THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER XVI.

THE BROKEN HEARY - MRS. HENRY T. BLAKE ON BAPTISM.

safely deposited on the pallet in her little room, she went off to ask the assistance of her old cronies. It requires all her influence to induce any of mem to go with her. "If the man man a good Christian, they'd be willing to wash him and lay him out, but a safely deposited on the pallet in her lit's a shame for you, Mrs. Dillon, to fly in the face of God that way. A sensible woman like you ought to know better. Come over here near the stove, astor machine! and the would kill herself if she went on so. "It's a shame for you, Mrs. Dillon, to fly in the face of God that way. A sensible woman like you ought to know the way." to wash him and lay him out, but a haythen like that, they didn't care to have anything to do with his carcass." have anything to do with his carcass."
But Molly represented that, let the poor
be as it might, it was still an act of
Christian charity to provide decent
burial for the dead. This staggered
some of the women—they couldn't deny
that anyhow, for they had heard it ever
since they were able to hear anything.
Still, they wavered; their horror of
the unsanctified dead was hard to overcome. But, when Molly went on to come. But, when Molly went on to speak of the poor widowed mother, their hearts were softened, and four of them volunteered "for the honor of God, and for the sake of the poor sor-

little use to pray for the likes of him!"
The first thing to be done was to cheer up the women with a good cup of tea, which Molly did without loss of time.
Then the water was "put on" to wash the body, and while it was warming, Molly thought it the best thing to break the mournful tidings to the wretched mother.

While their hostess was gone, the women sat around the stove talking

women sat around the stove, talking over the dreadful occurrence which had brought them together. Ever and anon they would cast a fearful glance towards the pallet whereon lay the dead towards the pallet whereon lay the dead body, carefully covered up. One gave it as her opinion, that they should go to work at once and wash the body, so as to get it over, but the others dis-sented, on the ground that it took three

hours or so "to cool the corpse."
"To tell the truth," said the last speaker, "I have neither heart nor eye in the same job. He was an unlucky vagabond all his life, and died without

gabond all his hie,
e rites of the Church."
"And how else should he die, Polly?"
"And how else should he die, Poldy?" "And how else should be die, Folly?"
demanded her nextneighbor. "Didn't he just die the death that he deserved to die, and that everybody knew he would die? Didn't he turn his back on the father and mother that reared him?
—didn't he disgrace everybody belongin' to him? an' worse than all, didn't he deny his religion, and blastick the worse with disc. didn't he deny his religion, and blaspheme God?—didn't he speak with disrespect of the Blessed Mother of God whenever he had the chance — faugh! I'd as soon wash a dead dog! But, no matter for that; we'll do it, for the love of God, let it be as it may! Somebody must do it. But, isn't Molly stayin' long away from no? in' long away from us? — maybe Mrs. Dillon wasn't in the house."

"Whisht! here they are! — not a word now for your lives! I wish to goodness we weren't here at all, for it'll e a heartbreaking sight I know well!

The door was slowly opened, very slowly, and Mrs. Dillon appeared, leaning on Molly's arm. Not a tear was in her eye, but her face was ashy pale, and the only visible symptom of un usual emotion was a sort of asthmatic breathing, or rather gasping. It was quite plain that she could hardly supherself, and, still, Molly kept graging her with, "Cone, now, encouraging her with, Mrs. Dillon, dear! rouse yourself!— we're just at the end of our journey! Sit down, dear, an' draw your breath a

Mrs. Dillon mechanically obeyed; her eve was fixed on the spot where the outlines of the dead body were but too plainly discernible under the clothes there to hide it. A convulsive shudder crept over her; her lips trembled and grew as white as her cheeks. She leaned back against the wall. Molly hung over her with the tenderest solicitude, beseeching her to bear this heavy blow like a good Christian, as she always was. The afflicted mother looked up at the speaker with a vacant stare; she shook her head, and pressed her hand on her heart, as if to stop its troublesome fluttering. Molly understood the mute answer, and her tears attested the depth of her sympathy. There was not a dry eye in the room, except Mrs. own. She made two attempts could succeed to rise, before she gaining her feet. Then she made a move towards the pallet. Molly, see-ing her intention, begged of her to wait a little longer, "till she'd be rested after her walk. She was too weak to stand such a sight!"

