BY MRS JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER XX.

MR. PEARSON S IDEA OF CONSCIENCE— TOM REILLY S SECRET—A RECONCILIA-TION—MIKE SHERIDAN'S MARRIAGE.

In the course of the next week, Henry Blake happened to hear that there was to be a grand celebration of some kind in St. Peter's Church, on the following Sanday. He, accordingly, went round amongst his friends and made up a party "for St. Peter's." The Thomsons and the Pearsons and long been anxious to hear the Bishop preach, and here was a golden opportunity, for the Bishop was to preach at High Mass and then there was one of Mozart's Grand Masses to be sung. Altogether it was to be great occasion, so the Thomsons and Pearsons were all to go under the gaid-ance of Mr. Henry T. Blake, who engaged to find comfortable seats for

Sunday came, and our party set out in good time for St. Peter's, so as to be in for the opening ceremonies, as Henry in for the opening co-montes, and is sister were located in Tim Flanagan's pew, to the great annoyance of Ellie, who sat next them. "They were really a cause of distraction to me," Ellie used to say. with their talking and pointing, and asking questions about everything they saw, just as if they were in a theatre. I kope Henry Blake will never ask us for seats again, for any of his Protest-ant friends. It he does, I am deter-mined to go to an early Mass that day,

so as to avoid them.'

They were all very attentive during the sermon, but when it was over, and the music had again commenced, great was Ellie's distress and vexation to see Zach turn his back to the altar so as to did the same, but Henry, as usual, took the matter very coolly. Reclining with graceful negligence in a corner of the pew, his attention was divided between vatching the effect of the music on his companions, and pointing out to their observation the various movements going on in the Sanctuary. When Mass was over, they all walked down the aisle the Church in such disedifying

" Well! what do you think of that sermon, Mr. Thomson?" said Henry, as they walked along together after leaving the church. "The Bishop preaches well-don't he ?"

Yes, he is considerable of a preacher," said Thomson, with a sagacious shake of the head; "but I don't altogether like his way of talking. He seems to assume too much authority. Now, if we had a minister to stand up and talk in any such way—to tell us we must do so and so—why, the fact is, we would send him about his business before the week was out. We would show him that we were the masters,

Henry laughed, and was about to make some humorous reply, when Edward Flanagan and his father-in-law came up. Margaret was not with them, as she had been to an earlier Mass. as she had been to an earlier mass.

"So you were all at St. Peter's,"
said Edward with a smile.

"Yes, and we were just talking of

the sermon," said Henry. "Mr. Thomson finds fault with the Bishop for

speaking too much like a master."
And why not?" said Edward,
quickly. "He is really our master our master in the science of salvation, and we Catholics are proud to acknowledge our subjection to such masters. It is by their teachings that we hope to save our souls ?

'Talk of saving souls," said Mr. arson. "I can't forgive your church Pearson. for teaching that there is no salvation beyond her pale. My belief is, that salvation can be obtained in every even without a church. men are only faithful to their duties as rational creatures.'

"And, pray, how are men to know ose duties?" asked Edward, at the those duties ? time endeavoring to repress a What is to be our rule or "Why, conscience, to be sure !--what

other guide do we require ?' "It is hardly sufficient, my dear

sir l' said Edward, so gravely, that O'Callaghan could not help laughing. "Hardly sufficient!" repeated Mr. Pearson, in undisguised amazement. "Do you mean to tell me, young man, that conscience is not the inward moni-

tor; the beacon, as it were, that guide to the heavenly port? Do you Papists believe in conscience, or do you not?" "We do!" said Edward, calmly and emphatically. "But will you have the goodness to tell me, in the first place, what you mean by conscience

"Why, the voice of God speaking within us, teaching us to do good and

How, then, does it happen that its dictates are not always the same How is it that conscience forbids the Jew to eat pork, and the Mahometan to drink wine, yet permits the Christian to do both? The conscientious Mahometan is bound to keep as many as he can manage to support the Mormon conscience is equally ac commodating; while your conscience and mine allow but one wife. You, as a Baptist, conscientiously believe nfant Baptism is not necessary, while I, as a Catholic, believe that it is essen tially and absolutely necessary. How do you account for all these discrepancies on the part of conscience, if it be vou say, the unerring voice of

Tue others all laughed, for Pearson was rather dogmatical at times, and this very point was one on which he often orth, insisting on it that the dictates of conscience were the only effec-tive sermons, and that man had light within himself to insure salvation, if he would but follow its

"How do you like that, Pearson?" said his friend Thomson. "I guess you've met your match this time!" revelations.

