CHAPTER I.

A gentleman that loves no noise.—The Silent Women.

The Wren boys of Shanagolden, small village in the south west of Ire-land, were all assembled pursuant to custom on the green before the chapel deor, on a fine frosty morning, the twenty-sixth of December, or Saint Stephen's day—a festival yet held in much reverence in Munster, although the Catholic Church has for many years the Catholic Church has for many years ceased to look upon it as a holiday of "obligation." (A holiday rendering it obligatory on all the members of the Church to hear Mass and refrain from servile work) Seven or eight hand some young fellows, tricked out in rib bons of the gayest colors, white waist-coats and stockings, and furnished with musical instruments of various kinds—a fife, a pipolo, an old drum, a cracked fiddle, and a set of bag-pipes—assumed their place in the rear of the procession, and startled the yet slumbering inhabit and startled the yet sumbering masti-ants of the neighboring houses, by a fearfully discordant prelude. Behind those came the Wren-boys, par excel-lence, a lad who bore in his hands a leaves of which were holly-bush, the interwoven with long streamers of red blue, and white ribbon; all which finery, nevertheless, in not way contributed to reconcile the mottled tenant of the bower (a wren which was tied by the leg to one of the boughs) to his state of durance. After boughs) to his state of utraine. Area the Wren-bay came, a promiscuous crowd of youngsters, of all ages under fifteen, composing just such a little ragged rabble as one observes attending the band of a marching regiment on entrance into a country town, shouting, hallooing. laughing, and joining in apt chorus with the droning, shrilling, squeaking and rattling of the musicians of the mora.

After proceeding along the road fo about half a mile, the little rustic pro-cession turned aside into a decent avenue, which led, in the antique fashion (that is to say, by a line so direct, that if you rested a musket on lock of the gate, you could put a bullet in the very centre panel of the hall door) to a house no less quaint is its form than its approach—a square-built pile, standing bolt upright on the top of a hillock, with a plain rough cas front, in which were two rows of small square windows, and a hall-door with two steps leading up to it—presenting, in short, such a facade as children are accustomed to out out of paper -so flat regular, and quakerly. A line of dier-like looking elms ran along the avenue wall on either side, and filed off with the most unexceptional precision to the rear of the building, taking the kitchen-garden in flank, and falling into a hollow square about the paddock and

Before the hall door was a semi-circular gravel plot, in which the avenue lost itself, as a canal terminates in its basin. Around this space the procession formed, and the Wren-boy, elevating his bush, gave out the ope we of the festive chant, in which the whole rout presently joined :

kaggart.

"The Wran! the Wran! the king of all birds. St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze; Although he's little, his family a grear Gatup, fair ladies! and give as a trate! And if your trate be of the best, La heaven we hope your soul will rest!"

As the din of the chorus died away, one of the lower win lows was thrown up, and two of the "fair ladies" apaled to, presented themselves to the praises and blessings of the admiring rustics. One of them could scarcely have justified the epithet-she was of brown complexion, and a slight owing across the forehead would shadowing across the have led a person not disposed to argue favorably of the indication, to suppose that she had already declined, and yet not much, into the vale of years. Tairty or two and thirty might have brought the change. There was, moreover, a proud flery lustre in her eye which would account perhaps for many of the invidious lines. The smile, nevertheless, which she instantly accorded to the villagers, showed that her pride was not the defect of her heart or dis but the accident of a con scious superiority either of rank mind. Her companion was a pretty lively girl, with health on her cheeks, and mirth and laughter in her eye—and

Which o' the two is Miss O'Brien?' asked one of the mummers, in a whisper, to his companion.

Can't you know the real lady ?' was the reply. "Don't you see it in her eye, and in her smile. There she

Come, plase your honor, ladies, ther somthen out to the Wran. He nes a long way to see ye'r honors ordher comes a long way to see ye'r honors this morning. Long life to you, Mister Falahee! The Wran thank you, sir," as a half-crown, flang by an elderly rentleman who made his appearance a the window, jingled on the gravel-walk

And somher (Good spouse) to you. Miss Mary, and that before the frost ground ; we are goen to call on Misther Charles himself next.

