



THE
TRANSPLANTED SHAMROCK;
OR,
THE WAY TO WIN AN IRISH HEART.

" Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing:
Land of my forefathers — Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen, — Erin go bragh!"

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by the
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

ELECTROTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

300

Salome Elizabeth White
presented by her Uncle
Samuel Charles White
1862

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THE
TRANSPLANTED SHAMROCK;
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CHAPTER I.

SEEKING A SITUATION.

"Humility is the mother of Charity."

"We are strangers in a strange land, ma'am," said a neat little Irish woman, in a broad-frilled, widow's cap, to a lady, as they stood in the hall of a respectable dwelling. "This young thing is my daughter — Nilly Clancy; she's in sore want o' a place to earn her bread, but she can give no recommend from ony body, for it's only jist now that we're off o' the sea. But though I can not give ye the word o' a strange lady, I can speak as a mother who should know her better nor ony body else; and I'll give ye

my word, ma'am, that my Nilly is a jewel for ony lady to have wid her childer. She's as honest as the day, and as loving as the sun that shines over-right us. She has no father but God; and he as hears me in heaven knows the thruth o' what I'm telling ye. Please to let her 'bide wid ye till ye thries her, ma'am."

"How old is she?" asked the lady, all unmoved by the eloquence of the poor, fond mother.

"Seventeen come Candlemas, lady," replied the woman, hope beaming from her clear gray eye.

"Very young to be trusted with childer," returned the lady, coldly.

"Oh, but, dear lady, she has the wisdom and the prudence o' gray hairs, has my Nilly;" and she turned to the lady with an expression of anxiety.

This person, a fair-faced and genteelly-dressed woman, hesitated as she eyed the mother and daughter. The lines of care which sat ever upon her brow deepened as she said, —

"I am at a loss what to do about taking

her. I like her appearance; but it has long been my rule to take no servants without a recommendation."

"But, lady, dear," replied the woman, "Nilly could not bring what she had not got. She was niver at service at home, and it's but this day week we landed on your beautiful shore—God smile on it. She'll dale with ye in the fear o' God; won't ye, Nilly, jewel? Ye will be thruthful, and honest, and mindful?"

"I'll do the very bist I can," replied the girl, courtesying low, and blushing deeply. "But ye know, mother, it's o' no use my saying I'll *cook* till they get one to do it; for yerself always did the chief part o' that work at hoome. But I'll sthrive to do as ye bid me, ma'am, till I learns; and ye'll niver have to tell me the same thing twice. As it's a child's maid ye wants, I'm jist sure I'll plaze ye."

"I suppose you are Catholics, of course," continued the lady. "There's little use in asking that, for there's none else to be had now."

"We *are* Catholics, ma'am," replied the

woman, calmly, and with a dignity which contrasted strangely with the fretful, restless manner of her questioner. "We war brought up in that religion, ma'am; but we thries to interfare wid nobody else. The ladies at the 'Hall' quite near us at home were Protestants, and all the little girls went to their school once a week to learn to sew and to knit. These ladies — the wife and sister of Sir Hugh O'Blayne — taught the childer many beautiful verses out of your own books, ma'am, that ye wouldn't fear to have repated to your little ones. And Nilly can sing, too, most illigant," added the proud mother; "and she can knit, and embroider muslin. That last she larnt of the nuns in Cork."

"Nuns! mercy, child! were you ever in a nunnery?"

"I spint six months with my aunt in Cork, ma'am; and she sent me to the nunnery school to learn to do fine sewing. I would be glad to sew for ye, ma'am, when my work would be done," replied Nilly, with an imploring glance at Mrs. Park.

Oh! they were strangers in a strange land,

— this mother and daughter, — and with little children looking to them for bread ; and eagerly did they crave the privilege of toiling to earn it honestly. The God of the stranger knew their hearts, winked at their ignorance of his Word, and was unto them, as unto such among his wiser children, the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless. His compassion fails not ; but many of his servants — themselves sinners against greater light — turn their backs upon those in darkness and superstition, not only scorning them, but also forbidding them to live, by denying them labor. Well is it that God doth not thus deal with us when we wander far from him ; else might we to-day be vagabonds and outcasts.

The lady hesitated, and the mother, leaning against the wall, — for no seats had been offered them, — asked, “ And will ye take Nilly, ma'am ? ”

“ Well, you said you were Catholics ; would your daughter be willing to come in to prayers morning and evening ? We insist on our own children being present, and ought to do the same with servants,” said the lady.

"I'll do that, ma'am," answered Nelly, "for I'm not afeard o' prayers; I heerd Protestant prayers many times at the 'Hall.'"

"But, child," said the poor, simple-hearted mother, "haven't ye been bid many times to mind yer own prayers and let other people's alone?"

"I'll mind my own, mother, dear," whispered Nelly. "Never you fear but I'll be a good Christian! They prays to the same God, and it is to Mary I'll pray too, dear heart."

"Well, you may stay now, my girl," said the lady, "if you agree to my terms, although I'm very sorry you're a Catholic. But if I can't do as I would, I must do as I can."

This was said in a tone of resignation, and with a face expressive of a martyr's endurance. Nelly made no reply to the cruel remark, but hinted that she had no working dress with her, and would have to run back to get one.

"Oh, if you take the place," retorted Mrs. Park, "you must stay *now*; for I'm so worn

out I can not get another meal, having no cook now."

"Stay, then, jewel, to sarve the lady," said the mother, at the same time untying her own clean apron and passing the strings round Nelly's waist. "Stay, and when I feed the childer I'll run back wid a little bundle to ye."

"That'll do," said Mrs. Park, condescendingly; "but you mustn't keep running here to see her every few days. I'll let her have Sunday evenings, and that'll have to do."

"You'll let me go to mass, ma'am?" asked the girl, modestly.

"Oh, of course; for I suppose you couldn't live without meeting your friends there once a week," said Mrs. Park.

"She has no frinds, ma'am," replied her mother. "She's a sthranger in a sthrange land. God pity her. But go to your work now, Nilly, and mind, jewel, do ye so sarve this lady as to honor yer name. Remember that ye are a child o' Dinnis Clancy, as honest a man as iver God made." This was said in a whisper, and courtesying to Mrs. Park, Nora Clancy de-

scended the steps. Was it with a heart softened toward the faith she had been taught to call heresy? or was it with a firmer purpose to shun its teachings, and to cleave to her own church more strongly than ever?

Was Jesus honored and his pure faith exalted that day in the esteem of those benighted ones? or was he, by the cold, harsh manner of a professed follower, wounded in the house of his friends?

CHAPTER II.

FIRST NIGHT IN A NEW HOME.

"The stranger's heart, oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
'Neath the green shadow of thy trees
The stranger finds no rest with thee."

THE clock struck three, and with whoop and bound three rosy-cheeked boys burst into the door of Mrs. Park's dining room, followed by two little girls carrying bags of books.

"O mother, I'm so tired," cried little Essie.

"I'm hungry, mother," shouted Joe, a stout fellow of eleven years; while the two older boys hung up their coats and caps in the side hall.

"Hush, boys," whispered Mary, a tall girl of fifteen years; "mother has got one girl at last; are you not glad? Poor mother, she looks so tired! But such a pretty girl — I don't believe she is Irish! She looks so pleasant

I know she'll be kind to us." So the boys dropped in, one after the other, to take a peep at Nelly, as, under their mother's guidance, she was taking up the dinner. They smiled on her, and she smiled on them in return, saying, "I'm glad I've got where's children. I would be so lonely widout;" and they formed a league almost before a word was exchanged between them—Nelly Clancy and the five little Park children. So tidily did the young stranger do up her work after dinner, and so well did Mrs. Park like her modest, respectful manner, that she gave her—almost unknown to herself—her confidence before the sun went down on the first day of her service. In the evening she listened to her husband's entreaty, and accompanied him to a distant part of the city to see a sick sister, leaving Nelly in charge of house and children. After the departure of their parents they all went into the common sitting room, and, while the larger boys prepared to study the morrow's lesson, Essie, the pet of the household, sprang into Nelly's lap, and putting her arms about her neck—children are not born aristocrats—said,—

"Why, Nelly, I think you are the prettiest servant I ever saw. You ain't Irish, I'm sure."

"Yes, darlin'," said Nelly, smiling, "I'm *all Irish*. I lived in a nate little town jist fornenst the city o' Cork, and it's only seven days since we landed here."

"You are *not* Irish, I know," cried Joe, in a boisterous tone, leaving his books and coming up with the air of a judge. "I bet I can tell Irish wherever I see them."

"What do you think I am, thin, little master?" asked the girl, pleasantly.

"Why," replied Joe, eyeing her from head to foot, "you are either a Scotch or a Nova Scotia girl. You are not half green enough for a Paddy."

"Joe, Joe!" cried Mary, reprovingly, "I shall tell mother if you speak to Nelly in that way."

"Well, I don't care," cried Joe; "she needn't try to fool me by making me believe she's Irish. I know she is not. I can tell a Paddy before she speaks."

"I guess she knows what country she came from," said Fred, the oldest boy, kind-

ly. "There are all sorts of people in Nelly's country, some grander than any ever you saw in America — dukes and lords, who live in fine castles and own whole villages. Why, Joe, did you not know that Miss Edgeworth, whose books you like so well, was an Irish lady? Goldsmith, too, who wrote the Vicar of Wakefield, was a native of Ireland."

"Guess so!" cried Joe, scornfully.

"Nelly," said Mary, gently, coming to her and sitting down beside her, "you must excuse Joe, he learns so many naughty things at school. He won't speak so again, will you, Josey?"

"Yes, if I've a mind to, I will," retorted the rude boy. "I said I knew she wasn't a Paddy. Mother has been without any girl two weeks just because she declared she would not have one of them again! She said the whole nation were thieves, and that our girls had almost stolen the eyes out of her head. And do you think mother would have another after saying that? Do you think she'd tell a lie?"

Nelly colored deeply, turned the back of her chair toward the naughty boy, and said,—

"I'm not what ye call a 'Paddy,' though God gave me my birth in Ireland. There's as well larned and dacent people there as in any land, though it is a cruel place for the poor to bring up their childer in; and its because of the hard taxes and heavy church rates that there's so many poor wretches there who can't get bread, and so begs their way over to America. But the rest of ye will belave me, if Masther Joe don't, that *I'm* not come of that sort, though I am Irish. My father was a thrifty farmer, and little thought his darlins would cross the sea to seek bread, and himself in the grave! Heaven help us!"

Fred and Mary looked pitifully on the poor girl as she wiped the tears with the corner of her apron, and little Essie reached up her hand and stroked the smooth, brown hair on her brow, although she did not quite understand the cause of her grief.

"Never mind, Nelly," said Mary, "we'll all be kind to you, and if Joe chooses to be cruel and naughty he'll suffer most himself. I should like very much to hear some time about your home, and what you used to do

there — how you played, and what you read, and where you went on holidays.”

“Oh, do tell us a story,” cried Essie. “Bridget used to tell about her father’s donkeys which drew the peat. O Nelly, don’t you think, one of them broke his leg; and after a while, when he couldn’t be cured, he had to be shot! Wasn’t that too bad? And then old Mr. Flynn had only one donkey, and that was ever so blind! and so he couldn’t sell peat, and got real poor, and then Bridget had to come over here to get money to buy bread for the rest of them. Father sent lots home, and oh, how glad they used to be!”

Joe had by this time become interested in the conversation, and slipped round into the group. “*I like Irish stories,*” he remarked; but Nelly did not look at him.

“Did your father keep donkeys, and sell peat?” asked Essie.

“No, darlin; he kept two horses, and sold oats, and flax, and potatoes, like your farmers here.”

“And wasn’t your house made of mud, with ground for the floor? Bridget’s was.”

"No, darlin," said Nelly, smiling; "it was a viry old house, where my father's grand-father lived. It was made of old gray stone, and had stone floors below stairs. It was not a fine house, but oh, it was a happy home; and it makes the tears come to think that I shall niver see it again. I left the best frind I ever had there in the grave. Oh, he was a beauty of a man, and the lovinest father in all the world. Heaven rest his sowl! But, childer dear, it is now the time I was bid to put little darlin into her bed."

"Oh, never mind that," cried Joe; "half an hour is nothing; tell us a story; mother never will know it."

"I shall do as she bid me, whether she know it or not," said Nelly.

"I wanted to hear the rest about your father," said Joe.

"There is no more about him now. We put him in the ground, and after we put a cross over him, we left him with God, and came to a strange land."

"A cross!" shouted Joe; "then you're a Catholic! There! Mother has told every

body that she would never have another Catholic to live with her again, if she never had help!"

"Well, I'm very sorry I came," sighed the poor girl; "but I can go if she does not want me."

"Don't mind him, Nelly," said Fred; "he always repeats every word he hears!"

"He wouldn't repeat what he didn't hear," replied Nelly, "and I'm sure I can never be happy here if your mother hates my religion so."

"Mother doesn't *hate*," said the gentle Mary Park. "She believes we are right, and you wrong; so she wants all to think as she does, that they may go to heaven. If we all pray to God he will lead us right."

"But how shall we know when we are right, miss?" asked Nelly. "Ye believes what your mother and father tould ye, and I did the same, and yet there's great differ in our religions."

"We must search God's word, and go exactly as that commands us," said Mary, coloring deeply, for she felt that she herself

had not done so, but like the child of the Catholic, had taken her faith on trust.

"Will, will!" exclaimed Nelly, sighing; "God help us, for we are poor creatures! I'll try to love God and to love every body, and then I can't get far astray."

Joe was one of those clear-sighted and bright-minded boys who take nothing on another's word, but ask reasons for every thing. He had no fear of any one, and, we are sorry to say, very little respect for any one. His prejudices, like those of his mother, were very strong, so that he was in danger of looking on all who disagreed with him on any subject as enemies. Unfortunately, all Mrs. Park's prejudices, annoyances and anxieties were made the subjects of conversation in her family; and while the older children remembered the softening remarks thrown in by their gentler-hearted father, Joe, forgetting these, imbibed and retained all the bitterness. On hearing Nelly say, "I'll try to love God and to love every body," he at once remembered all he had heard said of the deception of her people, and said, "I guess you will!

God don't want your love while you worship pictures and pray to a cross."

Nelly Clancy, like all the more intelligent of her church, denied this; asserting that she only used the cross and the pictures as emblems to help her faith.

"You needn't tell me that," replied the cruel boy; "my mother knows, and she says that all your folks pray to images, and that you worship the Virgin Mary. Bridget used to mumble prayers by the hour, and pay Father Rafferty twenty-five cents a week for forgiving her sins, and then steal enough to make it up."

"Thin she war a wicked girl, and war not worthy the name o' Catholic," said Nelly, showing much agitation. "A priest as would give her absolution that way must be an evil man crept into a hooly place. I don't belave he iver did it."

"Be still, Joe," cried Fred, "or I'll surely tell father when he comes in."

"You had better go to bed, brother," said Mary, soothingly; and putting her arm around his neck, she whispered, "Poor thing, Joe, she's a stranger."

“Well,” cried he, aloud, “she needn’t contradict me. I guess mother knows, and she says the priests are all scamps, who swindle them out of their money, and sell them licenses to steal and get drunk; and *she* knows it as well as we do.”

“I never knew but one priest in my life,” replied Nelly, “our own parish priest; and he was a thrue father to all his people.”

