## WHY OLD LACES ARE VALUABLE.

TO-DAY SPECIMENS OF THEM ARE KNOWN TO POSSESS GREAT VALUE.

Many of our girls do not know why old lace is often so much more valuable and generally so much more beautiful than new lace. The fact is, says Golden Days, that the valuable old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film, and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace making, and the patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath, taken on the four gospels, to work only for certain dealers. When the reign of terror began all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided, the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands; and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite o Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth heir weight in gold.

## A SWEET VOICE.

THE GREAT IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING IT, ESPECIALLY IN THE HOME.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as it it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your best voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

## RECOGNITION.

BY REMEMBERING THE FACES AND NAMES OF ACQUAINTANCES WE SAVE MAKING ENEMIES.

There are many people who are for ever forgetting their acquaintances; people to whom you must be introduced half a dozen times before they become fully aware of the fact that they have met you before. Such people acquire the reputation, without deserving it, of being proud, stuck up, rude and many other things. If you have an unfortunate propensity to unintentionally "cut" your acquaintances, who for that reason specially become enemies, you must make a special effort at the time of each introduction, firstly, to become familiar with the features, and, secondly, to acquire the name of your new acquaintance. The speed and accuracy with which you do this goes far towards determining the number of friendly acquaintances you may call your own. A little special effort for a time will be rewarded by greater ease in the future and will save one from the disagreeable knowledge, that he has just passed by without speaking to a person toward whom none but the friendliest feelings are entertained.

## THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

IT CONTAINS THE FINEST AND LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD.

James Lick, one of the pioneers of California, died in 1876 at an advanced age. He went to California in 1847 with a small capital, and by investing it wisely soon became, by the growth of San Francisco and the development of the State, a manifold millionaire. In 1873, at the age of seventy-seven, Mr Lick conceived the idea of erecting an observatory and placing therein he finest, as well as the largest, telescope in the world. For this purpose he donated $700,000. After years of preliminary work and detail the terms of the gift have been completed, and Santa Clara county, Cal., is the location of the finest instrument ever made. The great telescope is seventy five feet long and has a thirty-six inch refractor. As a fitting climax to this magnificent bequest, it may be stated that the body of James Lick is deposited in the pier upon which the iron framework of the great telescope stands.

## FAULTY MANUSCRIPTS.

DIFFICULTIES THAT PRINTERS AND PROOF-READERS HAVE TO CONTEND WITH.

"Many who write for newspapers little think of the lot of the printer, who spends hours of toil over their false grammar, bad orthography and poor punctuation. How often are the arguments of lawyers in high repute as scholars given to the printer in their own handwriting—many words, and especially technical and foreign terms, abbreviated, words misspelled, and few or no points, and those few, if there are any, entirely out of place. The sermons of eminent divines are frequently sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the division of sentences—sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would disgrace the printers devil, if he were the author. Suppose they had been so printed? The printer would have been treated as an illiterate blockhead—as a fellow better fitted to be a woodsawyer than a printer. Nobody would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the carelessness of the author. And no one but the practical printer knows how many hours a compositor, and after him a proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscript that the writers themselves would be puzzled to read.—Printers' Circular.

## THE JIM SIMMONS ORANGE TREE.

Twenty years ago Jim Simmons rode up to Bill Sharpe's store, in the Morven district, eating an orange. He was too stingy to give any of the boys a part of the fruit, but Enoch Hall asked him for the seed, which he got He carried them home, and Mrs. Hall planted them in a little box. A few months later the family moved to Indian river. The little orange-sprouts were carried, and on arriving there immediately set out. On Sunday morning last, while visiting Mr. Hall in company with a lady we board with, he showed us the tree that had grown from the seed of Jim Simmons's orange. It is twelve or fifteen inches in diameter—a beauty—and bears 2,500 oranges.—[Quitman (Ga) Herald.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

## SEA FOAM.

A cold gray sky, a foam-flecked stand,
The threnody of the tireless waves;
A mass of sea-moss on the sand,
Which the dull, black water leaves.

A stately ship floats down the bay
With masts and spars but half defined;
But, oh! the sobbing of the spray—
The moaning of the wind!

A fair tall maid, with hand-screened eyes
And drapery shifting in the breeze,
In whose brown eyes hope never dies,
Looks wistfully toward the seas.

A year ago and like a bird,
With poising wings of snowy white,
While all the world with bliss was stirred,
Her ship began its flight.

The days have come, the days have gone.
The restless ocean fumes and frets;
She waits and watches from the dawn,
Till the sun in glory sets.