The younger of the ladies blushed Stay until Davy gives you a drink

lads," said Mr. Falahee.

A new uproar of thanks, and "long lives," and sundry other benedictions, followed this invitation, in the midst of which old Davy made his appearance at the hall-door with a tin-can full of cider of his own brewage and a smile on his wrinkled face that showed with how

much good will he fell into the hospit-able humour of his master. The lads swarmed about him as flies do about a lump of sugar.

"Have you been at Mr. Hamond's yet, lads?" inquired Mr. Galahoo Aw I not we sir. It's always the way with the Wran to pay his compliments to the real gentlemen first. "Why —" said the worthy but flattered host, with an ill-suppressed smile, " is not Mr. Hamond a real

No, plase your honor, not a real undoubted gentleman that way, at

out."
"I'm sure Castle Hamond is as fire a

property as there is in the barony." "O we don't mean to dispute that, sir. But himself, you see, he's nothing. What is he but a bit of a half

A what?" exclaimed the elder

'A half sir, ma'am," turning toward A man sir, ma am, turning toward her with great respect, and giving his forelock a drag which seemed to signify that had he got such a thing as a hat on, he would have taken it off to her honor.

"What do you call a half sir?" " A man that has not got any blood in him, ma'am.'

A man that has got no blood in him

him!"
Noen; any more than meself. A sort of a small gentleman, that way; the singlings of a gentleman, (the sing lings are the first running of spirits in the process of distillation) as it were. A made man-not a born gentleman. Not great, all out, nor poor, that way entirely. Betuxt and betune, as you may say. Neither good pot ale nor yet strong whiskey. Neither beef nor vale. Castle Hamond! What Castle Hamond to me, as long as the master wouldn't conduct himself proper! A man that wouldn't go to a hunt, nor a race-course, nor a cock fight, r a hurlen-match, nor a dance nor nor a fencen-bout, nor any one born thing. Sure that's no gentleman! A man that gives no parties, nor was never known yet to be drunk in his own house. O poh!—A man that was never seen to put his hand in his pocket on a frosty mornen and say to a poor man, 'Hoy, hoy! my good fellow, here's a tin penny for you, and get a drop o' somethen warm and comfortable again the day! A man that was

being so, either. Sure such a man as that has no heart?" "Tell me, my good lad," said the lady, with much seriousness, " is this

never by any mains overtiken in liquo

himself, not the cause of anybody else

Mr. Hamond a miser?"
"O dear, no, ma'am," exclaimed his accuser, "nobody has anything to charge agen him on that score, I'm ac suser.

"Does he ever assist the poor in his neighborhood?"
"Indeed that he does; there's no

gainsaying that any way."
"Is he ever found in the cottages of
the sick and the distressed."
"There's no doubt o' that. He is

indeed. The time the favor was ragen last summer he was like a priest or doctor, goen about from bedside to bed side, ordering wine here and blankets there, and paying for every thing out of his own purse. I declare ma'am," the speaker continued, warming with his subject so as totally to forget his late invective, "'twould be an admira-tion to you to known the sighth o' noney he laid out in that way.

"And tell me, did the racing, and cock-fighting and hunting gentlemen do a great deal more? The real gentle-

"Is it they? no-nor half as much,

the whole put together."
"But Mr. Hamond has no heart for "O—sh?—heart—" the man repeated in a puzzled tone. "He has religion, ma'am—religion and charity—that's what he has."

Then what you mean by 'heart is, I suppose, drunkenness, prodigality, gambling-all, in short, that is opposed

gambling—an, into religion and charity?"
to religion and charity?"
then—" after a pause, that' heaven forgive us, I b'lieve that's the manen we put upon it. "And Mr. Hamond has none o

No, indeed, ma'am."