How could she help denying this wholesale charge when her own heart told her that this kind old man, of whom she spoke, lived for his people, sharing with the needy, and leading an honest, frugal life? This was really so, — rare as such a man may be among the priesthood here, — and Nelly knew it; yet this rude, forward boy was determined to make her say that he was a cruel tyrant and a wine-bibber; and while they argued the point, Nelly’s mother came with her bundle and detained her a little while in the hall. Poor, sweet Essie — little caring whether the pope lived or died; whether the Romish or the Protestant church prevailed — slept in her chair.

While mother and daughter were enjoying

a few moments' harmless conversation Mrs. Park returned. Great was her displeasure at the appearance of things in the sitting room. Fred and Mary began justifying Nelly, and complaining of Joe's rude behavior.

The mother only replied, "Nelly was not to obey Joe's orders, but mine," and then bade them all be seated for prayers, as if their evening devotions were but a cold formality. The father prayed as if his heart was in his petitions, earnestly commending the lambs of his little fold to the care of the heavenly Shepherd, not forgetting the young stranger beneath their roof; but his, we fear, was the only praying heart in all the band.

The mother — anxious, worried soul — was too much annoyed to fix her mind on aught beyond her cares; the children were half asleep; and poor Nelly — her thoughts were on Joe's abuse of the Catholics, and she was probably weighing the chances of keeping her place. And yet this mother, professing godliness, — perhaps a real Christian, — would not have dared to send her little ones to their pillows without having gathered them around the family altar. After the "Amen,"

all were dismissed ; the children with a kiss, and the servant with, " I hope you will rise without being called." Why could she not have said, " Good night, Nelly ; ask God to bless you in your new home, that you may be useful and happy here" ? It would have been a very little thing, have cost but little exertion, and might have caused a new sun to have arisen on the clouded sky of the fatherless. But no ; she was weary and out of spirits ; her little one was asleep ; her house was not in perfect order ; therefore she could not smile, could not love, could not pity. Discontent and petulance are very contagious ; so, when Mrs. Park said, with a deep-drawn sigh, " Go to bed, children, and, Mary, show Nelly her room," they moved off like culprits, rather than scattered like little lambs, as children should do, to the fold for the night. Mary was silent, and when she reached Nelly's door did not say, " Good night," but only, " This is the room ;" and Nelly — having looked upon her and Fred as friends and champions — now felt deeply that she was in a strange house — alone. Her heart flew back to the little garret in an

adjoining street, where slept lovingly, side by side, her mother and the children. Below stairs here were sofas, carpets, and chandeliers; here were pictures and many other things which to Nelly's innocent eyes seemed very splendid; in that little garret, whither went her heart, were three deal chests, one rude bedstead, and a few dishes — *that was all*. But her loving heart ached for the home of poverty, which seemed like a fairy palace in comparison with this. Oh, how little of earthly store it requires to make us blest!

Nelly drew her beads from her pocket, muttered half a dozen prayers in a parrot-like manner to the Virgin, and lay down to rest; but her soul was troubled, and reached out for some consolation which she knew not. She remembered her home over the sea, and wondered why God had thus closed its doors against them, and scattered them in a strange land, when he was their Father. She looked forward to the want which might overtake them in the cold winter, and felt that they had no refuge. She needed the consolations of the gospel,

but, although sleeping beneath the roof of those who had long professed to know their blessedness, was as ignorant of them as are the heathen over the sea. God pity the heathen every where !

The far-off places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty ; but the wilds of our own land echo with cries to the Great Spirit, who, to the dark-browed worshippers, is an unknown God ; the rice swamp and the cane brake teem with millions who are as ignorant of God as were their forefathers on the burning sands of Africa ; ay, and hovering around our own hearthstones, moving through our own chambers, are those who seek unto "lying vanities," and trust to their own good deeds and penances for their souls' salvation.

Who of us, while we labor for the distant, will not also strive to keep our souls clear of the blood of those whom God hath sent to our homes ? Who of us, while we live to shelter and love our own precious children, will not cast the mantle of our Christian charity and our womanly compassion over all the poor, unloved, and untutored children of superstition ?

CHAPTER III.

BALLYGURK AND THE PEOPLE THERE.

"My own sweet home of other days."

GREEN glowed the shamrock fields, and merry sang the throstle and the lark, around the little village of Ballygurk. The swallows flew and twittered about the tower of the old stone church, the wild bee hummed, and the gay butterfly flitted among the headstones, and lighted upon the crosses erected in the churchyard. The merry, well-fed herdsboy whistled as he drove his cows to pasture, rejoicing with his fellow-peasants in the sunshine of Sir Hugh O'Blayne's benevolence. This gentleman's castle stood, old, high, and frowning above the little village where dwelt the people who fed his flocks and tilled his acres. Most of these were, like himself, Protestants. Near by was the seat of a powerful Catholic gentleman, who, although abroad with his family,

kept a priest and a schoolmaster for those of the place who were of his faith, lest they might be led astray. And thus were the lines drawn as tightly between the two classes as if they were of a different blood and language. Sir Patrick O'Neil, however, in his desire for the comfort of the poor people, had lost sight of the true policy of his church. He chose for their spiritual guide a good-tempered, jolly old man, who, if he were not disturbed too much, would be content to let all do as they chose. He read mass every Sunday morning, listened to confession, administered extreme unction to the dying, and prayed all souls out of purgatory, whether his hand were crossed with silver or not. He was a Catholic from the cradle, and believed all others must be the same if they expected to enter heaven; but the main anxiety of life with him was to have enough to eat and drink, time to sleep, and tobacco to smoke. If he chanced to have money enough, he would scatter it among the poor of his flock with a lavishness which made him almost adored among them. Not unfrequently as the poor, gaunt,

young priest whom he called his "curate" was dismissing the children from his school, Father Sweeney would suddenly appear among them, and throwing down a handful of coppers, stand and laugh to see the chubby urchins scramble for them, and then, while the adjacent churchyard rung with his deep-toned laughter, tell the successful ones to run off and buy "sweeties" to divide among the lazy fellows that could not get a penny. He cared no more for money than for the dust at his feet, after his own temporal wants were supplied. He was never seen overcome with drink, although he was lavish in his use of wine; and his table, after he had risen, was free to all, as old Norry Regan, the beggar, and Teddy Quin, the simple boy, could testify. They cleared it daily by leave of Mrs. Katharine, the priest's aged sister, who kept house for him and his assistant. If any in the parish were sick, the little niceties which Mrs. Katharine had prepared for his table were carried to them. In short, Father Sweeney was moral and kind-hearted; and although some thought he cared no more for the souls of his people

than if he were a heathen priest, he could not be called an avaricious, hard-hearted, impure, drunken old man. How, then, when poor Nelly Clancy was told that *all* the priests of her church were such, could she help denying the charge on his behalf?

Among the most thrifty of Father Sweeney's parishioners were the parents of Nelly. They, being naturally sober-minded, quiet folk, were never seen at horse-races or fairs, but staid at home, minding their own business, and when need required, aiding their less fortunate neighbors. Dennis himself was a devout Catholic, saying more prayers than any man in the parish, and fasting more rigidly than even his reverence himself. He was a fond father, a kind neighbor, an upright servant. Norah, his wife, was frugal, patient, and — contrary to the habits of the lower class of her countrywomen — neat in her dwelling, and regardful of the personal appearance of her family. She was the friend and reliance of her humble neighbors in sickness, and their model as a housewife; as such pointed to by Father Sweeney, who said, "If yees would all be such clane

Christians as Dinnis's wife, stopping at hooome to mind yer children, instead of gossiping about, it would be better for ye. Then yer husbands would have less temptations to go to the dram shop, where the peat burns bright and warm, and where is coompany for *them* as niver finds their own wives at hooome."

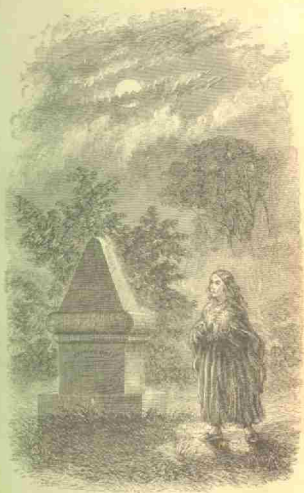
Besides these worthy ones was another dweller in the old stone farm house — Dennis's mother, a plump, ruddy old woman, whose heart overflowed with pity, and whose hand was ever ready for a good turn. She was addressed at home as "Granny, jewel," by way of endearment, and at length came to be called "Granny Jewel" — as if that were really her name — in the little community. Now Granny had a small pittance which supplied her own few wants; but she did not therefore sit down with her hands folded. She toiled at her flax-wheel hour after hour; she carded and spun wool; and every year, after the little feet which pattered over Dennis's stone floors were well covered, she made it her business to see that Beggar Norry, and Teddy Quin, the simple boy, were supplied;

so, although her "fortune," as they all termed it, was but the interest of two hundred pounds, she was looked upon as a patron by the slatternly, half-clad creatures around her. Granny Jewel was by nature a splendid woman; one who, under favorable circumstances, would have shone a star in society and been a public philanthropist. As it was, groping through the darkness which enveloped her, she strove to love God and to obey the golden rule. True, her worship, a mingling of prayer and mummery, could not be acceptable to Him who "seeketh such to worship him as worship him in spirit and in truth." But she was sincere, and acted up to the light she had; and although that light was but darkness, we must in justice acknowledge her honesty and kindness of heart; not erring, as do some, by considering those bound down by error and superstition as *all evil*, as hypocrites turning willfully away from the light. We know not how much of light God caused to shine through her darkness. Let him be her Judge.

One of the last acts of Granny's life was

to walk to Cork, many miles, and at midnight take twenty-five "rounds" at Father Mathew's monument, slipping her beads, and praying meanwhile that "the sickness" might be driven away from the workhouse where many miserable creatures were mourning in their fever; then, returning alone and in the darkness, she was found at her wheel by the family when they arose from sleep. Poor old devotee! She was just preparing for another expedition thither for the relief of a dear sufferer, — Dennis, the darling of her heart, who was very ill, — when she fell into her own last slumber. She went to her rest in health, and when the sun rose she was cold in her last, long sleep. If not canonized by her church, Granny Jewel is surely enshrined as a saint in the little hamlet of Ballygurk.

Now, the ladies at the "Hall," who were ever seeking the good of their Catholic as well as Protestant neighbors, strove hard to enlighten the mind of Granny, seeing the great influence she had over the rest — more, no doubt, than had their spiritual guide or his half-asleep assistant. They in-



vited her to their lessons, remembered her in their little Christmas merry-makings and gifts, all which she received with that real grace which distinguishes between different stations in life, but always reminding them that "she and her family were throe Catholics, and not to be turned either by flattery or abuse." But Granny Jewel — with all that was good and noble shining through the darkness which enveloped her mind — passed away, leaving a void such as few women of threescore and ten leave at the hearthstone and in the community. Loud and frantic was the wailing over her bier, and pitiful were the words spoken to the bereaved by Father Sweeney, with whom she had been a great favorite; but all these were as nothing compared with the anguish of those fond hearts, when, ten days after, they laid Dennis, the son of her heart, beside his mother. Well might Nelly say, months after, "I left the best friend God ever gave me in the grave ayont the sea."

The "fortune" of Granny Jewel passed into other hands; so, when poor, widowed Norah Clancy had sold her household effects,

with the stock and utensils of the farm, and put the small proceeds into her pocket, the world was before her and her fatherless children. America was as Paradise in their imagination, and thither they directed their thoughts. Now that Granny and Dennis were taken from her, how did Nora prize the daughter who, until now, had been reckoned as one of the children! How did she lean her weakness on that strong, young arm, and trust in Nelly's judgment! "It's yersilf, jewel," she said to her, as their little effects were being borne away from the house they had so long called home, — "it's yersilf that must be mother to the childer now, for the heart's broke in me. The great throuble lies like a stone in me bosom, and it will niver, niver melt away, jewel. We'll turn the key when all's gone, and then go over the sea. Ye may bury me in its waters, or in a strange land; but ye, bright darlin, will live mony a day to set up the childer one by one. Remember always that ye came o' the Claneys one side and the McDermots the other; and tache that same to the others, and then ye'll all be ashamed

to do a mane thing. Tell the small ones how yer father got them blessed by Father Mathew, and show the medal, so that they'll not go to dram shops; for them same is the curse o' the Irish—more nor the potato rot."

Poor, aching hearts! To them, as well as to the more refined, it was agony to be torn away from scenes and friends beloved; but they must have bread, and there was no way for them to earn it there. Amid the tears and howls of their neighbors, and the deep-muttered blessings of Father Sweeney, who accompanied them to the ship, they mounted the donkey cart which was to bear them to Liverpool. Glad, indeed, was poor Nora, with three little ones dependent upon her and Nelly, that the two eldest boys were safe beside their father in the churchyard, away from the ways of sin. She had enough on her heart, and, crossing herself, she "thanked God that the two babjes was with him in heaven, afore this day came on her."

Nora braved the sea with her little group, and, unlike too many poor emigrants, had enough to feed them a few weeks, and to pay

a month's rent in advance when she landed. And these were they who stood imploring a place for one in the family of Mrs. Park.

Now, glancing back on the early influences which surrounded them, and on the characters of their lost friends and their spiritual leaders, we may see how unwise it was to seek their benefit by assailing their priests and abusing all who followed them as dishonest and hypocritical. They felt the injustice of the sweeping accusation, and braced themselves up against the religion of those who made it.

Our missionaries abroad do not go into heathen villages and commence their work by railing on the priests and ridiculing their worship. They go to the benighted as to sinners who need the Saviour, tell the story of the cross, and teach them their lost condition without his mercy who hung there. They preach a living God, and before him fall the gods which their own hands have made. Thus should we deal with these sinners like ourselves — dependent on that one only name given under heaven whereby men may be saved. We mourn over our own

inability to teach them the true way, and over their hardness of heart and blindness of mind, which shut out the love and light of the gospel. How many a Christian, after thankless labors among this class, cries despondingly, "Theirs is a hopeless case. Their priests are so tyrannical they will bind them fast in delusion, and they are so superstitious that they can not be blessed." But are their teachers as God, or their hearts more than a match for his grace and his power? Oh, well might the Master say to us as to his frail disciples of long ago, "Oh, faithless and slow of heart to believe."

We are not straitened in him; we are straitened in ourselves. We receive not the reward of our labor among these, because we labor not aright.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERHEARD CONVERSATION.

“He that *scianeth* souls is wise.”

THE great city was astir with all its inharmonious sounds when Nelly Clancy awoke in her neat little attic at Mrs. Park's. As she hastily prepared to go down to her work, in the fear that she had overslept herself, she ran over in thought the scenes of the past night. Made hopeful and strong by the blessed rest of the night and the cheering light of the new day, she accused herself for impatience with Joe, and for neglect of his mother's direct commands. “Little wonder,” she said, “that the lady lost her patience with me; and I'll thry—help me, blessed Virgin—to do all her bidding this day with smiles in my heart and on my face. Himself is a soft-spoken gentleman, and there was pity in his eye for me; and if herself is a bit fretful, why, none of us

is hooly. I'll thry, for mother and the childer's sake, to keep my place, for I'll always have Sunday afore me, like a star in the night, when they'll wait supper for me." And neat as it was possible for her to be in her outlandish garments, she descended to the kitchen and had her fire made when she heard Mrs. Park calling to awaken her. She laid the cloth for breakfast, and did all she had been bidden, before the lady came down, and then seated herself to await further orders. Presently her mistress entered the breakfast room in a gay wrapper and cap, looking quite as if she had forgotten that she had no cook, and asked, "Is not breakfast ready, Nelly? The clock has struck seven."

The poor child colored deeply, and said, softly, "I did all I knew, ma'am; ye did not bid me cook the slice o' mate, and I did not know what pot to put it in."