No, no, she was strong enough — as strong as ever she expected to be in this world. She wanted to see her son her son-why shouldn't she see him? Well, well, dear! have your own way; but, och! Mrs. Dillon, dear! don't be frightened; don't look so for the love of God, don't!"

With a trembling hand, Mrs. Dillon removed the covering from off the body and here she stood face to face with the dead-with all that remained of her wretched son. There he tay weltering in his blood, his eyes wide open, and the dark scowl of hatred and revenge still lowering on his brow. The women covered their eyes in horror, but the poor mother stood her ground. Gradu ally she sunk to a kneeling posture and her head fell heavily on her bosom. After a pause of awful silence, she was heard to whisper, "He was good once, an' sure we all loved him. God knows we did-and he loved us, too-didn' you, Hugh—didn't you, my son? och! och! nota word, not a word to his poor old mother. But, sure — sure you're not dead, Hugh?—sure you're not? och! won't you speak to me, just on word; only say you're not dead, an' I'll run for the priest myself! I will, Hugh dear! an' you'll make your peace with God before you leave this world! Oh! Hugh! Hugh! speak to me; you can't

be dead; God will have mercy on your poor soul! not a word! Oh! Blessed Mother of God! Sweet Virgin! is there no hope for my poor boy! is he to be lost, lost, lost! Oh! didn't I often tell you, my son, this would be the end of

Molly here interposed, and would insist on removing her, declaring that she would kill herself if she went on so.

back this way."

"I'll do anything you bid me,
Molly," said the poor heart-broken
mother; "but what are you going to
do with poor Hugh? — Won't we take
him home?" There was a sorrowful
meaning in the last word, that made it
difficult for the others to keep in their

"Well! just as you like, achorra. If you think well of it, we'll get a cart an you think well of it, no some of the men at once."
"You know our Jerry has a cart,"
"You know our Jerry has a cart,"
"You know our Jerry has a cart,"

right off."
"God bless you an' do, then," said

their hearts were softened, and four of them volunteered "for the honor of God, and for the sake of the poor sorrowful mother, that was always a dacent, God-fearing woman."

When they all five went into Molly's room, they knelt down and offered up a short prayer for the faithful departed—not for the miserable soul whose earthly companion lay stiff and stark before them, "for, och! och! it would be little use to pray for the likes of him!"

The first thing to be done was to cheer any the women with a good cup of tea, died in his sins, without a minute's warning!—Oh! I couldn't bear that—

Molly answer, whatever it might have been, was cut short, or rather prevented, by the sound of heavy feet on the stairway outside. "It's Jerry Dempsey with the cart," observed one of the women. But it was not. It was two constables, sent to keep the body in statu quo, till the coroner could find it convenient to hold the inquest. "Lord bless me!" said Molly: "we

were forgettin' all about the coroner; an' how long will it be before he comes, if you please, sir ?"

"Can't say, sometime to-morrow forenoon likely."
"Couldn't he be taken to his mother's to night?"

to-night ?" No! he must be left just where he

s till after the inquest."

Mrs. Dillon bowed her head and overed her face with her hands, but said nothing. Jerry Dempsey came with his cart, and was dismissed by Molly with a request that he would come back next day when the Coroner was gone, which Jerry promised to do was gone, which Jerry promised to do.
The women who had assembled to wash
and "lay out" the corpse, could not
be persuaded to go away, although
their services were not needed for the
present. No, indeed, they would stay
and keep Molly and poor Mrs. Dillon and keep Molly and poor Mrs. Dillon company. Little notice did the unfortunate mother take of any one during all that dismal night. In vain did Molly try to rouse her from her lethargy of woe by every little kindly stratagem. There she sat in her speechless, it would almost seem unconscious misery (if misery could be be unconcious), raising her eyes occa sionally to heaven, and looking every now and then towards the motionless figure on the floor; then a more deadly pallor would overspread her face; the same shudder would shake her whole frame, and she would clasp her hands still more tightly over her knees. The women were all awed into unusual silence by the dread presence of death, and such horrifying death. The police-men smoked, and chatted, and even laughed, as though nothing strange had happened. Nor was the occurrence strange to them: sudden and violent deaths were every day before their eyes, with all their direful accessories desolation. They began at one time to discuss certain notorious passages in the life of the deceased had brought him under the public eye in anything but a favorable light. Molly hastily interposed, and begged them for God's sake to spare the poor heart broken mother. The men laughed "For God's sake!—that was something new;—they guessed they they never did anything for God's sake before—however, they wouldn't wish to rake up old sores if it hurted anybody." So Hugh's edifying adventures were dropped for that time.

