The love to the Mother of Godge grea mfser. It it the least attractive to error, in
most absorbing for faith. Strange, is it rot? You, will meetmany of those whom grace has
renewd, mad whit forbade therr appoch to
he Churdilike a threatening spectre at on renewed, ad hiatt forbade cherr approach to
 ther, snd spole to ter in the faith and confidence of a child. Ailey bad not Krown, for many a therefore, periaps, her heart more ardently
turned towards the altar, where Mary looked down with eyes'so loving, and hands outstretch ed to guard ber. She looked and looked, unti
her heart would fill and ber eyes overtiow-and Moeng, that she: was in by a boliness all sublime. ery much to be prtied are young ladies, who
re more troubled, mfinitely, about the colour of their 'tue' than about the altar of the Virgin Mairy, and who talk of 'spirituality' as a thing
only just not ' absurd.' Poor Intue thnass.-
They lengthen life's road only to find it short and narrow; they seet, its pleasure where disappoinment palely stis by the ashes of hope,
aind they forget the sweet smile of Mary! Poor things! Eather Mick bas just come from the chapel in the belght of good bumor. His white hair
thrown baek from bis broad brow, and his hit blue eye is beaming wih beierolence. One
band is in his capacious waistcoat pocket, an the other holds his silver spectacles by the
' handle,' a huge breviary, wili ever so many ribbands, ss tucked under has arm.
Having entered the pleasant little parlor, be oratory, sweetly and suftry suag, by a voice
which toucked his old heart like a melods of the which
sky $:=-$

## 


The good man paused.
Orer his mantel-piece there was a fine prunt of the Immaculate Conception. He felt the truth
of the simple words- a long life and hard labors were a
The old priest, as he of looked towars the Madonna The old prie

> Our life and our ameetness, Oh Mary, thou artu"
and the memory of youth, and fresh manloood and college tumes, and gone companions, and the
zeal and hape of the rong missionary, and death beds, apd opeongg graves rushed upon him - ior
Mary was present to bim to all his life, and her name gare animation to the dead past. Years
upoop years were before bim. Let us not feel surprised if the old man's eyes filled with tearsthe "ears were a luxury
"Thou art? he said,
'Thoo art'l he sidd, and laid the great bre-
viary upon the table. viary upon the table.
'Signorina, be called out.

Well, sis,' answered the roice which had
ready so deeply a ffected him.
'Signorina! 'a gann cried Father Mick.
' TTen minutes, sir,
Ten manutes, sir, -five!' answered the same sweet tane.
At this
At this moment a girl, about fourteen, came
running up, the walk in froal of the priest's running up, the walk in ronl of the priest's o'clock in the forenoon. The youngster's har
fell over ber face, almost blinding her, but by the active exertion of ber bands, flaging it back at every step, she wis able to see her way. She
 are gou going, eb? Where are you runing ?
And be caught ' Bid' by the two ears an shook her, whie she reddened and laughed,
showing the crcele of farr teeth, whiter than
pearls inside her handsome lips. 'O ahave' she sand, 'the quality, is comng dow, and 1 run afore 'em to tell you.'
What qualty? you Banneen beg, -what quality, en?'
'Och, sorr up tron'the' lord's ; but,
some, so she is:
"Who,'Bid-who, eb?
"The young lady
eh? They come to see $A_{1}$-Miss Ailey, and they heaid she was down here; and they said they'd
conie;, and Master Regioald come 'with 'em, and I inn down. and you will', yet a-O, O , here they come,
trué enought.
At this moment Cecily Tyrrell and her broAt this moment Cecily Tyrrell and her bro-
ther Frank entered the priest's hittle green gate,
and Reginald Mooire followed. and Reginald Moore followed,
Cecily wore a ridigg-habut, the train of whic
she beidid in her hand; she also wore a bat and she beid on her band; she also wore a bat and a
vell, a dangerous companion for poor Regiaald
Moore was Cecily Tyrrell. Cecly's brotier with his free, yet steady tread, apiroached; be
wast it the, ordinary mornugg dress, of a gente
man. man. Reginald Moore's band was in a sing
he had his usual calm, self possessed manaer but looked to a close observer erer so litle ex-
cited. -The eye was somewfiat brighter, and
there'mas a litule more colour in the'l cheek than
 We io got o, say Frank Thrrell had
selzüre astort distance outside the gat
was a fine fine litte girl, about six - years
 her fart harf, as môst of the children of Kinma-
cara have. She hat bive eyes, too, fresh rosy