"I'm satisfied," said the lady, retiring from the window, and leaving the young man a-gape to comprehend he

neaning.
In a few minutes the whole procession was again in motion, drumming, squeak-ing, shouting, and laughing down the avenue. After they had fairly seen them off. Mr. Falahee and his daughter

"Ho! ho! where is Miss O'Brien one?" said the old gentleman.
"I declare, I don't know," said an old grandmama, who sat in an arm she only took one cup of coffee, and there is her spoon in her saucer—so she wasn't

done."
"Has anybody done anything to offend her to day?" said Mr. Falahee, laying an emphasis on the word, as if the taking offence were a matter of not infrequent occurrence.

I'm sure not I, at any rate,"
Miss Falahee: "I don't know said Miss Falahee; "I don't know what to make of her. May be 'twas

"Best send for her," said the old gentleman. "Nelly, go and see what keeps your mistress."

In a few minutes Nelly returned Her mistress had done breakfast, and was preparing to ride out. She wished to know whether Mr. Falahee would accompany her in the direction of which they had been speaking the day

"Oh, certainly," was Mr. Falahee's reply; "unless she is afraid of meeting the Boody-man (Analogous to Green-sleeves in Eagland) of the hills, for our road lies by Castle Hamond. He'd eat us up in one bit for being of real gentlemanly race, I suppose; or having blood in our veins, as Terry Lenigan They say he hates anybody that says. has a decent coat on his detests any finery—especially in the fair sex," he added, glancing satirically at the gold chain and cross which neircled the neck of his daughter.

as much as sin itself.' "as much as sin itself."

"More, may be, papa," minced out Miss Falahee; "he's a great, rude, good for nothing fellow, I'll engage."

"You'd engage what would be very wrong, my dear," said her father.

"Mr. Lynch, who is his clergyman as well as ours assures me that a more

well as ours, assures me that a more charitable, meek-tempered, religious, excellent man does not exist within the precincts of his parish; and that which appears t his single infirmity have been occasioned by some dreadfu nisfortune in carly life, is solely the defect of his brain; and that moreover it is the constant object of all his exer ons to acquire a conquest over himself in this request. You heard what Terry

Lenigan himself said about his conduct to the poor in his neighborhood, during the fever that raged last summer."

Miss Falahee's reply was cut short by the appearance of a dashing young hor eman before the windows. He curbed in the animal gracefully, as he came on the gravel plot—made a flour ishing salute with his hazel switch, a he passed the window at a preity, mineing trot, and finally dismounted at

the hall door.
"There goes another gentleman,"
said Mr. Falabee; "the Wren boys
were mistaken in supposing they should find Mr. Charles at home. Come, pre-pare your smiles and your graces now,

Mary."

"For shame, papa—you make one blush so! I wish you'd speak to him, gran'ma."

The door was opened before the old

The door was opened before the old dowager could have complied, and in walked a tall, sharp-faced, long nosed, walked a tall, snarp-taced, long nosed, foolish handsome young man, looking like a preserved London street-dandy, of the third or fourth year preceding, and carrying the similitude into his manner and accent; which last was strange compound of the coarses; Mun ster brogue, and the cockney dialect—the latter being superadded during a residence of a few years at the house of a friend who possessed a wharf somewhere between the Minorics and Wapping. All this however, passed for the purest attic among many of his home friends, and was very instrumental in gaining him the heart of the simple young maiden who rose with al, the pretty, panting, palpita-ting eagerness of unbounded admira ting eagerness of

tion, to receive him.

