## THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER XIV.

CREAT BOINGS AT TIM FLANAGAN'S-MR. HENRY T. BLAKE BECOMES A PROM-INENT INDIVIDUAL.

I only wish it were in my power to tell my young readers how Edward Flanagan wooed and won the fair Margaret O'Callaghan. Unfortunately for our curiosity, the young lady was ceedingly modest, and kept the ma-as secret as possible. Strange to kept the matter Strange to say that, for some time, her father was y confidant, and it was not till she ascertained his favorable opinion of Edward, that she consented to re ceive him as a suitor. Edward Flana gan was everything that she could wish; their tastes, their predilections, were the same—they had grown up together under the same religious training; they had learned the catechism in the same church; heard from childhood up the same religious in structions, and received the sacraments before the same altar. Their life had the care and years in the same run for years and years in the same course. Even in their love for Ireland, they shall still another bond of union. Margarei was Irish by birth, as she boasted, and looked back to he mative land with intense affection. She was ten years old when she left the Beautiful City and the picturesque banks on the Lee were still fresh and green in her memory. She was Irish to the heart's core, and had rejected the addresses of more than one admirer because they were not of her own race. And a genuine Irish girl was Margaret O'Callaghan, with her delicate C features, her lithe elastic form, full of grace and symmetry, her blue eyes with their long lashes and her auburn hair. But better than all was her warm, loving heart, and her pure soul, the living abode of faith, hope and charity. Well might Dr. Power say that Margaret O'Callaghan was just the wife he would choose for Edward Flanzan for he well knew that his favorite gan, for he well knew that his favorite could appreciate the young lady's ex-cellence, independent of her prospects as the only child of a wealthy father. Next to her own dear father, Margaret loved and respected Edward's parents, and she used often to say to Mrs. Flan agan that the prospect of having her for a mother was, in itself, no small in-ducement with her. Mrs. Flanagan, on her side, loved Margaret as a daughter long before she became Edward's wife so that the transition was on both sides

easy and natural. Mr. O'Callaghan thought every day weak till he saw the knot tied. Perhaps he might not have been so anxious to see Margaret married had it entailed a separation, but such was not the case. The old gentleman had stipulated, from the first, that his daughter was not to leave him—an arrangement which was quite agreeable to Edward.

As the time appointed for the wedding drew near, all was bustle and

joyous excitement in Tim Flanagan's. Margaret could buy no article, either of dress or furniture, unless Mrs. Flanagan was with her. Messengers were going to and fro between the two bases the whole day long, except when Margaret came with her sewing to spend the day with Mrs. Flanagan, in order to have the benefit of her advice is whatever article she was fabricating. On these occasions, Tim kept up a co tinual fire on the maidenly modesty of his future daughter-in-law with his arch looks and sly hints. Many were the

" Neds, and winks, and wreath'd smiles. wherewith he besieged both the young people, until Edward would sometimes

say, with a good humored smile:
"Well, father, if you don't spare our
blushes more than you do, I will carry
Margaret of bodily, and restore her to the paternal dwelling. Do you suppose our faces are made of brass?"

Tim, "she said the incorrigible Tim, she wouldn't be long away. She couldn't keep from us, let her do her best. Eh, Maggie? isn't that tree?"

Maggie? isn't that tree?"

Margaret would smile and say: "You Margaret would smile and say. For say so, sir! or something of the kind, and then Mrs. Flanagan would throw her we so over Margaret, and tell Tim to be off and mind his business—if he "And Edward, you get your ive us a tune." Or, "Ellie flate and give us a tune." Or, "Ellie wants to play her new piece for Margaret." Tim was thus "bound over to keep the peace"—which he would scrupulously do until another opportunity offered for cracking a joke at

Margaret's expense.

At length the important day arrived, and a lovely day it was; a rich, soft, antumn day, with the bright sunshine streaming down on the gladdened earth, and the air full of life and full of balm. Both Edward and Margaret had been to confession on the previous day, and both received the Holy Communion on the morning of their marriage. So, too, did Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan, and Mr. did Mr. and Mrs. Fianagan, and Mr.
O'Callaghan, at the special request of
the young couple. It was a beautiful
sight, and one that was long remenbered with pleasure by all those who
were present on the occasion. Dr.
Power said Mass, and performed the marriage ceremony, and when he met the whole party in the vestry-room, after Mass, his face was radiant with joy as he congratulated the youthful pair whom his ministry had made one.