"A slippery jade is that same conscience," observed O'Callaghan. "Here is this very city there are, to my knowledge, long ago, when both of them used

many eminent men, whose conscience tells them from day to day what the tells them from day to day what the parting advice: 'Make money, Oba-diah—honestly, if thee can—but be sure thee make it. You may laugh as you will, gentle

" said Pearson, testily, " but I again, that all religion is founded men." on conscience. Conscience is the divine law written on the table of the

"Why, my dear sir," said Edward, that is just what you told us before, though in different words. Conscience is, according to you, the divine law— the law and the Gospel—and the divine law is—conscience. Some other time I shall be happy to renew this interesting subject, but, for the present, we part here. Henry, could you not furnish Mr. Pearson, at your leisure, with some useful hints on considerations. Henry is the world be in science? For instance, it would be interesting to examine what manner of conscience poor Hugh Dillon had, and how he came by it. Schools, and your favorite system of mixed education 'could a tale unfold regarding the peculiar bent of many considers. conscience. Good morning, ladies an gentlemen!" So he took the ol So he took the old gentleman's arm and walked away, with a bow and a smile leaving the others to think and say what they pleased about himself and his peculiar opinions. Mr. Pearson was by no means sorry to get rid of so close a reasoner, Henry was nettled by his cousin's parting words. Perhaps he felt that the cap fitted him too well for his self-complacency, which was usually wonder fully easy and comfortable. Thomson and were all amused, and had no particular feeling except that of goodnumored satisfaction at Pearson's

"A queer sort of conscience he must have himself!" said Pearson, pettishly, as he took a seat in an easy chair in Henry's drawing room. whom do you speak, pa?" in-

comfiture.

quired Jane. Why, of that young Flanagan, to be sure. His conscience won't allow him to eat meat on Friday, and it makes him kneel to a fellow-man to ask pardon for his sins. Now, I have not the slightest doubt but he prays to the Virgin, and all the other old Saints that Papists make so much to do about. Do you really think he does, Henry? he added, with solemn anxiety depicted on his face.

on his tace.
"I'm quite sure of it," said Henry, laughing. "You could never understand the mysteries of Edward Flana gan's conscience—it is a perfect laby-rinth, my dear sir. Only think of his believing it a grievious, nay, I might almost say, an unpardonable miss Mass on Sunday. You couldn't get him to stay outside the churchdoor five minutes before service com on any conceivable account. No matter how interesting the subject on which he was conversing, the ute he reaches the church door, in he goes. And as for entering a Protestant place of worship, his conscience would denounce that in toto. It is just the same with the whole family of Flanagans. They are a good sort of people in their way, but so precise in their notions of religion, so exceed-

ingly conscientious, if you will, that you cannot get one of them an inch A little later in the afternoon, Mike Sheridan called at Tim Flanagan's, and, after some preliminary conversa-tion, asked Tim, in a low voice, if he couldn't have a word with him and

Mrs. Flanagan in private.
"Certainly, Mike!" said Tim,
standing up. "Nelly dear," to his "Certainly, Mike 's and This standing up. "Nelly dear," to his wife, "Mike wants to speak to us. Come into the next room a minute."

"Never mind, father," said Ellie, with a mischievous smile, "John and I will go instead. It is something new"; she added, glancing at Mike's

she added, glancing at Mike's ng face; "it is something new blushing face; "it is something new for Mike Sheridan to have a secret. ou may be sure it is worth keep-

Is it not, Mike? But Mike did not choose to answer John coughed significantly as he followed his sister from the room. they were gone, Mike seemed at a loss how to begin his communication. He walked to the window, sat down again, looked here and there round the room in search of courage, but courage had forsaken him, and was not to be so easily recovered. Tim and Nelly at each other and smiled ily nodded to her husband, as much as to say: "Can't you help him out with it?" whereupon Tim cleared his throat with his hand to his mouth, and

took the initiative. I think I can partly guess what have to say to us, Mike. Tom you have to say to us, Mike. Tom Reiliy told us of a certain little matter that would all go on swimmingly, only for a certain little difficulty that stands in the way. Eh! Mike, am I right or am I wrong?"

