

THE BAILLYS AND THE BAILIFF,

BY ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

We—the members of the Bailly family—would never have left Ireland if our parents had lived. The idea of forsaking the old sod had always seemed like sacrilege to us, for we dearly loved the land of our birth, and especially that part of it in which we lived, including the beautiful old crumbling ruin where we had first seen the light and which we had come to regard as “home.” To us “Ballinahinch” was the dearest and the fairest spot in this mundane sphere, and the wild, uncultivated grounds a second Eden.

We were always a happy-go-lucky crowd, and took all things, whether joys or sorrows, quite philosophically.

Bart was the eldest, and at twenty shouldered the rare responsibility of looking after us—his younger sisters and brothers—with both a father's and a brother's affection and solicitude.

Nora came next—dear old Nora—and she assumed the manifold cares of the household with a motherly grace that well became her, though she was but eighteen.

I came next, and lest my readers should get my own impression of myself, which is anything but flattering, or perhaps, on the other hand, think I am conceited and vain, I shall here hand over the pen to someone else, never mind who.

“Kit,” (that's me—I mean that's I) “Kit was as beautiful as the fawn itself, and just as harum-scarum. She was the darling of the family and everybody else—and the most skittish and troublesome of the lot—beautiful both in face and form, high spirited, generous and self-willed, the latter especially. When Kit brought to bear all her powers of persuasion, of

fifteen years cultivation, on the rest of the Bailly family, they merely acquiesced, for they knew it would simply be madness to do otherwise—Kit might run away somewhere or do something dreadful. Kit was and is a dear girl all the same, and the image of what her mother was at the same age. Bryan says: “Faith! sure, an' the loiknesship that she be to her mother, darlint—rist her sowl—could not be bate for bein' twins—she does so ray-semble her.”

When I look at what he has written I am pleased, and yet annoyed. There are some things that he has said about me that I feel it my duty to box his ears for, and then I will thank him for the rest. I have already hugged dear old Bryan for what he said about my mother.

Well, Larry came next, aged twelve, “a pretty and a loikely boy, but as mischavous a young divil as iver vexed the sowls o' saints in days begonst, bless his hairt,” says Bryan, and I quite agree with him.

Last, but by no means least, came old Bryan, for to enumerate the Bailly family minus Mr. Bryan Lynch, would be as bad (as Larry put it) “as going to a picnic without grub.” Oh, yes, Bryan was one of us. He had lived so long in our family that we mutually considered him guardian by act of Providence, of us fatherless and motherless ones.

No, we would not have left dear old “Ballinahinch,” and beloved Ireland and come to Canada, if father had lived; but he died, and we must go somewhere, for we were poor, and the estate was “swallowed up by incumbrances,” that is what the villainous red-faced lawyer said.

Bart thought he could do better in