"What pot to put it in!" exclaimed Mrs. Park. "Is it possible you don't know how to cook a steak? The very coals know that, and would have done it had you put it on. Fly round, now, and get the gridiron."

“And what’s that, ma’am?” asked Nelly, turning first to the pantry and then to the pot closet.

“Nelly,” asked the lady, in no very gentle tone, “are you so stupid as not to know what a *gridiron* is? You are — after all your mother boasted of you — the greenest girl I ever had in my house;” and she twitched the unoffending gridiron from its resting place and thrust it upon the coals. “Now go up stairs and bring my calico apron. I may as well go to work at once; there’s no rest for me, girl or no girl.”

“And where will I find the apron, please, ma’am?” asked Nelly, with the air of one who expected to be beheaded for her assurance.

“In my chamber somewhere — look till you find it,” was the abrupt reply.

Nelly flew up one flight of stairs and then another, but on entering the room knew not where to look for the apron. She tapped at Mary’s door, and, choking back her tears, said, “I was bid to bring the mother’s apron, miss, and I don’t see it at all at all.”

Mary’s bright spirit shone again, brushed

as it had been by the wing of the sleep-angel from the mists which had been thrown over it the past night.

“ I’ll get it for you,” she said, pleasantly. “ How do you feel this morning, Nelly ? Did you have good dreams this first night in a new home ? ”

Nelly smiled through her tears, and said, “ I dreamed I couldn’t please the lady, do my best ; and that she called me a thafe and a Papist, and pushed me into the street.”

Mary laughed pleasantly, and said, “ My mother does not talk so ; we’ll all treat you kindly, and you’ll try hard to please poor mother. She has so much care that she gets dreadfully worried sometimes.” Sweet girl, she strove to gild with the beams of her own bright spirit the cloud that hung above that of her mother, who should have been her guide and example.

The apron was found, and Nelly followed Miss Mary down stairs, saying, “ Oh, think, dear heart, if *she* has sorrow to vex her, what will come of my poor mother with all the childer to fade, and ony *poor me*, as knows nothing at all, to help her. How

they will ever be clothed for the snow storms is more nor I can see now."

"I'll see about that, Nelly, if you're a good girl. I know plenty of ladies who make warm things for the poor; may be 'ma will help them."

"Well, really!" exclaimed Mrs. Park, with a face flushed by the heat of the range, "I should think you had been sent to weave the apron;" and she took it hastily from Mary's hand.

"Good morning, mother," said the fair girl.

"Good morning," replied the lady, with a sigh. "Will your father and the boys never be ready?"

"All ready, mother dear; waiting for the bell to ring."

"Ring it, Nelly, as quick as you can, and don't stand there as if there was nothing to do," said Mrs. Park.

"And plaze, ma'am, what shall I do while yees are at yer breakfast?" asked the girl, timidly.

She received her directions and went her way, but not with that light heart which

changes toil from a curse into a blessing. This is often in the power of the employer to give to those in his service, and it is a boon richer than earthly treasure.

It chanced that Nelly's business that morning lay in the next room, and while the family were at breakfast, Mrs. Park entertained them with an amusing account of her greenness — saying that she did not know what to do with the "slice o' mate," and had never heard of a gridiron. "I was surprised at this last," she added, "for I always thought they ironed shirts with gridirons in their own country."

"Mother," said Mary, "I am almost as old as she, and yet, with such a capable mother as I have, I could not cook a steak properly; so don't blame her too much. I suppose they see very little beef in their own homes."

"Bear and forbear, my dear," said Mr. Park. "The poor thing will soon profit under your hand."

"Oh, it's easy for you," replied she, coldly. "You can sit down in your counting room at your ease, sure that you will find

a good dinner awaiting you, whether I have help or not. If you were here to be tormented by the stupid creatures, you would not say, 'Bear and forbear.' "

"I bet she's a thief," exclaimed the pert young hero, Joe; "and I'd watch her close, mother, and put every thing under lock and key."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," said the father, rebukingly, to his son.

"But they are all such torments," retorted the boy; "if I was 'ma, I'd train 'em! I'd like to see the whole of them fixed as the blacks are down south. I hate the Irish."

"Josey, dear," exclaimed Mary, "*hate* is an awful word. I can not bear to hear any one say he hates another. Do try to be at least human toward this poor, strange girl; must he not, mother?"

"Certainly, my son; you must treat her according to the golden rule, *no matter how she treats you*, and try to do her good. Mary, why don't you get her into Sabbath school? She comes into prayers; so I don't think she's such a bigot as most of them."

"Why, mother! I thought you was down upon all Catholics," cried Joe. "I told this girl what you had said to every body — that you'd go without help the rest of your life rather than have another in the house; and now you are talking to Mary about getting her into Sunday school."

Mrs. Park colored deeply, feeling, no doubt, conscience-stricken for having sown such seeds in this young heart, already run over with the weeds of selfishness, conceit, and insolence.

"Joe," she said, "I think just as I always did of these servants; but what is a house-keeper to do? Besides, the Bible teaches us to love our enemies: it was on that principle that I advised Mary to take her to school. If we do not forgive our enemies we need not expect God to forgive us. Remember that when you talk with her."

"But, my dear," said Mr. Park, "I don't know why he should talk to this young girl, or to any of her class, with the impression fixed on his mind that he is dealing magnanimously with a foe. She has never injured him in word or thought; but I very much

fear, from what I hear, that he has treated her very cruelly, and that she is the one to forgive. This child came of her own impulse to our door seeking work. Let us believe that God sent her here rather than to another place, and try to do her good while we receive her services."

Mrs. Park smiled. "I often wish," she said, glancing at her young daughter, "that 'pa had to manage these people a little while. I think he would soon lose his charity."

"If I had to do so, my dear," replied the gentleman, "I have no doubt that I should be obliged to watch, and pray, and endure, just as I now do, lest I sin in my intercourse with clerks, porters, and teamsters. These, no matter what nation they belong to, are all imperfect, and at times try my patience exceedingly; but then I call to mind the forbearance of God with me, his unprofitable servant, and remember, too, that these men have an imperfect master; and I resolve to walk as softly as I can before them, lest I sin against God, and become a stumbling-block to them."

"And two of your men have been con-

verted — have they not, father?" asked Fred.

"I hope so, my son," replied Mr. Park.

"Well, father has more patience, naturally, than I have," said the mother; "but still he is not forced to have his people with him all the time. By day they're at their work, not in his counting room; and at night they go to their homes when he comes to his; but morning, noon, and night, — sleeping or waking, — I have these creatures ever by my side."

"There is many a toil-worn woman who would be glad to afford one of them to lighten her labor," said her husband.

"I wish such had them, then," said the lady, tartly; "for my part, I am heart-sick of the whole race."

"I, too!" cried Joe, "and I think it's too bad we have to go to school with them. Pa, why don't you send your boys to a private school? You can afford it just as well as not."

"Yes, Joe, I suppose, if I chose to do so, I could; but I do not. You are a young American, and as such, I am bound to bring

you up with the principle firmly fixed in your heart that 'all men are born free and equal.' You are to live in the world, and mingle with men of all classes; so the sooner you begin, the better. Let a petted nursery boy be sent to an aristocratic boarding school, thence to a first class college, with the injunction to associate only with the sons of *gentlemen* — what think you he would be worth when he comes out into the world? He might make an exquisite dandy, an agreeable lady's man, or, better, a book-worm and recluse. But as for fighting the battle of life, I would as soon have a well-educated school girl as he."

"He wouldn't make a very good blacksmith, or carpenter, but I should think he'd make a first-rate minister, lawyer, or doctor," said Joe, tossing up his head confidently.

"There you are greatly mistaken, my son," said the father. "I believe a man without a knowledge of human nature could shoe horses far more successfully than he could guide the intellect, heal the sick, or plead at the bar. You must know men if

you would deal with them; and the only way to gain this knowledge is to mingle freely with all classes of society. And, aside from this, my son, by this daily intercourse the lower classes are elevated; thus we may bless them without injuring ourselves. It is the glory of our country that every man here stands upon his own merits, and not upon his blood or his station, as in lands under monarchical government. Remember this in your intercourse with these little fellows, and do not belie the professions we, as a people, make before the world. 'American' is a noble name, and he who bears it can afford to stoop low to those from less fortunate lands without compromising his dignity."

CHAPTER V.

FIRST LESSONS BY A YOUNG TEACHER.

"Love may guide, but censure can not force."

Now, as Nelly was at her work in the next room, it was impossible for her not to hear the conversation at the breakfast table. With that innate sense of politeness which those of fine natures possess, whether cultivated or not, she hesitated again and again, doubting whether it were right for her to remain there. But she was too timid either to leave her work or to let it be known that she heard what was said, lest in either case she might meet with a reproof. So she had the benefit of all the conversation, and settled down with the conviction that, although she had friends in the family, she also had foes there, and that the last were the strongest and the most influential. She also felt that, let her be ever so obedient or capable, she could never find a home beneath this roof — unless

she changed her faith. She already felt her own gentle spirit catching the infection from her mistress, and whispered to herself, "If they hates my religion, I'll hate theirs. I will not peril my soul by going to that Sunday school at all at all; and as to their prayers, didn't I have to hilp mother feed the childer I'd lose my place afore I'd listen to them; but I'll cross myself when I kneel down, and be whispering my own prayers all the time, so as to shut the ears of me against what himself will be saying, — Heaven bless his kind heart! — for I'm sure *himself* hates nobody. And she tells the childer I'm their inemy. 'Deed, I loves ivery one of them but that bould lad, Joe — and ony themselves *can* love him. I'll bide here, if they'll suffer me, that I may hilp poor mother; and I'll sthrive to plaze God, whether I plaze them or not. They shall see that there be *one* Catholic as niver stales."

And thus did this hopeful child brace herself against the blessed influences of the gospel in which the heads of this family professed to rear those intrusted by Heaven to their care.

When called to morning prayers she lingered, and went in at last reluctantly, sitting on a corner of her chair, as if ready for a start at the first sound of the glad "Amen." All noticed her changed manner, and after she left the room Mrs. Park said, "If I did not *know* that Nelly had not been out of the house since she came into it, I should be sure old Father Rafferty, round the corner, had been filling her head with stories against Protestants. You see now, my dear, how much confidence can be placed in their assertions of liberality. She pretended, even before her mother, not to be 'afraid of prayers.' But now that she has got her situation, you will see how it is."

When the evening prayer bell rang Nelly was in bed; and at the next morning's devotions she could not be found. When questioned as to her absence, she said, "And it was for that same rason, ma'am, that I went into the street afore the house. If ye will be so good as not to bid me into your prayers I'll take it very kind of ye; for, though I'm poor and ignorant, I has a sowl to save as well as the bist and wisest o' people, and I dares not sell my sowl for a place."

A dark frown rested on the brow of Mrs. Park as she said, "Did you not *promise* to come to prayers?"

"I said I wasn't afeard of yer prayers, ma'am, and I wasn't that day; but I is *now*," said Nelly.

"And *won't* you listen with the children when their father prays? Tell me at once," exclaimed the lady.

"I'd be glad to 'bide in the kitchen while ye prays," replied Nelly; "but if ye really *bids* me, why, ma'am, while I'm in yer house I'll obey ye."

"It's well for you, Nelly, that you have said that, for I *will not have any servant in my house who will not attend worship in the family*. I will not be ruled over nor imposed upon any longer by the Irish."

Poor, timid Nelly Clancy had little dreamed that she had gained such a terrible ascendancy over her mistress, and, seeing her agitation, became alarmed lest she had done or said something dreadful. She quite forgot the wounds she had received in the overheard conversation, and said, tears running down her cheeks, "Dear lady, if you will

forgive me for fretting, I'll do your bidding after this. Sure it would break the heart o' me poor mother if I lost my place so soon."

Thus penitent for the imagined wrong, the innocent child seemed overpowered with gratitude for Mrs. Park's condescension when she said, "Well, Nelly, if you will turn over a new leaf I will try you a week longer; and remember, if I send you away, it will not be so well for you as it was at first, for nobody will take you from my family without my recommendation."

"Sure, ma'am, I'd niver find another place in all America if I got an ill name from ye. Thru, I have a mother and a home, but I'll have nather long if I don't be arning money; for she, dear heart, will be killed wid hard work, and the house be let to somebody else, for she's ony two pounds left of all the heap o' money we had when we left Ballygurk."

Thus was a new contract formed, and by it the shrewd mistress gained more power than at first over her servant, and Nelly bound herself by a chain which, on reflection, could not but gall her free spirit.

Things moved on very quietly till the close of the second week, Nelly carrying herself in a way that could give no reasonable person the least ground for being ill humored. She had spent two happy evenings with her mother and the children, and was looking forward to a third, when the gentle Mary thought the time had come to urge her into the Sabbath school.

At first Nelly was exceedingly shy of the place, and dared not as much as hint to her devout mother that the thing had entered her head. But she loved Mary, and had no real fear of following her any where. When the bright Sabbath dawned they went together, Mary taking Nelly into her own class, and enrolling her name as a fellow-scholar. The lesson being the narrative of blind Bartimeus, the teacher dwelt in an interesting manner on the miracles of Jesus, comparing them with the pretended miracles of various impostors, who have at different periods arisen to delude the unwary. The well-meaning but injudicious man at this point turned upon Nelly a glance which said, "I have heard of you before," and remarked, "The world is,

and ever has been, full of false miracles. If you believe the priests of the Romish church, they can heal the sick, restore sight to the blind, cause the lame to walk, and, for aught I know to the contrary, raise the dead to life. But who ever saw such work performed by them? Not one. Their miracles are all a wicked pretense to wring the hard-earned money from the grasp of their dupes. How different the generous philanthropy of the Son of God! His deeds of mercy were all performed in the light; by the roadside, at the public gate, or in a house filled with people; but these men, loving darkness rather than light, seek obscurity in which to do their wonderful works. Thank God, those of you who are the children of Christian parents, and labor to turn any others with whom you come in contact from the error of their way into the true path."

And now the Sabbath school became to the mind of Nelly as terrible an institution as the family altar. Poor Mary colored deeply, for she felt that all her efforts to enlighten and bless the young stranger were being thwarted by those wiser if not so judicious

ns she. Although herself not a Christian, Mary Park was a sweet, thoughtful creature, and at this time very near unto the kingdom of heaven. She felt disheartened, and did not even ask Nelly how she liked the school. When the next Sabbath came, she saw Nelly did not intend to go, and did not ask her to do so, feeling that it was all in vain thus to win her soul to Christ. In her perplexity, she did not even go, as a daughter should be able to do, to her mother, but resolved to treat Nelly very kindly, and try to instruct her after they went to their rooms at night. For this purpose she procured a copy of the Douay version of the Scriptures — a book which every Christian should be glad to see in the hand of the Catholics of our country, it being, on the whole, a fair translation, the points of difference between theirs and ours being chiefly in their interpretations, which are embodied in notes at the foot of the page. Every family having domestics reared in the Roman church should yield so far to their prejudices as to provide one of these for their reading; and if they have never learned to read, an effort should be made in

every case to teach them. Thus may they judge for themselves of the way of life.

It was an easy task to win the confidence of this inoffensive child, and a few tokens of her interest in Nelly's family, such as dresses she had outgrown, and cloaks which were faded, made Mary an angel in her esteem.

Oh, the happy hours that slipped by after the little teacher and scholar ascended the stairs at night! Scripture stories, more marvelous than those of witch or fairy which Nelly had heard whispered by white lips in the light of the peat fire at home, were listened to with gladness, and exclamations of delight and wonder. When Mary read the narrative of Jesus's birth, she manifested great surprise, saying, "That's in my own book; and do yees believe that Christ was born in a manger, and that his mother was the Virgin Mary?"

