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no fears, therefore, for yourself and your employer. I shall give you a list of the effects belonging to me; he will know whether it is correct, and if I am entitled to them. When you receive his reply, they can be forwarded to me. "But see here, madam; look at this clause. It will save you trouble, and me time," said the official. "Here: it reads, 'Mrs. Halloran knows what articles to remove, and will retain only such articles as she is entitled to by possession prior to her marriage with John Halloran.'"

"That is clear enough, madam; and if an old soldier may advise you, take advantage of it, without giving yourself much trouble."

"Thank you. That will do," she said, bowing to the police constable. Then her face dropped down in her long, slender hand, and she was silent and lost in thought. The official left the drawing-room, and the closing door roused her. "Pardon me," she said to the old officer, who had been regarding her with deep interest; "these things come on me like tempests to an uncaged bird. I have had but few cares, and but little to think of except my own happiness, since my marriage with John Halloran. But there is one question I must ask, Captain Saunders. I presume, sir, on your goodness and an expected friendship, to beg you, as a last favor, to tell me if any news has come of the one—John Halloran, my husband."

"Madam, I do not know," said Captain Saunders, speaking with the broad accent which made his phrasing almost unintelligible whenever he was excited by an unusual emotion, "that what I have to tell will involve any principle of duty, under existing circumstances. Rumor has made public all I know, and, as our plans are all frustrated regarding him, it will do no harm for you to know that he is either in France or on his way to America."

"Thank God," she exclaimed fervently; "thank God! Oh, sir, if you know John Halloran, you would not grudge him his liberty."

"Madam, whatever I may feel for you, I have no sympathy with rebels," outspoke the Scotchman.

"That's what he called me! that's what he called me, mamma! How dare you call my father a rebel, you base English soldier! He's a thousand times better than you are; and if he was here, he'd thrash you away from Glendariff," most unexpectedly shouted Desmond.

"Desmond, my boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran, drawing him, flushed and struggling, to her bosom.

"You are a bold little rebel," said Captain Saunders, laughing, and trying to lay his hand on the brown, curly head, which still lifted itself defiantly toward him. "It would be safe to get you out of the country, before you begin to give our gracious queen trouble. Madam, I must leave you. I wish you well; and if my presence at Glendariff has in any way inconvenienced or distressed you, I hope that the fact of its being involuntary on my part will excuse me."

Mrs. Halloran frankly held out her hand, saying, "I only thank the kind Providence that led you hither. You have been a friend and protector in these sore trials. Had another person been sent to Glendariff, my misery might have been aggravated. But I must say farewell. In the morning I shall leave this place forever."

It was not many days after Glendariff, whose barbarous phrasing and idiotic speeches made them entirely unusable to her, when she was sitting at her table, and she had been reading the last glimpse of her home. It had been her Eden, but now, driven by inexorable circumstances beyond its gates, the world appeared to her, as it had done to our common mother, Eve, ages ago, when, driven from Paradise, she went forth to a pilgrimage of bitterness and tears. In that hour of farewell, in that little space of time, more earth-ties were broken and torn asunder than sometimes happen in a long lifetime. The weight of years had seemed to fall suddenly on her, and the world stood revealed in its bare mockery to her gaze. Human hopes had been dashed like frail crystal vases to the earth, and broken; human joys had sung their brief summer song, and fled. And it is well, O merciful God, when the bleak tempests of life tear away from this mortal existence its illusory charms; for even when the shadow is darkest, when we falter and stumble in the gloom, we can see, through the clouds above us, glimpses of that light which never fades, and which is Hope's beacon, smiling and luring us to the land of eternal repose.

She said but little as they journeyed along. The struggle was a silent one, bitter one; but gradually the recollection of a merciful and overruling Providence, the tender love of the Holy Virgin, and thoughts of those sorrows which, like life, transitory, soothed her mind. These came back the memory of her little ones, and the devotion of Nora, to cheer her. These were deathless; such love and such principles flowed only from God, and she felt that even in her desolation, there were wells of gladness, and a staff on which her weakness might lean, which would blossom like the prophet's rod. And the mourner lifted up her head, not rejoicing, but peaceful, and resigned to the will of her Father in heaven.