The ice thus broken, Mike became The ice thus broken, and equite resolute all of a sudden, and dashed into his subject with a sort of desperation. "You're quite right, Mr. Flanagan, that's just what brought As Tom has told you me here. As Tom has told much, it will save some trouble. Nov what do you think yourselves of Alice Byrne—you know herself and all be longing to her?"

"Yes, indeed, Mike, we know them all—root and branch," said Tim, "for they're from our own parish at home. and we never knew anything but wha was good of them. They belong to the

real old stock "So Mrs. Reilly tells me," said Mike with a smile. "She seems well acquainted with the family-tree, and thinks highly of it.'

"And as for Alice herself," observed Mrs. Flanagan, "she's a nice modest, sensible girl, and I'm sure will make a good wife. One thing is greatly in her favor, she was brought

greatiy in her tayor, she was brought up by a pious, virtuous mother."
"Well now," said Mike, who was gradually getting over his bashfulness,
"I'm glad to find that you both think so well of Alice, but, unfortunately, people are altogether opposed the Byrnes, and, of course, I could never think of marrying Alice without their consent. It seems ny father and Mr. Byrne had a sort of falling out

to take a little drop, and they never altogether made it up. I know my mother thinks well enough of Alice but she doesn't like to say against my father. Now you know, Mr. Flanagan, it is not very hard to bring my dear father to reason—his heart is so good—so I just want you to put in good—so I just want you to put in a word for me. He may speak a little hard or so, at first, against the Byrnes, but you know as well as I do that he has no malice or wickedness the big sociant any human being, and if

in him against any human being, and it all fails you, you can bring him round at once on the score of religion. He'll not go beyond that. You may tell him, that it would make me so happy it he'd only give his consent, for I'm sure Alice Byrne is just the girl that would

wit me."
"Well! and how does her pulse beat?" asked Tim, slily. "I hope she has no dislike to the Sheridan's—oh! Mike?" Mike reached over the table for his

hat, and the smile that brightened his handsome features was more expressive than any words.
"Oh! as to that," said he, twirling his hat between his hands, "as to that,

I must only take my chance. I'm willing to try my luck with Alice."
"But why don't you get Father "But why don't you get Father Power to talk to your father," said Tim. "I'll do what I can, and I have great hopes of succeeding; but you know yourself that one word from the priest would do more than if any one else was preaching for a year to him."
"I know that well enough," replied
Mike; "but if I can help it, I don't want to speak to Father Power a till I get my father's consent. I'm leaving that for the last chance."

"And why so, Mike?" said Mrs.

Flanagan. Why, because, ma'am I don't want to let Father Power know anything about the coolness — at least, if I can help it. He might think ill of father, on account of it, and I'd be sorry for that, for he's a good, kind father as any New York.

"God bless you, Mike," said Mrs. Flanagan, "you were always a good son, and your luck will be the better

Tim said nothing, but he shook Mike's hand so warmly at parting, that Mike went away with the full consciousness of his approbation.

Mike had hardly turned the corner of the street when in came Mrs. Reilly, brimful of the news. Mrs. Flanagan would have persuaded her to take off her bonnet and stay a while, but no ! she was on her way to Vespers, and just came out a little before Tom to step in and see how they all were.
"But that's true, said Mrs. Reilly,

as if suddenly remembering something, "did you hear of the match that's on

"What match?" said Tim, evasively. Byrne. They say it's going to be, for certain. What are you "Why, Mike Sheridan and Alice certain. What are you laughing at, Ellie—you and John?"

were thinking of poor Tom," hn; "isn't it too bad that Mike should cut him out, and he the first in

Mrs. Flanagan looked reproachfully at the young people, but it was too late. Mrs. Reilly's dignity was already up in arms. "You're under a great mistake, John," said she, sharpgreat mistake, John, sale such notions by; "Tom Reilly has no such notions are thought as n his head. If every one thought as little of marriage as he does, it might be well for them—d'ye hear that now? And, another thing, John, if Tom Reilly thought fit to look after Alice Byrne, it isn't Mike Sheridan she'd be taking, though I have nothing to say to Mike-he's a very good lad—in his own way. good lad—in his own way."
isn't Tom Reilly, Sally " But he

said Tim, with his usual smile. You've just said it, Tim. that for Tom Reilly-though I am his mother, and by right shouldn't say itthat there's not many girls in New York city good enough for him. No body knows his goodness as well as I added the mother, with a flushed do.