"Haw! how aw ye, Mistaw Falahee?
How d'do maum? Haw, Mary," he added, extending his hand to his time. added, extending his hand to his timid, shrinking, and smiling love, with an air of patronage and encouragement and twice shaking the tips of her fingers, "how d'do, my garl? Be sated, pray." Then throwing himself into an easy chair, extending his legs to their furthest limit on the carpe pulling up his peaked and polished shirt-collar, to the imminent danger of the tip of his nose, smoothing dow black silk stock, and lofty some dust from the lappel of his green quaker cut coat with the fingers of his glove—" A foine, smawt mawnen, Mistry Falahee," he proceeded, "I just his coat to the state of the proceeded of the state called in to ask if you were all aloive

Going to course, I suppose?" "Whoy, yes—oy b'lieve—though the ground is rawther hawd. No mattaw!" witching his boots, and in the action the rod within an inch of

drawing the rod within an inch of Mary's blue eyes. "Oy'll go aisy enough—I'm cocked."
"Cocked or no, Charles, I wish you would stay with us to day. I have a great deal to do, and Miss O'Brien wants some person to squire her about.

The long countenance of Mr. Charles Lane became still longer at this request; for, by some unaccountable means, this worthy lady had acquired a strange and disagreeable influence over him—the influence which all persons of real rank and elegance at all times possess over the valgar pretender to fashion. The young dandy Munsterman found that a spell was cast upon him the moment he entered Miss O Brien's presence. His "aws" and his assurance invariably failed him. He spoke little—kept his legs in—buttoned his side pockets-stole the flaming yellow silk handkerchief out of sightand in a word, kept the dandy as much in the background as possible. In vain did he make many strenuous efforts to shake off this secret yoke which the good lady had, quite unconsciously, cast upon him; his struggles (like of his country) served only to make him feel the weight of his fetters the more severely. In vain did he loll in his chair, pass his fingers about his ong and curling hair, and endeavor to swagger himself into a degree of and confidence; a single glance sufficed to call him to a still more confused meatal serv ense of inferiority and tude. In vain, did he, when alone, pish! and pooh! at the wrinkled old maid, as in the malice of his heart he unjustly termed her. In vain herself (whenever, indeed she thought of the gentleman at all by the most winning sweetness and kindness of manner him on good terms with himself— nothing could overcome his are and his dislike. What puzzled and surprised him a great deal, moreover, was, that Mary, who stood quite as much in awe of him as he did of Miss O'Brien, was always perfectly easy and self-pos-sessed in the presence of that formid able lady; so much so, as frequently to respect which was certainly due from the one to the other.

Notwithstanding all this conscious ess, however, and although Mr. Lane elt himself never so uncomfortable as when he was in the presence O'Brien, an odd kind of infatuation made him constantly seek opportunities to throw himself in her way, always mising himself (what every day's ex perience told him was not to be ful-iled,) that he would find some means or other of impressing her with the con-viction that he was her "equal." Every attention, in consequence, which she condescended to show him (utterly ignerant in the simple singleness of her good heart, of the queer kind of civil war she occasioned in his breast,) while it confused and abashed him, did not fail to flatter his vanity; and now, although the tremendous proposition of riding out actually alone with the great personage at first startled and alarmed him, it was not difficult to prevail on him to sacrifice the day's hunting to this opportunity of displaying himself many advantages under so was she best horseman in the country to the eyes of a person, whose approba-tion appeared to be of more con tion appeared to be sequence to him than that of the whole

rld besides He assented, therefore, to Mr. Falahee's arrangement; and thrusting his gloves and the handle of his whip into his hat, took his seat in a more perman ent form by the blazing fire, and com-menced playing at hot hands with Mary, until Miss O Brien should be

to set out. We'll leave the happy pair in the en-

joyment of their intellectual pastime, joyment of their interesting the sand follow the Wren-boys, who, having by this time been made somewhat merry by the good treatment they had received at the houses of several other gentlemen, are likely to furnish us with

greater fund of adventure.
They had by this time arrived at an avenue gate, which from the wildness and singularity of its situation, appeared to constitute the approach secluded ne of the older and more seats which were used by the gentry of the country. The entrance consisted of two massive cut stone piers, surmounted by a pair of battered eagles, and supporting a heavy wooden gate, which was simply fastened in the centre by a loop of hay rope tied to one jumb and thrown over the other. The avenue which was so overgrown with grass, brambles, and dog-fennel, as to leave little more than the footpath visible in the centre, seemed to intimate either that the mansion to which it led was the property of an absentee, of that it was the residence of some per that it was the residence of some per-son who was not anxious to enter into the strife of emulative hospitality with the gentry in his neighborhood.
"Castle Hamond! Here it is!