## 

 Sir, sald. Cecily, with her usual earnest look,
and lier most charming smile, 'you may have
lieard that we-my brother and myself- owe,
perbaps, our lives to Mr. Moore, wor risked bis
owo to seize and govern a borse which the day
hefore yesterday had run avay with us. We before yesterday had run a avay with. us. We
came to dap to return our grateful thanks to our me to-day to return our grateful thanks to :
eserver ; and as Miss Moore was said to
re at your house, we calculated tipon yout nature in resolving to risit you so early.'
Pray, walk iv, my dear young lady, s. good Father Quinliran, ' walk in, pray; you'll
hind Miss; Moore here, sure enough; rest certain lar, and business at home done, then the poor little girls. Eh, Kathieen,' be said, turning to:
wards the child whom Frank still beld, 'what re you about.'
'Come, now, say again,', said Frank, 'what
ou said outside the gate? What did you say, Katbleen?' sald Father Come, now,' sadd Frank Tyrrell, 'a silver ant you were peepng un at the gate, and you
said-, I was waiting for Aileg; sald the child, turnaway her head.
Then I said 'What Ailey?' and you said-,
Our own Ailey, answered the ctild, ha! cryıng.
'And 1 asked 50 was she like this lady, and
you said you said-'
'I said,' replied the little one, raisng up her
bead bollty ' ' that ste was never like our Ailey, and no one in the country was like her, and no
one in the world was like our own Ailey Moore only the blessed angels, sald the child, and by a
desperate struggle she freed herself from Frank, and lit like an arrow along the walk, and
through the litile gate. All inside, of course,
joned in loud laughter; but there was a tear upon Cecily's cheels when the merriment sub-
sided.
By this tume Ailey Moore bad been apprized of the distinction whinh awaited her; and it must
be owned that she would have been as well be owned that she would have been as well
pleased to bave been spared. Not that she was indifferent, nor that she had any apprebension
abour her costune-tor Alley was always ready to be seen-but sue felt silue kas walways not why, and
she scarcelf koew what. Perpaps the preval ing feeling was that the visitors did not brelong
to her sphere, and the vist was too mu'h of an her sphere, and the vist was too mu'h of an
hoon; or might be conceived by some, and she
would not hurt any one, as too great a conde-

But she came, radiant as the morning of young suinmer; as the child said, beautifulas an angel,
aud like one. The refiection of tibe altar was upon her finely moulded features $;$ and as she
passed the door, Ceully felt a neew feelinga feeling as if one belueld a creature of the other altar of Mary. Ailey wore a white dress at the
Slie wore a plain blue ribbon rouid her neck, and a small cameo, the dear
Marp, stll in her coliar. Cecily and Ailey were immediately acquant-
ed. Cecily admired the transparent conneliness of her tair and gentle compacion-the soltness sistent to the end; and Aileg saw the character
of a bold and noble, thongb perbaps untraned of a bold and noble, thongh perbaps untraned
spritit in Miss Tyrrell, whrib, by the force of contrast, tuterested and engaged her.
' 1 am delighted, said Miss Tyrell,
you, Miss Moore, or woll you allow you Arley, like, the cliildreu? 'our own Alley
Moore,' she contuauel, in a subdued voice,--
' Welli,' contioued Miss Tyrrell, again address-
ing Ailey, ' 1 would ing Ailey, ' 1 would not exchange the inherit-
ance of love which you seem to bave gathered,
$\qquad$
'You do not think me serious?'
'Quite su, I assure pou.'
'I atn. I see the poor shrink from us, and I
ften know thein to hate us. They envy us and often know thein to hate us. They envy us and
maliga us; we do nol know the good in their
souls, souls, and whatever bumabily we bave is hudden
from them, and not belie ved by them.'
'Cecelf is right,' said Frank; 'every tie be--
tween the rich aud por 'Ceculy is right,' said Frank ; 'e erery tie be-
tween the rich aud poor is broken in England.'
-A dangerous state of things,' remarked Re-
ginald Moore, ' It has beeu the parent of many ginald
(roubles said Aileg, turning to the ciergyman.
( Never,' sand Father Mithe only where the equalizing spicit of Caristianity felt among us? $?$ asked Frant.
There was a dead - :illence. the lips of the partues addressed.
The soul of Cecily broke thro She saw woult Conderfful power, of The curse of pride is upon us, and the greed
of
d of gold, she sain. Religios has lips to teach;
but she has no'scepire to comimand. We listen to her lessons, but we follow our owa caprice:-
Every individual is a church.' 'And tholk you,' asked Auley, gently, 'that
Providence is the author. of a system which so Providence is the author, of a ssstem which so
separates gou, and winch is no cleck to individual vagary or tharoness of teart.'
'I confess, 'carissimai;' said Miss Tyrrell,
that I sometines aun sceptical ; I cannot fiud that I sometines am sceptical; ; I cannot find
"Dolce color d'orirn itial Zafiro,"
The speet colour of Eustern Suphire
cast over any system.
I suppose Alley
Ty 1 supll? ? answered Acginald, could tind you that, Miss
". "Un' aúra doleg senza mata mento,",
At all events, she seems to enjoy it,' remar
Ailey smiled very sweetly.
Yes,' sbe said, and when y