O strong young soul and trusting heart!
O enduring love of womanhood!
O hope with which thou canst not part!
O ocean, cold and rude!

## DOMESTIC READING.

Talking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.—[Sir Walter Raleigh.

Plato used to say that if men could behold virtue in itself, in all its charm and beauty, they would be so enamoured of it that they could not prevent themselves from loving and following it.

The course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remembered not fondly some resting place in their journey, some turns in their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them, some soft parterres of green, refreshing to their weary feet.

To estimate aright the grace of God is impossible for any created being. The angels do not realise its full value. Our Lady has but a partial appreciation of its divine beauty. Man seeing as he does through a glass darkly and with his eyes dimmed by sin, can form but an utterly feeble and miserable notion of the greatest gift of God.—The Month.

The law of heredity explains a great deal of what is good in England of the day. We inherit the traditions of our Catholic sires. God rewards the virtue of the ancestor through a long chain of descendants. We are but ten or twelve generations removed from the days of faith, and the theory of inherited tendencies to what is good does not disappear for many a century.—The Month.

Rightly viewed, these various kingdoms of science represent to us the intellect of humanity, acknowledging at once the dignity and the difficulty of the search after God, and so dividing among its children separate tasks, distinct provinces, in which to limit their investigations and their discoveries; so that the one united toil of all human minds should be a magnificent and universal search for God.—[Father Faber.

The dangers that threaten our civilization may be traced for the most part to the family. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The social and civil life springs from the domestic life of mankind. The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be gauged by the moral standard of the family. The river does not rise above its source.—[Cardinal Gibbons.


## TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal. 8-G


## WORTH KNOWING.

To cure and heal a running sore, apply alum water twice a day.

For hoarseness beat a fresh egg and thicken it with fine white sugar. Eat of it freely, and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horseradish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. A remedy which never fails is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.

For dyspepsia pour one quart of cold water on two tablespoonfuls of unslaked lime: let it stand a few minutes, bottle and cork, and when clear it is ready for use; put three tablespoonfuls in a cup of milk and drink any time, usually before meals.

An Arabian remedy for sunstroke:—Bind the head with wet cloths, wet another cloth, fold it into a small square, cover thickly with salt, and apply to the back of the neck. Put dry salt behind the ears, and mustard to the calves of the legs and soles of the feet.

Recipes for keeping wrinkles far away are many, but probably the simplest cosmetic and as good as any is vaseline. The face should be washed clean with warm water and a pure fine soap and well dried; then the vaseline may be plentifully applied, well rubbed in, the surplus wiped off with a soft cloth.

To cure a felon, fill a tumbler with equal parts of fine salt and ice; mix well. Sink the finger in the centre and allow it to remain until it is nearly frozen and numb, then withdraw it, and when sensation is restored renew the operation four or five times, when it will be found the disease is destroyed. This must be done before pus is formed.

A good doctor says, "not only from practical personal experience, but on theoretically scientific grounds also, a safeguard against much prevalent summer illness lies in the free use of lemon juice. Citric acid helps to supply the place of fluids which are unduly dissipated through the pores of the skin in hot weather. Drink plenty of lemon juice and you can stand the heat infinitely better than those who do not make use of the fruit with which nature has supplied tropical countries."

Babyhood contains some information respecting methods of keeping afloat when in the water which those who go sailing without knowing how to swim or to manage a boat would do well to paste in their hats. It says: "It is not generally known that a finger laid upon any floating object, like a log, an overturned boat, or even an oar, will sustain the body in smooth water sufficiently for the head to be kept free for breathing and seeing. Many persons are drowned because they exert themselves wildly when thrown into the water suddenly, yet a boat half filled with water or with even a little more than the gunwales above the surface, will support as many persons as can get their hands on it, if they behave quietly."

## HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthful people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overeat. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

# GODFREY, THE FENIAN.

BY MRS. HARTLEY.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

'Marion, cried Gertrude, 'give me the milk jug, and that clean cup, please. Father Paul, I know because he told me. He said to me he would come back soon, as soon as he could. Oh, I do hope he will! Was he not beautiful? He was far prettier, I think, than Godfrey. He had blue eyes; and how he was dressed! I think him the most beautiful man that ever lived. Marion, I say was he not beautiful? And he is to be a lord one day when his uncle dies, and to be ever so rich, much richer than Tighe O'Malley.'

'Come, that is no business of yours,' grumbled Father Paul. 'What have you to do or to say to those things? Marion, he said, turning to the eldest sister, 'that child has too much tongue for her years.'

