home o' a Saturday. Sorra a hap'orth to spare will I find; it's no me two hands alone can find bread for the mouths o' all, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted the priest; "there's many another place can be had for a sthrong, likely lass like her. Good servants are not over plenty, and she can be better placed."

"But where, I would like ye to tell? It's in a Protestant family she must be, an' she goes out to service at all."

"Yes; but they'll let her alone in some houses. Sorra a bit do the most o' them care what becomes o' the sowl, an' the work be done to their liking. Our Lady be praised! it's to the far counthrees that the Protestant missionaries are sent, and the silver is given; for one-half o' the pains taken wi' the poor crathurs who work in their kitchens would have ruined us all."

"Yer riverence spakes thrue, to be shure," said Biddy; "but for all that, it will never be a bit o' use to thry to make a good Catholic o' Norah, now that she can read the big books and talk so bravely herself. An' it were to be the savin' o' her life, she would never confess to a praste again, or take the holy wafer from his hands. But if ye would take it aisy and lave it to me, and persuade these meddlesome boobies