19

NORA BRADY'S VOW. BY MRS. ANNA H, DORSEY. CHAPPER VII. feeling discouraged and out of heart, she thought the best thing for her to do, if Mr. Halloran was not in Boston, " Her heart with love teeming, her eyes with smiles beaming. What mortal could injure a blossom so rare Oh Nora-dear Nora-the pride of Kildare!

2

Notwithstanding Nora's noble pur Notwithstanding Nora's note pur-pose—the principle of right which gov-erned her, and the strong will which animated her impulses and actions— notwithstanding the bright and almost wild and agonized shriek, and, rushing forward, saw a woman standing on the deck, with her eyes and arms uplifted, almost frantic with terror. Several of the sailors ran to the spot, and those of the emigrants who were on deck hasremarkle hopes which had impelled her to brave the perils of the deep and un known trials in a strange land, there known triais in a straige land, there were times when her heart almost failed her—when memory led her back to the sweet glen and the sunny braes of Agerlow, to descreted Glendariff, and the fond hearts she had left behind her, and tears fell fast and warm. At such times a decade of her rosary was her best comfort; her next was to go among the poor emigrants who crowded the steerage of the "Fidelia," many of whom were old and white-haired, to was a clamor and shouting from the crowd below, which bewildered and frightened the child still more, who whom it had been a grievous trial to leave the sod where their fathers slept in hope, to go away to die and be laid every moment grew whiter and weaker. Suddenly the captain of the ship ap peared among the excited people. He among strangers. There were little children, also, who were sick and pin saw at a glance what was the matter, and, commanding instant silence, ining for fresh air and nutritious food, to quired to whom the boy belonged, and whom the pent up atmosphere of the steerage was a slow poison, and the un what was his name. "He is mine, sir, an' we calls him Patsy." said the poor mother, wring ing her hands. dulating motion of the ship incompre hensible and terrifying. Nora Brady was not one to stand idle in such g her hands. "Don't look down, Patsy; look up,' scenes as these wasting time and en shouted the captain ; " hold tight and look aloft. Don't look down again, but scenes as these wasting time and energies over the inevitable past and in vague fears for the future. Her stores were abundant, and, had they been less so, she would have shared them feel your way with your feet. That's right. Look up, and tell me how many stars you see through the sunshine. That's it. Look alot-look aloit, you with those who needed aid. In the effort to cheer and strengthen others, she often scattered the clouds which young monkey, for your life !" And so, cheering him and watching his perilous descent, keeping his keen were gathering over her own heart, and filled it with sunshine. She inspired the desponding with courage; she eye fixed on every movement, the cap tian stood brave and hopeful, while the brought smiles to the countenances of silence and suspense of those around him were so deep and intense that the very shifting of the child's hands and old emigrants by singing the sweet merry songs of "home" to them. Her busy hands were never idle. She cleansed the sleeping-places of the sick, and prepared food for those who feet on the ropes could be distinctly heard. Lower and lower glanced the bare feet among the black and weather were unable to prepare it for them-selves. The little ones hailed her coming with outstretched hands or s ained cordage, while the boy s hands strained and bieeding, clung like the talons of a bird to the tarred ropes, clamorous shouts ; and in all that band until he was just over their heads, o of poor, heart-weary exiles there was not one whom Nora Brady had not in perhaps a fathom higher. "Fetch me some brandy and water and a rope end," said the captain to And yet, if anyone some way served. had told her that her conduct was ex his steward. They were brought immediately, and by this time the ambitious Patsy was almost on deck. His mother was rushtraordinary, that she was performin great and meritorious acts, she would have wondered how the performance ng forward, when the captain told he kindly to stand aside for a moment

of apparent daties, deserved remark or eulogy. God had endowed this noble creature with the best instincts of hamanity, which nurtured by a living faith, made her what she was. Ye Nora was not a saint. Nora was not highly educated. She was ignorant of all those accomplishments so valued by the world : yet was Nora a tra heroine.

something frantic.

dead calm.'

as a monkey.

and ag

One afternoon a sad, listless feeling came over her, and, stealing away from the group which surrounded her, she sought a retired and sheltered part of the deck; and, seating herself on a coil of rope, she looked wistfully back, through ner tears, toward her own beautiful islo-the land of her birth and lovo. The sun was setting, and far and near, over the crisp waves, shed a glory of orimson and gold. In the silent and far distance a few white sails were hovering like sea birds while all around the horizon, whereve she turned her eyes, the heavens seemed bowed to the verge of the mighty sea. All else of the world ex cept those broad, rolling billows seemed curtained away from her sigh forever. The solemn and glorious deep above her, the restless and fathomle sea beneath her, the wall of sunlit clouds and dim shadows around her, it

is not strange that an inexpressible teeling of awe poisessed her.