She made no reply. Her head was turned away from the room and its inmates, her thoughts much further still. Nevertheless, Father Paul had been heard by her. Though in a distant, dreamy kind of way, as if his words took a long time to travel to her consciousness, they did reach it, and woke some unpleasant feeling, touched the tender edge of a sore spot.

'No business of hers!' she said to herself, 'and no business of mine either. No doubt that is what he means.' She lifted up her book again, opened it, and bent her head over its pages. Not one word could she see or know for the blinding mist of tears that obscured her eyes. When Gertrude left the room, which she did soon, taking with her a huge platterful to her dependants outside, Marion stole unobserved behind her, leaving her aunt still talking.

'Don'e find fault with her,' Miss D'Arcy observed, resuming her querulous note. 'The child is no more than natural. The young man of whom she speaks was here several times. He paid me a visit,' she said impressively—she had told Father Paul this before, more than once.' 'I think very well of him. He is a gentleman, and I suppose some relative of O'Malley's wife. Yes,' continued Juliet,' anything O'Malley has to boast of always came with the women of the family. His mother was a Mauleverer, his wife a MacAnalley, yet this was not enough to make a gentleman of him. No, these O'Malleys were rough, every one of them—his father was just a handsome bog trotter—had no manners at all. O'Malley has neither his father's good looks nor his mother's breeding. I can't say what his wife may have done for him, but there was certainly room for improvement—great room for improvement. Gertude, child! come and take Father Conroy's cup, and give him a little more coffee. Oh dear! she is gone. Help yourself, then. Father Conroy do you remember that cousin of O'Malley's father—he lived just above your father's place—the big old man, and lame, who married the heiress? Surely you recollect hearing of the runaway match they made. It was about the time of the first great Rising, just before Emancipation, and——'

Juliet and her kinsman were now well launched into what is perhaps the most popular and generally followed amusement of the country, i.e., tracing up pedigrees, establishing relationships, settling questions of kinship to the very remotest degree. There was no red book or 'landed gentry' within her ken, and no need for one either. She and Father Conroy knew the rightful owners as well as the men in possession of every acre in Clare county, and many other counties as well, their marriages and intermarriages. They could have given points to the College of Heralds, and when Juliet was well enough, and her head in consequence clear, it was her delight to sit over the turf fire with Father Paul, and reconstruct the houses of Clare as they used to be in the old days; as she remembered them when a child. She remembered also the legends of the times before the Rebellion. Her mother had seen the French warships in Bantry Bay. She recollected, as did Father Paul, the Titne War and its gruesome incidents, the Famine and the Encumbered Estates Court Act, and all the landowners who were broken and ruined by it. It was an inexhaustible store to both of them, and Father Paul and herself, with the help of a Dublin daily paper, were never for a moment lacking in historical matter for conversation.

And as it was with them so it was also with the other inhabitants. The beggar tribe spent their days in the same process of cud-chewing. There was never anything new. Like a much quoted once reigning family, they forgot nothing, they learned nothing. Jim Codogan, together with Fenlon, and now and again a commercial traveller, exchanged fragmentary and ill-used quotations from Tom Paine, Voltaire, the Social Contract, and latter-day American organs of revolutionary opinion. These did not advance matters much. The farmer's sons and the laboring men thought them good enough accompaniments to nocturnal sedition and new whiskey, but, viewed by daylight and when sober, they could not fit them to their scheme of things.

When Fenlon declaimed against priestcraft, they laughed in his face, for Father Conroy, who had baptised every one of their shaggy heads, was one of the most popular pastors in Ireland. They allowed that he got his money easily, that he never did a hard day's work in his life, but each confessed openly that his reverence was quite right if he could live without it. Cadogan, whose animosity to priests was completely imitative, and general rather than particular, always was the first to drop back from abstract to concrete subjects of conversation. What did he know? How could he know? The great wave of revolution that had passed from France to America, stepping firmly down in England as it went, had overleaped Ireland completely. The Irish had gained or learned nothing by the France of those days, save the phantom appearance of the warship on their coast, and some equally misty intrigues in Paris. The echoes of the Great Revolution fell and died in Dublin, nothing of it reached farther, or real sympathy was never set up. The stale backwash of America opinion, as conveyed by half-educated, almost illiterate, emissaries such as Fenlon—could take no hold upon his listeners, still less could they place their grievances to the account of a Church which had been prescribed, persecuted, and harried in even measure with their own forefathers, and which in their own days was only tolerated and was perpetually insulted. They identified the landlords with the aristocrats, but could go no further than that. They were simply bewildered. Juliet D'Arcy and her relative were in much the same plight. The present was unsatisfactory, the future uncertain, if not hopeless. So they also took refuge in the past. There there was life and active romance, perhaps glory. Who knew? Time might bring about a wonder— the wheel might turn for them at last.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