Situated on a beautiful and picturesque hill side which overhung the glen of Agerlow, the ruins of the old feudal castle and abbey of Fada Brae presented an imposing spectacle from a distance. Had it been on the Rhine, painters, tourists, and poets would have immortalized it; but here it was scarcely known beyond the obscurity of the valley it overlooked, and the sketch-books of a few antiquarians who had visited it more by chance than in intention. And yet its architectural beauties, some of which remained intact, were wonderful, and vindicated eloquently the civilization and perfection of science in the early ages of Ireland. There were the graceful arches, the crusted marbles, the stupendous buttresses, the fantastic gargoyles, the stained glass, which are only imitated in this our day, the splendid architrave, the massive pillars, the gabled roof, the rich sculptures—which time, so mildewed, but not eroded—had broken and made rains of, but not destroyed the fragments, each one of which told a proud tale of other days. And now to the ruined halls of their ancestors the last descendants of the princely McCarthy Mores had come, seeking refuge and shelter. The fox had made his hole, and the cony his burrow, and the owl her nest, in the long deserted ruins. There was scarcely a portion of them sheltered from the weather. But in the cloisters, once the holy retreat of saintly men, some small apartments were discovered by Nora and Dennis, which in a short time were rendered habitable, and in a few days Mrs. Halloran was comfortably situated, and things around her began to wear a home-like and pleasant aspect. Dennis exchanged some old silver for a cow and a few necessary farming implements, while Nora, after attending to Mrs. Halloran's comfort, arranged her kitchen with the same faultless neatness that had always reigned in the one at Glendariff, and privately instructed Ellen, the children's nurse, in the mystery of cooking and getting up linen. As Nora was beginning to prepare for flight beyond the sea in her search after John Halloran, she was impatient, in the single devotion of her honest heart, to commence her toils in the far off land she was going to, for which she would receive gold that would purchase comforts, and perhaps a home, for those she loved. One day Dennis Byrne came up from the market town with a letter for Mrs. Halloran. It was a thick, heavy letter, but the direction was in Father McCarthy's handwriting. Nora saw that, but, filled with a strange hope, she laid down her work and ran in with it to Mrs. Halloran, who tore off the envelope, and found within a note from Father McCarthy, and a letter from her husband. With a cry of joy, she opened and read it. It was from Boston. He had arrived there in safety and except that he was fatigued with the voyage, he was well, and expected to obtain employment, which would enable him to provide a home, in the land of his exile, for his family; but his movements were undecided, and he besought her to remain in quiet and hope until she heard from him again. And then followed an account of his adventures after Dennis Byrne had left him on Ballyhowry Mountain; how, in the disguise of an old ragman, he had got on board the smuggler's craft, and had narrowly escaped an English cruiser in the Channel, and been almost shipwrecked on the coast of France, after which his progress was comparatively unobstructed by dangers or delays until he reached in safety the shores of America. Then came a thousand expressions of endearment and anxious solicitude; questions and words of undying love, and messages of affection to all, especially to his "little dove" Grace, whom, he said, he would give all the world just to fold one moment to his bosom. He thought of Desmond, he said, as of a young eaglet, who would protect the nestlings at home, who would be a brave, good boy until his father came back. He was ever before him, with his flashing eyes and proud bearing, and it comforted him to know that the boy had in him all the elements of strength neces-

sary to the formation of a great and good character. Nora and Dennis were named with affection, and many were the grateful messages that came to them; then followed words of cheer and full of hope. John Halloran was throughout the letter, his goodness, his nobleness of soul, his kind thoughts for all, were perceptible in every word, until the family at Fada Brae thought almost that he had been in their midst. Father McCarthy's note informed Mrs. Halloran of his increasing infirmities, and of a bad cold, which had confined him to his bed. Her sorrows weighed heavily on him in his old age, but he trusted the letter he sent her would cheer and comfort her. As soon as he could get about, she would see him; and any letters she might wish to send to her husband she could inclose to him.

That night, as Mrs. Halloran was sitting alone by her sleeping children, Nora came in quietly, and said she would like to speak to her, if it would not interrupt her. Since the change in Mrs. Halloran's fortunes, instead of behaving with greater familiarity, Nora had treated her with almost scrupulous ceremony, and had impressed it on the minds of Dennis and Ellen that they must never show, by word or look or act, their consciousness of the down fall of the family, but must make up by their respect what was wanting in the rest of the world toward her.

"I'm sure, Nora dear," replied Mrs. Halloran. "Come in. I feel almost happy to-night. Oh, Nora, God has been very good to me," said she, holding out her hand, while her eyes filled with tears. Nora took the hand and folded it to her bosom, then kissed it, and laid it tenderly down where it was resting when she came in. "Sit down, dear Nora; sit here, and tell me all the news," said she, and she said, kneeling beside Mrs. Halloran, and laying her hand on hers. "I feel easier so; for I can look right into the face of you."