"Holy Mother," thought Nora, "perhaps we've lost the way. How him to look up, and how, as soon as he did look up, he felt strong and steady," [she can it be that we can ever find a understood more fully the necessity there was for evermore looking up. At last the "Fidelia" was safely country beyond there, where the sky itsel' is hangin' down like a great wall? Bot surely, I'm losin' the wits I was born with. The same curtain is be and Nora felt truly that she was a tween me an' the dear old land I left. stranger in a strange land. Friends and I cannot see it, though I know it is there. An' so I reckon it is with were waiting on the pier for many on board. The poorest emigrants had a waiting on the pier for many on heaven-oh, I know it. We cannot see welcome from kinsmen who had sent ou it, but we know it's up there beyond our sight; that many stand on its for them and now waited to receive them ; but, in all the crowd, no one bright shore to wait and watch for our thought of her; no eye met hers with a smile and tear ; no rough, honest hand comin' to welcome us to our home. Heaven is a beautiful thought ! This grasped hers and bade her welcome. life's a dim, stormy sea at best, an' it's a pleasant thing to know there's a happy In all those ten thousand dwellings no hearth-stone held a warm place for lan' beyond, where tears will be wiped Nora. Not in all that city, or in all the broad land, was there greeting or welcome for the stranger. It was hard from our eyes forever." Then the rosary was slipped out, and a decade dropped to bear ; but Nora looked up, and was for a happy death, after which she the group she had left with comforted. Her chest and other things a cheerfal countenance and lighter were gathered around her. The stew heart. ard, who was a countryman of her own, knew of some respectable people, friends A stress of rough weather occurred A stress of rough weather occurren, which continued some days, and the hearts of the bravest of those poor landsmen grew timid and fearful amidst the terrors of the deep. The of his, who took boarders, to whose house he would conduct her as soon as he put himself in shore trim. Thomas McGinnis and his wife re-ceived her most kindly, and she felt at tossing of the ship, the straining of cordage, the wild shrieks of the wind, once that she had found friends. With a few boarders, a small grocery, and kept them in fear of instant death while the storm continued. Nora needed comfort now, for she was deadly sick two cows, they not only lived comfortably, but had saved money and pur-chased property, affording another proof and terrified beyond measureot at the fear of death, but at the unearthly that, with equal opportunities, the Irish are as thrifty as any people under uproar and frightful sounds which sur Nora soon inquired if rounded the ship. But at last the tempest lulled, the clouds drifted away Thomas McGinnis had heard of Mr. Halloran. That was the burden of her heart ; and in huge masses, the wild surges, wear "she could get a single trace of him. of their own fury, grew calmer and more gentle, and at last the sun burst she should feel that her efforts in behalf of those she loved at home were not forth in all his splendor, and, like an Eastern king throwing his jeweled robe over a rebellious chieftain, in token of to be unavailing." So she said after she had told the good man and his wife her story, or as much of it as was necessary forgiveness for some dark revolt, now spread a mantle of sparkling gold far for them to know. But no one ther had heard of him, although, as Mr. McGinnis remarked, "he might be there fifty times and he none the wiser. and wide over the waves. Nora, pale and weak, crept from her perth, and throwing her cloak about her, slipped But I know of a place, Miss Brady, away from the others, and seeking her old place on deck, sat down to think of home, and have a good cry to herhe said. where you'd be likely old hear something of the gentleman you're seekin'." self. A fear was on her heart that she should never again see those she loved ; that her search for Mr. Halloran "An' where is that, sir ?" asked Nora, leaning forward, and speaking would prove fruitless ; that perhaps earnestly. she would sicken and die in the strange land she was going to. The inad-"Why, bedad, it's at the ' Pilot Office, where they get news from every part of the known world, especially from the old land at home. There's equacy of her resources to cope with the difficulties which lay in her way,