May had followed April, the birds' nests were nearly all empty; every petal of the apple blossom was gone, and tiny round apples like little young rosebuds clustered in the now full green of the leaves. Gone was every primrose, save a few that lingered fondly in dark places and evaded the bidding of the sun that had marshalled all their pale sisterhood together, and, with the daffodils and jonquils and dog-violets, trooped them all off for another year. The wallflowers had run up in long stems, well plenished with seed-pods. Some, over heavy, had tumbled over and lay sprawling over the ragged box-edges. The musk had come up, strong and thick, and was in blossom; mignonette, which the children always sowed for Juliet D'Arcy's special gratification, promised a thick crop. It was the transition stage between spring and summer, and the flowers marked it in their own way. The lilac was nearly all gone; in the shady places only did a cluster or two remain; the rest had turned brown and was disappearing fast, hardly missed for the hawthorn, which spread itself in full blossom. The jonquils were missing, and instead of the white narcissus some early buds of the apothecary rose showed here and there their bright red spark. Quantities of roses were growing everywhere in the garden, and climbing roses were against the wall. The Quaker miller had loved them, and this much at least his old place spoke for him still and kept his memory sweet.

Marion, the tears still glistening on her eyelashes, was walking up and down her favourite walk, a tortuous path, shady now that the trees had donned their summer grab. The birds were challenging and answering each other. There seemed to be a duet between the thrushes, one at each end of the garden, and she could hear also the quacking of the ducks from the potato patch, where Kitty Macan's male auxiliary was. Rody, who was gardener, as well as water-carrier and general aide-de-camp, was digging, or rather scattering the ground, between the irregularly-planted drills of potatoes which were now well on in the stalk, and badly in need of the trenching which he had at last found time to do. When he saw Marion enter the garden he began to make a huge show of industry, striking the back of his shovel with emphasis upon the stones as he turned them up, and thereby puzzling and disturbing a family of ducks who were following all his movements closely, and snapping every worm that appeared the moment he drew the shovel out of the earth. Miss Marion, evincing no symptom of appreciation of these extra efforts, in fact having disappeared from his view among the trees, Rody relaxed the strain he had put upon himself, and regardless of the expectant attitude of the ducks, reduced his strokes to their normal number and force. Then he laid the shovel down altogether, and taking hold of the wheelbarrow, drew it a little up the path to where there was an opening that would give him a view of Miss Marion and what she was doing. She was sitting on a bank, and had her back turned to him, to Rody's content, though why he should be contented he did not in the least know. Miss Marion never interfered with him. She might have seen him lying flat on his back smoking, as he had been all the time the family had been at dinner, and she would not have thought or said anything about it. It was pure habit on Rody's part. After this manœuvre with the wheelbarrow he turned up a few more shovelfuls of earth; then the sound of a creaking cart wheel reached his ears from the road. He stuck the shovel into the ground, and ran quickly to the door to see who it could be. The ducks, their worms cut off thus arbitrarily, and left with only a doubtful prospect of more, squatted close around the shovel, exchanging discontented notes. Rody opened the garden door cautiously, and shading his eyes from the sun, looked across the osier field to the creaking cart which was coming close now. He knew the horse at once, Aherne's cart horse from Lamberts' Castle, and presently there appeared, walking behind it, Mat the servant-boy from the same place. The instant Rody recognised him he leaped down the back, and restraining with difficulty a shout of joy, jumped over the stepping-stones and found himself at the roadside gap before the cart had got up to it.

'The top of the morning to you, Mat!' he hailed with joy. 'Isn't that a lovely day for you?'

Mat nodded without taking the pipe out of his mouth, and seemed scarcely inclined to slacken his steps.

'How's all above wit you, Mat? continned Rody.

'Well, troth! well enough we are, God leave us so! I'm thankful to you, Rody,' answered the newcomer, who seemed inclined to make amends for his previous stiffness of manne. 'And how are all your quality?'

'We's all well enough. The mistress she's just middling as usual—no more—but the rest of us is finely, thank God! Would you give us just a draw of the pipe, Mat? I am reduced to smoke—I could not tell you what I'm smoking.' By this he meant that he had eked out his scanty supply of tobacco with turf-ashes.

