept playing about the corn-ers of his mouth—"I'm really surprised to hear you speak so irreverently.
"Well, hold on a bit—hold on

here : I know as many as fifty ministers in New England alone, and more too abandoned their pulpits last year, and went off to speculate in this, that, and t'other thing, to make money. Some went into the fish business, some into the lumber trade, two on 'em from my own town turned to the law, and the majority managed to squeeze themselves into the legislature. Now, if these men had, what they pretended to have a vocation to the ministry before their ordination, where in thunder did it go after? I'd like to know."

"It's no doubt a melancholy fact," said the priest, "that your Protestant clergy of New England, especially those with limited revenues, in very many instances have renounced their sacre calling for more lucrative trades and professions, thereby disgracing themselves and their religion. Such instances are very rare in this country, however. Are ?-how's that?"

"Why, we don't love money here, perhaps, so much as you do in the States; and besides, we haven't the

same opportunities to speculate."
"Well, that may be all very true but it's my opinion ministers, in gen-eral, make a trade of religion every where, one way or other. I have had a pretty good chance myself to see how works, and I reckon I can tell Been a class-leader once in my time.

"What !" exclaimed the captain, leaning his folded arms on the table and gazing at the Yankee, bedizened all over as he was with chains and brooches. "What, a class-leaderyou?

Yes." "A Methodist class-leader?"
"Why, certainly."

"A canting Methodist class-leader. Of course.

May the Lord forgive you, sir." (The reader is already aware of the captain's special contempt for that parcicular sect.) "Why, you must have ost your senses."
"Well, they are a kinder scraggy, I

allow.' "And you made such a spoony of yourself as to snivel away with this psalm-singing set. By the Lord Harry,

Weeks, I thought you were a different man altogether.

that's a fact. But wait a bit; let me tell you how it happened. I had an object in view."

O, confound your object !" "Wait a minute; you'll say it warn't a bad one, if the thing had been pro-perly managed. Well, there was a gal in our neighborhood, named Brown— Zepherina Brown, or Zeph, as she was

called for shortness' sake."
"Pardon me, Mr. Weeks—your glass is empty," said the captain. "Whately,

said up the bottle.' ou'll excuse me, captain." "Hang your excuses; make a glass of punch, sir, like a man."
"Well, I'd rather not, just at pres-

ent.' ' Nonsense!"

"I'm not used to it, you know." "Used to it! used to Innishower whiskey twenty years old? Are you used to new milk? 'Pon my honor, sir, I'm ashamed of you. If you don' drink, by the Lord Harry I'll think you're a Methodist still!"

you're a Methodist still?"
"Well, I rather think I'll be ashamed of myself before long, if I hold on at this rate. It begins to wake me up al-

ready. I swonnie it does."
"Psaugh! My dear sir, you might drink a puncheon of it. Irish whiskey's meat, drink, washing, and lodging for meat, drink, washing, and longing to every human being under the sun. Come, send up your tumbler; i'll mix it for you. There's Madeira and Claret on the sideboard, and I wouldn't give a brass button for oceans of it, while there's a drop of this real old Irish whiskey here to soften my heart. By George, sir, if you only drank it for six months, it would make a man of

"Humph! guess it would-the wrong

"No, sir, but the right way. It would cure you of that passion you have for speculating and money-making. It would make your heart grow twice as would make your heart grow twice as big as it is—ay, big enough, by George to take the whole human race into it.' "Well, it's a fact," said Weeks, "it does make a feller feel kind of good

but guess it's not to be trusted too far, either, for all that."

"Never fear, Weeks, never fear; you go on with the story, and I'll mix the punch."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PAINTING OF CHRIST.

A man who tottered as he walked, whose dress was so snappy that it was long past even the appearance of gentility, whose unkempt hair was but half concealed by a battered and greasy that were his content at the state of whose dress was so shabby that hat and who wore his coat collar turned up and tightly pinned beneath his chin o conceal the fact that his shirt was to conceal the last that his salts was collarless, paused before the entrance to one of the great uptown churches of York and, with bloodshot eyes, pered York and, with bloodshot eyes, pered through the doorway into the Several moments he hesitated. Then, with an unconscious gesture of la

dignity, his form straightened and with head erect, he passed into the church.

The chimes had long since ceased to ring, the priest was already midst of his sermon, and as the midst of his sermon, and as the human derelict drifted into the rearmost seat of that vast auditorium he heard from the pulpit, in stentorian tones, these words: "Christ being risen from the dead, dieth no more. Sin hath no more dominion over him."

It seemed to the weary man as though these words were addressed personally to him, and, as he knelt for a moment and with bowed head whispered a prayer that had not recurred to him in many years, something like a glow thrilled him so that presently he leaned back, and, fixing his tired eyes upon the preacher, he listened with concen-trated attention to every word of the sermon. So wrapped was he in what he heard and so intense were the emotions engendered by it that he was not conscious of the end of the discourse, and it was not until many moments later when almost the entire congregation had left the church, that he remembered

where he was. He started to his feet then with sudden energy, intent only upon leaving the church before he should be recognized, for there were many present who had known him in the past; but the throng of people in the aisles was too dense for him to penetrate, so he sank back upon the cushions again and with

bowed head waiting.

Presently he was startled by the touch of a hand upon his shoulder, and, looking up quickly, he started to his feet, shamefaced and flushed.