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

now, for the first time, presented itself. She could not see the hand which led her, or penetrate the dim mist of the future, any more than she could see beyond the horizon; and, nothing worth knowing turns up, miss that you don't see in the Pilot; and Mr. Donahoe's a man that's not ashamed of his country or his religion, but stands up boldly for the interests of both ; and as for Mr. Halloran, if of both; and as for Mr. Halloran, it he's been to Boston, he'll be sure to know it. Our boy Willie's learnin' the art of printin' at the Pilot Office, and it 'nd be right handy for you to go and ask a few questions yoursell." "When can I go?" asked Nora, full at home. would be to return home in the 'Fidelia,'' Just then Nora was startled by a

wild and agonized shrick, and, rushing of hope. "To-morrow, when Willie goes to work," replied honest Thomas McGin-

"And it'll be a good time, Miss Brady, dear, to be inquiring for the situation you was speaking of," added his wife. "Many's the por girl Mr. Donahoe's befriended in that way. He's got the warm side left for his countrymen, sure, an' never thinks of tily joined the group. Looking up, she saw a boy, some eight years old, clinging to the main-mast, above the clinging to the main-mast, above the last cross-tree. To that dizzy height he had clambered until now, in at-tempting to return, he grew sick and giddy, and looked down with a wild and frightened constenance. There trouble when he can do them a good turn With a light heart, Nora, neatly and

becomingly attired, accompanied Willie McGinnis to his place of business. When they arrived there, the town clock struck, and the boy, finding bim self a half hour behind the time, usher ed her into the handsome and spacion ca her hto the hands me and spacious book-store of the Pilot buildings, and ran with all the speed he could to the printing-room. Nora felt abashed and embarassed at being so suddenly left to depend on her own resources, and stood half frightened and undetermined whether to stay or go away and beg the favor of Mr. McGinnis or his wile to come with her on the morrow. A number of persons were passing in and out, and the clerks were occupied in packing books to be sent away, or waiting on customers. At last one of

the clerks observed her, and asked her politely, what she would have. " I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe.

"I am waiting to see Mr. Donahoe, sir, she said, modestly. "He is not in at present," replied the gentleman. "He is in another part of the building, very busy with workmen who are putting up a new steam power press. Can you wait a little while ?'' " If you please, sir."

" If you please, sir." "Sit down, then, and I'll tell him when he comes in," said the clerk, as he hurried away to attend to his duties. N ra thanked him, and sat down; but one hour passed, two, three; it was nearly 12 o'clock, and she still waited. Every one who came in she thought, must certainly be the publisher; but, disappointed, she atched them transact some light bus ness, look over the elegantij-boan Fairly disheartened, she felt that a good fat of erying would do her more good than He grasped the unfortunate Patsy by his shoulder, and making him swallow anything else. She did not know the way home, or she would have gone away. No one seemed to observe her, a few mouthfuls of brandy, laid the rope-end over him seven or eight times, while the boy capered and danced like or at least no one spoke to her, and she had just formed the desperate re-solution to address one of the clerks, " Now Patsy, my dear, your circu'a

mother. I don't think you'll attempt shortly to clamber up to the ship's sky-scraper, my lad—a place that no oid saitor likes to go to unless there's ad calm."

good girl?" "I have been waiting to see Mr. Donahoe," she said, rising. "I am he, What do you want?" Nora, like most of her sex, was a physiognomist, and it only required a physiognomist the filenging for humehouse Laughter and tears and congratula

tions mingled together over the still frightened child, who, from that moance at the measured. "I am very busy, and in a great "he replied ; "but tell me your glance at the friendly face before her nent, became the darling of every sailor on board, and who, by the time he ship reached Boston, was an expert

hurry," he replied ; in climbing and going alof And Nora Brady told her story. With tears in her eyes which she could not keep back, and a low voice, whose

This incident brought Nora's smile back. It had been agood thing for her, those warning words, "Look aloft; if you look down you'il fall." She deter-mined from that hoar to "look up" always; no matter how great the canweetness was enwiched by the sligh brogue of her speech, she opened her heart. The active, busy rublisher, who even in Yankee land is noted for gor and how dreary the storm, to "look aloft." And when the incorrig-ible Patsy tola her "how dizzy and is energy and enterprise, was at first restless, and looked at his watch he leaned forward and listened with sick he had felt on the main mass, and deeper attention : bat when she mennow his fingers were just slipping from tioned the name of John Halloran he drew a chair beside her and sat down, their hold when the captain shouted to folding his arms, while the most eager interest was depicted on his count-enance. At last she brought her narrative to a close, by asking her hearer "if he knew Mr. Halloran, or heard of

his being in Boston."