"And you, my worthy friends," said
he, addressing the respective parents:

"I think I have just as much right to
congratulate you. Your children have congratulate you. Your children have entered upon a new state, which will, I ease both their happiness and yours. You now form but one family. Your have brought up your children in the love and fear o God; you have done your duty by them you have fitted them to adorn and edify oclety, and, in so doing, you have laid and their affection you have the surest guarantee for the future peace and prosperity of the whole family. God

meditation before any one comes to in-

Mrs. Reilly was in her glory that morning, and she declared over and over again, that she didn't think she could feel happier or prouder if it

Tom's wedding day.
"Or your own—eh, Sally?"
"Now, don't be bothering me, Tim don't put me in a passion this morning, but it wouldn't be lucky to get out of temper on such an occasion as this. And Mrs. Reilly smiled most graciously

' Well, well ! get into the carriage there, and we'll talk it out when we get home." This was at the churchdoor. "I'm sure we're all in need of our breakfast-I know I, for one, am. As for Edward and Margaret there, I suppose they'll not eat a bit-joy's like grief, they say, and both are mighty apt to take away the appetite."

"I beg your pardon, father," said Edward, gaily; "I feel as I could make a first-rate breakfast—I don't know how it may be with Margaret." Margaret smiled but said nothing, as Edward lifted her into the first carriage. With her went Edward, Tom Reilly, his groomsman, and Ellie Flanagan, first bridesmaid. The elders of the families followed in two other carriages. The whole party breakfasted at Flanagan's, and a merry time they had I only wish that every weddingparty amongst my readers may even half as joyous. Mr. and Mrs. Blake and Eliza, joined the breakfastnarty though they had not able to go and his yo to church. Mr. Henry young wife but they sent a very police note to say that they could not possibly come. They were very sorry, etc., etc. reading of this note was most uncere-moniously interrupted by Tim, with-"That's enough, John! they're not for coming, and that's all we want to know. Let them keep their empty compliments' and 'regrets' for those who value them. enjoy ourselves without them, and, for my part, I'm not sorry they're staying away, for, to tell the truth, they'd only throw a damp on the concern. We'll have enough of the sort when we have Eliza, though it's true she's not quite so bad as her brother.'

After breakfast, the young people including Mike Sheridan, set out on a trip to Staten Island, where they spen the day. The matrons of the party all adjourned to Mr. O'Callagban's order to prepare a grand supper for the numerous guests invited to the wed-

Miles Blake came back early in the evening with his wife and daughter, the latter bent on astonishing her Irish friends. She had herself been mewhat astonished at the good style in which her Aunt Flanagan got up her breakfast, and she wanted to see how the ball and supper would go off in the evening. An Irish wedding was some thing new, and Eliza had an idea that it must be quite a droll affair. true she rather shrank from the noisy revelry which she had been taught to associate with Irish festivals; but still she would try it for one evening, even at the risk of being bored to death would be a rich scene to have to describe ever after. So Eiiza made up her mind to oblige her mother and Uncle Tim by gracing the ball with her

When the Blakes arrived, they found in Mr. O'Callaghan's parlor Dan Sheri dan and his wife, with Mrs. Reilly, Tim Flanagan, and Nelly, and their worthy host, his wig brushed up after the most approved fashion. Tim Flan agan called on Miles, as soon as he made his appearance, to back him in a bet he was making.

"Let me first hear what it is," said ' you wouldn't have m Miles ; oig in a poke would you?—what is your

Why, I was offering to bet Dan Sheridan here a dozen of port that I'd make a match between O'Callaghan and Sally Reilly before the year is out. What do you say? will you back me

"No, indeed, he will not, Tim," cried Mrs. Reilly; "it's only fools like you that are so ready to stake their money. If Mr. Blake was so ready with his money he wouldn't be as he is to day. Do you hear that now, Tim?"
"I do, Sally, but it doesn't alter my with a sly wink at

said Tim, with a sly wink at chair enjoying the fun at his leisure "Don't you know what the song says about the wido w Malone, who was won by the blarney of

'One Lucius O'Brien from Clare, How quare! Don't you know Sally, dear, that

'They all like the Widow Malone, Ochone! They're all like sweet Widow Malone!''