Next morning brought the coroner and his jury. The inquest continued for two full hours, and when it was brought to a close, the public were gravely informed that "deceased had come to his death in consequence of a gun shot fired by some person as yet unknown." This was the sum of the official information, the fruit of two long hours' careful investigation. Jerry Dempsey was in waiting with his cart, and the body was at length handed was to the dayslate mether, and conand the body was at length nanded over to the desolate mother, and conveyed to her dwelling. Molly Reynolds broughther friends with her once more to perform the duties of charity, and the corpse was at last "laid out." Watty Sullivan made his appearance, and applied himself, with edifying diliand applied himself with edifying dili gence to comfort Hannah, whose grief was rather of the noisiest. Some of the women suggested that Father Power should be apprised of what had hap-pened, but Hannah cut the matter short with a declaration that it was all nonsense to talk of bringing a priest there; what on earth could he do for Hugh, now that he was dead? These ominous words caught the mother's grief-dulled

ear. "It would be no use, Hannah-you're right enough—a priest could do him no good now, and besides, I'm sure Father Power wouldn't come—my unfortunate son died as he lived, without the benefit of the clergy! Oh! my God! my God! I thought poor John's death was a heavy crush, but what was it to this?" No one attempted to reply, this?" No one attempted to reply and if they had, their words would have been unheeded, for Mrs. Dillon had fallen back into the torpor to which Hannah's words had given a momentary

suspension.

After a while, the conversation turned on the funeral. Where was

Hugh to be buried, and how was the funeral to be "got up?" Here Hannah and her adviser found their Watty, in a low voice. Hannah

wits at fault. " Ask the old woman ! accordingly went over and shook her mother by the arm; "mother! I say, mother! what are we going to do for a feneral?—won't you go and ask Tim Flanagan to see after it?"

Her mother looked up at her with a bewildered stare, and Hannah found it necessary to repeat her question.

" No !" sa'd Mrs. Dillon, with sudden emphasis; "no! I couldn't have the face to ask a decent, respect-able man like Tim Flanagan to invite people to Hugh Dillon's funeral !-no

" Dear me ! and didn't he get up a

fine funeral for father?"
"True for you, Hannah, he did—but your unfortunate brother led a different life what his father did-an' och och ! he died a different death !—his funeral doesn't make much matter one way or the other."

"Well! leave it to me then," interrupted Watty, with a sudden gush of feeling; "I'll go and hunt up some of the b'hoys. I guess we'll not trouble your pious folk to bury Hugh—we can to it ourselves—ah Hannah!—den't do it ourselves—eh, Hannah!—don't you think, if he had a choice, he'd rather have us carry him to the grave than a pack of hypocritical, praying folk that he never cared a red cent fo his lifetime?" Hannah assented with a fresh burst of clamorous weeping. All this time Molly Reynolds and two of her friends sat silent and sorrow ful in a corner near the poor mourner regarding her with looks of tenderest compassion, and occasionally offering her those little services which seemed

That same afternoon, about 4 o'clock the mortal remains of Hugh Dillon were laid in a grave in the Potter's Field. There was no possibility of getting per mission to inter him in consecrated round, so his miserable mother had the crowning torture of seeing him consigned to unhallowed earth. He was followed to the grave by his mother and sister, Watty Sullivan, and some two of his former associates, including Jim and Bill, already unfavorably

known to the reader.

As this dreary cavalcade paced slowly along the crowded thoroughfare, it so happened that Henry Blake passed it by in an omnibus. His quick eye instantly recegnized Mrs. Dillon as one of the mourners, and an icy chill ran through all his veins. Who could Mrs. Dillon be following to the grave as chief mourner? He looked at the other assistants as they passed, or rather as he passed, but Hugh was not there. "Good God!" he said to himself, "can he be dead?—and so soon?" He thought of the last words he had heard him speak, and remembered the dreary presentiment which had haunted his mind all that night. He hastily stopped the omnibus, got out and inquired wh funeral that was. The answer was just what he had expected. All that day, and for many days after, Henry Blake was an altered man. Conscience kept whispering her reproachful accents in depth of his inmost heart, and do what he would he could not stifle that hissing voice so terribly distinct. But the noise and bustle of the world-the duties of his profession, the charms of the opera and the theatre gradually rowned the troublesome voice, the 'still, small voice," that is given us to salvation. A few days—a few weeks passed away, and Hugh Dillon's untimely end was forgotten, at least by Henry. His mind was occupied by new

and pleasing cares.