"I can turn my hand to anything,

"I can turn my hand to anything, sir," she said, quietly; but at home I I mostly cooked, an' got up linen." "Very well. Persons very frequent-ly come here to inquire about help, and I will keep you in mind. Now you had better go. But where did you say you stopped?" "With Willie McGinnis's mother, is a the hor ther's at moth here "

sir : the boy that's at work here." "Do you know the way home ?" "I'm afraid pot, sir ; it's a long

"Stephen, send Willie McGinnis "Stephen, send Willie McGinnis here," said the publishar to a porter here," the moment. who was passing by at the moment. "Here, lad," he continued, when the boy, flushed and expectant, came in ; "go home with this young comen to show her the way, then make a holiday for yourself the rest of the day." Every morning Nora hoped that be-fore night she should hear something from the "Pilot" Office. She listened

with strained and anxions ears, as even ing closed in, for "illie's footsteps; but day after day passed, and no mess age came, and she began to think she vas forgotten. She was sitting silent and sad one evening in Mrs. McGinnis's snug little parlor, when Willie ran in, and, throwing, a slip of paper in her lap, hurried back to his supper. She turned it toward the fireight, and read, "Nora Brady will hear of a respectable situation by applying at Mrs. Sydney's, No. 62 Washington No Lews of Mr. Halloran.' Place. No Lews of Mr. Halloran. "I dare not write home an' tell that," thought Nora, with a sigh. "No news from Mr. Halloran! Oa, my Biessed Mother! for the sake of

that broken-hearted mother, an' the little ones belongin' to her, help me in this strait.'

Nora, guided by Mrs. McGinnis, who had to pass the place on her way to market, went to Mrs. Sydney's as direc ed. It was a large, handsomely constructed house, but wore a look of faded gentility which impressed every one with the idea that its inmates had known better days. Mrs. Sydney sent for Nora to come into her sitting room, and received her kindly but with a scrutinizing glance. The lady herself

scrutinizing grance. The secy herself was old, and had a care worn expres-sion of conntenance, and she was dressed in mourning which had once been handsome, bat was now rusty. Everything was scrupulously clean d tidy everywhere. "I supyose you bring recommenda-

"Here is one, ma'am, from the only place I ever lived a'," replied Nors, manding her Mrs. Halloran's recom-"Really, this speaks well for you,

oung woman," said the old lady, look ng up with a pleasant smile. "I ould like to engage you ; but before I do I must give you to understand fully how you will be situated. Sit own there and listen. In the first lace, I have a negro cook, who will eep you in hot water ; besides which, am compelled to take a few boarders, for I am not rich, and you would have to accommodate yourself to their "I will endeavor to do right, ma'am :

an' if, after doin' my part, it don't suit, I can go away,'' said Nora, halt terrifed at the prospect. "Of course you're a Papist?" "A what, ma'am?" asked Nora,

amazed, for she had nevar heard the word before. "A Romanist-a Catholic ?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, a Catholic surely,"

she replied, earnestly. "Well, no need to be riled. We're all su'thing or other, and it's right, I guess. I'm a Universalist, but never take it on myself to promulge my doc trines to them that holds others. Only Van had holms that culled there I've had helps that called they selves Catholics, and said they con and said they confessed to the priest, and went Mass, and all that, when, come to find out, they didn't go at all, but shindled round here and there, visiting and frolloking and neglecting my work; and I've come to this p'int, that there's trials, and that wherever one goes he anthing worse in natur than a bad stall find the cross, and that it was not Catholic. They're a disgrace to their religion, and give them that's outside she could win respectability or confi-"You're a good girl, Nora Brady," aid the publisher. "Of course I know" Nora listened with surprise and mor

my life. I suppose I should find trials everywhere and in every situation; so, if you please, I'll come in the morning, if that'll suit." with the cold. Forgetting entirely the builde she found in the snow, she changed her dress, and, is soon as her strength returned, she went about the

