

lawyer stood to the missionary, nor how the tidings had affected him. He merely supposed that Mr. Morrison had been touched by his account of missionaries in general.

When Francis Morrison returned to the mansion that night, the comfort of his library and the very fire on the hearth seemed to mock him. Nevertheless he poked it vigorously, as if thus to vent his spleen, and, sitting down, he pondered. He had vaguely imagined his ward the head of a flourishing parish, very large as to extent, with such ordinary comforts as might suffice for a pastor, and a salary small, but enough to keep him from want, a church that supported itself, and a congregation quite capable of paying for what it wanted in the spiritual order. In fact, the guardian, now growing old, had with bitter pain felt himself crowded out, superfluous, unable, beyond an occasional donation of money such as he might have put on a collection plate, to contribute to his ward's well-being or happiness. There was a new fire in his eyes and a new purpose in his fixed gaze.

The coming of Francis Morrison struck Father Johnson dumb with amazement and joy. It meant the redemption of his mission from poverty and failure. That much Father Johnson knew. Morrison threw into the new interests all that fiery energy, that determination to succeed, which had marked the great lawyer's whole existence. For the first time he learned, though not without painful and halting progress, the meaning of that command to 'love the Lord with all thy heart,' and to serve Him accordingly. For the first time in many a long year he tasted happiness, profound and lasting, which had come to him through the royal road of suffering. He experienced the joy of that service wherein his ward had found peace. As for the latter, he rejoiced that he was at last able to pay his own and his mother's debt of gratitude, while giving to his guardian the purest of all pleasure, that of pouring forth ever new benefactions.

To Francis Morrison the old life and the new seemed mysteriously blended; the eyes and the voice of the son still recalled the mother; in the old songs he occasionally heard, in the very hymns of Mother Church, he listened, with the old quiver of joy and pain, to the very voice, it seemed to him, that had charmed his youth.

But a few days before his death, in the wanderings of his mind, he thought he was once more in the old library at Thirty-eighth street, speaking with the woman he had loved. To her he seemed to be surrendering a sacred trust.

'I give you back your son,' he murmured, brokenly: 'I have brought him up a good Catholic.'

In his conscious moments he prayed with a touching fervor, the tears rolling down his rugged cheeks. It was from Mary's son that he received the last rites of the Church. In his final farewell, which could scarcely be caught by the priest, were revealed to him the secret of that life. 'Son of a beloved mother,' he murmured, 'Mary's son, farewell.'—*Extension.*

THE VIRTUE OF CHARITY

Conor Gilligan had taken home a new wife to Carrig-a-durrish, a town bred girl, who opened wide eyes at the customs of the country, but whose sympathy won all hearts to her.

The farm lay on the highway, and at first the coming and going of the beggars had broken the monotony of the long days when Conor was out at work, but when the spring time came and the workhouse wards sent out their winter inmates to 'travel' for the summer, Mrs. Gilligan began to tire of the frequent calls on her time and charity.

'There's nothing for you.'

The applicant was the fifth since morning and mid-day had not yet come.

'For God's sake.'

Mrs. Gilligan hesitated.

'I'm sorry,' she said, more gently, 'but there are so many coming—'

'Amn't I in Carrig-a-durrish?' asked the beggar in surprise.

'Can't you see that for yourself?' replied Mrs. Gilligan, and she glanced proudly over the fields that fell away beyond the road to the little bog lake in the distance.

There were no other fields in the parish to be compared with these.

'I'm dark,' said the woman, 'but God's will be done,' and she tapped the flag-stone before the door with her knotted thorn stick.

'It's sorry, I am,' cried Mrs. Gilligan quickly, this time really meaning it; 'may God help you. I didn't notice you were blind.' She threw open the half door and led the woman to the fireside, putting her on the low seat that Conor had made for herself, and bidding her rest until the dinner was served.

'Thanks be to God for this,' said the beggar. 'I was afeared when you spoke that the luck was going from Carrig-a-durrish.'

'The luck? What's that at all?'

Everything was prepared for the midday meal, and, waiting for the potatoes and the bacon and cabbage to boil, Mrs. Gilligan drew forward a stool and sat facing the beggar, her fingers busied with a grey wool sock.

'Hasn't Conor told you of the Luck of Carrig-a-durrish?' asked the woman incredulously.

'Never a word,' said Conor's wife. 'Tell on, yourself.'

And this is the story Mayneen Gilligan heard from the blind beggar on the hearth:

Years and years ago, long before the Great Famine was sent to Ireland, there used to be times of poverty and hardship that, not knowing what was to come, the people thought of very badly. There was hunger in the farmers' houses and in the poor man's cottage, want and fever, starvation and death; and many an honest family that struggled along for generations in the little home were forced to travel the roads, begged their bread for God's sake from these more fortunate, if little less poor, than themselves.

The Gilligan, who was in Carrig-a-durrish in those days was an honest, poor man, but times were bad, the family at home was big and weak, and there was blight upon the corn and the potatoes.

Morning and all day long they came here to the door, asking food for God's sake, and when night fell still they came, but now begging for the shelter of the barn roof over themselves and the helpless children in their arms.

And the Gilligans gave what they could, at first with all their hearts, then the man began to grudge the giving of what they had so little themselves, and he'd grumble time and again, so that it was mostly when he was out that the woman gave for God's sake.

One night himself and the eldest boy had been out all the day, trying to save the little crop of hay that lay late and rotting in the fields, and his heart was heavy seeing the poor promise of the harvest, and coming in there was a charity man before them at the door.

'Where can I sleep,' asked the charity man, and his beard was white upon his breast. But Conor Gilligan, for it was a Conor that was in it then, as now, Conor Gilligan, after thinking all day of the want that was waiting for his own, turned on the stranger.

'In the back of the ditch and bad to you,' he cried in sudden passion. 'Is it a lodging house you think I'm keeping for every idle vagabond in Ireland to sleep in?' But the mistress had come out and now she spoke softly.

'There's two in the barn already, Conor,' she said. 'What harm will it do us to give shelter to another?'

'Two, is there! then there's two too many, bad luck.' But his wife checked him.

'You're hungry and tired, avick,' she said, as she pulled him by the sleeve. 'Go in to your supper and I'll see to this man.'

Conor, grumbling still, did her bidding, and the stranger, too, obeyed her when she signed to him to follow.