"Well, as you please. Yours is like sunshine to me, Nora, always. But what is the matter?—what do you wish?" said Mrs. Halloran, smoothing her hand over the glossy black brows on Nora's forehead. "I'm thinking, now, that, if you can spare me, I'd better go."

"Go! Nora Brady! Would you leave me?" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran. "Let me tell you, my dear, how it is. It's not for myself or my own interests that I'd be going, but then as Mither Halloran is gone over the seas to America, and they say, he can never come back again, and as the fine old property's gone out of the family, and although this is a grand and ancient place, it is poor, and will not support the wants of a lady and two children, that are highborn like yersel, I thought, as I'm young an' strong, I'd better cross over to America too, and ain't enough to bring you there, where, please God, we'll all be together once more; an' if we never see Old Ireland again, we can be true to her in our hearts, and pray for them that's left in it." Here tears gathered and flashed in Nora's fine black eyes, while Mrs. Halloran, comprehending at once all her unselfish devotion, fell forward on her neck weeping.

"How can I spare you, Nora? Yet how to refuse you I cannot tell," at last said Mrs. Halloran. "Spare me, madam! Why, there's Ellen I've been drelling an' taebing until she bates myself out entirely, and a faithful, good, quiet girl she is, and handy at everything; an' Dennis—why, Dennis can do anything he sets his hands to, sure, an' willing enough he is now for me to go. Then, madam, there's Mither Halloran, he might as well as be dead, for he's not here, an' I know I could do many a thing for him, if so be he hasn't got a start yet—God save him."

Mary Halloran was silent and thoughtful. Nora's last argument had almost persuaded her. Still, she felt so dependent on her, and had been so accustomed to seeing her about her, that she felt the great uncertainty of the success of her plan, she could not at once consent to it. "America is a country of great extent, Nora. Suppose my husband should have left Boston; you'd find yourself in a strange country, friendless and unprotected," she suggested. "Surely, ma'am, you ought to know by this time that I've a tongue in my head and wits sharp enough to find my way," said Nora, quickly. "But it takes a man."

THE YANKEE NIECE.

A STORY WITH A USEFUL MORAL.

"You say he is always drunk," said the Yankee niece, looking hard at her aunt through the turf-smoke that filled the room, but not the kitchen. "Always," snapped the latter. "And you never tried anything to cure him of it?" "Tried? Heaven bless you, I haven't left a stone unturned."

"What on earth is the use of turning stones?" asked the niece, who had a habit of taking things literally. "Haven't you ever tried anything sensible—making the home attractive to him?" "Wish!" (this scornfully). "Isn't it he wants the attractin'? Wouldn't a body think we were young sweethearts, instead of being an old couple and done for these dozen years?"

"I don't see what difference that makes, aunt. When you were young sweethearts, did you ever put on a fresh ribbon or anything dainty so as to look sweeter than others in his eyes? Having chosen to live your life beside him, is it not worth your while to brighten his home and make it more attractive to him than any other place in the world—make it so that, during his working hours, his thoughts will return to you and make the day long till he sits beside you at the well-prepared meal or opposite you in the snug little parlor fire on the clean, bright hearth?"

Mrs. Carey's eyes were moist, and a lump rose in her throat. Ashamed of the temporary weakness, she pulled herself together and answered roughly: "Hoity-toity! You've been readin' too many of them novels, I mean. If your mother was alive, it would be the sorrowful day for her. Makin' the home attractive for Maurice Carey, when he turns in to be drunk! 'T would be well in my way!"

"I have't read many novels, aunt, and none that my mother would not approve of (God give her rest this day!) My ideas of life are taken from her example. She always dressed neatly, and had the table spread as daintily as if she were a duchess when father came home, and—be't he never come home drunk. We had a much money, as you know, but father and mother were extremely happy. I only wish, if I ever marry, that I may be half as happy."

"Tut-tut, child. You have high-falutin' notions, I can see. The sooner you get rid of them, the better. When you have spent a month or two here, you'll have different views of Maurice Carey, an' attractive homes." "I hope not, aunt. I don't believe uncle is so bad. He is not my dear father's own brother? There cannot be so great a difference between them. Anyway, I shall never believe that it isn't in the power of every good woman to make her home and company more attractive to her husband than evil-smelling, draughty public bars."

