

"Run, Robert," said Lizzie to the Rev. Mr. Sly, "and bring them some bread. You see we have some with us, ma'am, for urgent cases."

"God bless you, miss!" said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Go, Robert, if you please?" said Lizzie, turning to the rev. gentleman, who all the time stood still.

"Yes, darling, yes," but first let us see, has this poor woman seen the error of her ways, and is she moved to grace? I am sure——"

Here his speech was interrupted by a regular scramble at the door, and cries of "Give me a bit!" "Tom has it all?" "Bring it in to mammy."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Sly, "but these brats have taken all the bread;" and he ran to the door.

Johnny got into the gig, and seeing a loaf of bread, and hearing the lady telling Mr. Sly to bring it in, he seized it, and was bringing it in when the others assailed him at the door.

"The brats!" exclaimed Mr. Sly, as he seized the bread.

"Here, mammy," whispered Tommy, as he slipped a part of the loaf, unseen, under her apron, "ate this."

She was hungry. Perhaps that crust of bread might save her life. Who could blame her if she paused. She then drew forth the bread——

"No, child, no. It's not ours; it would be sinful; give it to the jittleman."

"Here, sir," said Tommy, handing him the bread.

Mr. Sly took it and placed it in the car. "Leave it to him," said Lizzie.

"No, it would be encouraging robbery, Lizzie. Well, my good woman," said Mr. Sly, "Your son was turned off the works?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Your reverence, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Sly, with a bow. "I think, ma'am, he must have deserved it; you see he's a dishonest boy; how soon he stole the bread."

"I never knew him to act dishonestly, your ho—— reverence I mane. I'm shure he wouldn't take the bread, but he heard the lady telling you to bring it in."

"Indeed I wouldn't, mammy," said Johnny; "and shure I was bringing it in to the jittleman when they stuck in me."

"Likely story, that; no matter, I will see about getting him reinstated."

"God Almighty bless your reverence!" said the poor woman.

"But, ma'am, you must send these other children to my school, where they will be well treated. They will be educated and fed for you for nothing, so you ought to be grateful, ma'am."

Mrs. Sullivan did not look grateful, but held down her head and wept.

"Well, ma'am?" said the Rev. Mr. Sly. "I can't do it, sir, I'll starve first, and God knows I am near enuff to it already."

Oh! give us some bread, sir, and get work for my boy, and may God reward you. Oh! Miss Ellis, will you aid the poor widow, and her blessing fall upon your head."

"Do, Robert, do," said Lizzie. "Well, ma'am, do you repent?" said Mr. Sly.

"I can't—I can't sell my soul! Shure the priests told us not; that ye are trying to make soupers of us all!"

"The priests, ma'am, are a great humbug; teaching you to adore idols, and worship saints, and living people like ourselves."

"No, sir—your riverence I mean—the priests are our only comfort; they visit us when sick and afflicted; and if they had the means we wouldn't want."

"So you refuse sending them to hear the word of God!"

"I refuse sending them to your school, sir."

"Then the consequence be upon your self. You are refusing warm clothing, plenty to eat, and a snug house. Recollect, sinful woman, 'I called and you refused.'—'Evil-doers shall be cut off.' I will now leave you to yourself and your priests. Mind, you will not only be refused employment, but this very house shall be levelled over you. This is Lord Clearall's orders."

"God's will be done!" said Mrs. Sullivan, clasping her hands together and looking towards heaven.

"Come, Lizzie," said Mr. Sly; "let us leave this house of iniquity. Here, however, is food for your soul," and he handed her some tracts.

Lizzie was following him when Mrs. Sullivan threw herself on her knees, and seized her dress, exclaiming:—

"Oh, Miss Ellis! for the love of God, don't let them ruin the poor widow and her orphans. 'I am dyin' with hunger; oh! get us work or something to ate—do, and may God reward and bless you; and mark you to grace. As for that bad man, may——"

"Don't curse, ma'am," said Lizzie, slipping a shilling into her hand, "and I'll do my best for you."

"God bless you, my sweet young lady."

"Come, come, Miss Ellis, it's time to go," said Mr. Sly.

Lizzie got into the gig, and was quite reserved. Mr. Sly noticed this, and said:

*Least my English readers should think that such coercion exists only in the writer's imagination, I had better give them a few extracts regarding Lord Bishop P——'s interference with the consciences of his tenants. One man swore—"The Rev. Mr. P—— and Miss P—— called upon me to send my children to their school. As I had a large and helpless family, I did, but God knows the bit I eat didn't do me any good from that, out." Another witness swore, "that she refused to send her children, as she was sure that they would be perverted." Next day the bailiff called upon her for possession, and served her with notice to quit." Several other witnesses swore to the same effect. Such is the liberty of conscience in Ireland!