The smiles were all banished in ar instant, and there was no irony, only all sincerity in the general assurance that Tom's virtues were known and ap

preciated by all who knew him.
"Well, thank God for that same,"
said the widow, earnestly. "It would said the widow, earnestly. "It would ill become him to be anything else, for God knows he has no bad blood in him -not a drop. He had as decent a man to his father as ever stepped in shoe leather.

" And as to his mother," said the incorrigible Tim, "we'll say nothing. She's anything—but a decent woman!" So saying he make his escape through a neighboring door, leaving poor Mrs. Reilly laughing heartily. Mrs. Flanagan had not yet recovered her forme cheerfulness, but she could not help

he couldn't live without his joke, I do

Never mind him, Nelly dear !" said Mrs. Reilly, as she gathered her shawl around her. "I know him too well to be offended at anything he says. I'll be up to him one of these days, I'll lose a fall. Is any of you going to

Vespers?"
Yes, they were all going except Mrs.
Flanagan, so Mrs. Reilly thought she would wait, as she knew Tom was gone around the other way. When Tim made his appearance, "ready for the made his appearance, "ready for the road," as he said himself, he had on the same waggish smile, and Mrs. Reilly shook her fist at him with a menacing air, but they walked off to-gether as good friends as could be, John and Ellie bringing up the rear. In the evening when Mrs. Reilly and

Tom were seated at their comfortable tea-table, the mother suddenly laid down the cup she was raising to he ips, and addressed her son who sat opposite. Her words went straight from her inmost heart, for Mrs. Reilly was as guileless as a child, and never

practised equivocation.

"Now, Tom, I want to ask you one question, and I know you'll tell me the

truth. "I wouldn't wish to tell you any thing else, mother. But what is it?"
"Did you and Alice Byrne ever keep company, or did you not? That's a plain question."

"It is, mother, and it shall have a plain answer," said Tom, though he was evidently unprepared for such a question. "We didn't exactly keep company—that is."—he hesitated.
"That is," said his mother, taking him up, "you didn't exactly go a courting to Alice, but there was a sort of a liking hetween you are Tong 2".

of a liking between you,-eh, Tom?' Thus driven into a corner, Tom turned sharp round and put the best

face he could on the matter. "As for Alice, mother, I can't say;" the poor fellow's voice quivered, for he could say, if he liked, "but as for myself, I can't deny that I once had a liking for

her."
"And I suppose you have still," said the mother, with more petulance than she had ever before shown; "I see it as plain as can be. I suppose if Alice had consented, I'd have had a daughterin-law in on me before now. That's my thanks for staying as I am, and all your account, Tom, when I might ve had a comfortable home of my own. It's just the way you ought to

Tom appeared greatly distressed. He pushed away his cup and saucer from before him, drew his chair back from the table, and appeared altogether like one who was making a desperate effort. "Mother," said he, "you do me wrong—indeed, you do! I never thought of giving you a daughter-in-law-upon my word, I did not."
"Well, and how was it that people got a talking about it?"
"I'll just tell you the plain truth,

mother, as you have heard something of it, though I'd just as soon you had not. There was a time when I took a great notion of Alice Byrne, and I said to myself that I was sure you'd be well pleased to have her for a daughter-inlaw, but when I came to turn the matter over in my mind, I thought you'd just as soon I didn't marry any one, and that as we were so quiet and so happy now, it wouldn't be wise for me to run the risk of disturbing that me to run the risk of discurbing that peace. Let Alice be ever so good, and let me like her ever so well, I thought you had the first claim on me, so I made up my mind that I'd try and get over my foolish notions, and, with God's help, I have succeeded. I prayed for it can'ty and late methor, indeed I for it early and late, mother, indeed I

did. "Are you quite sure you've got over those notions?" said his mother, en-deavoring to conceal her emotion.

"Quite-quite sure, mother," and Tom raised his eyes to his mother's face, as if inviting her to examine for herself. "Haven't I been doing all I could for Mike Sheridan, and, thank God, Alice herself is now to have him." So she wasn't always content?"