"Certainly, Nelly; and we believe many other things which your church believes—all about his life and works, his death on the cross, and his resurrection from the grave, and his ascension into heaven."

"Then what for did Masther Joe laugh

whin I spoke of Mary? I thought ye did not belave there ever was such a lady at all, but that all about her was a made-up lie by our priests to chate us."

"Not at all, Nelly. We believe in her existence as much as in that of John, or Paul, or Peter."

"Dear heart! Then where's the differ atween us?" exclaimed the girl.

"We believe that Mary was a good woman, and highly honored of God in being chosen as the mother of his Son; his Word says that 'all nations shall call her blessed,' but nowhere mentions her as an object of worship. We admire and respect her, but you adore and pray to her. This we consider just as wrong as it would be to pray to John, the beloved disciple. He and Mary both had to pray to Jesus for their salvation, just as we do."

"Dear heart," exclaimed Nelly, "and about the cross; why do yees be sporting about that, if yees belave he died on it to save us from purgatory and hell?"

"We don't," said Mary, sadly; "at least, no one who loves Jesus can trifle about it,

for the very word ought to bring to mind his cruel death, and fill us with grief and shame that it was our sins which nailed him there. Your church, Nelly, are accused of making too much of the emblem — of praying to the *form* of the cross, rather than to him who hung upon it. It is the sacrifice, and not the instrument by which it was offered, which will save our souls — ”

“ Whose light is burning, children ? ” called Mrs. Park from below. “ It is almost ten o’clock.”

“ It is mine, mother ; I was just talking a little with Nelly.”

“ Talking with Nelly ! I am surprised, Mary, that you should keep her up when you know it will prevent her rising early in the morning ; it is just throwing so much more care on your poor, overburdened mother.”

“ She will go at once, mother dear,” cried Mary, “ and I will see that the light is put out safely. Go, now, Nelly, and next time we will begin to talk earlier, so as not to interfere with your sleep. Try to rise as early as usual, lest my mother blame me

as well as you. She has a great deal of care on her mind now that she has no cook in the kitchen."

* And they parted for the night — the little lady and the little servant — with a feeling of tenderness toward each other, not dreaming that the conversation thus abruptly ended would never be resumed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"There are souls whose cup of gladness is never well mingled—never ready for the lip—until seasoned with the sharp drop of another's misery."

SEVERAL evenings passed without Mary being able to talk with Nelly before bedtime. Company detained, or absence prevented; and as she wished that her right hand might not know what her left was doing in this matter, she did not ask her mother to prepare the way for it, but looked forward to an evening when they might again talk of Jesus and Mary.

In the mean time Master Joe's birthday came round, and the good-natured uncle for whom he was named proposed a merry gathering of cousins and other little friends to celebrate the event. As it was to be a real child's entertainment, Mary promised Nelly that she should see the games that American children play, and invited a dear friend, Miss

Gray, to help entertain them. It was through the advice of this lady that Mary had made her simple effort to instruct Nelly in the things of God. Miss Gray had seen the girl at the house, as well as that one day in the Sabbath school, and felt a deep interest in and sympathy for her. It was the delight of this excellent girl to make the young happy, as well as good; and she laid herself out for several days before the little party to make plans for innocent sports and amusements, which she and Mary Park were to carry out. She was no rosy-cheeked school girl, but a mature maiden of thirty-five, who, with her gray-haired but young-hearted father, lived to enjoy life themselves by seeking to help others do so. Grandpa Gray, as all the children of his acquaintance called him, was also an all-important guest at every little merry-making. For him the largest crimson chair was drawn before the blazing grate when the happy evening arrived at Mr. Park's. As soon as the gas was lighted, — for no party planned by Miss Gray kept little folks out till unseasonable hours, — happy little faces, peeping from out

warm hoods, pressed in at the door, and merry little feet tripped up the stairway. One by one they entered the parlor, clad, as children always should be in autumn or winter, in their bright, warm tibets, and stout gaiters, bidding defiance to that murderer of the silly — Jack Frost. Each little form bounded toward Grandpa Gray, who had a strange, Chinese puzzle, for the untwisting of which he offered a reward in shape of a chattering parrot, which he had bought of a sailor. The parrot he had brought with him, quite sure that, although an uninvited, she would be a welcome guest. The boys looked very confidently, and the girls very doubtfully, at the puzzle, till Joe cried out, in his own style, "I'm the boy you want there, Grandpa Gray. I never saw the puzzle yet that could beat me."

"Very well, sir; then you shall have the first trial, and we'll see if Polly goes to bed to-night as 'Polly Gray' or 'Polly Park,'" said Mr. Gray.

"Polly Park!" shouted the boy; "but where is she? Let us see the prize we're trying for."

Miss Gray stepped into the hall, and removing the green covering from a huge cage, brought the parrot into the parlor on her finger. The moment she saw the lights and the children she shouted, "Hail, Columbia!" which caused a burst of laughter. She then cried out, "Hurrah!" and joined, with cackling notes, in the mirth. She could tell the name of the president, and could whistle "Yankee Doodle." But we are sorry to say she had also, like some wiser little parrots blessed with immortal minds, learned many naughty words, so that it was not always safe to set her going; as, excited by the merriment she caused, and looking for a reward in nuts and candy, she was very apt to run through her whole vocabulary. After she had whistled, she sang an Italian song like an affected young lady, with her eyes rolled up, and her head thrown back; and then Grandpa Gray bade her bow, and say, "Good night, ladies and gentlemen," and had her borne away to her cage to eat her sugar almonds. Many efforts were made to win this amusing pet, but no one — not even the wise Joe — could solve the puzzle; so

their aged friend said, "I can do no better, then, than to show how the thing is done, and keep Miss Polly myself; but she will always be ready to see company, and I hope, also, willing to learn any nice words they may take the trouble to teach her. In this parrot, my dear children, you may see the effects of bad company, and thus take warning, and shun it as you would a nest of vipers."

She had spent many months on shipboard, and among profane sailors in the fore-castle had learned words which made her a dangerous companion for children. After good Mr. Gray bought her she learned to drop these; not that she had sense to know right from wrong, but because she learned that each repetition of them was visited by a little tingling, from a bit of whalebone, about the ears. This she did not like at all, and would cry each time like a whipped child, with one claw up to her eyes. She would then smooth her ruffled plumage, of which she seemed very proud, and exclaim, with a sigh, "Polly's heart broke!" and when told, "Polly's naughty," in a stern voice,

she would say, in a whining tone, "Polly's sorry," and, putting out her bill, add, "Kiss Polly — poor Polly!"

This account made the children laugh heartily; and Joe said, "I wish, Grandpa Gray, that you would tell her to say a naughty word to let us see her punished, just for the fun of it."

"No, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I will do no such thing. How should you like to be encouraged to do any thing improper, so that this party might be amused to see you hop and hear you scream when the switch was laid on according to your deserts? — Ha? This bird can not commit *sin*, because she has no mind to judge with, and no soul to wrong, — or, as we old folks say, — because she is not an accountable being; so such a step would do her no harm; but think of its influence on you and your little friends. Should I tell her to take an oath, that which would be no sin in her would defile my lips and heart once, and yours many, many times. For you, and every child here, in repeating what you saw and heard to amuse you to-night, would repeat

that oath over and over again, both with heart and lip. You would carry it home to the little ones, in all your nurseries, who never heard God's name profaned or trifled with; and the evil would spread like the circle made by a pebble cast into the lake. Every boy at each of your schools, who should hear of Polly's punishment, would carry her naughty words home, in repeating what was amusing; and so it would go from one to another. After your lips and ears had thus become accustomed to an oath or other improper word, it would be far easier to form one yourself; and from such a small beginning I might rear up an army of profane swearers. You must learn, dear children, like the bee, to suck all the honey out of your pleasures without taking the poison."

All this time the little group stood crowded round the dear old gentleman, and among them, between Miss Gray and Mary Park, stood the bashful Nelly Clancy, amazed by what she saw and heard. She had never heard of a parrot, and seemed almost bewildered by its marvelous powers. Forgetting

that she herself was the object of some curiosity among the children, she turned to Mary, and said, half aloud, "But I thought, miss, that it was only thim as had sowl's that could talk. Who was it gave spache to this baste?"

Joe caught the words, and shouted out, "Do you hear that?" and repeated her words, to the great amusement of the little group, many of whom forgot how great a breach of common politeness it was to laugh at the ignorance or blunders of others in their presence. With a crimson face Nelly turned to flee; but Miss Gray said, "No, no, Nelly; you are not going till you hear how they all laughed at me for being so astonished and almost frightened by a monkey our neighbor has." And holding the poor, frightened child by the hand, she made them merry at her own expense, thus hoping to ease her embarrassment. This she did, till Joe cried, "O Miss Gray, why didn't ye bring that *baste* of your neighbor's here to amuse us to-night?" And then, amid the laughter which followed, Nelly fled; nor could she be induced to leave the new cook,

who was preparing the refreshments in the dining room.

Mr. Gray had sent a suit of regimentals, worn by one of his ancestors at the battle of Bunker Hill, to let the little folks see how those men appeared who fought and died for our liberty. They had been worn by a large man, and Mr. Park gratified the little ones by appearing in them with the wig upon his head, the continental cap in his hand, and the sword at his side.

While he was telling of the troublous times in which these were worn, a bright idea struck Master Joe, that he, too, might array himself in some sort of costume, and personate a character for their amusement. The children now began their own little innocent games, and Mary told Nelly, if she did not wish to come in, that she might go into the back parlor, and see them through the folding doors. The gentlemen withdrew for a quiet chat, and Miss Gray and Mary became children for the time being.

Presently Joe walked in with a loose, black sack of his father's on, reaching to his heels. It was filled out in front with a great travel-

ing shawl, while his neck was bound up in a strip of new white cloth, which he had found in his mother's work basket, by way of a cravat. Thus arrayed, and armed with Grandpa Gray's gold-headed cane, he entered the room, saying, in a gruff voice, "Here comes Father Rafferty; and if ye don't give me some money I'll bate ye over yer heads with this shillalah! Here's hapes of ye that didn't come to mass last Sunday, nor didn't have yer sins forgiven for a year, and now ye're frolicking! And there's ye, Teddy McGrath, that's got Father Mathew's midal about the neck o' ye, and meself knows ye drank whiskey at ould Biddy O'Rooke's place last night. Didn't I bid ivery mother's son o' ye be timperance men at yer peril? and here ye are at a wake, carousing! Bad luck to ye." And so he went on ridiculing the neighboring priest, whom he had heard a few weeks before rebuking his hearers for their love of whiskey, and for their consequent improvidence and unkindness to their families.

Nelly stood at the folding door bewildered. She thought at first that it was a little fat

priest; but why he should come there, or why create such mirth, she could not divine. At length Joe ended his wisdom by saying, "Now, if yees have ony sins ye wants forgiven, or if ye has sold yer sowls, and wants new ones, if ye has money in yer pockets, I'm the man for ye." And turning suddenly toward the folding door, where stood Nelly, he caught her by the arm, shouting, "Oh, here's the crathur I'm afther; so ye've crossed the sea to turn hiretic — have ye? Sure, I'll shut ye up in a dungeon ten stories high, and dead silence will be the ony sound ye'll hear for the rest o' yer days."

Mary, who, forgetful of Nelly's presence, had been laughing at Joe's wit and powers of imitation, now came forward to extricate her *protégée* from his grasp. This last act of Joe's brought all eyes upon Nelly, and when she saw that the comical character was no priest, but her old tormentor, she burst into tears; but when, facing him, she saw that he had been to her room and purloined from a little box, in which she had taken good care to hide them, the long string of bog-wood beads with cross attached, on which

she said her prayers, her mortification turned to rage. This rosary was the parting gift of Father Sweeney, who had accompanied them to Liverpool, and its very perfume brought to her affectionate heart the dear old home, with all its fond associations. Whether, when she caught a glimpse of this cherished and venerated keepsake, Nelly thought Joe had taken forcible possession of it for its own worth, or whether the old Celtic passion which lay dormant in her bosom was roused by being thus made the sport of a whole company, we know not; but we do know that the hitherto lamb-like child sprang upon the impertinent boy with the ferocity of a tiger, tore the crucifix from his neck, without regard to his skin; and that the valiant young hero was forced to carry the marks of finger nails on his forehead and cheeks for the next ten days. His pride helped him to bear the pain without tears; but he whispered fiercely to her, "I'll let you off now till the company's gone, but I guess my father will get free lodgings for you in the city jail to-night."

This scene passed so quickly that it was

noticed by none of the little revelers in the front parlor, and only Miss Gray and Mary had seen the attack, and Joe's defeat.

"Joe and Nelly! I'm truly ashamed of you both," said Mary. "Is this my reward for all I have done to make you both happy to-night?"

CHAPTER VII.

LEAVING A SITUATION.

God is the judge of the widow.

JOE shook his fist revengefully at Nelly, and then, with the composure which such spirits can assume even while a volcano is blazing within, darted back to his guests. But Nelly was in an agony. At these few words of Mary, the poor girl felt that she had lost her only friend, and darting up stairs, caught up her bonnet, shawl, and working dress, — not waiting to make up a bundle, — and slipping down, half wild with fright, gained the street. All was dark and cold, and there she stood, not knowing whither to flee; a heart-broken mother meeting her in imagination on one hand, and the common jail, filled with thieves and drunkards, on the other. All manner of temptations rushed into her mind. First, she was tempted to throw herself into the river at

the foot of the street ; then, she was moved to ring at some door, and tell the people that she had been turned into the street, and beg for protection ; and next, to excite her mother's sympathy by telling her that she was persecuted for her religion ; and again, she almost resolved to go into Miss Gray's house and await her return. How could she face her mother, who relied with so strong a trust on her youth and vigor ?

After a month's hard labor, without a shilling, or even the whole of the poor wardrobe she took with her, her character gone, and a prison life before her mind's eye, was not the situation of this poor stranger a sad one ? Then, even should she surmount all these obstacles, and find a new situation, she felt that she would almost be afraid to live among Protestants again. The first snow flakes of the season began falling in her face, and she called to mind the tales she had heard of the homeless or benighted traveler being buried in the drifts. She mounted the steps of Mrs. Park's house, and peered in at the parlor blinds, half minded to go back and implore the mercy of "*himself*" and Mary. But the

gayety within sickened her heart; Joe, whom she hated now, seemed to be the chief object of attraction, as, mounted on an ottoman, he was making a speech, to the great amusement of all. "Oh," she sighed, "how can they all be so happy when one of God's childer is out in the storm, and, like Jesus himself, widout where to lay its head. But I'se got a *home*. I'll run to it quick, and sleep, oh, so safe and swate, beside my darlin of a mother." But the next thought was the alarm it would give her mother to see her child thus at so unseasonable an hour, and then to hear that perhaps the officers were in pursuit of her for scratching the eyes out of a gentleman's son.