Just three weeks after the death of Hugh Dillon, Mrs. Henry T. Blake gave birth to a son, and great was the joy of the families on both sides. Mother and in the way of doing well. The third day arrived, and as there was no word of anything like baptism, Mrs. Blake, senior, ventured stion that it was time to have the boy baptized. It was to Henry that his mother addressed herself, but Henry referred her to his

"Now, really, Henry, I think you night give an answer without troubling ne. You know as well as I do that me. I am not able to bear much fatigue as yet."
"Why, dear Jane," observed her

mother-in-law, "it will be no fatigue to you; we can have the child baptized in one of the parlors below, so that you'll neither see nor hear anything

"But I want to know what's the use of hurrying so?" cried Jane, in a quer-ulous tone; "won't it just do as well to have it done when I am up able to go about i

Mrs. Blake looked at her son, who took good care that she should not meet his eye. There was a faint tinge of red on his cheek that might have been an incipient blush, but otherwise he mani fested no embarrassment. His mother was completely at a loss what to say she had an instinctive fear of giving offence to her fine lady daughter-in-law and yet she was really anxious to have the infant baptized. Conscience dictated another appeal to the slumber ing faith of her son. After clearing her throat once or twice, she once more

opened her lips and spoke.

"Now, don't you know very well, Henry, that baptism shouldn't be put off on any account? how can you be answerable to God and the Church to let your child be so long without being baptized?"

Oh! as to that," interposed Mrs. Blake, junior, "he can throw all the blame on me. The priests will hardly call either of us to account about the baptism of our own child. I'm sure,' she added, pettishly, "it's hard if we can't have it done when and where we like! For my part, ma'am, I don't believe in infant baptist at all. I was brought up in the Baptist faith, and am quite of opinion still that it is much better, and more conformable to Scripture, to wait till the person becomes an adult, and is able to make the necessary

But. Lord bless me! Mrs. Henry, I thought you were going to be a Catholic. Henry was so sure of it, you see, that he made no bargain with you about

what religion the children were to be

brought up in."
"I am really surprised to hear you talk so, ma'am," replied the daughter-in law, with still increasing emphasis. "I'm sure I never told Henry that I

had any thoughts of changing my religion. Did I, Henry?"
"Well! I understood you to say, Jane, on one occasion, just a week or two before our marriage, that you had no particular objection to the Catholic projection and if you recollect. I observed religion, and if you recollect, I observed at the same time that it would be very convenient if you could make up your

mind to come to my Church."
"Oh! that was all a joke-at least on my part. I never dreamed that you

like to have our boy baptized by a Catholic priest, if you would oblige me so far, as I know it would please my

father and mother.

"And I know it would displease my father and mother," was the quick reply; "don't you think their feelings are to be considered, too? I tell you, Henry, you may do as you please with your own child; but if you get a Romish —I mean a Catholic priest to baptize

it, you and I shan't be friends—that's all I have to say!"

Henry looked distressed, and kept his head turned away from his mother, who looked from one to the other with an anxious, troubled look. Whatever anxious, troubled look. Whatever Henry was going to say, he was pre-vented by the nurse, who came forward in great trepidation to express her fears that Mrs. Henry was talking too much. This was quite sufficient to make Mrs. Blake put an end to the conversation, and she soon after took her leave. Henry went with her to the door, at her own request, and she took him into the front parlor, to make a last appeal on behalf of the child. She asked him was he going to let his child grow up a heathen. 'No, no,' he said; he would get Jane persuaded to have it baptized, as soon as she was able to go about. He didn't like to worry her then, about a matter that could just a well stand over a little. But, if the child died in the meantime? Oh! no fear of that : there was every appearof life and health about him

"And so, Henry," said his mother, rising and going towards the door, "aud so you're determined to wait till Jane chooses ?"

"Till she is quite recovered, other," said Henry, with a smile.
"Well! mind, if anything happens before then, your child's blood will fall on your own head. Neither Mr. nor on your own head. Nettude Art hos Mrs. Pearson has got to answer for your child—but, you that call yourself a Catholic—you had better look to it in time. Remember, the loss of a soul is no trifling matter. Oh, Henry! what's

come over you at all! My heart is so full that I can hardly speak."