In the morning, of course. Be here by 6 o'clock. I think we shall get on; tor Nora, you look as if I shall be able to respect you. Your dress, so plain and neat, everything so clean and tidy about you and suitable to a young woman who has to earn her living,

woman who has to earn her living, makes me think you have a great deal of self-respect; and it's a good thing for everybody to have." In her new home, Nora Brady found that Mrs. Sydney rad not exaggerated the difficulties of the situation. In the first place, Mrs. Sydney herself was in a continual fass about Nora's religious practices, and her going to confession. practices, and her going to confession, to that really, if she had been a bac atholic, she could scarcely have fared worse. Mrs. Sydney knew that her nterest depended considerably on

Nora's religious sincerity and steady morals, and she determined that she should not lapse into indifference through her neglect. It is the fashion of that region to have an "eye to the main chance" in every particular and

phase of life, and Mrs. Sydney wa like the rest: therefore she cherished genuine piety in her help, after her own ideas. Then Mrs. Sydney was dressfully afraid of her black cook, Phillis, and would have inspired Nora with the same terror, only Nora soon discovered that Phillis, with the keen instinct of her class, knew very well who to show her airs to and who not. She was one of the rescued from bond-age ones, and had been made quite a

heroine of, when she first arrived at Boston, by the "Equal Rights and Southern Transportation Company," which not only tickled her vanity and self-love, but inspired her with an idea that her friends, after all, were only poor white folks, to put themselves down so with niggers; so she ate and drank at their expense, let them show her off, and dress her, while she laughed in her sleeve, and was not much astonished to find herself suddenly dropped

when their ends were accomplished. She had been in Mrs. Sydney's kitchen ever since, and presumed no little on having heard it said so often that "all races were equal," and the black man as good as the white. The insolence of the coarse and ignorant black woman. who regarded Nora with no favor, be cause she saw at once how widely they differed, was a sore trial; but after the high-spirit d Irish girl had thrown out a lew flashes from her handsome black eyes, and told her, in a quiet but very way, not to interiere with her, and had on several occasions helped her through no slight d fliulties in cooking; she behaved somewhat better Nora did not waste; and Paillis did. Nora was neat and tidy; Phillis was

slovenly and careless. Nora was even tempered and cheerful; Phillis was like a volcano. Nora was close to the interests of her employer; Phillis was wastelul and extravagant. Thus between two beings so adverse in race, color and morals there could be no harmony or comfort. But Phillis could and no grounds of complaint against Nora, and was annoyed and angry to discover that she feit, in spite of her-

self, a degree of respect for her which she had not felt for any white person before, since she left "Ole Virginny." Then came the old lodger-one of the merchant princes of Boston - who merchant princes of Boston — who snarled and scolded if his candles and fire were lit in good time, and stormed and swore if they were not-who split and counted out his own wood, and mea ured the waste of his candles by sticking pins at regular distances in the one he used. Nora had many a bearty cry to herself, but she bad too much self respect to rebel against Mrs. Sydney's arrangements or authority, to quarrel with one so much ber in ferior as the cook, or with Mr. Mallow about t the disposal of his own goods. She knew dence. Nora knew that human nature

with the cold. Forgeting entirely the builde she found in the snow, she changed her dress, and, as soon as her strength returned, she went about her usual business, with no other concern than a fear that she should not be able to get to church in the morning. When she opened the door of Mr.

Mallow's spartment, to go in and light his fire, a scene presented itself to her which caused her to start back and which caused her to start back and panse. Two candles were burning, one on the mantle, one on the floor. Everything in the room was in the wildest disorder. Clothing was strewed here and there, papers were scattered in every direction, his wardrobe doors wide open, and the bed clothes tossed in a heap together in the middle of the bed, while he sat upright in his leather backed chair, as rigid and motionless as if he were dead. There was a strange glare in his eyes, and Nora feared that he had become sud-

denly deranged. "Are you ill, sir?" she asked timidly. "No," he growled.

"And what has tossed your room up, sir, so dreadful? " she asked. "Besilent, gir!! Is it any of your

business ? Let the room be. I to "Shall I light your fire, sir ? it is

very cold; and you have two candles burning away." "Two candles! I am mad! I am ruined! Pat them out. I haven't a farthing to buy another! No; I'll freeze.

freeze." "I'm afraid you're ill, sir," said Nora, extinguishing the candle on the floor. "Let me call Mrs. Sydney." floor. "Let me call Mrs. Sydney." "Call the police! send for the police! I've been robbed and am ruined, " he

growled. "Robbed, sir! Rained, sir! Lord

save an' defend us, but surely you're

save an defend us, but surely you're mistaken, "exclaimed Nora. "Robbed, sir!" said the excited old man, mimicking her. "Ruined, sir! Yes, robbed of \$10,000. Now go away.

