

"When I got your precious little note yesterday, darling," he said. "I just had time to catch a train which brought me to Hillsborough at one o'clock. I went at once to The Pines and found my uncle awake. I was with him for more than an hour. How I passed the rest of the night I don't know. This morning, suspecting you would go as usual down to the shore, I came with the intention of accompanying you. I was a little too late; but I saw Malachy just disappearing over the rocks, and guessed you were not far off."

"I am so glad, Connor," said Madeline, looking up at him again. "The dark time is past, and there is nothing but sunshine left. How wonderful it all seems."

"My Madeline," he said, "the cloud passed away and the sunshine illuminated my life again from the moment you gave me this dear hand and said that you loved me in spite of all. I would not lose the memory of that moment for all that the world could offer me. You taught me other lessons too, Madeline, and my life shall be spent in putting them into practice."

"And will you go back to live with your uncle?" said Madeline.

"Not permanently," said Connor. "My arrangements are almost completed. I have now only to choose the place in which I shall work, and then I shall come and carry off my wife. Look up, sweetheart, and tell me that

when I come for you, you will be ready. I told my uncle about you last night, and he is entirely rejoiced. This morning I will call on your uncle and explain matters."

"But, dear Connor," said Madeline, in a low voice, "I have duties too. I cannot leave my poor people in Ireland with no one to take care of them. My father left them in my charge, and I cannot desert them. I always thought of going back to live among them, and help them. Won't you tell me how?"

"I accept the trust," said Connor, in a tone of deep feeling. "We will go together, dear, and spend our lives in this work. We will strive to shed on the paths of others less fortunate than we, some of the sunshine that floods our life. I take this as my life work, and I pray that Heaven may enable me to fulfil this sacred duty."

"Darling," said Madeline, softly, with full eyes, "you have made me happy, how happy I cannot tell you. Life is so beautiful, duty so sacred, and love is so satisfying."

It is the July of the following year. Madeline and her husband are floating down the Shannon in a little boat. Connor's oars are idle, and his wife is sitting close to him reading him a letter. She closes it and says, "Dear Hetty, I am so glad; I am sure she will be very happy. I like Mr. Carew very much; he is ever so much nicer than he used to be, and he is such a comfort to Uncle Gerard. It will be very

nice if he and Hetty go to live at Redfriars. Uncle needs some woman to look after him, for I don't think he ever quite recovered from the effects of his accident."

"Yes, dear, I am very glad too," said Connor, smiling down into the sweet eager face at his side. "I want everyone to be as happy as I am; though that is impossible, for there is only one Madeline in the world."

A moment later Madeline called out—  
"There is Michael Brennan on the landing-place waiting for us—I think it is time to go in."



A CHILD'S DRESS MADE OUT OF A YARD OF PRINT AT THE COST OF 6½d., INCLUDING TAPE AND CORD.

ONE of the most ingenious and economical specimens of work which has come under my notice is that of making a charming little dress for a child out of one yard of print. Not a thread too much nor a thread too little will be found in this length.

Every yard of ordinary print is thirty-one inches wide, and the cost of it fivepence three-farthings; this, with a penny for cord and tape, includes every expense, and a prettier little dress than is made of this it would be difficult to find. It can be made in two or three hours by those who have sewing-machines, the only parts necessary to be done by hand being the making and putting in of the tiny gussets. There can be no mistake in cutting it out if the directions on the following diagram be strictly followed.

Having the yard of print before you with the selvage on either side, you proceed to measure two and three-quarter inches from left selvage and tear it off the whole yard length. This forms the frill to go round the neck. Measure the same width, viz., two and three-quarter inches from the right selvage, but do not tear it up the whole yard—only for twenty-eight inches from the bottom, or part nearest you. This being divided into two will make the frills for the sleeves. Now from the top take off eight inches; this will make the straight body and sleeves. You now have a length of twenty-eight inches and a width of twenty-five and a half inches. This, being divided into two lengths of fourteen inches, makes the skirt. The hem at the bottom of the skirt should be about two and a half inches deep. The frills have a fine cord run through the centre.

I do not know to whom the credit is due of thinking out this useful and ingenious piece of work. It is evidently but little known, seeing the enthusiastic way in which those to whom I have shown it set to work upon it. The thanks of every mother are due to the unknown lady.

EMMA BREWER.

A yard of print=36 inches long and 31 inches broad.