Mat nodded and handed over his pipe, after which he stood with his hands in his pockets, measuring with his eye the rate at which the horse was moving onward, and evidently debating whether to stop him or not.

Rody while smoking was studying Mat's countenance, in which he evidently discerned something unusual as well as a distinct expression of ill-humour. Rody's very eyes were dilated with curiosity, but he diplomatically bided his time.

'Way, way!' he shouted to the horse, which stopped as willingly and quickly as though its own inclination had been divined. 'Sit down, can'e ye, Mat, and take a rest.

Mat flung himself against the bank beside his friend, flung his cap on the ground, ran his hand through his hair, and then, as though he could contain himself no longer, he burst out—

'I'm lavin'.' Then, seeing Rody's round eyes open wider still, and the pipe almost fall from his sympathetic mouth, which opened correspondingly, he added, 'Lavin' above there!'

'La—a—ard!'

'No one could stand it, man—not one livin'! We're all destroyed by that Delanty woman. Oh! I sed it over and over. I mistrusted her ever since the day she set foot in the street of Lambert's Castle. Those Waterford women are all alike; what ailed him not to take a girl belonging to this county? Fortune! All the fortunes in Cork would not fetch me to Mass with her, an' I told her that too, to her face I told it to her. The black heifer is dead, dead with murrain, an' she blames it on me now, sas I didn't attend to the baste, and sure she wouldn't allow the old mistress to tie the worm knot over the creature—many's the cow an' horse I've seen that cure; but faith! Luke's wife bid her not to interfere with her ignorant vulgarness.'

'She said that to Mr. Ahearne? Lord!'

'Pho! dat's notin' to what she trates 'em to, as if she was fit to mention the same day as de Ahearnes; but wait till I tell you—she never rises off de bed till good nine o'clock in the day, and after it, an' dose two servants she has dere—two Waterford divils like herself! Oh! man Rody, 'tis destruction to be lookin' on at dem! I'm lavin' whatever! I'll ship to Amerikay.'

'An' Luke?'

'Luke sides the wife in all tings soever, an' turned to his mother dere last week, when the other was abusin' an' miscallin' her, and said, 'twas her own desires, 'twas her own choosin', an' just put up wit' what she got. Margaret Capel she never crossed the door since she married Harry Capel. We's the scandle of the country-side, Rody. I'm shamed to show myself at chapel. An' Luke, he's drinkin' steady.'

'He was always pretty good at dat.'

'Oh, fait den! I can tell you he is no worse dan others!' answered Mat fierily. 'Poor Luke! I'm sorry for him. Dat Grimes the horse jobber, he is never out of dat house either, an' for cards an' gam'lin', gam'lin'!—dere's reason in all tings, an' tings has deir seasons, but I'll stop dere no longer! 'Tis no place for me.'

'An' where will you go, Mat?'

'I'll go to my sisters in Ohio. I'll lave above there, anyhow!'

'I will go to America, too, observed Rody in a half-crying tone, and in perfect good faith. He had adopted every one of Mat's grievances as his own. ''Tis a fright to see the mischief dat woman is doing.'

"Well an' all!' moralised Mat, who felt much relieved by his act of confidence. 'She is able to spend her fortune if she has it; and mind you, the father gave her threa hundred short of what he promised—he did so!'

'Is it, an' she so dead ugly an' old as she is.'

'Ay! Did ever ye hear such impidence! Oh, the unfortunate boy!' moaned Mat. 'He's cheated in her entirely. She's that grand, Rody! She don't wet her finger from morning to night, pretends she never even saw any one make a bit of bread—dress herself, and make Luke drive her out in the new side car, to show herself to the country. Dat's all the work she does.'

'Why does he do it? It's a fine whacking I'd give such a womankind as dat, if she was my own mudder, begob would I!'

'Tis a nice beginning for us,' continued Mat. 'I can's make Luke: he is like one mad. He dares his fader and mudder to say one word against her, an' yet I tink he hates the sight of her, yet he sides her against dem both. Oh, Lord! I am sick of my life. I think my month never will be up so get away. Luke, he prays me to stop wit' him, but I will not—there is no peace in that house.'

'Will you go to America, Mat? I will go wit' you if so.'

'I surely will,' replied Mat. 'Who is dis coming up? Tony's wife Molly. Good morning to you, Mrs. Devoy, ma'am!' hailed Mat, touching his hat as if it had been Miss D'Arcy herself.

'Fine day to you, Mrs. Devoy, ma'am,' echoed Rody, also touching his ragged old headpiece.