"God save us, an' surely that's "God save us, an surely that's a heavy loss," said Nora, with such gen-uine pity and commiseration in her voice that he called her back. "I believe you are sorry. Well, keep it all to yourself. I don't wish it spoken of to any one in the house, for Mrs. Swdney would go (f in a fix of

Mrs. Sydney would go (f in a fb of fantods, and by six o'clock to morrow it would be in every paper in Boston, and telezraphed from Maine to Georgia. The rogues put upon their guard would escape, and I be left to resign myself to the loss as I best might. So hold your tongue, f you car.

"I will, sir, it it will be any comfort to you," said Nora. "I believe you. I trust you, be-cause you have never wasted my candles or wood, nor opened my wardrobe, nor inspected my pockets. Aha I have a way of finding these things out, but you're an honest girl. Nora

but it remains to be proved whether or not you can hold your tongue." "Thank you, sir," said Nora, leav-ing the strange oid man to go down to arrange the tea table. "It's no wonder he's crazy. Ten thousand dollars ! It's a great sum, surely ; an' I hope in my heart he'll find it ag'in."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sweet it would be once more to see The earth where my fathers rest, nd to find a grave by the soundin In homeland of the lovely west.

Mr. Mallow's heavy loss was kept a rofound secret from Mrs. Sydney at her family, who only observed that he had suddenly become more silen and disagreeable than usual, and that his cheeks looked more sallow, while notwithstanding all his attempts to steady it, his hand shook nervous whenever he lifted his cup or tumble o his lips. Bat, well acquainted with the peculiarities of his rasping, un-happy temper, they supposed that he had failed in some speculation, or had met with something in his extensive usiness-operations to annoy him. Bu the detective police of Boston and Nor Brady knew all about it. He engage the skillful services of the detectives to terret out the misguided and criminal erson who had robbed him. He fur the same everywhere, and if she nished them with a circumstantial de scription of the notes or bills and the wallet which contained them. He sup posed he was robbed between his pla f business and home. He was certain of having put the wallet in his breast-pocket before he left his counting-room, and he had missed it the moment h reached his room. This was all the information he could give them; but they had managed with success more obscure and intricate cases than this, and, incited to extraordinary efforts by use the prospect of a liberal reward, their expectations were sanguine. Toward Nora Brady the strange old man's manner was fittul, but kind. He frequently called her "a good honest girl," but steadily refused the neces sary comforts of lights or fire ; while she, really sympathizing with him and feeling sorry for his isolated loneliness strove in every way she could to make him comfortable; all of which sunk quietly down like soft dews into his heart, warming it with more sterile human feeling than it had ever known before. When Monday morning came Nora was up with the dawn. She had an unusual number of clothes to wash that week, and she wished to begin early, to avoid neglecting her work. Having gathered the household linen, and the few pieces bolonging to Mrs. toward them. Nora drew her cloak Sydney, together, she unlocked the closely about her, and, pulling her closet to take out some articles belong-thick well over her face to protect it ing to herself to $d_{\mathcal{I}}$ up, when she obthick veil over her face to protect it ing to herself to do up, when she ob from the sleet, hurried homeward as served, for the first time, the solled served, for the first time, the soiled and muddy appearance of the nice mousselaine de laine dress she had worn to confession the evening of the storm Mrs. Halloran had given it to her for a birthday gift some months before, and she felt pained to see it so soiled and, as she feared, ruined. owling "Agh !" said Nora, taking it down from the peg on which it hung. "It is easy enough to get the mud out with soap an' water, but my fear is that the beautiful blue flowers an' these roses will beautiful blue flowers an' these roses will come out along with it. But it can't stay so; that's certain; an', to give a chance, I'll shake it well, then rub it between between my two hands to see if I can clean it that way."

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John Halloran, and have seen him too. He is my friend. He was my guest." "Oh then, sir, may God bless you for that word 1 I've got many things to tell him in regard to them he's left behind him, and some jewels Mrs. Halloran sent him, in case his money give out," exclaimed Nora, clasping

her hands together. "And where is he now, your honor ?" "I lear I cannot tell you that. Mr. Halloran left Boston two weeks ago. He went to New York and remained there a few days, then left for the South."