For a moment Mrs. Reilly looked as hough she were about to resent the usinuation, whether made in jest or earnest; but, fortunately her good sense prevailed, and she laughed as eartily as any one present. as a general call on Tim to finish the he song (for he had sung the foregoing ines), which he did on condition that would play him "Tatter Jack e, and hastened to make a solemn claration that she had never heard of nch a tune. Every one present, ex ept her father and mother, understood he comical gravity of Tim's face, and there was forthwith an almost unanim us call for the aforesaid tune with the vulgar name, every one declaring it "a fine old tune," though, to say the truth, few of them of them had ever heard of it themselves. However, Tin sang the song, and Eliza commuted by playing Patrick's Day, which she had learned, she said, for the wedding. earned, she said, for the wedding ormal bow, and said it was certainly very good of her to patronize their old

nationality so far.
"I hope," said he, "you will be able to play Garry Owen by the time our wedding-day comes round?—eh, Mrs. Reilly?"

I declare now," said the lady last addressed, "if you don't let me alone, the whole set of you, I'll leave the place altogether. It's all very well bless you all, and may you live together place altogother. It's all very well many, many years, in the enjoyment of every blessing! I will now bid you seet to you, I'll leave the place altogother. It's all very well garet," said she, when they had ling ered till nearly all were gone; "you are well worthy of him. He was ever and morning, as I have to make my clear out if you say a word of the kind

my Aunt Peggy, and every one knows turned out with her. now badly it turned out with her." Every one did not know, but every one chose to appear as though they did, for fear of drawing out a series, of geneal gical tales. Even as it was, Reilly contrived to give the conan idea of the height from which he

to me before strangers. There never

Aunt Peggy fell when she condescended to enter the temple of Hymen a second time, and that with Barney Fogarty, who was no match for her at any time
-alas! for the dignity of her ancient

laghan, "the feeling of our people runs strongly against second marriages. And, to tell the truth, the women are still more opposed to it than the men. There is no denying the fact, that, in Ireland, there is a certain stigma at tached to a second marriage, especially on the part of a widow. To their honor be it spoken, there are, perhaps, more virtuous, devoted widows amongst the Irish than any other people in the world. As for our friend, Mrs. Reilly, I would deem it almost a sacrilege to approach her as a suitor—the shades of persons whom we respectively ween us and forbid the unnatura If there be any one thing which I especially valued friend, it is her devotion to the memory of her husband. Here the widowhood of the heart-and so is mine, too!" he added, his eyes filling with tears. "It is now seventeen years since I lost my poor Teresa, and he is still as fresh before my eyes as she was the day I laid her in her grave. Ah ! my friends, there is something and he laid his hand on his heart : "there is something here which forbids even the thought of a second marriage."

The conversation was becoming painfully serious, and Tim Flanagan was just coming out with one of his dry jokes (though in his heart he quite con curred with what O'Callaghan said, when the clatter of wheels, and the loud ringing of the door-bell, announced the return of people. In an instant all was bustle excitement; laughing, talking. and "keeping up the fun, seemed to be regarded as a sort of duty growing

out of the occasion.

The supper was dispatched as soon as possible in order to gratify the young people who were all impatient dancing to commence. When it did commence, it was kept up with spirit, and with little intermission till long after

The iron torque of midnight had toll'd

No one was exempted from the con law, which was cheerfully acknowl edged as obligatory on all, save and except Mrs. Reilly, whose scruples were universally respected. Mr. Fitz-gibbon executed 2 pas de deux with Mrs. Blake in spiendid style, remarking at the same time that it was a great pity the minuet ever went out of fashion. Even old Mr. Williams, a veteran leather dresser, generally considered the father of the trade, was persuaded to stand up for a country dance, and it was lon ed as a notable fact, that before all vas over, the old gentleman danced a very good jig with the fair bride.