"I didn't say so, mother," said Tom. blushing faintly. "It took some time for her to know Mike, but now she knows him, and is quite willing to marry him if the old people on both sides can be brought round.

Mrs. Reilly said nothing. Her heart was full to overflowing, but she could not speak a word. She took out her handkerchief, and slowly wiped away a tear from her cheek, en cleared her throat and prepared to resume her ministry at the table. "Won't you have another cup of tea, Tom ?"

after a little while. 'I believe I will, mother," said Tom. anxious to prove that he had no linger-ing regret for the sacrifice he had So he drew back his chair to the table, and received with a smile cup of warm tea" from his r's hand. It was now Mrs. mother's hand. It was now Mrs. Reilly's turn to be silent and thought Tom spoke of many things, but he could only get half conscious answers. meal was ended, and the tea things being removed, Tom took up the History of the Bible which he had

been reading aloud.
"Just wait a minute, Tom, dear," said his mother, as she took a seat near him. "I have just been thinking, my son, that it was very selfish of me to try to keep you from marrying."

"Why, no, mother, it wasn't selfish, it was only very natural. I have been, and I'm sure am still, all the world to you, and it was only natural that you should wish to have no rival in my affection. Think no more about it, " I'll tell you what, Tom," persisted

the mother, "suppose I was to tell Mike all—don't you think he'd be villing to back out, when he'd find out that you and Alice had a notion of each

"For God's sake, mother, don't think of any such thing," cried Tom, with unusual warmth. "I give you my solemn word that Alice and myself never exchanged words on the subject, nd since I can't have her myself, I'n well pleased for Mike to have her."

Still and all, Tom "I beg your pardon, my dear mother or interrupting you but the short and for interrupting you but the short and long of it is, neither Alice Byrne nor any one else shall ever divide my heart with you, while God spares you to me. with you, while God spares you to me. I'm quite as happy now as I ever wish to be in this world. So you see there's no usetaking any more about it. May I go on now?" he added, with a smile.

"Well, I suppose so," said his mother, putting the lamp nearer to him on the table; "I see I must give in. on the table; "I see I must give in.
What can't be cured must be endured, as my Uncle Brian used to say; the Lord have mercy on him. He died young, Thomas dear, long before I was married, and a better son or a better broke bread. You put me in mind of him, Tom, very often especially when you look pleased and

happy as you do now.' Tom might have returned the compli ent, for he thought he had never see ment, for he thought he had hever seen his mother look so happy. The light from one face was reflected on the other. Tom said nothing, however, but quietly resumed his reading, wondering how he had got over his embarrassment so easily. Many a time, in after years, did Tom refer to that mo as the happiest of his life. And well he might, for the recording angel marked it in lustrous characters in the book of life. Tom had offered up on the altar of filial love the dearest affections of his heart; and, what was wore, the prospect of success; for, although he said nothing of it to his mother, it

was well known amongst their young friends that Alice had a high opinion of I'om Reilly, and could have been easily won had he chosen to woo. But Tom made the required sacrifice, and it made his good mother happy, and drew down the blessing of God, for God loves, and

promises to reward self-denial.

That same evening, Tim Flanagan and his wife walked over, after tea, to Dan Sheridan's. Mike and Annie were speedily ordered out by Tim, who told Mike to get up and take Annie out for a walk. It was fine moonlight. "But, wind you don't be long" said their mind you don't be long," said their

"Oh! never fear, mother! we'll be back in half an hour or so," cried Annie, well pleased to get a glimpse at the bright moonlight sky. Mike nodded to Tim as he passed, as much as to say. "I leave my cause in your hands And Tim nodded in reply: "I under " I understand you—go in peace!

When the young people were gone, Tim went skillfully to work, beginning at a safe distance from his real object, and gradually bringing it into view. Dan was at first very surly on it, and said if Tim had nothing better to do stay at home. He didn't owe them any ill-will, but one of them should never come into his family as long as he could prevent it. But Tim was ably seconded by Nelly, and finally, Mrs. Sheridan herself took their side of the question, admitting that, after all, the Byrnes were decent, respectable people, and, good Catholics, and for her part, she didn't see that Mike could do better.