"Hoity-toity! Try it. You are going to reveal with us six months, are you not?" "I shall stay till I've cured Uncle Maurice," answered the girl gaily, as she tripped out of the smoke, through the yard and down a boreen, against a man who was walking unsteadily towards her, holding a scythe in a perilous position. "Uncle Maurice let me carry the scythe. You don't seem very well this evening," she said. "The man flashed and put down the scythe by an adjacent fence, saying, 'It will do there.' 'Tis a pity you don't fill up the rats in this avenue,' she went on, unheeding. 'A man and yourself would do it in half a day.' 'We'd do many things only for 'ifs,' he answered sulkily. 'There! I told you so,' began Mrs. Carey, as they entered the smoke filled kitchen. 'Would you not mind not talking too much while I am with you, aunt?' said the girl. 'Your voice reminds me so much of mother, and—I want to cry when I hear it,' she added by way of explanation. 'Hamp! Hoity-toity,' muttered Mrs. Carey, under her breath, as she proceeded with the cooking of the evening meal. Meanwhile Eileen was clearing the untidy kitchen and setting the table while she talked affably to her uncle about the kind father who waited for her return on the far side of the Atlantic, the saintly mother who rested in the sunny churchyard in the heart of the Western World; the order, method, neatness, trimness, etc., of the woman there; their help in the building up of the great Western Empire; the purpose, determination and grit of the men, and so on. Maurice listened attentively, gave his opinion every now and then, and when supper was over, sat down at the fire (which Eileen had caused to burn brightly by the addition of some sticks of wood) instead of taking his usual journey to the crossroads. Eileen smiled to herself, put the children early to bed, much against their wishes, and sat down beside her uncle to continue their conversation. When Mrs. Carey joined in with her customary grumblings at Maurice (she had become incapable of talking on any subject save his shortcomings), Eileen commenced sobbing, and the good woman, who was in reality the soul of hospitality, was obliged to take refuge in silence, lest she might hurt her visitor too keenly. Eileen was up betimes next morning; and when Mrs. Carey came down in a dirty blouse and a skirt much in need of mending, the sight of a spotlessly clean kitchen, a bright peat fire, and a girl in a Holland frock and large apron putting the finishing touches to a neat breakfast table, on the centre of which stood a bowl of fresh-picked roses, caused her to retrace her steps to induce in her morning ablutions, brush her still beautiful hair, and change her untidy garments. Maurice appeared soon after, unwashed and unkempt, and, at sight of him, Eileen said sweetly: 'Uncle dear, would you mind greatly washing and tidying yourself before

you sit down to breakfast? It will be ready in a minute, but I must tidy the little ones first," and she went on loving the youngsters without getting a spot on her own frock, so deft was she. Mrs. Carey blushed a little as they sat down to the meal when Maurice remarked: "Eh! Faith, Nancy, but you're lookin' as young as the day we were spliced," but she enjoyed the compliment, nevertheless, and forgot to mention such a thing as a fault of his during the meal. All day Eileen worked like a brick, dusting, scrubbing and cleaning. She was very tired, but she would not give in. There were three bedrooms upstairs which had not been dusted or swept for years. The task being beyond her delicate strength, she bribed a neighboring girl to come in and help her; and in a few days the whole house was transformed.

So was Maurice; yet not quite reformed. Sometimes he stayed in during the evenings. At other times he had scarcely swallowed his evening meal when he was off to his old haunt. Mrs. Carey gave vent to sarcastic remarks about the girl's efforts during his absence; but when he returned, she forgot to grumble as of old. The sight of his humiliated, ashamed face disarmed her anger, and she only remembered his good points and all his tender kindness towards her before the demon at the crossroad began to lure him from his home. His lapses did not dishearten Eileen. She knew she had got in the thick end of the wedge, and she had full hope of driving it home in time. As a next, tidy home, well-cooked meals, and clean children became the rule rather than the exception, the temptation to stop in doors and enjoy the pleasures of home life grew on Maurice, and overmastered that other temptation which had hitherto been irresistible. After Eileen's visit had lasted some months, he startled her one day, as they walked together, by watching his wife and pretty little ones some yards on in front, by ejaculating: "As sure as God is in heaven, it wasn't love of drink made me take it. The house used to be that thronged an' dirty, an' the children bawlin' an' crying—an—the short and the long of it was, I need to run from it all. But I don't say a word to your aunt. She's the best woman in the world, the best wife a man ever had, but she used not rightly understand things. That's all."

"Tis the way you've bewitched us all," Mrs. Carey said, later on. "Indeed no, aunt," answered the girl. "I have only been experiment-

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ing my favorite theories. Good practices are more profitable than turning stones. Eh, aunt!" "God bless you, authore. 'Twas Ho sent you to us. But—you'll stay over the six months—a year, maybe?" "A ballif and twenty peeslers would n't get me out until Uncle Maurice is perfect, quite perfect," answered Eileen, laughing; but there were tears in her aunt's eyes—tears of happiness. —N. F. D. in The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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