"I know and give you credit for all you would say, mother; but, I really cannot get into a discussion with my dear Jane at such a perilous time !"

"Discussion! why, there's no need of a discussion; just tell her that you're answerable to God for your child's soul, and that you must have it baptized right off. You'll see if she'll hold out

Henry smiled and shook his head. "Impossible, mother I wouldn't speak so to her on any account—at present, I mean !'

"Ah! then, God mend you both!" an : tnen, God mend you both!"
said the mother; "there's little difference between you. May the Lord look
to the poos child, amongst you, anyhow!
it's him I pity, and not you!" Henry
smiled again and bowed his mother out
with a great show of respect. with a great show of respect, then went back laughing to tell Jane what she had said, and how well he had managed to get rid of her importunity. He found Jane under treatment for a threatened attack of fever. The nurse, like a good Protestant, and a skilful tender of the sick, was doing all she could to fan the head cool with vinegar, and other such applications. Mrs. Henry was quite excited, and accosted her husband, on

his entrance, in no very gentle tone.
"Positively, Henry, I must decline seeing your mother any more till I am quite recovered. I had no idea that she could be so annoying. Such a fuse as she did make about that baptism one would think it was a matter of life and death. I declare solemnly I wouldn't be a Romanist for all the York; they are the queerest people !—baptism, indeed and the dear child only four days old ! —what barbarians papists must be, to go dip poor little infants like that into -what hearts those priests of yours must have !'

"Pardon me, my dearest Jane, if I interrupt you. I merely wish to set you right as to Catholic baptism. The priests does not dip the child into the water, he merely pours some on its

"Pour water on its head!" cried Jane, forgetting all about her impend-ing fever, "and I should like to know what earthly good can that do the child? Don't talk to me of such humbug, le him wait till he comes to years of dis cretion, then he can answer for himself and be duly immersed in the mystical "Well, well, Jane, let us drop the

subject for the present; but, before we do, had we not better decide on the boy's name?" said Henry, soothingly, "Oh! that is easily settled, I would like to call him Ebenezer, after my ather—that is, if you have no obje

Henry said to himself. "I wish your father had some more modern name for us to borrow;" to Jane he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and was quite willing, he said, to pay her father that compliment. When Mrs. Blake, senior, heard of

the name, she raised her hands and eyes in horror! "Well! after that, Miles!" said she to her husband, "Henry may do what he likes—nothing he does or says will surprise me!— Ebenezer Blake! Ebe—ne—zer Blake!" enun-Blake! Ebe—ne—zer Blake!" enun-ciating each syllable so as to bring out the full length and solemnity of the name. "Did ever any one hear of a Blake with such a name as that !-it's a wonder it wasn't Nabuchodoroser

they called the poor infant! Oh! then, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! isn't it the poor case to have our Honry's son called Ebenezer, and, what's worse, grow up a heathen—an unbaptized heathen!— bnt, I'll take good care that I'll have nothing to do with him—let old Ebeneshilling of our money he'll rever handle with my consent!—eh, Miles—what do

jou say? "I say ditto, Mary !" replied her husband, quietly, but emphatically— "we'll wash our hands of the whole set, since that's the way they're turning out. But, for goodness' sake, don't say anything to Tim about this—he'll hear

it time enough!"
"Oh! never fear, Miles, I'm not such

a fool as all that comes to !"

A day or two after, when Jane was considered somewhat stronger, Henry began adroitly to insinuate, it would be anything but advantageous to Ebenezer the Second, in a pecuniary point of view, to quarrel with his wealthy Papist progenitor. This was a startling sug-gestion to Mrs. Henry, who, having been brought up in the religion of been brought up in the religion of dollars and cents, had a pious venera-tion for all that appertained thereto, and very naturally shrank from the prospect of depriving her beloved child of any reversionary advantages of that of any reversionary advantages of that sort. She observed, in a thoughtful sort. tone, that there might be something in that. She would speak to pa and ma that very day; she was quite sure they were not at all bigoted, and could easily be persuaded that it would be no great harm to have Ebenezer baptized. A few year sooner or later made so great

harm after all.