Tony Devoy's wife returned these civilities in like spirit. She was carrying an infant not more than a month or so old. Another child hardly able to walk was clinging to her ragged skirt. She was young, not yet twenty-eight, and was she mother of nine, and as she was always half-starved, and very often rather more than half-starved, her appearance was not cheerful. She had been extremely pretty in her time, a very short one, for she had made a runaway match at seventeen with her father's labouring man, more to escape being forced to marry a well-to-do farmer of some sixty-five years of age than for any passion she entertained for Tony. Poor as she was she never regretted this step save for the estrangement it had made between her and her people. They had never forgiven her for her disregard for their interests, and it was true that certain calamities which afterwards overtook them were ascribable in part to her declining the rich match. Her father became unable to pay his rent, and had to give up the farm. This they held could have been avoided if the old farmer would have given security, which he would only do on condition of her marrying him. The agent put them out of the farm, which he handed over to a tenant with capital. The brothers and sisters went to America, and sent home money to support the old people, who took a cabin and a small patch of land in the neighborhood of their old holding. Her father was dead, but the mother lived on in the same place, alone, poor, and in bad health, Molly fretted about her perpetually, and although not on speaking terms with her, had had mysterious ways of getting news from her. Mary Cadogan at the post-office had a friend in the same district, and through this person, mother and daughter, without holding direct communication with each other, still exchanged their news. The old woman sent her from time to time a few shillings out of her American remittances, but these of late had become scanty. One daughter had married and could send nothing. The sons at no time contributed anything to her support, following in that the general rule, and she was now depending on the earnings of the one unmarried daughter, who paid the rent and gave her regularly ten shillings a month to live on, as well as an extra pound or two to get her turf cut and drawn and the potatoes set in their respective seasons.

Molly was in more than usual trouble to-day. She generally looked hungry, but there was something more than hunger in her face now.

'Rody,' she said timidly, 'could you tell, is Miss Marion inside?'

'She is, Mrs. Devoy; she is inside.'

'Rody, dear, do you think you could just ask her to speak with me?'

'I'll tell you now!' answered Rody, instantaneously resolving to give himself no such trouble. 'Miss Marion is above dere in the garden and what you can do is just walk in the door and speak with her. She's right forenent you in the trees.' He pointed to the footpath at his back as he spoke.

Molly Devoy knew him of old, and with a 'Thank you kindly, Rody!' and a deep sigh, swung one baby in the shawl across her shoulders, lifted the other on her arm, and so loaded, crossed to the garden door on top of the bank. Arrived at the foot of this she set down her burden and shifted the infant off her shoulders. Then she straightened her hood, smoothed her thick hair, and climbing up the steps, opened the door quietly. She looked back to whence the two men were still talking, in the hope that Rody would come to her aid, but there was no signs of his stirring, and thrown on her own resources, she closed the door once more.

Molly looked around her admiringly at the flowers and shrubs, and drew a deep breath appreciative of the sweet flower-laden air. She never saw a flower save at Mass. Her own house, a cabin on the bog edge, had a manure-heap before its one window, and the approach to the door lay through a pool of liquid filth.

The same kind of feeling came over her again, only not so intense, that she felt at High Mass on Easter Sunday, or Corpus Christi, a sense of rest, of peace, almost amounting to joy. The purple wrappings that symbolised earthly suffering and travail were gone, and in their place were flowers, lights, incense, music. A foreshadowing of heaven, if only a fleeting one, was vouchsafed to her grateful eyes. It was Molly's one consolation, as it had been also Helen Talbot's, in common with the poor in general of Barrettstown and elsewhere. They would have appreciated it still more could they have left their hunger outside the church door as they did the other disagreeables of existence, but perhaps this only added a charm to those anticipated by them in the great hereafter.

''Tis well to be quality,' sighed Molly, but not enviously, and she advanced slowly, and taking care of the borders and branches, looking about her for the young mistress. At last, after several paths had been traversed, she espied the object of her search sitting underneath the overhanging boughs of some old trees, which protected and shadowed the well. Molly curtsied, and Marion having recognized her, rose and came slowly towards her. Molly was well known to her. She made clothes sometimes for the tribe of little children, and when Devoy was out of work Marion took care that Kitty Macan's followers did not absorb all the spare eatables of the kitchen. Molly never came to beg. She was quite above that. Natural shyness, if not pride, would have prevented her. She was pleased with and thankful for the young lady's notice, and gladly accepted any help she could get. She held that God had sent it to her, and that it was no more than her due from Him. He having sent her nine children, they had to be provided for and seven shillings a week being insufficient, she looked upon adventitious aid as being as naturally hers as the thrushes and blackbirds did, or Rody's ducks the worms.