"And, more than that," said Tim,
it shows that Neddy Bryne is more forgiving than you, Dan, for he says he has no objection to the match, if you can be brought round. Indeed I have good reason to know that he feels bad enough about the same coolness. And as for his daughter, why there isn't a modester or a better girl anywhere within my knowing. I tell you what, Dan, even to say nothing of religion, which, you know, forbids us to keep suite "—

spite"—
"Why, then, Tim, don't I know that
well enough? And sure I hav'n't any
spite against Neddy Byrne, or any one
else, for God knows I'd be sorry to hear of any harm happening to him or his, but I don't want to have Mike marry his daughter."
"Well! talk's cheap," said Tim,

gravely, "but so long as you don't give your consent to that, I tell you pat and plain, there's no use in your saying you owe the Byrnes no ill-will. Now, I see plainly that it's only some foolish notion. that's in your head, and with God's help we'll get it out of it before long. Here I am now, and here's Nelly, and there's Jenny, your own lawful wife, all in favor of this match, so we'll not let you budge out of that corner, till you give your consent. Indeed, it's well pleased you ought to be to see Mike naking s such a prudent choice. Power thinks a deal of Alice. Father

I know that myself."
This last blow was a This last blow was a clincher.

"Well! well!" said Dan, "I suppose
I can't hold out any longer. One
against so many would never do. But,
upon my credit, Tim, only it's you and Nelly that in it, I wouldn't give in, for have no liking for the Byrnes. I have no liking for the Byrnes. Still and all, as you say Father Power thinks well of the girl, and that Mike has taken a liking to her, I'll not be the means of keeping it back. You may tell Mike so when he comes in, and be sure you go to-morrow and tell Neddy that I didn't come round with out good pressing. I don't want him to think me so very soft as to forget old times all of a sudden. Now, mind, and do what I tell you." Tim cheerfully assented. Mike had hardly entered the room.

when Tim called out: "Mike, what is this I hear? Your father and mother, seems, want you to marry Alice Byrne, and you won't consent, she wife good enough for your betters?
-eh, Mike! answer me that now!"

Mike was taken quite aback, and new not well how to take this sally; but, venturing, at last, to look towards his father, he was speedily re assured, for honest Dan was laughing in a quiet way peculiar to himself. His mother, too, was smiling, and held out her hand, which Mike was not slow to take. her he went to his father, who thrust his hands in his breeches-pockets, though he still continued laughing.

"No, no, Mike, no shaking hands with me. Tim Flanagan says you're holding out against your mother and me, and if she's so ready to overlook your undutiful conduct, I'm not. Keep your distance, my good fellow, unless you can prove I'm in the wrong, and, upon my credit, if you can, I'll let you

narry who you like."
"Now for it, Mike!" said Tim laughing. "Do you, or do you not, consent to marry Alice Byrne, and thereby show yourself a dutiful son, as you have always been till now? Speak now, Mike, or hereafter hold your

"I consent!" said Mike, sitting down by his father, "and, I suppose, I may as well tell you, for you all suspect it already, that I never obeyed a command with greater pleasure. Many thanks to you, my dear father and mother, and to you, my good, kind friends. I hope in God you'll never have cause to re gret what you have done for me this night.'

Next morning early, Dan Sheridan sent Annfe to tell Tim Flanagan not to go to Neddy Byrne's till he was with him. Accordingly, about 4 o'clock, he made his appearance, and the two

sallied forth together.
"I suppose you're wondering at my going with you, Tim?" observed Dan, as they jogged along side by side. "To tell you the truth, I was up seeing Father Power this morning, and he got a talking to me about charity, and forgiving our enemies, and all such things, until I felt as if I wanted to go right off and shake Neddy Byrne by th and tell him we must be good friends for the time to come. You know what a way Father l'ower has with him; he could a'most charm the birds off the bushes

"I know it very well," said Tim,

you last night, Dan Sheridan; but, I tell you candidly, I never thought so much of you as I do this minute. If Neddy Byrne is the man I take him for,

he'll be of the same opinion.' And such was really the case. Byrne was as much surprised as pleased the truly Christian conduct of Day eyes as he took his offered hard, and

varmly shook it. I hardly expected this, Dan," said he, "for, to tell the truth, I'm afraid I was more in fault than you were."