That very night, when Mrs. Miles
Blake was kneeling at her prayers, in
preparation for going to bed, there
came a loud knocking at the hall door that made every one in the house start. The door being opened by Miles him-self, he was confronted by Henry's manservant, who was sent to beg Mrs. Blake to go down as fast as she possibly could, for that the child was taken

with some kind of fits.

This was fearful news for the believing parents, especially Mrs. Blake, who forget all her recent anger in her anxiety to administer private baptism to the child. Eliza would fain accompany her father and mother; but, as she was already half-prepared for bed, her nother would not wait for her to dress, but hastened off with Miles as fast as their feet could carry them, praying al the time that the poor innocent child might not die without baptism.

might not die without paptism.
In vain did good Mrs. Blake and her more phlegmatic husband fly over the ground with a lightness that they could hardly believe possible at another time; in vain did the incense of prayer go up from the grandmother's heart and lips—her prayers were not gathered in the golden urn above—on reaching Henry's house they found all in grief consternation - the child and

" Dead !" cried Mrs. Blake, snatching up the infant off the nurse's knee; "dead!—oh! sure—sure he's not dead! —he can't be dead!" The nurse shook her head, Jane buried her head in her pillows, and Henry walked to the win-

dow to conceal his emotion.

Mrs. Blake saw at a glance that it was too true. The swelled and discolored face of the child, already cold colored lace of the child, already som and lifeless, told its own sad story. Laying the little corpse quietly down on its cradle bed, Mrs. Blake sat down and wept bitterly. Miles would have soothed her, but, for some time, she resisted all his efforts.
"Let me alone, Miles; let me cry it

out. I have good reason! Oh! if I had only taken the darling child myself, and given it a private baptism that day before I left here!—I'll never, never forgive myself!"

My dear mother!" said Henry, "there's no use in you reproaching yourself; it ain't any fault of yours, I'm " there'

yoursell; it am volumes sure!"
"No matter whose fault it is," obouldn't be in your place, Henry, this

wouldn't be in your place, freely, this night, for a good sum!" "I think, father," said Henry, sharply, "you might choose a fitter time than this for making your strictures. I didn't send for you to ask your opinion of my conduct. Jane, my love,

how do you feel?"

Jane could not answer; she was in a hysterical fit of weeping. Her son was dead, and she would not be comforted. Not that she had the slightest idea of his having sustained any loss in dying without baptism, but he was dead, dead when she thought him most likely to live : and, like the hapless father immortalized in Scottish song-

-- 'she was left lamenting

That was a heavy blow to Henry Blake and his wife for the time being. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, too, were, at first, very much shocked; but after the lapse of a few weeks, they all, even Jane herself, began to find consolation in the feet, that," poor haby," had not in the fact, that "poor baby" had not been baptized by a priest. This was, of course, between themselves, for they gave Henry credit for more Catholicity than he really possessed. As far as he was concerned, the question of baptism, or non-baptism, gave him but little All this was known and talked of

amongst the Catholic relatives of Henry Blake, and it may well be supposed that our friend Tim did not fail to pay a visit of condolence to Miles and Mary. Now, Tim was really grieved at the irretrievable misfortune which had oc curred : but, as it was irretrievable, he thought he would just" take a rise out of Miles," so he dropped in, as usual one evening to Miles Blake's sitting room, with his hands in his pockets, and his face as grave as grave could be, though the waggish smile was lurking in his eyes and around his mouth. Miles, in his eart, wished him at Jericho; but, on the whole, he put the best face he could on the matter; and, as Tim could not think of jesting on a subject of such awful importance poor Miles got over the visit better than he had dared to the visit better than he had dared to expect. As for Tim, when he stood up to go away, he wondered how it was that he had not taken the intended "rise" out of Miles and Mary, and that, instead of twitting them thenry's want of religion, and its

lamentable effects, he had been actually condoling with them in the best of good faith. Poor, honest, kind-hearted Tim Flanagan; it was just like him, as his

Flanagan; it was just line sister said when he was gone. "He's a heart of oak," said Miles, "After all, there are not many like him now-adays !

I wish he'd only leave off that nasty l wish ned only leave off that nasty habit of thrusting his hands in his pockets," said Eliza, "it is so vulgar! I wonder Edward, or John, or the girls don't break him off of it!" "You needn't wonder, then," replied

her mother, quickly; "neither Edward, nor John, nor Thomas that's to be ordained next year—no, nor the girls neither, ever sees any fault in their father. Its proud of him they are. Eliza, not like some folks I know that look down with disdain on the father and mother that have raised them to

and mother that have raised them to whatever height they have!"

