

his mind, and when he found among the religious not only the tenderly-reared aristocracy, but even those who had been brought up in very hatred of what they now worshipped with a hushed reverence—the saying of Pharaoh's necromancers came unbidden to his mind. "The finger of God is here," he said.

The reader will not feel surprised that Mr. Leyton Seymour accompanied the party to the Roman Catholic church very frequently, indeed almost daily; and one of those visits had a singular influence on his future career—and on the career of one at least besides himself.

One morning the ladies proposed to go to the Oratory at Brompton, and the gentlemen readily assented. It happened that as they drove from the door of their hotel, another carriage drove in the same direction, and street after street kept them company. At first they thought it curious, and then became really interested; but the interest culminated when they saw the carriage stop at the very same destination for which they were bound.

The occupants of both carriages entered the church together; and our friends saw that the strangers were ladies—or by their appearance, a lady and her maid. The lady hardly eighteen, was a foreigner of quite a noble look and bearing; and the maid was a worthy companion for so much distinction. Whether the parties were a mutual distraction or were not, we cannot say; but fate had arranged that they should become acquainted. It was inevitable.

The fact is, that just as they went to the church in company, they came back in company, and finally entered the porch of the Grosvenor together. What could be more inevitable?

Clara Meldon therefore, walked right across the ladies' parlor one hour after and as her eyes met those of the foreign lady, both quietly smiled.

"You see," Clara said in French, "Mademoiselle, we must become acquainted; *le bon Dieu* has brought us together."

"I am most happy," the young lady replied in the same language; "and such meetings are mostly providential."

Amy D'Alton now entered, when the

foreign lady said in English, and with a very pure accent, "this is one of your companions?"

"Oh, that is Miss D'Alton, my most beloved friend. But here is papa. Oh, papa! I have been wishing you to arrive. I have made a friend," the little witch said, most witchingly.

Mr. Meldon bowed low.

"My father's name is 'Meldon'" she said looking at the fair foreigner; "and my name is 'Clara.'"

"Well my name is Fernandez I come right from Berlin, accompanied only by my maid."

"From Berlin!" Mr. Meldon remarked.

"Yes, and I leave this to-morrow."

Mr. Leyton Seymour just came in, and Miss Fernandez only waited the introduction before she added, "I am going to enter a convent, which you must come and see."

"To become a nun?" Amy asked.

"Precisely. In fact, I came for the purpose. But pray, did you not say Miss D'Alton," she said, after a pause, looking at Amy.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Have you any relatives in Austria?"

"I believe not," Mr. Meldon answered; "but——"

"I was going to say," continued the lady, "that a very old friend of our family, noble and wealthy, was named D'Alton, and something quite romantic makes the name dear to me."

"Indeed! Senora." Mr. Meldon said.

"Yes, sir. The Count D'Alton quarrelled with his son, who had made a match below his rank. The son was quite as proud as his father, and they separated. Young D'Alton was educated in Cambridge, and was more than half an Englishman. Having quarrelled with his father, he enlisted in an English marching regiment, and left for North America. The account of his death came to his father, I believe, the year I was born. But there was a vague report of a child; and I never hear the name 'D'Alton' without feeling my mind stirred by the sad story."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Leyton Seymour exchanged glances.

"This does, indeed seem providential," said Mr. Seymour. "I have just