In this sad perplexity some guardian angel came to her aid — an angel which, from that hour and ever after, guided her, and ministered to her with such tenderness as these are commissioned to deal with the heirs of salvation. So sudden was her resolution to return to her mother, and so cheerfully put into action, that Nelly almost thought a friend had taken her by the hand and was guiding her home. Her spirits revived, and

she felt so light that she could scarcely believe it when she found herself at the entrance of the tenement house in which her mother lived. Such dwellings have no hour for locking up, and Nelly began to ascend the long flights which led to her mother's room, immediately under the roof. Tapping, she said, softly, "It's me, mother dear, — yer own Nilly, — come to see ye;" and to the delight of both they were together. Poor Nora had seated herself, after the children were asleep, to put knees into Jerry's pants, and to make Mike's jacket look more like other boys', if possible. Is it not wonderful that the mother's heart never fails in the breast of a feeble woman? Love, strong as death, impels the arm and keeps the eye sleepless when very little physical strength remains. Had Nora Clancy only had herself to care for when her oracle, Granny Jewel, became dumb, and Dennis, the strong oak on which she had leaned, fell before the blast, she, too, would soon have followed them into the land of silence; but her hour was not yet come. Self was beneath her thought as she toiled on in this new home

to screen these, "Dinnis's childer," as she always called them, from the ridicule of the little ones around them, and to teach them that upon themselves depended their future happiness at play and in school. In the hearts of none is this power of endurance stronger, or hope for the beloved brighter, than in those of the daughters of Erin. Nor was Nora a whit behind the noblest of her countrywomen in this self-sacrificing spirit.

"But what brought ye to me this time o' night, jewel?" she asked, looking with a mother's pride on Nelly's glowing cheeks.

"Oh, it's a long story, mother, and a cruel one; but ye'll belave me, — won't ye, darlin? — whatever I says?"

"Belave ye, is it, jewel? 'Deed I wull, though my own two eyes should tell me the viry conthrary o' what yer sayin."

Thus encouraged, Nelly opened her whole heart to her mother, and met with that sympathy which makes the past sorrow almost a joy.

"One thing, jewel, I'm sorry for, asides yer tearin yer rosary off the bould lad's neck. I'm grieved that ye should ha' run

away by night, like a thafe, 'stead o' asking yer dues, and then walkin to yer home in the light o' the blessed sun," said Nora, bravely.

"O mother dear, I was so 'feard they'd follow me here. Now they'll never be afther finding me. What care we for the poor pound they owes me, compared with the disgrace of being sent to the police for 'tacking him?"

Nora's self-respect and dignity rose higher than her fears as she said, holding her head high,—

"Nather yer father nor yer mother, nor ony body I knows of iver so far back, did ony deed to cause ye shame. We can hold up our heads in this counthry or at home for all ony disgrace; and we're not goin to begin this day to hide ourselves, like convicts, lest we be brought to justice. We'll slape in pace to-night, jewel, and to-morrow we'll thrust in the God o' the widow and fatherless, and have our rights in this free counthry. We'll show thim two honest faces."

The next morning found mother and child

seated in Miss Gray's quiet little parlor, in earnest conversation with her.

"I brought mother, ma'am," said Nelly, "till we'd ask ye where would we find *himself*; for I'll not go to the lady till himself will be in."

"I am very glad you're going there," said the lady, "for they were all very anxious about you last night. Joe, when they missed you, admitted that he threatened to send you to jail; and I was sure you, being a stranger, were alarmed at this. If Joe had been my boy, I should have punished him for the behavior of the evening; but he is his mother's darling, and all was overlooked, although she was greatly troubled lest some evil had befallen you."

"If there had," said Nelly, "she need not have cared much, for there would have been one less *Papist* to hate, thin."

"O my good girl, do not wrong your mistress," said Miss Gray, soothingly. "I hope she is too good a woman to hate any of God's creatures."

But Nelly was silent.

"The child's afeard of her life to go

there," said the mother, looking earnestly at Miss Gray; "and yet I will have them see that none belonging to me slips out o' people's houses by night, like robbers. It would be a great kindness if ye, as saw it all and knows themselves, would pity the s'tranger, and go wid her till she'd ask their pardon; for him doing a mane thing was no rason why my Nilly should do a cowardly one." So it was agreed that, when Mr. Park returned from his business in the evening, they should go to his house.

"And will you return to your place again, Nelly," asked Miss Gray, "if Mrs. Park desires you to do so?"

"No, ma'am; not if she would give me a pound a week," replied the girl, modestly. "I could never be happy there. Miss Mary's a darlin, but there's more in the house nor she. Oh, how I'd like to live wid the like o' ye, ma'am!" said the poor child, imploringly. "I'd sarve ye so thruly and faithfully, and then there'd be times when I'd get a glimpse of the sunshine from Miss Mary's eyes here."

Mrs. Park was at heart an honest woman.

and therefore could not justify Joe when the case between him and Nelly was tried before his wise and merciful father. She said, "You both did wrong; but you, Nelly, were chiefly to blame, being older than he. But I will *overlook* your conduct if you will promise never to let me hear of such again, but apply yourself faithfully to your work, without interfering in any way with Joe."

"I niver interfered wid him, ma'am, but always thried to lave the width o' the room atween us."

"Well, we will not argue about it; take off your bonnet and go to your work."

Nelly looked at her mother in confusion, when she said, "I'd not be to lave her here ony longer. She's poor, ma'am, but she can be happy for all that; and if ye'd be good enough to pay her wages I'll thry can I find her another situation."

Mrs. Park colored deeply, and said, "Her mouth is not out; so she can not *demand* her wages; besides, I think you will find it hard to get her a place without a recommendation."

“ Well, ma'am, ye knows better nor I what's rule and justice among American ladies. I will lave all wid yer own conscience, for my child says ye prays to God; so I'm sure ye'll be afeard to go far asthray in yer dalins wid sthrangers,” said Nora.

Mrs. Park was really angry to find that a poor girl like Nelly dared to stand so independent of her, but she had the wisdom to say very little. Her husband rarely interfered, or expressed an opinion on domestic affairs; but now he said, “ I think, my dear, you had better give Nelly her wages and a recommendation;” and she saw that he was in earnest.

“ You can do both, if you please,” she said, coldly.

The gentleman paid Nelly, and requested Mary to give such a character of her as she thought just.

“ You may say, Mary, that she has lived with me a month, and can do light chamber-work under the eye of a mistress,” said Mrs. Park.

“ And that she is good-tempered and honest, too, mother ?” asked the young girl.

“ Good-tempered ! ” exclaimed the lady ;
“ and as for her honesty, I know nothing
about it.”

“ I’ll take the money, ma’am,” said Nora,
“ but I’ll not ask ye to recommend her. I’ll
trust to the loving heart of the next lady as
needs her.” And, with that respectful man-
ner which only the better class can preserve
when feeling wronged, they departed, sure
in their innocent hearts that they were suf-
fering for conscience’ sake.

Mr. Park and Mary stepped to the door as
they went, when poor, humble Nora, over-
come with gratitude for this mark of respect,
and for the confidence it seemed to express
in Nelly, turned, and said, “ May Heaven
smile on you, sir, and yer swate little lady
of a daughter ; may yer pocket always be
full o’ money, and yer heart o’ happiness ;
may ye live till ye wants to die, and yer
beautiful hair not be gray even then ; and
may yer childer be all like yersilf, and may
yer lady grow good as an angel, that ye may
all be angels together in heaven. May no
servant ever lave yer door more an ine-
my than my poor, fatherless darlin — Nilly

Clancy." And raising her hands and eyes to heaven, the poor creature cried, "The blessing of the widow be upon this house!" and departed, leaving Mrs. Park to make the best of her case to the benevolent and just Miss Gray.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HOME AT WILLOW GLEN.

OH, how brightly the sun rose on the first morning of Nelly's service at Willow Glen! Indeed, the poor child had not seen it rise since she left the ship, till now; and the contrast between his glory here and the faint beams he sent up the dark alley in which her mother lived made her half wild with joy. As she gazed from the piazza off on the little lake, and over the pine groves alive with melody, she could not contain herself. She laughed and wept, and, at length, thinking herself alone, she exclaimed, "Only for mother and the childer being twenty miles away, I'd be as happy as an angel. Oh, how hard I'll strive to do their bidding, so that I may plaze the sick child, and God, too, as sends a poor sstranger to such a home. Oh, but I niver thought to see the like o' Ballygurk again till I got to Heaven; but here it

is all — barrin' the poverty. But doesn't the land look like some parts of Sir Terence's domain?"

"Then you are satisfied with your new home, and not lonely, as you feared you might be?" said a sweet-faced lady, in a widow's cap, who came up and laid a white hand on her shoulder.

"O ma'am, but the very sight o' this might bring roses to the little white cheeks up stairs. How I wish my darling mother could get a drink o' this sweet air to cheer the poor heart of her!"

"But I suppose she would not leave the city, even if she could do as well here?" asked the lady.

"Oh, 'deed, ma'am, she'd fly wid two wings could she live in the green fields wid the childer. But she thought there'd be no washing she'd get to do ony in the great city. Her loving heart's sick wid the vulgar people she lives among, and the evil words the little boys hears in the tenement house."

"Well, Nelly, if you are a good girl, and try to make my poor little sufferer comfortable and happy, I'll do all I can for your

mother. My good friend, Miss Gray, who wrote about you, told me all she knew of your family. I know the heart of a widow — all her sorrows but her poverty; and I know that must be a cruel thorn."

"O ma'am," said Nelly, tears flowing from her eyes, "I wish I knew jist how to sarve ye right, and to plaze ye best. I'd do it wid my whole heart for thim swate words ye spoke o' my mother. Oh, it was tinder, indeed, that my father was o' her; but now rude men wid red faces jostles her on the stairway, and their noisy wives runs against her and spills her pail o' water when she'd be half way to the top o' the house wid it — all because she wouldn't carouse wid them. Oh, she's the shyest little body in all the world, and would niver go to fairs or races at home; and such a life will soon kill her here."

"Now, Nelly, you may see how carefully and easily you can dress poor little Bessie this morning. If she gets weary, and cries, you can amuse her, and draw her thoughts off the pain, by a nice, quiet little story. Never speak of ghosts or fairies, for, although she knows there are no such creatures in

existence, still their images worry her in dreams at night. After her breakfast, which I always prepare, you may take her to ride very slowly in the garden chair. She used to love best to be carried around in her father's arms. She always fell thus into a quiet sleep; but Patrick steps so heavily that he jars and distresses her, and I can only walk a few minutes with her."

"Oh, dear heart," cried Nelly, "I can carry the poor lambie from morning till night. I'm as sthrong as a man — whin I loves thim as I works for."

When poor, deformed Bessie Howard, the darling of her widowed mother, was brought into the sitting room in the arms of her new nurse, it was with a light in her eye and a smile on her lip, in place of the look of exhaustion she usually wore in the morning.

"O mamma," she cried, "I can never thank dear Lizzie Gray enough for sending me such a nice little nurse. My neck didn't ache at all when my hair was being combed — I mean *only* a little; she does not tramp like good Patrick, nor pant like the cook; so that I feel as if I were in the rocking chair



all the time with her. O mamma, you must hear the funny stories she knows about people in Ireland. I'm going to have one to-night at bedtime about the boy who kept her father's sheep. Won't you come up and hear it?"

"Certainly, my love; and if, after all you have suffered from improper nursing when poor mother was kept from you in another sick room, we have found one who will love you, and be tender, and like a playmate, too, I hope you will remember to thank a higher power than Lizzie Gray. Nelly needed a good place, and you needed a good nurse; so it may be, in love to both of you, his children, that God has sent her here. You need patience to bear your suffering, and Nelly will need it, too, lest she get weary of her task. Ask this of God, who giveth unto all liberally, and upbraideth not. Nothing will prosper without his blessing. Neither of you has an earthly father; so you must cling still closer to your Father in heaven."

Mrs. Howard touched a small bell on the mantel-piece, and the cook appeared and took a seat with them. Mrs. Howard gave each a

little book, and sang with them the hymn beginning —

“Dearest of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God.”

She then read a few verses in Matthew, giving an account of Christ's agony in the garden, and offered an earnest prayer that she and her little household might that day be kept in the love and fear of God; that each might be enabled to do something, ere the sun should set, to honor God and to bless a fellow-creature; remembering in all their duties or trials that God's eye was upon them, and that to him who sent his Son to die for us on the cruel cross, we should have to give an account in the day of judgment. Nor did she forget those beyond her own family who are the objects of prayer. Now it never entered the mind of Nelly that she had done wrong in listening to this prayer. So with a light heart she prepared her frail charge for the garden ride.

“What kind of a religion do ye call yours?” she asked Bessie; “but that was a good and beautiful prayer yer lady mother said to Jesus.”

Bessie, although twelve years old, had seen very little of life beyond the walls of their own garden. Her invalid life had been cheered by the constant attentions of her parents, who read and told her only such things as they thought for her good and her happiness to know. She had therefore heard little about religious sects or controversies, and replied innocently to Nelly's question, — "What kind of a religion is yours?" — "Oh, ours is the religion of Jesus Christ."

"And that same is mine," replied Nelly, "and it's the only religion worth any thing at all at all."

"How strange it is that grown men in heathen lands can bow down before gods cut out of wood and stone, and pray for health and prosperity here, and for heaven after death — is it not?" asked the child.

Now Nelly's acquaintance with missionary movements was very limited, and she asked, "Does any but the black people be so foolish?"

Bessie, in her simple way, told what she knew of the different forms of false religion, and then said, "Those who love Jesus Christ,

and trust in his death for their salvation, have *his* religion; but those who worship idols, or who rely on works of their own or of any other mortal, have a false one; and these last will find they have been deceived at last."

"But there's so many ways, how's a poor body to know the right road from wrong ones?" asked Nelly.

"Why, that's the right one that makes Jesus every thing," said the little sufferer; "nobody who reads the Bible carefully can possibly be mistaken. That is the letter, mamma says, which our absent Father has sent to teach us his will; and it says, 'There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved.'"

"'Course there isn't," replied Nelly; "for could one man save another when he can't save hisself?"

Mrs. Howard devoted one hour every day to instructing her little invalid; and Nelly, ever athirst for knowledge, had also the advantage of this. This wise and gentle-hearted Christian took Nelly under her care, as if God had said audibly to her, "Take this

child, and instruct it for me." She asked no questions about her early training, but dealt with her as with *a sinner estranged* from God, which is the only way for us to do with those in any error. It is of no avail that we exhibit our skill and strength in demolishing their prejudices and superstitions, but simply teach them of Jesus, "the way, the truth, and the life."

"The first thing one has to learn," said Mrs. Howard, one day, to Nelly, "is, that we are sinners lost and undone without Christ."

"And that's thrue, ma'am, *for a good many people*. There's some great sinners, and the bist of us isn't jist hooly entirely."

"No," said the lady; "we have *all* sinned and come short of the glory of God. We are all unprofitable servants."

"But, ma'am, there bes some as have done a great many good deeds. Them'll have a good right to get into heaven, and have a high seat near Our Lady."

"Those, Nelly, who have done the most good deeds will not enter there *by right*. For *one sin* against a holy God would pre-

vent our entrance there ; and who is there that has not committed ten thousand with heart and lip, if not with the hand ? A good man, who read his Bible, wrote, —

‘ Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame.’ ”

“ But, ma’am,” asked Nelly, eagerly, “ if we stops doing that same, and lives hooly, *then* we’ll have a right to heaven, won’t we ? ”

“ My child, God can not look with allowance on *one sin* ; an offense which to us may seem small must be very terrible in his pure eyes ; and if we could stop sinning *now*, what is to be done with all the transgressions against his law of which we have been guilty since first we knew right from wrong ? Were we to live henceforth like the angels of God, still a dark mountain would rise behind us, and overwhelm us at the judgment.”

“ Will, thin,” cried Nelly, “ we’ll have to get hilp of the saints for thim sins as are behind, and not commit ony more.”

“ And whom do you mean by the saints ? ” asked Mrs. Howard.