Marion advanced but slowly, and her face was not friendly. She was displeased with Molly for coming into the garden, and she was not in the frame of mind, resentful and despairing as she felt, to sympathise with any one whose troubles were only material.

'I envy even her in some things,' murmured Marion, looking at her clients grouped on the path before her. Molly's still pretty blue eyes had a diffident, nearly tearful look. The smallest baby had gone to sleep on her shoulder. The other, a half-naked cherub, had retreated behind the mother's back, and thence peeped round, thinking of nothing but the bread and jam which the young lady's appearance promised him.

'Well, Molly!' she began, almost severely. 'Who told you to come here?'

Molly was now recovering a third curtsey. She flushed all over her face, and the tears welled up to her eyes.

'I ask your pardon, Miss Marion,' she said confusedly, and half turning to go. 'I wanted Rody to take you the message, but he bid me come myself, and said you were in the garden. I never——' she stopped almost with a sob.

'Oh, Rody! it was Rody! I see, Molly, never mind!' added Marion hastily. 'Come up with me to the kitchen now. I am not feeling very well to-day.'

She pressed both hands to her head, and lifted back the thick masses of hair which had slipped forward over her brows. Her eyelids were heavy, and dark circles surrounded them. 'Micky, is that you? She walked on in front, partly that she might not see Molly's troubled face, partly that Molly might not see hers. Micky kept pace with her gladly.

Molly trotted after them obediently. She had not come to beg. She had a small matter of business, and she hoped that an auspicious moment might occur before the interview was over. The present one was not suitable. They reached the yard. Then Marion led them under a green trellis porch into the kitchen. Kitty Macan was sitting by the fire knitting, and directing the operations of the female aide-de-camp, who was washing up dishes with a truly fearful din. The cat sat close to Kitty beside the turf-ashes, and in the turf ashes sat Kitty's tea-pot. Marion, who knew her ways, had expected to find the tea pot in that place at this hour.

'I want a cup of tea for Molly,' she said. 'Kitty, get some bread and butter.'

'Oh no! Miss Marion. No, I thank you kindly,' protested Molly. 'Good-day to you, Mrs. Macan, and if you please do not disturb yourself. I only came down just to see yourself, Miss Marion. Indeed, indeed!' she continued, 'I do not at all wish to give trouble.'

Poor Molly, she wished herself far enough off, and in her heart almost cursed lazy Rody that would not do her errand for her. Had he asked Miss Marion to speak with her, instead of sending her to intrude herself into the lady's presence, all would have gone well. But now Kitty Macan's face, ever candid, betrayed unmixed displeasure. Miss Marion's good nature was clearly perfunctory; she was not even thinking of what she was doing. Molly could see that by the tone in which she spoke, and the far away wistful look in her eyes. It was plain that she herself was in trouble. It had all fallen out unluckily. Tears gathered in Molly's eyes, and a flush mounted in her cheeks. Kitty Macan, Turk though she was, noticing her embarrassment, felt moved to compassion, and placed a chair for her with some show of cordiality. Kitty had a great notion of hierarchy. Mrs. Devoy was not like the commonalty, and though unwelcome, was entitled to a certain measure of respect.

'Take your tea, Molly!' said Marion. 'As you go out, I will see you again.' She returned to the garden, leaving them together. There was nothing for it but to obey. Molly, elastic of disposition as any one else, before long was engaged in a friendly chat with Kitty, and a good twenty minutes elapsed before she again appeared on Miss Marion's horizon.

'Well, Molly! you had a message for me,' Marion observed, in a rather more sympathetic tone, for she had noticed the anxious look in her client's eyes, and felt sorry for having treated her with coldness.

Molly curtsied again. Indeed, Miss, I am a trouble to you, but what can I do? My heart is pulled in two this while back. It is my mother; she lives up back from Limerick in the Glen of Connor district. 'Tis over forty miles away, and there she is dying, and all by herself. Oh, Miss Marion! alannah machree!' and Molly wailed right out from her heart. 'If I could only go to her, just only to see that she got the priest before she died. Oh, Miss Marion! just think of that lone creature, that reared sixteen of a family, and sent ten of them to Heaven before herself and there she is left desolate to die, and no one to lend a hand to her for this world or the next. Oh, my God! my dear Lord! It is cruel! it is that!'

'Yes!' said Marion, startled at Molly's vehemence. 'It is dreadful to think of it!'

Molly was leaning against the trunk of a tree beside the path, crying without restraint now.

