

you love, man of toil! and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your books with complex figures, your dirty workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love; for God only knows what the next Saturday night may bring you. Forget the world of care and battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal as Saturday night.

HELEN.

BY GARTAN ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTY years ago in the city of Dublin, near the outskirts of the Ancient Liberties, there ran a short, narrow street, known by the name of Jew's lane. It seems probable that it took its name from the fact that the entire street was inhabited by Jews, each male of whom possessed some sort of shop in the lane. Clothes shops, pawnbrokers, bankers, jewellers, grocers, &c., were all mixed promiscuously together. But the affluent Jewish banker saw nothing strange in the fact of being next door to a dirty clothes shop. Baronets and Earls were not ashamed to come into that filthy spot for to borrow money, and why should the banker feel awkward about it.

Building No. 10, on this street, was a great May pole of a house with a huge office underneath. On the window of the office was painted thus: "Isaac Dozorontz, Banker and money-lender." Inside, the always brilliantly lighted office, was partitioned into two apartments by a green baize curtain. The outside office had a bare floor, a dozen chairs, a huge table and a few books on a shelf. The inside one was furnished in the most sumptuous style. Everything that was possible was placed therein for the comfort and convenience of visitors. Isaac Dozorontz was re-

ported to be the wealthiest money lender in the city. He was patronized by the vast majority of the nobility of Ireland and even London, who might occasionally be in want of funds. And never was he known to do aught but extract his dues in some way to the last penny.

Yet he was a strange, unaccountably reserved man. Twelve years before my tale opens he had come into the street with a daughter five years old with him, and, announcing himself as a Jew from Germany, had secured that office and three rooms behind it, and had taken up his residence therein. But never was he known to go to a synagogue. When he had lived there two years, his daughter was suddenly sent away, none could even surmise where.

Gradually after a few years he ingratiated himself among the many needy nobles and knights. By a willingness to serve them on any and all occasions, he gained their favor, and having wormed himself into many a secret in a quiet way, he soon became invaluable to a large number of blue blooded heads of families. What was odd about him was that he knew neither the Hebrew nor German languages, though he spoke always in broken English. Anyone calling on him found a short, thick-set man about forty years of age, with an immense black beard and moustache, but with features possessed of no Hebrew type. The child, whom he owned as daughter, was the same, possessing naught but "black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes."

It was Christmas Eve of the year 1830. In one of the three rooms behind the office into which we have shown the reader, sat Dozorontz, the banker, reclining on an easy-chair, while opposite him sat a beautiful young lady of some seventeen years, arrayed in dress so rich and jewelry so brilliant, as might have made a queen envious. The banker was gazing at her with eyes full of fond admiration. He was the first to break the silence, and he spoke in no broken English now.

"Helen," he said, "you cannot know how happy I am to see you once again here. Ten long years have passed at length and here you are, beautiful, educated and a Catholic."