distinction in compared with their affection. To.
see he light in the eyes of the finocent when
you come near then, and to koow that the heart
of poverty grows warm when the por see your of poverty grows warm when the poor see your
face--tolove them-and to see them happy.Ah!
one
oner 'Yes, child, but the worst are never bad to a
woman-therr superior ; who cares about them?
I am sure ont poor people. They are very
good and very patient, and the poor heart is
very fresh in them, en f isn't it, A.ley. A kind
murmur, and, a good word, ' I dolei modi e le
parole oneste,' are a cheap offering, surely, ar'nt they, to inalke old people contented surend ar'nt young
people good. Isn't that so, Alleg, ell sign-
orina ? Miss 'Tyrrell looked affectuonaiely at the old
priest., said Moore; ' no one: resists the good
'Oh, sal 'Oh, said Moore; 'no one resists the good
Father Quullivan. We had. Bill Power not long
agn, who swore be would give Falter Qonnlivan
his aniver, it he came to hin. So be, the that he knew bis grandfather-a a Gine old man of what friends they were, manar, and boy. And
then tee spoke of Bill's mother, and how the
neighbors lored her for her goodness, and bow
weil she tod real wefl she iad reared her little flock. When he
spoke of Bill kneeling before lis mother to pray,
and be himself there present, and Bills liule bauds raised up and joined together, Bill had sin-
gular feelings, be says; ${ }^{\text {and then,' }}$ as Bill tells
the story, 'I was billed enturely, he story, ' I was billed entirely, that be never
scoulded me at all, but he cried down tears, so
be did, and they he did, and they fell on my hauds, and, ob gor !
my heart broke, and I fell. on my bnees.
Arrah! man, he'd convert a field of druinken


But, good father, we detain you, said Miss
rell, after a pause. 'You trap be obliged

no to this unhappy inquest; and you, Mr. Inquest !' sad Ailey, who had heard nothing | 'Alas, |
| :--- |
|  |
| pretl |

$\qquad$ Well, then, we must part, sweet Alley; said
ily, and she liung ber arms around the
girl's neck, as if she bad known her
II shall never forget you-I shall love

## THE REPORTS OF THE IRISH TAXATION

 We are enabled to lay before our readers mbathey may accept as a full, fuithful, and converien
 o parliamsant, with $a$ request for leave to resume
hesr labors dext session. Those reports base been
 consideration, the first reiatiog more particuiarly to
the interval between the pasing of the Act on Dnion,
and the consolidation of the Exchequer of the tro countries; the second to the subseque
'hat is from 1817 to the preaent time.
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repayment, At the option of the borrower, from 21 to
 enditure in Ireland conld be more benéficial thia