" I tell you what, Edward," said he, your wife is an Irishwoman every inch of her. I'd ask no more than to how she danced that jig. If she had been brought up in Cork's own town, she couldn't have done it better.'

Both Edward and his wife acknowledged the compliment, and both returned it with interest. The old man's eye sparkled with a long-absent light, as he replied: "Well, I think I did do it pretty well, children, considering that I have three score and five years on my back. I'm sure I little thought I'd ever dance a step again; but, then, I couldn't refuse to try my old feet at Edward Flanagan's wedding. Go off now to your sets, children, and let me rest a while. God bless your kind hearts!

Early in the evening the good old entleman had asked Miss Blake to ance (at her uncle Tom's suggestion, but the young lady shrank from "exhibiting with an old fellow like that,"
and her polite refusal was a thing he
could not understand. Annie Sheridan
danced with him, and Eliie Flanagan, and he could not conceive why Eliza Blake should refuse to humor an old friend of her family when he was ex erting himself "to keep up the fun!" Alas! for the discernment of good Mr. Williams; he forgot that Eliza had should go, but in a way that detached her from her own people, and made her "a stranger in their midst." It is true, Eliza played, and sang, and danced a set or two of quadrilles, but still she could not enter into the pirit of the festival, and it was pain ully manifest to every one present that heart was far away. Her father o cheer her up; so, too, did Mrs. Flanagan and her daughters, but it

was all in vain. Elzia was no hypocrite, and she could Elzia was no hypocrite, and she could not, if she would, appear as gay as the merry, light-hearted girls around her. She felt that her ways were not their ways, and she wished she had not When the laughter was loudest. and the music gayest, and the danc nost animated, she was thinking of Zachary and Jane, and Arabella, and condering what they were about just

Still, the evening passed pleasantly away, with laugh, and song, and spark ling jest, and the national dances of the Irish, to their heart-enlivening music. Not a shade of sadness was visible on any brow, whether young or old (except that of Eliza,) till the time came for breaking up, and it was very natural that Edward's mother should feel and testify some degree of sorrow on leaving her son in his new home. "Still, I don't grudge him to you, Mar-

best of sure you'll find him the was a widow in our family that married husbands. My blessing and the bless- a second time, to my knowledge, except ing of God be with you, now and for ever!' Her words repeated by Tim and O'Callaghan, and then Nelly hurried away, followed to the door by Edward; who would have the last word and the last look at

parting.
As for Tom Reilly, that evening wa capacity of groomsman he had to play a conspicuous part, under the eyes his beloved mother. And he certain made a creditable appearance in And he certainly handsome new suit of fine black cloth relieved by a white vest, white kid gloves and the whitest of white linen, "done up" for the occasion by his mother's own careful hands. Poor Tom never intended to have a wedding of his own—at least as long as his mother lived, for he could not bear to give her a rival in her household dignity, so he always looked back on Edward's wedding as the casis in the desert of his monotonous life. Like "the hallowed form" of which Moore sweetly sings, so was that happy day imprinted on Tom Reilly's mind in fancy's brightest tints, and for years and years did it

"lingering baunt the greenest spot Oa memory's waste."

Now, that Edward Flanagan's wedding is over, we must turn our attention to Mr. Henry T. Blake, who has long since got over the giddy whirl of the honey-moon, and settled down into a common-place Benedict—not a very ober one, I confess, but still a pretty fair specimer of young married men, in the great cities of the Union. Now that Jane was secured, love gave place to ambition, and, as the surest to preferment, Blake began to feel a to preferment. Blace began to feel a craving desire for popularity. He was gifted by nature with a handsome person; education and society had given him a good address, and these were two great elements of popularity.

