

friend in me," and he squeezed the student's hand in his.

"When must you return, Willy?" said Frank.

"To-morrow!"

"To-morrow! Will you promise to spend the Christmas with us? I will then introduce you to my lady-love."

"I shall feel most happy, Frank."

After crossing several fields, and meeting with but little game, Frank stopped:—

"Willy," said he, "I must pay a visit of charity to a poor widow here below. Kate told me that she is very ill, and as her poor children must be badly off, I will just call and see them."

"Why, Frank, will you not allow me to act the good Samaritan too?"

"As you please; here is the cabin below."

There was nothing peculiar about Nelly Sullivan's cabin; it was like Irish cabins in general, low, smoky, and badly ventilated. Small bundles of straw, stuffed into holes in the wall, answered the double purpose of keeping out the air, and keeping in the smoke; or rather, as Nelly herself said, "of keeping the cabin warm."

"There is some one inside, Frank; I hear them speaking," said Willy, as they reached the door.

"We'll shortly see, Willy."

They had to stoop to enter the low doorway. In one corner, upon a bed of straw, lay the invalid, Nelly Sullivan; beside her, with her feverish hand in hers, sat Kate O'Donnell. Three or four wretched children were collected around some bread and broken meat, near the fire; beside Kate was a basket, in which she had brought some nourishment for the sick woman and her wretched orphans.

"Ha! Kate, is this you? So you have forestalled me," said Frank.

Kate looked up and blushed; for true charity, like true piety, seeks no other applause than the consciousness of having done right.

"It is she, Mistor Frank, Lord bless her! only for her I was dead long ago."

"Good-bye, Nelly, I must go; I will call to-morrow," and she rose to depart.

"Can I do anything for you?" said Frank.

"Could you bring her the doctor, Frank?" said Kate.

"Certainly, I will have him come at once; poor woman, you should not be so long without him; take this now," and he slipped a piece of silver into her hand.

Willy remained after them, and gave his mite to the widow.

"Don't tell any one," said he, as he went out.

"I think, Willy," said Frank, as the latter came up, "I will go over by the

glen; there ought to be some game in it; you can see Kate home."

"With pleasure," said Willy, "and I wish you success."

"Oh, as successful as yourself, boy, I expect," said he, with a careless air, and whistling to his dogs, stepped over the ditch.

Kate and Willy walked on in silence for some time.

"Kate," said he, "isn't there a great deal of misery in the world?"

"Yes, Willy; the poor are afflicted sorely here; their reward, indeed, must be great hereafter."

"To feed the hungry is one of the works of mercy, and our Saviour says, what we give to these poor forlorn outcasts, we give to Himself."

"It's true, Willy, 'Charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

"And shows the true Christian, Kate: why, love, if you were adorned with precious stones and jewels, you would not appear so charming to me as you did beside that wretched bed."

Kate blushed.

"I have only done my duty, Willy. God does not give us riches to close our hearts upon them; no, Willy, but to relieve His little ones."

"There would be less misery here, Kate, if we had fewer proud Pharisees, who wallow in the luxuries of wealth, and forget that the poor are their brothers."

"God help them! I fear they will have a black account to settle."

"I fear so too, Kate."

"Kate," said Willy, and he took her hand in his.

"What, Willy?"

"Frank knows our love."

Kate blushed and held down her head.

"You needn't feel so, Kate, love; he promises to be our friend."

Kate brightened up.

"Does he? Frank, noble, generous brother! but how did he know it?"

"I think he heard me singing the song in the bower yesterday evening; besides, Kate, he has, I know, some love secrets of his own, and the heart that once loves sees its workings in another as if by intuition."

When they reached home Frank was before them, and dinner ready. After dinner they retired to the garden. The drizzling rain had ceased, and the heavy clouds had passed away, leaving the evening fine and calm. The garden was behind the house; a French widow opened from a small parlour into it. The little garden was tastefully arranged, and nicely interspersed with gravel walks bordered with box, sweet-william, forget-me-not, bachelors' buttons, and the like. In a corner was a small summer-house, made of young larch trees, cut into various shapes; beside it was a rivulet, over which was built a reckery of curious