Will we go up, boys?" asked one o

"I say, no!" exclaimed the Buhal the party. Droileen—whose aristocratic spirit had been rendered still more over-topping than ever by the inspiration of the many sparkling glasses he had tasted since he had first broached his sentiments while Davy broached his cider.
"The wran won't show himself to any

but a raal gintleman to day."
"Poh! what is it after all—isn't he as good as old Falahee if you go to that it, and he keeps-Remmy tells me-that's his own man--the best tells me—that's his own man—the best of every thing, and has a full purse moreover. And he's a Cromwaylian, any way. (The descendants of those who came over with Cromwell.) "Is he a Cromwaylian?" inquired

" Is he a Cromwaylian?" the refractory wren-boy, trying to steady himself, and moved to a hesitation rather by the prospect of Mr. Hamond's good cheer than by the new point of genealogy that was made out for him. "Can you make it out that he's a Cromwaylian?"

"Sure the world knows it, and many says he's one o' the Bag-and Bun (the scendants of those who landed at g-and-Bun with Richard Fitz-Bag-and-Bun with Richard Fitz-stephens, the first British invader of Ireland. Thus the adage) men, too."

"At the creek of Bagganbun, Ireland was ylost and wonne."

"Oh-then the Wran will pay him his compliments. Come along, And staggering toward the gate, he opened after making several efforts to ascertain the precise geography of its fastening, he led the way, shouting and singing by turns, along the mossy

and rarely trodden avenue.

In a few minutes they had marshalled themselves before the house (a ruined building, the greater number of the indows of which were broken, stuffed with newspapers, pieces of blackened board, and old clothes,) and set up a new stave of their traditional anthem

Last Ohristmas day I turn'd the spit, tourn'd my finger—(I feel it yet)—A cock sparrow flew over the table.
The dish began to flight with the ladle—The spit got up like a naked man, And swore he'd fight with the dripping-pan; The pan got up and cock'd his tail, And swore he'd send them all to jail!"

The merry makers, however, did not receive so ready a welcome at Castle Hamond as they had done at most other nouses. The chorus died away in per ect silence, and the expectant eyes the singers glanced from casement to casement for several minutes, but no one appeared. Again they raised their voices and were commencing—

"The Wren!--the--

when a bondle of newspapers was with drawn from a broken pane, and in their place a head and arm made their appearance. It was a hatchet-face, with a pair of peeping pig's eyes set close (like a fish s) on either side—the mouth half-open, an expression of mingled won der and curiosity depicted on the features-and a brown straight haired wig, which time had reduced to a baldness almost as great as that of the head which it covered, shooting down on like a bunch of rushes, toeach side,

wards the shoulders.

'Good morrow, Mr. Remmy,' said the young man who had advocated the title of the proprietor of Castle Hamond to the homage of the Wren— "we're come to pay our complements to the master.

whist! dear boys!" claimed the head, while the arm and hand were waved toward them in a cautionary manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MOTHER AND BOY.

"Tom, let that alone!" exclaimed a mother, petulantly, to a boy seven years old, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window-blinds, to the imminent danger of its destruction.

The boy did not seem to hear, but kept on fingering the tassel.
"Let it be, I tell you! Must I speak hundred times? why don't you mind

at once?' The child slowly relinquished his hold of the tassel, and commenced running his hand up and down the commenced venetian blind.
"There! there! Do for gracious

sake let them blinds alone. Go away from the window this moment, and try and keep your hands off of things. declare! you are the most trying child I ever saw.' Tom left the window and threw him

self at full length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with a force and rapidity that made every

thing crack again.