The field of politics lay open before him, and he entered the lists with the determination to win a deathless name and mount to preferment on the shoulders of the people. He had grown up in the Democratic ranks ; it cost him but little trouble to attain a distinguished position in the party, and he was soon acknowledged as one of its eaders. He had a ready flow of words that passed for eloquence, and his voice often made the walls and floors of Old Tammany quiver, if not by its own proper force, at least by the vociferous plaudits of "the b'hoys," with whom plaudits of "the b'hoys," with whom Henry T. Blake was a popular special favorite. Repeal meetings were at that time "all the go," and Blake, as the son of an Irishman, had a good opportunity to rail against British tyranny, etc. Washington Hall (now Stewart's—the leviathan of fancy stores,) was the scene of many an en-thusiastic demonstration, and there it was that our friend Blake made his first appearance as an out-and-out Re-

"Come along," said he to Zachary Thomson, "let us see what's going on amongst the Repealers. It will be a capital move for us to come out strong-'I can't think so, Henry," returned

Zach, with characteristic bluntness, "what have we to do with Repeal?" " Not much with Repeal, if you will,

but a great deal with our Irish citizens. There was a sneer on his lip that made achary smile. " Don't you know that they are, to a man, Repealers? If you can secure their votes at any give time to be hereafter specified, by attend ing a few Repeal meetings, and spoet-ing for half an hour or so, I think it will be well worth our while. Do you understand me now?

"I do perfectly," said Zachary, with smile. "You would attend Repeal a smile. meetings and make speeches there or the same principle that you became a freemason—for the greater advancement of Henry T. Blake, ditto myself, for Zachary Thomson?"
"Exactly so. Have you yet made up

our mind whether to go or stay

or not to go that is the question "I go," said Zacharv in said Zachary, in a tone of much solemnity whereupon the two worthies sallied forth, laughing heartily much at the pseudo-heroic parts they were about to take in the evening's drama. "Now, mind," said Henry, "I will

first make a speech and do my best to win the ear of the court, then I will gracefully introduce you as an Amer can friend, who is well-disposed to-wards Ireland. I will then leave you in possession of the stage, and the audience, thus prepared, will be all your own-' you can shape them as the potter shapes his clay." Zachary laughed and said "All right." On reaching the Hall, situated or it densely

Broadway, they found it dense crowded with the "friends of Ireland so that they had considerable difficulty in reaching the platform occupied by the speakers. Having exchanged nod with the Chairman, who was well known to them, the two young men who was well applied themselves to watch the proceedings. Henry had taken care to apprise the Chairman that he purposed making some remarks, and that functionary availed himself of the first op portunity to present to the meeting "Mr. Henry T. Blake, already known to you all as a distinguished member of the bar-his sentiments on the Repea question he will himself explain. announcement was received with loud cheers, and Mr. Blake's appearance was the signal for still louder applause. Bowing gracefully, Mr. Blake opened

his mouth and spoke. He began by saying—that he had not the honor of being born in Ireland, but he was proud to say, that both his father and mo (Applause.) He had, from his earliest years, loved the name of Ireland—it was one of the first sounds his infant lips had articulated. His love of Ire-land had grown with bis growth, and strengthened with his strength, until it had become a part of his very To love Ireland, and to had tyrannical power that ground her to the dust, was to him a sacred—a two fold duty. (Loud cheers.) He had come that evening to offer his fortune and his life, if necessary, in the glorious cause to which they were all devoted. (Great sensation.) He would not He would not

further occupy the valuable time of the meeting, but in conclusion begged to introduce his friend, Mr. Zachary Thomson, a distinguished member of h own profession, and an ardent lover of ireland, although born of American parents. He could answer for him that his heart was in the right place.

Mr. Thomson was received thusiastic cheering, which having at length subsided, he proceeded to thank the meeting for their truly Irish welcome, thus freely given to a stranger. He then went on with a brilliant speech, expressive of all manner of good will owards Ireland, and a corresponding indignation against her oppressornation otherwise deserving of all re-spect. Although he could not, like his friend, boast of having Irish blood in his veins, yet he could say, and must be al-lowed to say, that his sympathy for that lovely but unfortunate land, was as deep as though he were born on Irish ground. (Loud and prolonged applause.) What man, with even half a soul, could turn over the eventful page of Ireland's history, without feeling for her unmerited sufferings? He, for one, would cheerfully gird on his sword at any moment that he might be called on, and go up to battle for oppressed Ire (Tremendous cheers.) land.

Thomson concluded by saying that he hoped they would all live to see the day when the down-trodden peoples of the Old World would simultaneously shake off the incubus of tyrannical govern ments, and stand forth in renovated the successful imitators of American. Mr. Thomson then beauty, Young American. Mr. Thomson then made his bow, and retired in graceful confusion.