“ Oh, good people that’s gone to heaven — thim as did more good on earth than would be needed to give thim a seat there. The like o’ thim would share wid us till we’d be let in, ye know, ma’am.”

“ Did you ever know any people so good as that — any who were more holy than God required them to be ? ”

“ Deed I knowed two of them. There was my own jewel of a father — as honest as the day, and as loving as an angel ; and he did more penance nor some of the hugest sinners in all Ballygurk ; and still he said he was not fit for heaven, and called on God whin he was sick, saying, ‘ Be merciful to me a sinner ; ’ ” and all about him said he was jist no sinner at all, but he said himself, that God saw it, if nobody else did, and that, wern’t it for the Son of God who died on the cross, there’d be no hope for him, but *He* would see to it that all as loved him would be wid him there. He’d hilp his dear childer in, and spake to Mary for thim.”

“ Well, Nelly, your father was doubtless a true Christian, for his hope in death was the redemption of Christ, and not his own poor

goodness," said Mrs. Howard. "But if your father could not save himself, he will not be able to save you; so you must go to the same Jesus for salvation."

"And so I will, ma'am," replied Nelly; "but there's another illigant friend I have in heaven that I didn't tell ye about. She did more good works nor all the women in Ballygurk together."

"I know who that was," interrupted Bessie. "That was Granny Jewel — wasn't it, Nelly?"

"Deed it was, miss," answered Nelly, smiling.

"How did you know any thing about Nelly's people, my love?" asked the mother.

"Oh, Nelly has told me so much already about her sweet Irish home that I know just how it looks, and feel acquainted with all the people there. You must know them, too, dear mother. Last night I had such a pleasant dream about Nelly's home. I heard the barn swallows twitter under the eaves, and gathered shamrock flowers around the doors. I thought the birds talked to me, and that the honeysuckles whispered and

smiled, and that the wall-flower which grows by Nelly's little window bowed to me as I passed, and that it said, 'Be kind to the little children who used to refresh me with water.' Then I heard the hum of Granny Jewel's little flax-wheel, and ran in to see her. The wheel was turning rapidly, but she who used to move it was gone forever. As it turned, the spindle threw off garments all made, and the humming distinctly murmured, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Now, mother, wasn't that a sweet dream? I went to sleep last night hearing of Ballygurk, and when I woke this morning I thought perhaps God sent that dream to make me kind and patient to the little girl who had to leave that home and come here for her bread, and to make us do for her what Granny Jewel did for others."

"Very likely, my love, for God can move on the mind sleeping as well as waking. You may gather honey from every flower. But Nelly began to tell me about this old relative's good deeds, and how she herself esteemed them. What did she do?"

“ O ma'am, she did every thing lovely, both for us, the neighbors, and the poor; when the fever broke out in the workhouse, and the people took lave of their senses, her it was that left her own clane home and went there to look after them. She carried them broth made of her own fowls, and gruel of her own mae. She covered the feet of the beggar, and was like a mother to a poor half idiot as wandered about there, never letting one tease or tormint him, telling us all that these same 'innocents' were God's smallest and weakest childer, and that himself wou'd be grieved if we despised or ill-threatened his little ones. Thin she'd go, day or night, to see to the sick and to lay out the dead. She wern't afeard to walk through the churchyard at dead o' night, ma'am. Once there were a poor, wandering beggar got ill on the road-side jist fornenst my father's land. The reapers as was cuttin our barley told o' it when they came in to their dinner, and Granny Jewel bid them go straight out and bring him to the cow house till she'd see had he the fever afore she'd expose us to it. And, ma'am, the poor spalpeens was

afear'd to go anigh him at all at all; and didn't herself and my father take an arm, each of them, and lead the poor crathur thimselves! Oh, but she made him easy there, and then, as the cow house wasn't a fit place for a *Christian* to die in, they had him taken to the workhouse and made comfortable there. Oh, what hapes o' prayers Granny Jewel said for his sowl — and him a sstranger as nobody else cared for but them! No doubt she got him safe into heaven. There were once a poor girl bid by Father Sweeney to do some awful penance for ill behavior, and when Granny Jewel feared it were too much for the poor thing, she asked the priest 'would he let her take half of it on herself?' and though more nor seventy years old, she, loving heart, walked an hour alone, with bare feet, at midnight, among the graves in the churchyard, the briers tearing and the pebbles cutting her feet."

"That was very kind of her, Nelly," said the lady, "and I doubt not she was a noble-hearted woman; but, as she could by no good deed atone for her own sins, she could

not become a saviour for others. Jesus is the only Saviour from sin, and the Bible tells us that our own righteousness is only as filthy rags; so you see our good deeds — as far as they merit heaven — are not of much value in the sight of God. But when we see our need, and, going to Jesus, accept his free salvation, purchased for us by his own suffering and death — then our good works are esteemed by him as the fruits of the love we bear him. If we love him we must keep his commandments; and this obedience and love then comes up as a memorial before him, but not as our Saviour's. And how did your grandmother die, Nelly?"

"Like falling asleep, ma'am. She'd had her grave clothes made and ready ten years — ever since she buried grandfather. We childer was always afeard to go to the closet where she kept them, in a white paper box. Well, ma'am, she had once before been to Cork to take a few rounds and say prayers at Father Mathew's monument, where great cures had been made. First she went to get a stop put to the potato rot, and to the fever at the workhouse, and, though both went

on worse than afore, she thried it again for father when he fell sick. She went all the way in darkness, and, she being old, it took the whole night. She grew very tired, but at day-gleam, when the farm men came out of the loft for their breakfast, there sat she, as calm and swate as if jist off her own soft pillow. Says Mike Blaney to her, 'Granny Jewel, if ye have been that long way and back, ye ought to rest now.' But she said, 'I've no time to rest *now*, but there are a long, swate slape afore me soon. I'll soon rest wid him, as I gets weary for here.' The next morning, when we called her to breakfast, she *was asleep*—and we never woke her since, ma'am."

"Well, Nelly, I hope she relied on Jesus for her salvation, and if so, she is with him now in glory," said Mrs. Howard.

"But, ma'am, if such as she couldn't get heaven *by rights*, what's goin to 'come of the likes o' me, as niver did ony thing at all to arn heaven?"

"You must do just the same as she or any other sinner, great or small,—go to the blessed Lamb of God, who took our sins

upon himself, and suffered on the cross to release us from eternal punishment, and ask of him, in deep sorrow for having disobeyed and wounded him, to cover all your sins up in the mantle of his love. For *his sake*, not for yours, the Father will forget them for ever, and make you his own child. After that you will try to do good, that you may please him you love. You will want to grow like him."

"Yes, dear lady, indeed; but still I'm thinkin if I could do some fine things it would surely be helpin along, and makin it easier for me to get forgiven," said Nelly.

"No, my poor child; had there been any help in us Jesus would never have submitted to the agony and shame of the cross. It was to work out a whole salvation, not to eke out one we had made, that he bore all this."

"Well, indeed, ma'am, you ought to know bist, and it seems bould in the likes o' me; but, beggin yer pardon, let me say that there's somethin here in my heart as says, 'I'd rather do somethin to pay for it than to take heaven as a free gift intirely.'"

"Ah, Nelly," replied Mrs. Howard, "there

is that same something in every heart, and it is *pride*—a wicked pride, which, till brought low by the Spirit of God, would sacrifice the immortal soul rather than bow to the authority of Jesus. That is the curse of our race. In olden time men used to go on long pilgrimages to the tomb of the Saviour, or to Mecca, to the tomb of Mahomet, the false prophet in whom they trusted; often such died by the way, and their bones would be seen by those who followed them."

"They had better been at work armin money to feed the poor and clothe the naked wid. Walking themselves to death would do nobody ony good," said the young girl.

"But, Nelly, my child, they were determined to bear some of the punishment which Jesus tells us he himself has borne; then they could say, 'We are holy,' when he says, 'There is none that doeth good, no, not one.'"

"Dear, oh, dear!" exclaimed Nelly; "but that makes it very hard for us poor sinners, if we's bid to sthrive afther heaven, and yet can't do any thing to help ourselves."

"God has not cut off our hope through

our own works, and left us without any other. He has offered us a full and free salvation through his dear Son, if we will but believe on him with the whole heart."

"That's the very same as Miss Mary Park told me; but, sure, Granny Jewel was a darlin of a Christian compared wid her mother; but may be Granny had the same way *inside*, afther all, for she talked a huge dale about what Christ had done."

Oh, the power of our daily life for good or evil over those who may be reaching out after the truth, and looking to us for example!

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW HOME FOR THE WIDOW.

"Then shall he say unto those on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter into the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye fed me, athirst and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, a stranger and ye took me in, sick and in prison and ye came unto me."

THE weeks wore away so happily at Willow Glen that Nelly scarcely realized that the maples were bare, the beautiful little lake ice-bound, and the birds gone from the pine grove. The winter she had so dreaded for her mother and the children's sake was already upon them with all its power. Through the kindness of Miss Gray, and Nelly's own industry, they were out of the great tenement house, and had a room among decent, quiet people, with their month's rent always paid in advance, and a tun of coal and a barrel of flour "to frighten away frost and hunger," as the grateful Nora said. Jerry, who

was fourteen years old, had secured many jobs at shoveling snow and splitting wood; and so well did he do his work that those who hired him once sent for him again. Every two weeks Miss Gray kindly wrote for Nora to Nelly, whose mind was thus kept so easy that she applied all her thoughts to the duties of her station. The winter was a trying time for poor little Bessie, as she seldom could bear the air without coughing; and therefore it was also trying to her mother and her nurse, for all her exercises and amusements must be contrived within doors. Nelly was an admirable playmate, entering into all the pleasures which she herself prepared for another — a faculty very essential for a good nurse.

Christmas time — that holiday of the year to little folks — was drawing on; and as Mrs. Howard made many presents to relatives, friends, and humble neighbors, it was necessary for her to be absent over night in the city to make her purchases. She had not left her child before since the death of her husband, but told Nelly, as they were so happy together, she should leave her in full

charge of Bessie, and to receive any messages which might be left for her. Had she given the poor child a rare gift it would not have conferred such delight as this expression of her confidence. Tears started, and she said, "Dear lady, I'll not shut the two eyes of me till ye return, lest some evil befall the darlin. I'll count ivery breath she draws." Mrs. Howard smiled, and said, "You are a good, faithful girl, Nelly, and you shall have some reward aside from your wages. You may open the store room door for half an hour to warm it from the kitchen, and then I will tell you and Bessie what to do there."

Mrs. Howard, when the place was ready for Bessie, gave her a little card, saying to her, "Nelly may carry you and set you in a chair. Then show her where the great willow basket is, — the one we call the champagne basket, — and let her fill it very carefully with the things noted on the card."

Bessie clapped her thin little hands with delight. "I always know what is coming," she said, "when I'm sent into the store room — somebody's going to have a present."

They borrowed the cook's neat old chintz-covered chair, in which she was wont to rest when her work was done, — for her mistress believed that servants needed to rest as well as ladies, — and began their work.

“First, let me read my orders,” said Bessie; “twenty-four eggs out of the blue bucket, to be put into a box of Indian meal for safety; two jars of currant jelly, four balls of butter, a jar of quince preserve, and the rest of the room filled up with big red apples.” Bessie pointed to the shelves where each article was to be found, and watched Nelly to see that they were well packed, giving a history, as she went on, how the eggs were found where the black hen stole her nest; how the cook had the headache, and had to go to bed when the jelly was half ready, so that mamma had to squeeze the juice, and had red hands for a week; and lastly, how quinces grew, looking so nice and tasting so poor till they were preserved. When all was done Mrs. Howard appeared with another card, on which was written, “Mrs. Nora Clancy, No. 4 Bell's Court, by Smith's Express,” and bade Nelly tie it to the basket

by a cord when it was fastened up. Nelly colored deeply, and asked, "And is all these illigant things for my mother, ma'am?"

"Yes," replied the lady; "and I shall try to see her myself, and inquire what kinds of work she can do. It may be she could find employment in the mattress factory below."

"Oh, dear heart, I'm afeard to think of that lest she couldn't. She can do ony work in the world but *lady's work*; and the boys is as wise as old men, too; they'd help," cried Nelly, clapping her hands.

The basket, with a quarter of a dollar on it, was placed at the gate, and a little red flag raised to announce to Mr. Smith that he had the errand to do; and Nelly's happiness might have been envied by many a ball-room belle.

It chanced that the next morning was one of rare loveliness for the winter season. The air seemed almost as soft and balmy as that of May. The discovery had been made that Bessie could ride much farther without weariness when sitting in Nelly's lap than when herself on the seat. The loveliness of the morning made her anxious to breathe the

air, and she easily gained consent to ride to the depot when her mother went to the cars. Oh, how little do children in health realize the worth of their free limbs! Though poorly clothed or fed, theirs is a rich lot who can frisk like lambkins in the summer fields, and glide merrily over the frozen waters. These would not exchange their heritage with the child of a prince, who, pining away with disease, must be exiled from all the beauties of the out-door world, so dear to childhood.

There were several new wonders to be exhibited now that poor Bessie was abroad; and when her mother was set down at the depot, Patrick asked her, "Would it be your pleasure, ma'am, that I drive home by way o' the mills, and let Miss Bessie see the new cottages for the work folk?"

Mrs. Howard consented; but Bessie said, "Patrick, don't you know I never would ride through Mill Valley without having candy, or apples, or little books to give the children who swarm there? Oh, my poor, dear father, how kind he was to them all! Nelly," she added, "*nearly* all these houses

Patrick speaks of, and the great mills where they make cloth, belonged to my father. When he rode down, the little children used to run after his chaise and stand beside it till he came out of the counting room, for they were sure he would give them something. I have been down once or twice with mamma since, and it almost broke my heart to see how sorrowfully they looked at us. I fancied I could hear his voice as he used to say, laying his hand on some little head beside the wheel, 'God bless you, my little ones!'" And Bessie withdrew her thin little hand from the shawls and cloaks in which she was enveloped to wipe away her tears. "So," she said, "it would seem as if we had forgotten them if we pass through *with papa's horse and sleigh*, and never notice them."

"I've got a handful o' pence in my pocket," said Patrick, as if to draw away her thoughts from the sad subject.

"Oh, what would that be among them?" asked Bessie, smiling through her tears. "Why, Nelly, Jerry Carney alone has got nine, and Donald McPherson, the head dyer,

has nine more — that's only two families; and I don't believe Patrick *happens* to have eighteen coppers in his pocket — do you?"

They all laughed now — so quickly is gloom chased from childhood's heart.

"Well, now, miss, I'll tell you what we'll do," said good Patrick; "I've got seven coppers, and we'll drive up to the little school house when they are all comin out, and ye'll speak a soft word to the whole at once, and throw them in to be scabbled afther. So the smartest fellows will get a penny, and if any's too lazy to thry, sure, that's not yer fault."

"That's just like Father Sweeney — isn't it, Nelly?" asked Bessie, laughing heartily. And then the whole story had to be gone over to gratify the curiosity of Patrick, who sagely remarked, —

"First rate for the likes o' him! I've seen hapes o' themselves scabbling afther other people's coppers, but niver a one as would bid poor fellows scabble afther theirs."

"Oh, there comes Donald with his Scotch cap, and his blue face and hands," cried Bessie, as they turned into the road which

led to the mills. "See, Nelly! When I was little I used to call him the 'blue man,' and speak to his children about their blue father. Oh, they're such nice people! Jessie, his wife, speaks so sweetly I know you would like her. She makes oatmeal bannocks, and when spring comes we'll go there and take tea. I've been twice with my other nurse. Donald washes himself, but never gets clear white only on Sundays. He's a real good man, and brings such a troop of children after him from Mill Valley to Sunday school."