The hand that touched him was now stretched out, palm upward, for him to take, but he pretended not to see it.
"I should have avoided you," he said drearily. "Believe me, Roderick,

I did not mean that any one should recognize me. I do not know why I came here at all to-day." And then smiling bitterly and with irony in his voice, he added, "I did not even know that it was Easter until after I entered the church." "Will you go home with me, Philip?"

asked the other, still keeping his hand extended, as if determined that it should be seen and taken. "Home with you? No, thank you

all the same.' Then let me go with you.' "Then let me go with you."
"I am sorry, Rod, but I have no place to take you," was the reply.
"It's so long since I held a brush or a palette in either hand. The only home that I know now I find in the back rooms of gin mills. Does not my appearance youth for the truth of this appearance vouch for the truth of this

"Then let us sit here for a little while, for I want to talk to you, Phil, For months I have tried in vain to find you. Here we will be quiet and undis-

Are you willing to be seen in the company of such as I, Roderick?" asked the artist tensely. "Do you remember what I was, and do you realize what I am ?'

"Yet, both."
"I doubt it. Yet it was kind of you to speak to me to day; kinder still to wish to help me, for that, I know, is your wish; but I am beyond help from others. The only chance left to me

now lies within myself.'

"Have you forgotten, Phil, that this is Easter Sunday?" "Why not leave the dead past behind you to-day and rise from this living death, as Christ rose 1900 years

ago ?"
" If I only could, if I only could !"

"You can if you will." "You say you have lost your man-

hood? Have you also sacrificed your talents?" No; I can paint as well as ever No; I can paint as well as ever when my nerves are not unstrung, but I have prostituted them shamefully. Do you know how I keep body and soul together now? By decorating saloon mirrors and taking my pay in drinks and luncheons over the bars. You find

me in this condition because I have degenerated into a thing." "Nonsense, Phil. Did you ever have a better friend than I was in the

"Never."
"Will you put aside your false pride and let me be that same friend now?"
"If you wish to lend me money—

"That is not what I mean. I want to help you, just as you would help me if the conditions were reversed. If you will consent to what I have to pro-pose, you will confer the favor, not I.

Will you hear the proposition?'
"Yes. What is it?" "There has been a committee appointed, of which I am chairman, to have painted a life-size portrait of the Master. It is to hang yonder, over the chancel. Will you accept the commission? Will you paint the picture? I have the authority to give the order, and it is expected that I will make a advance. There is no one payment in advance. There is no one in all this city as competent as your

self to do the work. Will you do it?"

The artist was silent for a moment. and when he replied there was a dreamy, introspective expression in his eyes, and his voice was so low that the words he uttered were almost inaud-

ible.
"If you had asked those questions
"If you had asked those questions an hour ago," he said, "I should have answered no. Now I answer yes. Then I was aimless, hopeless, passion-less. I drifted into this church as a chip drifts into an eddy of the stream it follows. I believed that I had lost all the ability to be emotional, but there was something in the sermon we

heard to-day which opened window that has been sh window that has been an barred since I was a ch cant, Roderick; so den's stand me. It was the logi sense, that your priest uttmanhood to which he are standing as somehow he are standing to the standing that the samehow he are standing to the samehow he are affected me. Somehow that for three years I have and that even I might ris new and better manhood. Will you try, Phil?" a

ick eagerly, placing his ha shoulders of his friend. 'shoulders of his friend. 'I will try, old man.'
'Will you let me help;
be a greater favor to me
Will you paint the picture The artist hesitated an head away, fixing his estained glass window over

"How much, Phil, did for a life-size portrait w returned from Paris and ork here? Approxima was it not? Yes, at least that muc "Yes, at least that mue "Very well. For the this order, provided it and delivered to me on to-day, I will pay you \$1 ly payments of \$100 each Will you accept the order

Presently his friend conti

Again the artist hesi last he raised his head an "If you will accept a I will make, yes. It is the year you make no effort my work nor communic my work nor communic other than to forward th "Agreed, Phil," sai gladly, "if you will acpayment now." And wifer a reply he took the re

for a reply he took the n pocket and thrust it in They left the church went out upon the stree there the artist paused faced his friend.

"We part here, Rode tentatively, "and we pa Tell me, shall I paint my the perfect man, or sha accepted models?" " As you will, but I p ideal—your idea of wha should be in body, s strength. Do you not youthful ambition? He have I heard you say, will paint a Christ!' T portunity. Do it, my it the work of your

heart, your best end whole soul in the work."
"I will paint it, Roo the artist slowly. "appoint you. Within t appoint you. Within send you my address. where in the country. bless you! You have d to-day than words ca Philip Sutherland when he walked away that he had so relu-

scarcely more than a There was no more attitude, no slouching his gait. On the outskirts of a cut village, in the nort colonial mansion, the studio, and there, day after week and month studied and sketched sketched again, the man, and while h man, and while he sistently his eyes grew er and more glad, he round and glowed with

touch became firm and Once begun, the ta as nothing else ever he those months of stud sketches of the boy vied the wise men sking them questions Man who had worked carpenter's trade, d muscle and sterling Man who as a fishe friends gave themselv the violence of a safely to shore; of the the mob threatened flinchingly, demanding without sin should stone; of the M stone; of the Mand without human money changers from street; of the Man w ing multitude, comp and to patience until be fed; of the Man ity that is engender mind and power of pl give Peter for his tre

rude cross from the ption to the place of e It was not until tray upon the canv task of all. Time af it out and began and the charity which is power, the forbe strength of mind an ity of purpose and which are born of th accomplish and the cess is certain, and plished it. That wa ning of Lent.

Man who possessed to courage and the mu

look upon his work. could scarcely hav One week before contract was due, the Sunday before I the painting for the completion. He signed then with a signed

en he realize

was completed, he sheet and spent his

our weeks or more

work was done he friend: "Come on East painting is complete morning Roderick The early morni ing out merrily i