

you, Nora, I'd even put on that abominable dinner-suit which your lady mother ordered from the best Dublin tailors. My word! but it's cramped and trussed I feel in it. But I'd put it on, and do more than that, for the sake of the poor souls who have too little of this world's goods.'

'Then, father, do believe that it is so,' said Nora; and now she put one of her soft arms round his neck, and raised herself on tiptoe and kissed his cheek. 'Believe that it is so, for this morning I went round to the people, and in every cabin there was a bit of bacon, and a half-sack of potatoes, and faggots, and a pile of turf; and in every cabin they were blessing you, father; they think that you have sent them these Christmas gifts.'

'Ah, ah!' said the Squire, 'it's sore to me that I have not done it; but I must say it's thoughtful of George Hartrick—very thoughtful. I am obliged to him—I cannot say more. Did you tell me the things were sent to every cabin, Nora—all over the place, alannah?'

'Every cabin, father,' answered his daughter.

'Then, that being the case, I'll truss myself up to-night. I will truly. Mortal man couldn't do more.'

The preparations, not only outside but inside, for the arrival of the English family were going on with vigour. Pretty suites of rooms were being put into their best holiday dress for the visitors. Huge fires