

the evening she cooked the frugal supper, which she and her children enjoyed beyond everything, because they were together and could talk over all their family affairs at leisure. Then, when the little deal table was cleared and the tea-things washed and neatly arranged in the corner cupboard, good Mrs. Lanigan took up her sewing or knitting, and with her children nestled close around her gave herself up to the pleasure of listening to their innocent prattle, while they told her over and over the little incidents of the day,—how the task assigned to each had been executed, the plays they had played and the sights they had seen.

The humble abode of the family was in a small court opening on a broad suburban thoroughfare of a large city, where the stream of life ran swiftly past in all its bustle and excitement. So the Lanigan children, from their door-step, or the little window in their kitchen, saw many a thing to interest them in the street beyond their court, during the long hours of their mother's absence.

In those quiet hours of well-earned rest, the mother laid hold, too, of every opportunity of instructing her children in religion and virtue in the measure of her lights—not over brilliant, it is true, but sound and judicious, inspired as they were by simple faith and fervent piety.

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Only one of the children was old enough to go to confession, and had not yet made her first communion. This was Bessie, nine years old, a thoughtful, quiet child, whose chief pleasure it was to assist her beloved mother in any way she could, and to watch over her little brother Peter, seven years old, and Jennie just turned of five.

This last was not so easy a task as might be supposed, especially in regard to Peter, who had already "a will of his own," as his mother used to say, and was somewhat