"Oh, what darlins of little houses!" cried Nelly, as they came to the dwellings, so unlike those which many proprietors put up for their operatives to burrow in. "See you one wid roses all abloom in the window. Oh, it is not unlike the lodge at the entrance of Sir Terence's grounds at home."

As they neared this little gem of a poor man's dwelling, cheap, but neat and tasteful, they saw evident signs of moving—tubs, tables, beds, stoves, chairs, pots, kettles, pails, and brooms outside the door; in the wild confusion which always accompanies

such scenes. Here they met Donald, who, coming out to the sleigh, took off his cap, and said to Bessie, "Is your mother at home, miss? I was going to see her about a person to take this wee housie. Poor widow Green has no heart for work now, and it is aye certain that none of the ither people can cook to please the clerk and overseer, and these would na be willing to ride to the hotel, wasting the time. Mistress Green's brother just fra sea has come in a' haste to tak her till New Hampshire, where his parents live; and I bid her go, and I would see that another took the place without delay. Aweel, aweel, puir body! But it's a hard thing to carry a widow's heart about in her breast thus."

"Oh, good Donald," cried Bessie, "I guess mamma knows just the very one to take the house and cook for Mr. Clark and Mr. Manning. Your mother, Nelly."

"Oh, but, dear heart, you don't mean in yon jewel of a cottage? Sure, she's poor, and has no furniture for gintlemen; 'side from *that*, she'd do illigant, for she's a splendid cook, and clane as an angel."

"They have their own rooms all in order," said Donald; "she'd keep them red up, and set them a table by themselves; and she'd ha' a' the washing and mending she could do besides."

"I'll send a note to mamma this very afternoon," cried Bessie; "we won't ride any farther."

"If you wud say there's haste, Miss Bessie, I'd be glad. There's nane save my Jessie these gentlemen will stop with now, and she, puir dear, has her hands full noo wi the bairnies. Gude day."

Nelly could neither eat nor sleep till Smith's express arrived the next evening. The orders brought were, to Bessie, to unlock a cedar chest in the upper store room, and send from it a warm plaid shawl and a purple hood, with other things too numerous to mention; to Donald, to have the cottage neat and well warmed, and to lay in provision for a few days, as she was going to bring home a person to take it.

Nelly cried, and Bessie laughed; and the cook said she "*only hoped* it would work well;" and Patrick said, as his "misthress

went in unawares upon the poor body, she must have had all in order or she'd never have engaged her to take the very bist o' the cottages; and that people would believe after this that all Irish homes were not like styes, as most thought now." And the poor fellow walked down to the mills and into the cottage after dark, to make sure that all would be in readiness for the strangers. He well knew what Donald's orders were, and yet his humble heart craved some share in the work; so he cleared the cooking stove of the cinders and ashes left from widow Green's last fire, and prepared it ready to light, with the paper and matches he left upon the well-brushed hearth. It was a very little thing, but, like the bubble which rises from the deep fountain, proved that far down in the heart lay waters of affection which would fain leap up and overflow their bounds for the refreshing of the weary. Who has not witnessed the sympathy which exists in the lowliest Irish heart toward those who, like themselves, are strangers? How unweariedly do the young of that people toil for us that they may send money home to make

their friends comfortable there, or to bring them hither. Many beautiful examples exist before our eyes of pure filial affection, which may well bring the blush to the cheek of many a wiser and more calculating Saxon, who, — for such instances are not rare, — though in affluence himself, thinks it no shame to see a relative in want, or even cast upon public charity. If God sends us to the ant for a lesson, surely we need not scorn to go to these, our lowly brethren, and learn of them that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Donald called at Mrs. Howard's the next afternoon, with the great team horses and sleigh from the mill, to see if Nelly would not like to ride to the depot to welcome her mother. But as the wind was raw, and she could not take Bessie in their own sleigh, she refused to go, saying, “May be I'll get lave to walk up by the moonlight afoor bed-time.” Bessie urged her, and the cook said she could be with her little charge every moment; but Nelly replied, “I pledged myself to my mistress that I'd never lave my two eyes off her darlin till herself got back; and so I won't.”

At length the screech and the whistle of the locomotive were heard in the dim distance, and it seemed as if the poor, fond heart of Nelly would leap from its place. "Oh, dear heart," she cried, bursting into tears, "ye niver knew what it was to find such friends in yer need — ye niver knew what it was, when yerself was warm at night, to shiver to yer very heart wid the cold ye feared was felt by them ye loved better nor yerself. But, thanks to Our Lady, there are an end to cold and hunger for them now."

"Thank *God*, Nelly," said Bessie, "for it is he alone who can raise up friends for us. You do not find in all your own Bible a word about praying to Mary, or looking to her for help — do you?"

"I haven't read it through yet, miss; but that's as I was teached, and ye know we must all go by our bidding. If we all do as our parents and our priests tell us we can't go far astray."

"Well, Nelly, how was it with foolish Teddy in Ballygurk? His mother taught him to steal fowls and eggs, and to milk

cows in the pasture. Was that right?" asked the child.

"Oh, no, dear heart; but she was an evil woman; he should ha' gone by the biddin of his *priest*, and so should every body," replied Nelly.

"But the Hindoo priests tell the heathen women to throw their babies into the River Ganges to please their idol gods; and the same priests command their people to bind the widow with cords, and burn her alive beside the dead body of her husband. Do you think that is right?" asked Bessie.

"Oh, no, dear heart; but them's hathen, and we's Christians, and knows better nor that."

"No matter what we are; the only way is to obey God, even if in so doing we go contrary to the wishes of every friend we have in the world. Just read your Bible, and follow that."

"And so I will, jewel," replied Nelly; "but I'm afeard it will come across my other tuchings; and then what'll I do?"

"Obey those you love best, and who are the safest guides to follow — whether Jesus, or your friends," said Bessie.

"Dear, oh, dear!" cried Nelly; "but these things keeps me 'wake o' nights! Oh, if I ony had father and Granny Jewel back again till they'd till me the right way! I'd belave thim."

"You wouldn't believe them, even if they should rise from the dead, if you don't believe Christ," said the child. "Don't you think his word as good as theirs?"

Nelly looked amazed. "'Deed I do," she said, "and I've been bid to belave in the same Bible as yer lady mother has given me; I finds nothin there about makin a heaven for myself wid the help o' the saints. But what would mother say if she heard her Nilly say the like o' that? She'd say I'd turned hathen; but isn't yon sound the bells on the horse? Dear heart, yer mother's at the door! Och, hone! But my heart's breakin in me wid fear and joy. I'll run to the door meself, and fall on my two knees afore her, and thank her for all her love to me and her kindness to them."

CHAPTER X.

THE CHANGED HEART.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

WHEN Mrs. Howard had laid aside her things, and learned that all was well at home, she ordered tea in haste, saying that she wished, as soon as might be, to have Patrick drive Nelly over to the cottage, and leave her there all night with her mother. That was very little for a rich lady to do; but it added greatly to the happiness of a faithful servant, and of a whole family who had little save love to bless them.

When Nelly rushed into the kitchen of the cottage, she found her mother resting in a great rocking chair Donald's wife had sent in for that very purpose. The motherly little Scotch woman sat beside her with a child on each arm, and five years' Sandy leaning on her knee, rubbing his eyes with sleep, and frowlsing up his red curls. Nelly could not

speak for a moment, but wept as if some great sorrow had befallen her.

"Sure, child," said Nora, softly, wiping her own eyes, "the love o' God is in these hearts, and himself has taken Dinnis's wife and childer under his own wing, jewel."

"Yes, mother, jewel," replied the young girl, "it is himself alone could raise up such friends for us poor sstrangers;" and she whispered in Nora's ear, "don't let us be angerin-him by givin glory to them as are no gods."

The mother did not seem to comprehend her meaning, but replied, "Will, thank him, Nilly, and thry to sarve him and them faithfully."

It was very little labor to move such a domestic establishment as Nora's, nor was much labor required to set it in order. Donald had already put up a borrowed bedstead and the one the poor woman brought with her, and by nine o'clock the weary family were resting in a way — as Nora expressed it — "as would make Dinnis and Granny Jewel laugh in heaven to see." They envied no one on earth that night, but thought pitifully

of the poor they had left behind them in the great city, and prayed God to deal with such as he was dealing with them.

When the gray morning broke, Nelly rose and assisted her mother to prepare breakfast for the two gentlemen, charging her to lay the cloth and dispose the dishes as was done at Mrs. Howard's, and "'bove all things never to let the boys be seen wid dirty faces or rough heads, else it would soon be said, 'They bes *Irish*, afther all.'"

When she carried in the coffee, she said to the overseer, whom she had seen at Mrs. Howard's, "Ye'll find my mother a bit shy, sir; but she'll be more nor willin to do yer biddin if ye'll bear wid her a little till she gets the ways of a new counthry. And Miss Bessie bid me say to ye, from herself, that may be ye'd find something for Jerry to do in the packin room. He's a jewel of a boy, sir, and he can read like a schoolmaster, and write a little, too."

Mr. Manning was a father, and felt for these not less because he was exiled by his business all the week from his family. He spoke kindly to Nelly, and promised he

would bear with her mother's inexperience, and that he would see what he could do for the boys.

She did not wait for Patrick to come for her, but ran lightly over the well-trodden snow, saying to her mother, "A mile and a half is no walk at all; and, dear heart, afther all our great prosperity, ye'll not refuse, when the boys will be made respectable, to let them go wid me to the Sunday school?"

"Nilly, would ye for a gift go among yer inemies to learn their religion?" asked Nora, in surprise.

"Mother, these bes inemies to none. They loves God, and all as he has made. I niver heard one word of abuse of our faith in that house. They has their own way o' thinkin, but gave me our own Catholic Bible, and bid me follow that, and said it would lead me to heaven."

"That's sthrange, indeed," cried Nora, who was as well armed against bribery here as she had been against abuse at the Parks'. "I thought half their religion was to make spoort of ours."

"No, mavourneen. Their whole religion's to love God, and their neighbor as theirsself; and it *must* be a good and thrue faith as leads a lady to be the likes of my mistress! And it's to every body she's this loving, — even the black people, — the *nagurs*, you know; she prays every night that the task-master may be merciful to them now, and that very soon God will give them their liberty like us. She wants even them to be good and happy," said Nelly.

"Did *ye* hear her prayers, darlin?" whispered Nora, so that the quick ear of her little son might not catch the sound.

"And I did, mother; neither did they iver harm me, but make me loviner to ye and faithfuler to her. She prays till ye would belave God was at yer side and lookin into yer heart. Sometimes I'd be 'feard to look up when she's gone lest I'd see him there."

"Hilp the child, Hooly Mother!" exclaimed Nora.

"O mother, jewel! It's an easy, contented religion this. They jist thrusts in Jesus, belaving that he'll be thrue to his word; and then they stop fretting and go to work, so as

they will plaze him bist. Yerself knows that *we* be all the time doin penance and tellin prayers, and the most of us repatin the same things over again almost fornenst the altar. We feels as we can find pardon as often as we likes that way, but we don't 'bide in the right way to plaze Christ," replied the young girl.

Nora closed her full, gray eyes, but the tears would press through.

"Jewel," cried the daughter, "it's ye as well as mesilf as needs this easy religion, so that, 'stead o' carryin a hape o' throuble on our hearts, we'll ask him who carried the heavy cross to carry it and us too. That is the way my dear misthress talks to me — and it's jist an illigant religion she has."

Nora muttered a prayer, but made no reply to Nelly, who seized the opportunity to escape from the silken fetters which bound her, and to return to her duties.

As with overflowing heart she descanted to Mrs. Howard on the elegance of the cottage and the good fortune of her mother, she said, "I'se throubled ye wid a hape o' questions, ma'am, but if it is not bould I'd like to ask one more."

"Well, Nelly, what is it? Ask any thing you wish to know," said the lady.

"Will, ma'am, it's still about these good deeds I'm troubled. Ye have done a huge one for the widow and fatherless. Ye paid their passage, and made thim warm, and thrusted a poor sthranger wid the bist o' yer cottages, and sint her mate to ate, and coals to burn. And didn't ye, ma'am, in it all, look to God, and say, 'For this I'll go up higher in heaven'?"

"No, never, Nelly; but I thanked him that he had allowed me, an unprofitable servant, the privilege of giving a cup of cold water for his sake. The act might have been the very same, and yet be an offense in the sight of God if the motive were not pure. If I should ask you, who are my servant, to bring me a red apple now from the store room, and you should linger round some time, and, when you had nothing else to do, should bring it upon a soiled plate, itself defiled, do you think it would gratify me?"

"No; because I'd vex ye, ma'am, both by tardiness and carelessness," replied Nelly.

“ But the apples themselves would be the same — would they not ? ”

“ Deed they would.”

“ But I should refuse to take them ; and would you then turn to me and say, ‘ These apples are good, and I shall expect a large reward for bringing them to you ’ ? ”

“ Deed, none but a fool would talk that way. Ye would be vexed more ways nor one wid me,” said the girl.

“ Certainly,” answered the lady. “ It was your duty, as my servant, to bring me *good fruit* the moment I bade you ; and also to see that it was itself clean, and was presented on a clean plate. Is it not so ? ”

“ Jist so, ma’am, intirely,” replied Nelly.

“ Then, Nelly, see how differently you would deal with the Almighty — the Creator and Ruler of the universe. I am a poor mortal, dust and ashes like yourself, and like you, too, a sinner before heaven ; yet you treat me with far more deference and justice than you manifest toward him. Now, listen, my child, while I explain the way in which you treat the sinner’s Friend. He has made you, and given you a home in this beautiful

world, and commanded you to be holy even as he is holy — to love the Lord your God with your whole heart, and mind, and strength, and your neighbor as yourself. You know, I suppose, that you have not lived thus ? ”

“ *Nobody has,* ” replied Nelly, with an air which seemed to say, “ I’m no worse than others. ”

“ Ah, my good girl, we were not talking of other people, but of *you* and *your* relations to an infinite and holy God. Have you lived a perfectly sinless life before him ? ”

“ ‘ Deed, then, ma’am, far from it ; sure, once I hid Granny Jewel’s spectacles till she’d offer sixpence to the finder ; and once, when playin wid the young goslins, as forbid to do, I broke a leg, and said I saw a strange lad throw a stone at it ; then, when I should have known better, afther I came to this counthry, didn’t I *hate* that Masther Joe till I’d be glad was he dead ? And I gripped such a handful o’ hair out o’ him as’ll make him remember Nilly Clancy to the day o’ his death ; and then — ”

*

“But, Nelly, I don't want you to confess your sins to *me*, a mortal — go to God with them. I only wished to know if you thought you had obeyed God always, and were therefore holy in his sight.”

“Then I don't, ma'am; but I've done some *good* things.”

“Yes, you have; and you take them — like the apples we spoke of — defiled as they are with wrong motives, upon hands unclean, — for you have confessed that you hated a fellow-creature till the feeling was murder in the heart, — and offer them to God, saying, ‘Here are good deeds of mine, and now I shall expect heaven for them. I have shared my last loaf with one poorer than I, which I consider a noble act; and, although I have committed many sins, I am a good servant on the whole, and think I have a right to a high seat among the saints above.’ How do you think God would look at you?”

“Oh, he'd be very angry, ma'am, and I wouldn't dare to say that or the likes of it to him.”