It is needless to say that the two friends were loudly cheered as they left the Hall. When they had got to a safe distance, they both laughed immoderately at what they called "a capital farce." capital farce.' Don't you think I did my part to

perfection?" inquired Blake.
"To the very life," cried Zachary—
"and I—do not I deserve a compli-

ment. too? " Oh ! decidedly-that touch about the sword was most effective; it told well, I assure you. A few more such speeches as we have made to-night, and speeches as we we are sure of the Irish vote, whenever

it suits us to apply for it. That is all very well," said Zach-, "but I am sadly afraid that Jane ary, "but I am sadly afraid that Jane and Eliza will have given us up for lost. You know they were to be dressed for the Opera at 9 o'clock, and here it is now a quarter past 9. Repeal is all very well in its place, but I have no notion of letting it interfere with any more rational amusement. Hang Re-Repeal is all peal, say I, if it keeps the girls so long

" Nonsense, Zachary, they can well wait a quarter of an hour, when we are detained by important business." The last words were spoken with such an emphasis that Zachary could not help laughing. Good humor thus restored, our two "friends of Ireland" puffed away at their cigars with re newed vigor, and quickened their steps accordingly. On reaching home, they found Mrs. Henry and Miss Blake, and the Misses Thomson waiting in full dress, with more or less discontent written on the face of each. "Ireland and Repeal," were derisively brought forward by the gentlemen in excuse, and laughingly accepted by the ladies

This picture may seem somewhat overdrawn, but, unhappily, it is "over Of those who headed the Re peal movement in America, it is moral ly certain that some were actuated by just such motives as our friends Blake and Thomson. The thousands of Irish men who " made up the rank and file were, of course, sincere in their en thusiastic efforts to better the condition of their own beloved Ireland; but it is certain that many of the leaders were just such as they are here represented spouting patriotism from their while their hearts were full of petty selfish projects. Even now, it were well if our warm-hearted, trusting people would carefully sift the tares m the wheat, and withhold their confidence from public men, or would be tribunes, till they have ascertained "what manner of men they be." Let them keep a sharp eye on the spouter wherever they may appear, or what garb soever they may choose to assume TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LITTLE LADS OF THE WIDOW JOURET.

Fair in summer is the river St. Law rence as it flows blue and placid be tween the picturesque Canadian shores Fair, too, in winter when it lies white nd still as the frozen land. But when the breath of approaching spring loosens the ice chains and they snap asunder and the imprisoned waters with rush and roar leap forth like a ravenous monster in search of prey, and the angre tide lifts the great masses of ice, that one moment are crunched edgewise into glittering heaps and the next swept out into broad flees, with always the black, swirling water between—then the St. Lawrence is a most terrible sight.

Every year at this season the river takes its tribute of human life. Sometimes a foolhardy teamster trust-

ing a last load to the treacherous sur face; sometimes a party of reckless skaters, who go down with laughter on their lips; and sometimes, alas! a little child, snatched from innocent play to death

But whoever the victim, none escapes river is wide and the current swift and strong.

One early spring, the pupils of a convent school, situated upon a high bank of the St. Lawrence, were gathered to watch for the breaking of the ice.

From where they stood they could look across the undulated snow fields to the great city rising beyond in wintry splendor, and their sharp young eyes could trace from the harbor each turn of the frozen river until it lay before them in an ice sheet, broad as a lake.

The surface, so recently antimated with festive sleighs and merry skaters was deserted—for omin usigns warned that Death now lurked where Pleasure had so lately reigned.

was closing, and The afternoon lowering sky of hazy saffron hue threw

over the land a lurid glare of yellow. Suddenly a report like a distant can-non's boom was heard, and across the white face of the river appeared a black

and jagged seam.
"The ice is breaking!" cried the pupils, crowding to the edge of the

steep and projecting bluff. As the watchers stood speechless be-fore the magnificent scene of devastation, their interest was quickened from wonder to horror, as down the white grinding heart of the river some object was seen swiftly advancing.
"A boat!" "A tree," "A dog," were the first careless conjectures.
"Children!" shricked the shudder

ing nuns and pupils, as the great ice blocks dashed down the river's slope hurled themselves round its dangerous bend, and swept into the broad current lake, where under the influence of a deeper and less angry tide, they spread themselves out into wide-circling, majestically moving drafts.