"Never mind, Neddy, never mind, fault, we're both sober men, now, and we've kept it up far too long. As for me, I can't take the same merit to myself that you can, for it was Tim Flanagan here and Father Power that both! Let us be good friends for the time to come. Where's Mrs. Byrne? she used to be glad to see me. And this pretty girl of yours that has turned Mike's head?"

Both made their appearance on Neddy's invitation; Alice blushing like a new-blown rose, and smiling most graciously. On the fol-lowing evening the Flanagans, the Sheridaus, and the Reilly's were all entertained at Neddy Byrne's, and then and there the match was made up, to the evident satisfaction of all concerned cheerfulness that no one could ever suspect him of any lingering regret for what he was about to lose His pale cheek might have been a shade paler than usual as he asked Alice to dance, and his mother, the only close observer of his actions, felt sorry that she had permitted him to expose him self to such a trial; but, after a while, she saw, to her great relief, that Tom was laughing and chatting with his was laughing and chacting with his partner as gaily as though nothing lay beneath the sparkling surface. Edward Flanagan and Margaret were there, and Mr. O'Callagan was there, and, al-A week from that day. Mike Sheri

A week from that day, Mike dan and pretty Alice Byrne were mar ried by the Rev. Peter Sheridan, before the altar in St. Peter's Church, and a happier pair never received priestly blessing. A numerous party of their friends assisted at the holy sacrifice offered up for the young couple by the brother of the bridegroem, and many a prayer went up to heaven for a blessing on the union thus auspiciously formed. The wedding was held at Dan Sheridan's by a special stipulation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON THE FRONTIER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF A MINING CAMP.

There was always a crowd in waiting when the stage-coach arrived in the shabby little mining-camp of Singing River. As a rule, the crowd assembled on the long, wide platform in front of the post-office, which was also the stagece, the hotel, the general store, and the center from which radiated the social life of the camp. Above the social life of the camp. Above the post-office was a small and dingy hall lighted with dripping tallow candles; and such public appropriate. tainments as there were in Singing River were given in this hall. The platform in front of the bailding was the favorite "loafing-place" of the miners. The arrival of the stage-coach was the connecting link between Singing River and the great outside world rom which the little mining camp was so far removed. The nearest railroad station was one hundred miles distant and there was no town within fifteen miles any larger than Singing River, which was but a hamlet of log cabins, tents, and slab shanties far up the mountain side above the little Singing River in the rocky gulch below. The Singing River was a narrow and shallow stream : but its crystal-clear waters surged in foamy wavelets around moss-covered boulders and went singmerrily that there was even the darkest and petual music in gloomiest parts of the gulch. ice over the river for seven months of the year, and then nothing was to be heard but the dreary sound of the wind as it went moaning or shricking up and down the long, dark

The winters were long and bitter in Singing River. Snow began to fly as early as the last of September, and it still lay deep in the gulches and in the narrow, rocky streets of the camp while the wild flowers were blooming in the far distant valleys.

But on the December day when this story opens, the stage arrived a full hour n advance of the usual time, and only few of the men of the camp were at the post office when Dave Hixon, the stage driver, drew rein before it, amid the gently falling snow. There were no passengers on the outside seats, and no inside occupants were to be seen. Apparently the big stage was empty.

" Light load this trip, Dave," said big Jim Hart, the postmaster, as he came out to get the limp and unpromis-

ing looking mail bag.
"I should say so," replied Dave, as
he took off his wide-brimmed felt hat and slapped it against the side of the coach to rid it of the snow that had fallen upon it.

I reckon travel is about done for this season over the Shoshone trail, an' they'll soon stop sendin' the coach up here even once a week, an' then we'll be clean shut off from everywhere. No passengers this trip-eh?

No passengers this trip—en?"
"Only two, an' there's so little of
them that I reckon they've rattled
round like peas in a pod inside there."
Then Dave leaned far downward, and twisting himself around, called out to

some one within the stage:
"Hello there, youngsters! Your all

A shrill, childish voice replied:
"Yes sir."
"Well, you'd better crawl out o' that an' git in where it's warmer, an' git some o' Ma'am Hickey's hot supper.

Hey, Ma'am Hickey, I've fetched you kind of a queer cargo

queer cargo. He jumped Ma'am Hie of the road coach, Dave robe aroun ground, and amazed bys

DECE

hotel part

apron over h

' I say I'

called out

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