“But, Nelly, you are saying it every hour that you refuse to cast your guilty soul on

Jesus, and rest in what he has done. Every prayer you offer, every good act you perform, with a view to earning heaven, is an offense to him, and he will cast it from him. It is an awful thing for a vile sinner to face God boasting of his goodness, when only his great compassion keeps him out of hell. O Nelly, thank him that he gives you a place for repentance, and seek him, my poor child, with the whole heart."

"Oh, but he'll niver, niver take me as I am — I, as have dared to hold up my head before him; what'll I do first that'll make me fit to go to him?"

"Nothing; but go as you are to him, and say, —

• Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
O Lamb of God, I come."

"It's a great chance, then, if he takes me at all," said Nelly, sorrowfully, "for it's more evil nor good that I've done."

"But there you are again talking of what you've done, my child," said the lady. "That has nothing to do in the matter.

It is what Christ has done alone that can avail."

"Oh, oh," said Nelly, "there's me as was pointed at for good example at home, and that was meself as sure o' heaven as if already in it, because I counted my beads and said my prayers so often, jist now widout any hope more nor a hathen. And me offerin God the good deeds I have done, oh, that were the worst of all! If I had jist kept afar from him, it would ha' been less sin than to come before him wid these, insulting him. He ought not to forgive me, ma'am,—sure it wouldn't be right for the likes o' me to be forgiven,—and he can *only do right*; so I'll get the punishment!"

"No, Nelly," said the lady. "God has not left you thus; he has promised a Saviour, who is able and willing to take your sins upon himself, and give you a free pardon and a title to heaven; and for his own Son's sake God will accept you. But before you can be forgiven, you must cast away all thoughts of yourself and your works, whether good or evil, and *simply believe on him*. He has said, Whosoever cometh unto me, I

will in no wise cast out. When you truly come you will be welcomed into a place better than that of sons and daughters. You will no longer be fatherless, Nelly."

Tears flowed down the rosy cheeks of Nelly, as she said, rising and reaching out her arms, "Then it's jist noo that I'll come to him, — poor me, Nilly Clancy, — and I'll say, 'My goodness is worse nor my sin, because I mocked God wid it; but afther this day I'll sarve thee because thou art hooly, and because I love thee, my Father.'" And thenceforward Nelly Clancy walked in the light of God's countenance, and sought to do his will; while her chastened spirit and meek behavior told plainly that she felt herself an unprofitable servant. Oh, the beautiful example of a Christian mistress! How it must reflect its brightness on all the home circle, winning the lowly and guiding the ignorant to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world! How like heaven would be our homes if the love of Jesus ruled, and his principles were carried into the little every-day duties of life. Then would mistress and servant act in concert,

their aims and interests being the same. But how few domestic establishments are thus managed! Far oftener do employer and employed stand in the attitude of foes — one to command and rebuke, the other to obey and murmur. But the day cometh when the lofty and the lowly shall be as one in the kingdom of God. Could ridicule, or scorn, or censure have won this simple-hearted child thus to Jesus? Oh, no; it would have closed her ear and barred her heart against him, and been, perhaps, her ruin; and yet, in too many cases, such is all the attention these humble members of Christian families receive from those upon whom God has laid the responsibility of caring for their souls.

Perhaps there is no better proof of the genuineness of a conversion than in the spirit manifested toward those who had been the objects of dislike and enmity; and knowing this, it was truly pleasing to Mrs. Howard when Nelly said, one day, not long after this, "When ye'd be writin to Miss Gray, ma'am, plaze bid her till Miss Mary Park that I remembers all her kindness in teach-

ing me the throe way, and to ask the rest of the family — the mother, and Mather Joe — would they forgive all my hasty words and quick, angry actions there, and believe that I wants afther this to love ivery body. If I could, I'd go there meself to till them this."

CHAPTER XL.

THE WEARY ONE AT HOME.

"Blessed are the homesick, for they shall reach home."

THE snows melted and were gone, and with them had passed away the anxious fears of the poor exiles of Ballygurk. When the grass was green in the fields, and the wood-anemone lifted its sweet head, when the little winged travelers came home to their country-seats in the branches, and the insect world opened its glad orchestra, these had well nigh forgotten that they were poor, lone strangers, afar even from the graves they loved. They had found a *home*; not only a place to rest the aching head and the weary limb, but a home for the heart; and that is what many a man of wealth never had from the cradle to the grave. As the gentle Nora was far from any church she called "her own," she for a long time remained at home on the Sabbath; but as she

saw the effects of religious training upon the children at the mills, when compared with those in the tenement house she had left, she could not fear to let the boys go with good Donald to church and Sabbath school. She gave them strict injunctions never to give up the true religion, nor to be ashamed to tell the whole world that their father's grave was protected by a cross. She also charged them to report to her any abuse they might hear of her church, and warned them to fear God and strive to obey him in all things. Thus the months rolled away, and Nora's boys became an honor to her; but she always said, when hearing them praised, "Ye'd not wonder at their good behavior, sir, had ye but known their father. They're Dinnis's own sons, and as like him as one pea is to another."

The rose has its time to bud, its time to bloom, its time to die; and thus, also, have the sweet flowers of our heart their seasons of birth, of life, and of decay. As the summer wore away in its beauty, a halo seemed to surround the frail form of Bessie Howard. The winter had been a season of

great spiritual interest to her, as well as to her young nurse, and the mother and teacher saw that the work of the Lord was prospering in her hands. She saw the strong citadel of self-righteousness give way and fall, and on its ruins arise a hope founded on a rock—the rock Christ Jesus. It was also very evident that God was fitting one of her pupils for an early entrance into glory, and she strove to lift her heart from the poor, little, bowed sufferer whose life was bound up in hers, to that land where they were to be forever with the Lord. She schooled her lone heart until she could say, “The will of the Lord be done.”

All the rest poor Bessie found was in the open air, in the strong and willing arms of Nelly. She slept under the apple trees when white with blossoms, and when red and golden-hued with fruit. She could only drink from her little silver cup when Nelly carried her to the spring in the meadow and dipped up the water, sparkling and cool; she could sleep only when the robin sang, or when Nelly chanted some plaintive Irish melody softly in her ear. Thus passed her days;

but her nights were those of languor and restlessness, such as makes heaven look sweet to the sufferer, and death a welcome messenger to those who must witness the conflict — their very love making them willing to loosen the silver cord below, to bind the golden one above. Every new flower that bloomed in her own little garden seemed to Bessie a little epistle from her Father above; and she would clasp the blossom to her heart and weep. The hum of the wild bee and the glancing light of the firefly seemed too much for her weakness to hear or see. Even the voice and face of her mother were at times more than she could endure; and covering her eyes with her thin hands she would weep as if from sorrow. When the east wind blew she cowered before it even in her sheltered room, and prayed that she might soon be "where sickness can not come — where father lives with God."

Night after night only Nelly could hold her. "Mother is too feeble, and every body else is rough," she said; "and when I'm once at rest, my Nelly can rest too." No

inducement could draw the faithful creature from her charge; and little wonder was it, for they were making rapid advances together in the school of Christ — each a teacher, each a learner. The summer passed away, and again the frosts came, and Nelly had been there — blessed and a blessing — one year, a year never to be forgotten by either mistress or servant. Money could not repay her service there, nor replace it should she be removed.

One night, when the curtains were drawn, the wood fire replenished, and the lamp shaded, Nelly sat drowsily murmuring to her charge in the low rocking chair. “Poor, sweet mamma is all worn out, Nelly, or I would like to see her,” said the child.

“Shall I call her, jewel?” asked Nelly, in a pitiful tone.

“Yes, Nelly, I *must* see her,” was the answer.

But “love never sleeps;” in a moment the mother was beside her suffering child.

“O mamma, I’m so weary! Nelly can’t rest me to-night. I must lay my head on your lap.”

What so like heaven on earth to any child — old or young — in sickness, as the rest found on a mother's bosom! Alas! some of us will be there no more until we are where Lazarus lies in Abraham's bosom, and where John, perchance, leans on Jesus' breast; but for poor Bessie even that dear refuge failed. "I can't rest here; you are not strong enough." The cook, ever willing to relieve the poor child, was called from her slumbers; and then she wanted Patrick, — "he was so strong, — he could hold her all night and never weary." But, alas! there was no rest, no comfort for her, short of that which waits all who love Jesus, in the sweet land of heaven. Poor, panting Bessie looked mournfully round on the grieving circle, and moaned out, "Oh, I would give the world, if it were mine, to see papa to-night. I feel just as I did once, when I was homesick! I can rest now on my pillow, Nelly." She was laid there, and after one moment's quiet turned round and looked on each, then closed her eyes forever. The frail weeper above her was desolate, — fatherless — motherless, — a widow, and

childless. But Bessie was at rest, after years of weariness and pain ; therefore the mother could rejoice even in her tribulation, and say, —

“ He whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home *his* child.”

Bessie was laid down to rest beside her father ; and had she not been a Christian, and therefore a member of a large and loving family, Mrs. Howard would have been indeed desolate and wretched. But she was not one to charge God foolishly, nor to chide him for recalling his own treasures which he had in mercy lent to her. She saw a Father's hand in all her afflictions, and charged her heart to learn the full lesson they were meant to teach. She had a home full of all to make life happy, with none to enjoy it save herself — a silent nursery, and toys undisturbed by childhood's touch ; garments which the moth would eat, and treasures which, if unused, the rust would corrupt ; all this she saw, and felt that, as a woman professing godliness, she had no time for sentimental grief — that she must be up and doing while her day yet lasted.

What was once the family burying ground of the Howards long before a mill or a factory population was dreamed of among them now contained many a lowly grave, for when a toiler fell down by their side he was welcome to his last pillow among the wiser heads which had lain down there before him. They were of too noble a nature to fear contamination in the bosom of our common mother. Scarcely had the sod been laid on the bosom of little Bessie ere another grave was added. Poor, gentle Jessie McPherson pressed a cold kiss on the cheek of her tenth baby, and then left the "puir, dear lambie mitherless, but on the bosom of the gude Shepherd," and went to receive the reward of her lowly life of usefulness and love. Donald had long been a faithful servant of Mr. Howard, and the widow felt that he had a claim on her in this the hour of his need. She placed the babe with a nurse, provided one to care for the rest, and took little two years' Maud to her own heart, calling her "Bessie Maud." This favored little one now became the charge of Nelly, who was not less a servant, but more a friend, to

her mistress than before her affliction. Nora filled well her place, giving perfect satisfaction to "the gentlemen," and being regarded with respect by all her humble neighbors. The sweet seeds of piety which had taken such deep root in the breast of her child failed not to find a place in her own heart. She heard no doctrinal disputations, no arguments as to the age of one church over another; but she learned, as a sinner, that she must be "born again," and that by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified in the sight of God. She fled to the only refuge, and was received into the fold of the true Shepherd. Her sons walked after her in the paths of peace, and rose to places of trust in the establishment where their lot was appointed. They did not need to be argued out of the use of rosary, and charms, and crosses as means of salvation, for they had found him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and before him all other lights grew dim.

Now, had Miss Gray, when applied to to recommend a nurse for Bessie Howard, said, without inquiry, and blinded by her

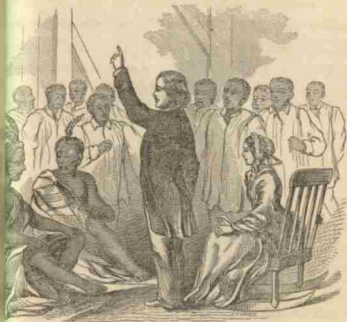
friendship for the Park family, "Nelly has quarreled in one place, and I will not assist her in getting another," or had Mrs. Howard cautiously asked if she was a Catholic, and as such refused to have her as a companion for her child, how different had been the fate of the Clancy family to-day! Nora, worn with toil and poverty, might have gone to her grave ere this; Nelly, irritated and friendless, might have passed from house to house, finding no home till character and self-respect forsook her; and the boys, reared in the streets, might have been to-day inmates of a prison, a shame to the memory of their parents, and a curse to any community on which they should be let loose. Oh, little do Christian women realize how much of the destiny of these strangers is left in their hands for good or evil! We take them into our homes to-day, and, if not perfectly satisfied with their service, send them away to-morrow, scarce stopping to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or to see if there be not some way in which, by bearing with them, we may change the whole current of their lives.

Nor does the whole responsibility rest upon the mother and mistress. The children of a family sometimes have the happiness and well-being of servants in a great measure in their own hands. More than once have we seen a poor, homesick stranger made the sport and ridicule of a merry group, themselves happy, and loved, and indulged beyond degree, yet satisfied with no amusement short of thus barbarously tormenting an ignorant and sensitive fellow-creature. Aside from the sin of this, it is mean and disgraceful — unworthy of those who, in a free and happy land, are aiming to be gentlemen and ladies. Any noble-hearted boy would scorn to act the part of Joe Park toward an innocent and unoffending domestic, and would show his generosity by aiding and cheering such in every possible way. We have seen the sons and daughters of gentlemen acting the part of friends to the servants in their families, reading to them, repeating little items of news which they might otherwise never hear, writing letters to their distant friends, or teaching them to do it themselves, and listening with interest

to their tales of past mirth and happiness, or of present loneliness and sorrow. These children will one day be an honor to their country, while those who imagine they display wit and smartness by censoriousness and ridicule toward these humble members of their households, manifest either their own low breeding, or the evil parental example of which they have been the victims, and promise little comfort to their friends or good to their native land. In no way may we judge more correctly of a man or a boy, a matron or a maiden, than by their treatment of those in inferior stations. The robes they wear may be costly, their dwellings may be palaces, their equipages splendid; but if they address those in their employ in loud, boisterous tones of command, or act as if afraid of coming too near these sons and daughters of toil lest they be contaminated, we may be sure they are themselves sprung from a source lower than honest poverty. We have seen the vulgar rich thus contemptuously treating their servants, who, in turn, manifested no respect for them; while those in far humbler station — as regards wealth —

were honored and faithfully served by domestics who saw in them their best friends and benefactors. But aside from such considerations, let us, who boast that we are Americans, whose land is the asylum for the oppressed of every other nation, regard our honor in this matter, and deal generously and kindly with those who have fled to us for refuge from tyranny and want. Let us also remember that we are — so called — Christians, and endeavor, in the spirit of Christ, to win all under our influence unto him for light, and wisdom, and peace. Let us live with them as under the eye of our common Master; then may we stand at last before him, saying, "Here, Lord, are we, and the souls thou hast given us."

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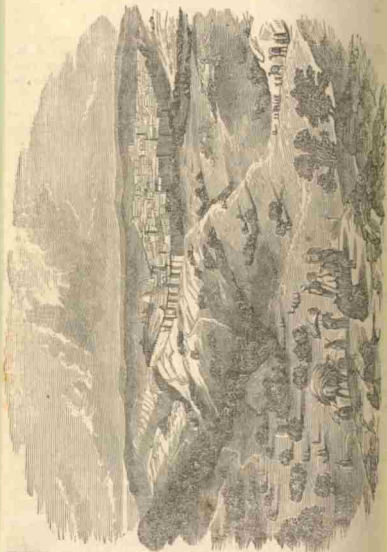
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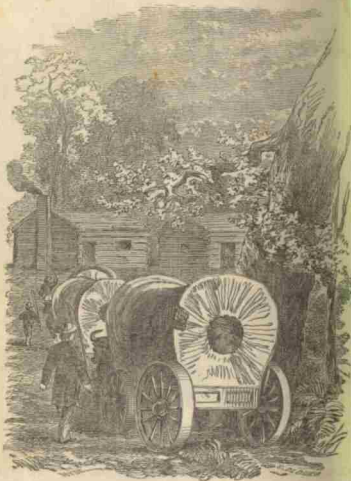
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