Poor Nora ! What a sudden dark ness came over her faithful heart in t at the very instant that she the all was brightest ! Gone ! Wander

And she here with message ing ! from home for him, and means to aid him. "Why," thought Nora, — full of rebellion to this trial, but only for a moment, —"why could not God, who knows all things, keep him here ?" "Because, Nora, God designed to bring light out of darkness. It is His

way. He brings up the precious or of holy virtues from the depths of the human heart with hard blows. The to control "it. The gems most precious to Him are those which are cleansed with tears. His vays are past finding out, Nora Brady; but they are all right : so look up, and be comforted."

Thus whispered her guardian angel, who loved well the huable and pure minded one he was commissioned to guard and guide. Don't be distressed." said the

publisher, after a moment's thought; "I will put a line in the 'Pilot' next week, informing Mr. Halloran that letters have arrived for him at this office. You must send me the letters. ma'am ?"

If he sees the notice, we shall soon get some tidings of him. "You're a good girl, Nora; and if I can serve you I will."

"The Blessed Virgin have care of your soul, sir, and a thousand thanks for your kindness to a stranger, but I should like to get a situation." "What can you do ?" what say you ?"

tification, but said nothing. "Now, I want you to tell me honest

neglect my religion."

flod from these disagreeable trials at Mrs. Sydney's, where really she found ly, do you go to confession ?- do you go much genuine, true kind-heartedness, to your duties regular ? for you I've had bad ones, I've had goo she might fare worse elsewhere. had good ones

Several times she had inquired for news at the "Pilot" Office. She had too, and I know the difference." "It would seem like praisin' myself, ma'am, and faith I never had such written hopefully and cheeringly to Mrs. Halloran, cnce, but told Dennis Byrne, in her letter to him, how she questions put to me before, because there was no need," replied Nora, with a bewildered look; " but surely there was troubled, and inclosed two months wages, which she charged him to no power in the world could make m for the comfort of those he had the care of, but not for the world let them "I hope not. It can't be a religion that's worth much, to be neglected and scandalized oy them that belongs

care of, but hot for the world let them know how it came." As yet she had received no reply, and the light began to fade from her eye, and the crimson from her check. "Hope deferred," to it. But any ways, I want to tell you, if you are a good faithful girl, you may blending with sometimes a feeling of go to confession every week, and fast me-sickness, gave poor Nora many a whenever you like, and go to Mass on thrae in her heart, and on two or three Sundays, and say your beads, and pray to images, if it does you any good, whenever you choose-" occasions she thought she was dying, she felt so oppressed and heavy.

One evening, the eve of a great festival, she had asked permission and gone to confession. It was bitterly cold. Snow lay deep in the streets, and a demnited for the streets, and a "I only go to confession once month, ma'am, and never pray to images at all," interrupted Nora, quickly, while a merry smile dawned on her face, in spite of her efforts drizzling mist of frozen snow and rain, lashed by an easterly wind which roared savagely in from the bay, almost blinded those who encountered it. There were but few persons " La soz! Not pray to images Well it's none of my business if you it. There were but lew persons did. But there's another bother in abroad that evening. All who had none way. One of my lodgers is a very homes were either there, or hastening homes were either there, or hastening your way. One of my lodgers is a very odd-tempered old bachelor-very rich and as stingy-my!-Hell be forever

quarrelling about his wood, and be in a snarl about his cacle ends, and scraps of paper. I can promise you skrimmages enough with him, Nora, my rapidly as she could through the banks and drifts of snow which were every girl." "And then, ma'aw, he may have his skrimmagin' to hisself entirely, instant accumulating on the sidewalk. Her foot struck against something, and she stooped down and picked up a tolfor I'd scorn to waste or rack what didn't belong to me. Is that all, erably large package, wrapped care-fully, but wet and muddy.

A furious blast of wind came h "No. I keep only two helps-Phil up the street, a chimney fell not far off. quantity of slates from a roof came lattering down over her head, but fell

lis and a white help; and there's work enough to be done. She does the cook-ing and washing, and the other cleans clear of her, and in the confusion and

nouse and irons. I give her \$8 per month; the other gets the same. Now

fright of her, and in the contuston and fright of the moment she thrust it into her pocket soaking wet as it was, and, nerving herself for a desperate struggle with the storm, she at last succeeded in reaching herse faint and arbet "I can only try it, ma'am. I don't with the storm, she at last succeeded in reaching hows. I've been used to it all in reaching home, faint and exhausted

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