'Oh, Miss Marion! I knew you would feel for me—I did so! And you know they all fell out wit' me because I would not agree to the match with old Phelan. 'Tis twelve year ago now, an' all that came on them since they blamed it on me. But there she is dying, and Ellen Cassidy, that is her next neighbour, she has written to Mary Cadogan at the post office to let me know she cannot pass this week. Oh, Miss Marion, and I never to see her! Oh vo! oh vo!'

The tears, long gathered in Marion's eyes, were running over now. Molly's distress was heartbreaking to see, and it was real, not theatrical, or got up to orderlike the beggars' performances in the town.

'What would you like, Molly? To go to her? I see—yes—but——' She reflected that she had no money. Miss D'Arcy had, but it was useless to ask Aunt Ju to give charity in any form save food. What could she do? A host of thoughts ran through her mind. Father Paul! The idea of asking him was not exactly promising, for he was very badly off just now; the debt on the Church was not yet paid off. There was Father Collins—she would not ask him.

'Molly, how much would do you?'

'The railway fare, it is five shillings. You have to go round by the junction, and if I had it even, to leave the children, I cannot do it.'

'Never mind them! You could not leave the baby. Peggy Lehan would mind the others, but that is not the question. Molly! good-bye for to-day. I'll come and tell you about the early to-morrow. But, Molly!' she cried over her shoulder as she went; 'I don't think I can do anything.

'God's blessing follow and attend you, all round the world, and my blessing go with it, my beautiful young creature!' prayed Molly Devoy, and she turned to go her way home, feeling comforted and relieved. As she passed towards the door, she fell in with Rody, whose conference with Mat had ended, and who was returning to the neglected potato garden.

'Oh Rody! Rody! good evening to you! said Molly. 'You should be the proud man to work for that lady of yours, Rody!'

''Deed! so I am, sure!' replied that hero, picking up the spade. Then he and the ducks resumed their labours simultaneously, and the leafy aisles of the Quakers's garden once more resounded to the thwacks of Rody's spade upon the stones, and the pleased ejaculations of his feathered companions.

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Marion made her way indoors quickly to look if Father Paul was still sitting with Miss D'Arcy. He was gone. His chair had been put back in place against the wall, and Gertrude was knitting in the window sill with her lesson books. Miss D'Arcy was knitting and dozing alternately, and the silence of the room was unbroken, save by the chirp of the crickets and the ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece. The afternoon sun—it was close on six o'clock—filled the whole room with a mellow soft light. Thousands of golden mites were dancing in the air over Gertrude's head. Miss D'Arcy's face was in shadow, and her eyes were closed, but the top of her lace cap caught the lowest edge of the long shaft of tremulous yellow ether. Everything was at peace. The parrot drowsed on his perch; the turf fire seemed to have drawn a coverlet of white ashes over itself, and to have gone to sleep also. Gertrude raised her topaz coloured eyes from her book for a second, her lips continued to mutter the fomula which she was committing to memory, then dropped them again. Marion nodded to her, and closed the door quietly. Then she ran upstairs to her own room, took her hat and gloves, and slipping gently out of the hall door passed down the steps, through the laurels, and out of the gate. A glance alonge the river path showed her she was unobserved. She cast a longing look at the weir, but did not dare to venture across it, not that she was afraid of falling over, but that some one might see her. Then she sped along the path to the Limerick bridge. This crossed, she met Father Collins returning from giving benediction at the convent. He was hot and tired, and had as little inclination to speak to her as she felt to speak to him. He took off his hat very formally. He was a pasty faced young man of about six and twenty, fresh from Maynooth and full of importance, 'more airs than a bishop,' as his superior the parish priest tersely expressed it. He was a good fellow and hard-working, but, as young curates are apt to be, over-zealous and wanting snubbing and keeping down. Father Paul and Mary Johnston administered both these prescriptions, the first-named vicariously, the housekeeper persistently.

Marion soon reached the Chapel House, and, the door being open, walked straight into the dining-room, where Father Paul usually was to be found. He was there sure enough, seated at his writing-table, and busy over a big account-book. The drawers of his escritoire were all pulled open, papers were strewn on the table and the floor, and his reverence's spectacles were on the top of his head.

'Well! he ejaculated, rather surprised by her appearance. 'Well, child!'

Marion sat down beside the desk. Her rapid walk had brought a light tinge of colour into her pale cheeks, and her eyes were bright. Father Paul noticed this change, and inwardly thanked God.

'Father Paul, I want something. You know that creature, Molly Devoy. Yes? Well, she came to me to-day in great tr