

"Was he the Governor?"

"Oh well, my dear young lady have patience. He was not."—

"And then?"

"In a few weeks I was transferred to the house the young man lived in, and he gave me accounts to keep and letters to copy and messages to do; and he made me as happy as you please. Well, to make a long story short, he asked me one day, nearly a year and nine months after my arrival, would I like to settle in Van Dieman's Land if I was a freeman?"

"If I was a freeman, sir," says I, "I'd follow my heart that never travelled out of Ireland."

"You would return?"

"Oh, the Churchyards of Ireland would be more dear to me than a thousand places away from her!"

"Well, James Feron," he said, handing me a large letter, "you are free. I send you home with the King's broad seal in your pocket, and with means enough to pay your way until you can look about."

"I was struck dumb," continued James, "and I suppose I kept staring at the gentleman."

"Come my good friend! I owe you a good turn! I am only paying back."

"Oh, sir!"

"I am the 'poor scholar' for whom you made the collection in Clonmel fifteen years ago next Candlemas! The Governor has had your case examined, and the parish priest of Carrick, Father John O'Neill, has done the rest."

"Glory be to God!" was my first cry; and I went down on my knees, not able to speak a word more. So, my dear young lady, I have good reason to be fond of the 'poor scholars.'

Just at this point of the conversation, a carriage drove up to the hall door, and company were announced. James the Pilgrim arose. As he was moving out, he stood still for a moment, when he heard the names "Mr. Meldon," Miss Meldon, "Mr. Leyton Seymour," called out.

Going down stairs James was met by the three visitors, and whilst Mr. Meldon prayed James to await him in the parlor, Amy was quite in an excitement about "Miss Meldon." She had never heard of such a person, and was hardly

prepared to hear that her favorite was or had been married.

She had not long to prepare herself, and very likely she was the more natural when the persons announced entered the drawing-room. But poor Amy felt humiliated. The paper on the wall was falling off; the carpet was here and there revealing the worn boards; even the windows showed the neglect of servants or the eccentricity of the proprietor, for they were covered with dust that dimmed the blessed daylight.

Mr. Meldon, holding by the hand a young lady, who looked like "Morning," in one of Claude Lorraine's pictures, advanced towards Amy.

"I have brought you some one to be a friend, Miss D'Alton. Here is Clara, my daughter, Clara, child, here is the young lady of whom I have spoken so much. Allow me to introduce also Mr. Leyton Seymour—a most particular friend of mine."

Mr. Seymour advanced with a very collected air and deferential manner. He was not more than five-and-twenty, and was in the possession of all the bloom of manhood. Yet Mr. Leyton Seymour had a cast of melancholy in his dark eyes; and his marked long brow and dark eyelashes tended to make the sadness more impressive. He was "so happy to meet such a friend of Mr. Meldon," he said; and then seemed determined to be a listener only.

Of course every woman who has lived would commence at once to conjecture special relations between such a charming pair as Seymour and Clara; and Amy D'Alton was no exception. But we must add, for truth's sake, that the supposition of any particularly special relations between the young people did not produce a pleasant feeling. Amy became conscious of the matter, and she laughed at—well its absurdity.

"I have been hearing of you by letter; and papa has spoken so much to me of Miss D'Alton, that really I have known you for a year. Do you know I have been quite jealous of you?"

"Amy again felt "I am feeling jealous of you"—and again smiled interiorly at—the absurdity.

Mr. Meldon saw from the beginning that Amy D'Alton felt the woe-stricken