

course, when tidy, matronly Bessie was too much engaged to notice their escapades.

It was hard enough for good Mrs. Lanigan to keep up her spirits and brace her energies day by day to take up the burden of her toil and to leave her little ones, so often, to the many perils to which the two younger were exposed, in her absence, from Peter's giddy and reckless nature.

The neighbors were wont to wonder how she could content herself away from her children, all so young, and one so wild and harum-scarum, as they said. Some five or six families dwelt in the same court, all of them working people like Mrs. Lanigan; but, more fortunate than she, the other women having their husbands to earn for them were not obliged to go out to work.

They were a kindly little colony, those dwellers in the court, and, as far as their own avocations permitted, the women were quite willing to look after little Peter and Jennie now and then, when Bessie—a general favorite among them—had to go an errand for her small *ménage* and leave the children to their own devices.

Amongst the families in the court only one was Protestant. Irish Protestants they were too, Allen by name, consisting of the father, mother and four children,—two boys and two girls. These children were not bad, as the world goes; the two elder, a boy and a girl, went to school, and the others spent their time, week in, week out, in the more or less noisy sports of their youthful comrades. The father worked in a foundry and the mother had constant work at home from a large clothing store.

“Why in the world don't you try to get work to do at home, Mrs. Lanigan, so as to be all the time with the children,” was Mrs. Allen's frequent question. “I don't know how you can make up your mind to leave them, and they so young. Of course, Bessie is a wise, steady