Children they were. O God! Two helpless little boys barely nine and

seven years of age.

They were peasant jackets and clumsy caps of sealskin pulled over their ears, while about the head and shoulders of the younger child was wrapped a gay shawl of red and purple. The larger boy stood motionless, still

holding the cord attached to a little scarlet sled—the plaything that told their pitiful story-but the smaller one was crying bitterly, and frantically wringing his tiny hadds.
"The lads of the widow Jouret!"

exciaimed the hoarse voice of the convent chaplain, who at the first call of alarm had rushed hatless from the ves The lads of the widow Jouret! The

treasures of the poor woman who worked in the hamlet yonder. Unfortunate children! Unhappy mother! Below against steep banks swayed a

treacherous ice sea; beyond lay a broad channel between stretches of deserted land; then came the pitless ocean. And those who watched were help

Close to the edge of the high bluff, with the praying nuns and sobling pupils kneeling about him, his uncovered head and black-robed figure rising like a monument of stone against the white ness of land—stood the priest. One hand he held uplifted in silent enediction: with the other he raised

benediction; with the from his bosom the crucifix of silver and turned its gleaming image toward the children going down to their death on the river. Out from their pale faces died the fear and the horror. They folded their hands as the mothers teach children to

upon the comforting sign of salva-Thus the little lads passed on, out of the lake and into the channel that led

pray, and lifting eyes full of faith fixed

to the ocean. Below the convent, back some dis tance from the river, was the hamlet where the widow Jouret lived -a group of laborers' cottages, buried to the chimney pots in snow, and with small windows staring from the whiteness as the eyes of corpses stare frozen from their shrouds.

The widow's home was humble but snug and warm was the low, white washed kitchen, growing with firelight and filled with the savory steam that rose from a big pot simmering on the

A clothes line, hanging overhead with daintily laundered linens and laces, howed the poor woman's means of live-

lihood. Over the ironing board she was bending, a tall, raw - boned, middle-aged Canadian peasant, with a sallow skin nd small black eyes, set deep under

heavy brows. She wore a dark woolen skirt, whose cant length exposed not only gainly feet shod in a man's gaiters, but portion of brown knitted stocking as well, and for bodice, a loose sack belted

with a leather strap.

She sang as she worked, a tunele chant of guttral patois, but soothing as chart of guttral patons, but secting as a lullaby, for the mother was thinking of her boys—"the little lads," as she fondly called them—all the good God had left her out of ten strong sons and

daughters. Three years before, when the father was brought home a mangled corpse from the factory where he worked, the poor woman would have died but for the "little lads."

For them she checked her sorrow. them she lived and worked and prayed. And they had become the light of her

Such great boys they were growing to be! Why, Jean was already nine and the little Jules was past seven !

Jean was stout and strong, with cheeks as round and ruddy as the apples of his native land; but Jules was a tiny mite whose pale face and thin body caused the mother much anxiety.

"Tiens!" she exclaimed, as the clock struck 4. "The little lads will soon come. She shoved the ironing-board against

the wall and went to the wood-pile in the corner, moving her bent figure with a slow, shuffling limp, as though the hump between her shoulders hurt or hadered her; and gathering an armful of pine-knots and fir-cones stuffed them into the red jaws of the stove, whence they merrilly snappy and crackled, and sent forth the spicy odors of a Canadian forest in summer.

The heat caused the contents of the iron pot to gurgle fiercely, and while stirring and seasoning the pottage a sound like the report of a gun fell upon the mothor's ear.

"The ice on the river is breaking," she exclaimed fearfully, and with trem-bling haste she shambled to the door-

Anxiously she scanned the land

scape.

Behind lay the silent village; before stretched a billowy plain of untrodden snow, and further beyond gleamed motionless between the crystalline trees of the convent garden a bend of the

frozen river.

And above all hung the lowering sky of saffron hue.
On the still air fell a noisy jingling of

bells and clattering of tins that her-

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