"Why, dear me! ma, you needn't take on so; I'm sure I meant no harm!"

"Nor no good, either, Eliza! I'll thank you to walk up stairs to your own room, if it's not too great a favor! You have a face of brass, my good girl, or you wouldn't talk to my face about your uncle Tim's 'nasty habits.' He has no nasty habits, I tell you, Eliza Blake. I wish you and your brother were only half as good, or half as respectable as Tim Flanagan is! If you were, we'd

all have another story to tell!"

Eliza stood up and put by her work in silence. There was a deep flush on her cheek that was very unusual, but she said never a word, Bowing stiffly and formally to each of her parents, she left the room in silence. It was she left the room in silence. It were superfluous to say how her parents felt, how they looked or what they said. Suffice it to say, they lay down that night with heavy hearts and sad fore-

TO BE CONTINUED.

bodings.

HIS HEART WAS TOUCHED. The young priest had celebrated his

first Mass. The long procession of choristers and servers had wound into the sacristy. Presently the celebrant would come forth again that his hands might be kissed by the congregation, who sat meanwhile in a hush of expect ancy, touched into unwonted stillness by the solemnity of the occasion. The clear, pure sunlight of a spring morning poured through the rose window above the altar, filling the little sanctuary with amber light. Although it was a parish chapel it belonged to a convent of Dominican nuns, and there was about the sanctuary and all its appointments that air of exquisite purity seen only where nuns have charge of the altar. On either side hung curtains of white and silver, against which palms and ferns were massed. The carven brass of the candlesticks and of the burnished doors of the tabernacle shone like gold in the clear light. The snowy white of the marble altar breathed chastity, the air was fragrant with the perfume of spring flowers, and with the faint odor of incense that still showed filmily in the shadow. Shut off by wrought-iron railings on the epistle side was the nuns' private chapel, and the foremost of the waiting congregation could see their kneeling forms, outlined in white serge robes against the dark carven oak of their stal's.

In the front seat in the nave sat the young priest's mother, clasping and un-clasping her nervous fingers, dazed with unearthly happiness in this the supreme moment of her life. Like Simeon she moment of her life. Like Simeon she could have sung joyfully "Nunc Dim-ittis," now that her eyes had seen the glorious consummation of a quarter of a desires. Her boy, her darling, the only child of her brief married life, had stood before her on God's altar, clothed in the priestly vestments, lifting the chalice, touching with hands that had lain close to her heart the Body of the Saviour of men! O wonderful Mass! Nothing that Heaven might offer Mary Gorman hereafter could touch her heart and soul to such ineffable happiness as this past hour had brought h Long labors, grim struggles, heavy hardships were forgotten, or if they were remembered it was only to be glorified, for were not they the steps y which she had ascended to this?

In the opposite bench sat a tall proud-

looking man in late middle life. looking man in late middle life. Black brows marked a face of clear pallor; hair and beard, once jet-black, too, were almost white. He sat very erect, as was his wont, and stared hard at the suniit altar, and his heart was heavy with the thought that no son of his would ever stand there robed for the Holy Sacrifice. An intensely devoted Catholic, it had been the one great wish of Dr. Nugent's life to have a son a priest. God had blessed him with three fine lads, shapely, clever, and good-living, but to none of them came the call their father had so ardently desired. He prayed for it, he worked for it by seeking to bend their inclination whither he wished, but to no purpose. They grew to manhood, chose professions and were prospering in them, but their father was a disappointed man. He stole a glance at the homely face of Mary Gorman, and his own face grew hard at the sight of the ecstasy in hers. Here was one who had been a servant girl in the town he came from, and who now sat exalted as he might never hope

to be.

In that hushed interval he went back in fancy to the little town of his birth. He saw himself the prosperous doctor's son home on a holiday from college, and Maura Raudh, as they called the red-haired Connaught servant girl at Murray's the butcher's, beetling clothes the canal bank, or carrying water bare footed to her master's shop. A poor drudge she was, but happy and light hearted withal. He remembered her well because of her habit of answering in Irish the taunts about her fiaming hair. There came a year when he missed her, and was told she had gone successful examinations, a prosperous practise in a London suburb, years of married happiness and fath marred only by that one baulked de sire. But how deep was his disappoint-ment only God and himself knew. When he saw again the Maura