

and the other is that I did not know there was such happiness left on earth." You know she used to call me Bab when I took her to school, twenty-five years ago. And now I do not know, I am sure, what is coming next, sister Catherine," said Miss Barbara, as she ended her story, "but I cannot help thinking that it is all going to be made right at last, and it does seem to me when the Lord brings two people together like that, He will take care that the result is a good one."

Miss Catherine raised her head and showed her face bathed in tears, a most unusual thing with her.

"Goodness knows," she said, "I have no wishes for myself, but I have prayed every day these fourteen years for happiness for Cicely, and I could not reconcile myself to its not coming. For no matter how hard she tried to be brave, the sadness of her face has pierced my heart every day. When I have heard people say there was no such thing as true love in this world, I have looked at little Cicely, and wished they spoke the truth. If the dear Lord will recompense her for her patience and constancy, He will have no more grateful creature than I will be," said Miss Catherine, drying her eyes, and expressing herself as usual with a turn of words that belied her tenderness and reverence. In the promised few days Stephen came, and he and Miss Cicely walked again through the old orchard and quiet streets, forgetful of the lapse of years. The robins and orioles sang as sweetly above their heads as in their early youth; the sunshine was as warm, the grass as green. The years could not rob Miss Cicely of the beauty which was hers, and souls who love purely both God and man, partake even in this world of a little of His beauty in Whom is no shadow of alteration."

"Well, no," Miss Catherine said to the neighbors. "I don't know that I can exactly say that Cicely is re-engaged to Stephen Hartwell, for they have been engaged all along; the only trouble was that they did not know it. There is not much real romance in the world, nor of real love, either, for that matter, but one case such as this is enough to keep alive the faith of a whole neighborhood, I think. Yes, they are to be married in two months. There is not anything to wait for; he is a rich man now, and they have had a rather long engagement, take it altogether. I could not make any objection to their marriage in August, so then it will be."

It was a very simple wedding. They brought the old-fashioned fragrant flowers from the garden, and adorned the church. They broke branches of Miss Cicely's own natal elm, and made a bower for her to stand in. Miss Barbara plucked quantities of the tall white August lilies and filled the quaint vases, reserving the best and purest for her sister's wearing, saying that other brides might wear orange blossoms; lilies were for their Cicely.

Then they opened every door and window, and let into the old house all the glorious outdoors, the delicious air, the song of birds, and the distant hills and background.

"We want to see the hills to-day," said Miss Catherine, in her tearful joy growing poetic. "They seem like suitable witnesses to a wedding where love has endured as theirs has."

They dressed Miss Cicely in her mother's wedding gown, and pinned the snowy lilies in the falling yellow lace on her breast.

As she stood before the old priest, at the altar of the little church, with her sisters close at hand, every one said they had never seen a face so lovely. For joy lit up the clear, shining eyes, and took the place of patience there, and when the few words had been spoken, and the Mass was ended, Miss Catherine and Miss Barbara felt, as they drank in with their loving eyes the happiness and beauty of their darling's face, that they gave her up with joy, and were more than satisfied to live on alone together in the old house, no longer three, but two Misses Farquhar.—San Francisco Monitor.

## SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY

People blamed Pat O'Hara for marrying Nellie Lee, and the elders shook their heads, as they remarked to each other: "They are a foolish pair: Nellie can't turn her hand to housekeeping, and the poor boy is taken with her good looks and bits of finery. She has never been accustomed to do anything in the house, having her mother and elder sisters, and they never think of asking pretty Nellie to soil her hands. She has grown up fit for nothing, except to dress herself up like a doll."

Notwithstanding all the talk, Pat felt proud and happy on the day when he brought home his young wife and installed her as mistress of his pretty cottage, just outside the town.

All went well for a short time. Pat was not hard to please, and kind neighbors helped Nellie at first; but they soon got tired and left her to her own resources. The poor little wife could not cook, she had never been taught how to keep a house, and Pat was often obliged to go back to his work with nothing better for dinner than bread and boiled tea. The house was dirty and in disorder, and Nellie soon got tired of keeping herself tidy.

Twelve years passed, and what a change! The once bright and handsome girl was now a care-worn woman, the mother of five children. She never knew when her husband would return at night, for, poor man, he dreaded the confusion of the house, with the children crying, the mother scolding, and everything in confusion. Pat found it more pleasant to pass his evenings where he would have peace and a comfortable fire in the public house; besides, he had companions like himself, and a good deal of the week's earnings was left there.

Nellie's eldest child, Kitty, was now eleven years old; Mollie nine, and Johnnie six. The baby was but a year old, and a child of three had died.

One day when the children returned from school they told their mother that they were "learning to cook and to clean a house." Mrs. O'Hara did not heed them much, as each day they related to her about the various things they had learned. Kitty begged "to be let try something," but the mother refused.

"Where can I get things for you to cook?" she said. "We can't afford dainties."

"But, mother," said the child, "we can cook vegetables. We have plenty in the garden. Mollie and Johnnie can help too."

Mrs. O'Hara laughed at the "nonsense of children," and refused to have her house upset.

The nuns told the children to practise at home what they had been taught in school, but Kitty told them that her mother would not let her.

"Never mind, child," said the Sister, "we'll see her soon."

Accordingly, one day the Sisters called on Mrs. O'Hara; the poor woman was in disorder as usual, and apologised for the state in which they found her and the place.

"I have so much to do, Sister," said she, "between getting the dinner ready and minding the baby, that I have no time to clean the house."

"Why don't you get the children to help you?" said Sister Patrick.

"Oh! I could not be looking at them pulling the things about," she replied; "they would smash everything."

"No," said the Sister, "they would not; we find Kitty very handy; she has a taste for housekeeping."

"It's easy for you to talk, Sister," said the woman, "but if you had a home like this, and a man drinking half his earnings, and coming in at all hours of the night, I wonder what you would do?"

"I would try and find a way out of the difficulty," laughed the Sister. "Suppose now you allow the children to-morrow to do as they have been taught in school, and try just for one day to let them have the responsibility. I promise you they will not break anything."

"Very well, Sister, let them do so, as to-morrow will be Saturday; but I know what to expect."

The next morning Kitty said: "Mother, you are to do nothing to-day after breakfast, but mind baby and sit in the garden."

"I know I'll pay for my holiday," said Mrs. O'Hara. "We have no meat for dinner."

"Never mind; we can have vegetable soup and colcannon," answered Kitty.

Little Johnnie was to take part in the cleaning; so he got a coarse apron on and some whiting with cloths, and the girls set him to work, rubbing spoons, tins and lids of pots. They got the vegetables and put them on to boil, having first cleaned and prepared them. Mollie then proceeded to take all the dishes off the dresser, and set about washing them, whilst Kitty cleaned and scrubbed the shelves. That task completed, they arranged the things in order again.

By this time the vegetables were boiled, and Kitty commenced peeling the potatoes and chopped up the cabbage for the colcannon, then mixed up the other vegetables and made the soup as she had been directed, Mollie meanwhile cleaning the knives and forks.

They next got the table-cloth, which Mrs. O'Hara