"Get out of that cradle! What do you mean? The child really seems possessed!" And the mother caught him by the arm and jerked him from the cradle.

Tom said nothing, but, with the most imperturable air in the world, walked twice around the room, and then pushing a chair up before the dressingerefrom a bottle bureau, took therefrom a bottle of hair lustral, and, pouring the palm of

his little hand full of the liquid, com-menced rubbing it upon his head. Twice had this operation been perormed, and Tom was pulling ope drawer to get the hair-brush, when the odor of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the lad's mother, who was sitting with her back toward Turning quickly, she saw what what was

going on. "You!" fell angrily from her lips, as she dropped the baby in the cradle. 'Isn't it too much!' she continued, as she swept across the room to where Tom was standing before the bureau-

dressing glass.
"There, sir!" and the child's ear rang with the box he received. "There, in!" and the box was repeated.
Haven't I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair oil? Just see what a spot of grease you've made on the carpet! Look at your hands!" Tom looked at his hands, and, seeing

them full of oil, clapped them quickly down upon his jacket, and tried to rub "There! stop! Mercy! Now

your new jacket that you put on this morning. Grease from top to bottom! Isn't it too bad? I am in despair?" And the mother let her hands fall by per side, and her body drop into chair. "It's no use to try," she continued;

"I'll give it up. Just see that jacket? its totally ruined; and that carpet, too. Was there ever such a trying boy! Go down-stairs this instant, and tell line to core up here." tell Jane to come up here."

Tom had reason to know that his other was not in a mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called lane, who was directed to get some

fuller's earth and put it upon the car-pet where the oil had been spilled. Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room, Tom, being once in the kitchen, felt no inclination to re-His first work there, after deliv ering his message to Jane, was to com

mence turning the coffee mill.
"Tommy," said the cook, mildly, yet firmly, "you know I've told you yet firmly, "you know I've told you that it was wrong to touch the coffee mill. See here, on the floor, where you have scattered the coffee about and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so, I can't let you down here."

The boy stood and looked at the cook seriously, while she got the and swept up the dirt he had made.
"It's all clean again now," said the cook, pleasantly. "And you won't do

so any more will you?" 'No, I won't touch the coffee mill.' And, as Tom said this, he sidled up t the knife-box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with

'Oh, no, no, Tommy! that won't do, either," said the cook. "The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go to the table to eat with."

"Then what can I play with, Margaret?" asked the child, as he left the dresser. "I want something to play

The cook thought a moment, then went to a closet and brought out a little basket filled with clothes pins. As she held them in her hand, she said -"Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with now, that as you begin to throw them around the

room, I will put them up again."
"Oh, no, I won't throw them about," said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached out for the basket

In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy. "Where's Thomas?" asked his mother

about the time he had become fairly in terested in his fort.
"I left him down in the kitchen." re

plied Jane.
"Go down and tell him to come up

here instantly."

Down went Jane. 'Come along up stairs to your moth-"No, I won't," replied the boy.

"Very well, mister! You can do you like; but your mother sent for you. "Tell mother I am playing here

good. I'm not in any mischief. Am I, Margaret?" "No, Tommy; but your mother has ent for you, and you had better go." "I don't want to." "Just as you like," said Jane, in-ifferently as she loft the

differently, as she left the kitchen and went up stairs. "Where's Thomas?" was the ques-

tion with which she was met on returning to the chamber. "He won't come ma'am."
"Go and tell him that if he doesn't come up to me instantly, I will put on his night-clothes and shut him up in

the closet.' The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was ex-

the child, who was all ab sorbed in his fort.

Jane returned. In a few moments

afterward, the quick, angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the the stairway.
"You, Tom! come up here this in-

"Come up, I say!" "Margaret says I may play with the clothes pins, I'm only building a fort

"I'm not troubling anything, moth-

with them.' "Do you hear me?"
"Mother!" "Tom! if you don't come to me this

stant.

instant, I'll almost skin you. garet! take them clothes-pins away. Pretty playthings, indeed, for you to give a boy like him! No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke. Tommy, you must go up to your nother.'

She now took the clothes-pins and ket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion.

The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up-stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I called you! Say !'

The mother seized her little boy by the arm the moment he came in reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way :

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair. I'll give up! Hamp! clothes. oins, indeed! Pretty playthings to give a child! Everything goes to rack ruin! There!

And, as the last word was uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

"Now take off them clothes, sir,"

"What for, mother? I haven't done anything! I didn't hurt the clothes." pins; Margaret said I might play with

them."
"D'ye hear? take off them clothes, I say!"
"I didn't do anything, mother."
how.

"A word more, and I'll box your ears until they ring for a month. Take off them clothes, I say! I il teach you to come when I send for you! I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother, fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with unrelent-ing aspect. The jacket and trousers wers removed, and his night-clothes put on in their stead, Tommy all the while protesting tearfully that he had done nothing.

"Will you hush!" was all the satisfaction he received for his protesta-

"Now Jane, take him up stairs to bed; he's got to lie there all the after-

It was then 4, and the sun did not set until near 8 o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then his mother found some quiet. Her babe slept soundly, in the cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above.

Where's Tommy?' asked a friend. who dropped in about 6 o'clock. "In bed," said the mother, with a

sigh. ... What's the matter? Is he sick?" "Oh, no. I almost wish he were."
"What a strange wish! Why do you

wish so?' "Oh, because he is like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. I had to send him to bed as a punishment for disobedience. He is a hard child to manage; I think I never saw one just like him; but, you know, obedi-It is our duty to ence is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our

'Certainly. If they do not obey their parents as children, they will not obey the laws as men."

"That is precisely the view I take; and I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent: but I find it hard

"It is hard, doubtless. Still we must persevere, and, in patience, possessing our souls.' "To be patient with a boy like mine

I should go wild," said the mother.

"But, under the influence of such a feeling," remarked the friend, "what makes little or no impression. A calmly uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest in and syn pathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children; scolding does no good, but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of em-ploying himself, or in other ways diert him, his hands would be on every-

made unhappy." "But how can you interest him?" in various to him; sometimes I set him to doing things by way of assisting me. I take him out when I car, and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with playthings that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mird: and, therefore, find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend to him, when he comes with a request. If I cannot grant it, I try not to say 'no,' for the word comes too coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent-

thing in the house, and both he and I

minded boy."
"But how can you help saying 'no, if the request is one you cannot grant?
"Sometimes I ask if something else will not do as well; and sometimes endeavor to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways which it may be done, that readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intel-ligence touching their good."

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her of wrong to her little boy, went up to the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was, ity, her own fault, and not his. Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him, since she drove him away with angry words. In en too deeply interested fact, she had be in the new book she was reading to have heard any noise that was not of character. an extraordinary

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat On entering, with a heavy motion. On entering she found the order of the room undis turbed; not even a chair was out of place. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As his mother bent over him, she saw his cheeks and that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A

fever. She caugh also in a burning the place of gricher boy. She but he only months The excitement when the fat laid his hand up his sleeping bo lamation stantly for a phy wretched mother child, unable, i proaches to sleep broke, and Thom face with a glean his fever was g calm. The mothankfully again prayed to Heave with him, and

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She caugh

t back instantly

feet aright; and silence of her lad threw his a and, kissing her love you!"
That tears comother's face in nor that she reembrace and kin Let us hope to she may be able then she will no

him under subj THE R " Here I am Boc

These words exemplify in se the religious feeling called and give the religious thoug tion and choice ing the fitness character and known to him nistakable w wishes to do (and mother ar disciple of (clination to for God, and inclination a are fully gra it is remarke is more prop ual's choice, nun or siste choice prepo a combinatio

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