

in a little recess where his mother sometimes, and many more times, Nelly Nurse, had sat watching the light on the stream and the growing of the shadows. For sometime he was in a stupor—downright insensibility; but there was a calming influence in the loneliness, and the voice of the brook. He began to collect his thoughts and to consider upon the first immediate step then and there to be determined. He heard breathing near him, and, starting up, he beheld the very Nelly of whom he had been thinking.

"Oh! Nelly Nurse; so we are parting. Well, Nelly, I shall always remember you. You have been my mother, Nelly, and you have loved me as my mother did."

"Ochone! Ochone!" was all poor Nelly could say.

"I am going, Nelly; and, although I face the world without a penny, I am sure I shall have enough; and when I am rich and powerful, Nelly Nurse will come to Master Henry again."

The poor woman cried aloud.

"Well, now, Nelly, for your son's sake, bid him good-bye, and get calm. Stick to the Crag. You know that will be your poor son's inheritance some time."

Poor Nelly still could do no more than weep.

He caught her by both hands; and the duellist and powerful athlete shed a tear.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir? oh!—Take this quick. Take this! Oh! do, sir, or *I'll die.*"

A purse fell at D'Alton Barron's feet.

"What! Nurse."

"Oh! don't spake—don't spake—but if you don't put Nelly's little purse in your pocket, she'll die at your feet."

He thought a moment.

"Well, darling Nurse, be it so! Be it so. God bless you!"

He bade her farewell, and made his way, as he told Nelly he would, to Father Aylmer and Father Ned. He then gave them the history as they sat around the little parlor table, where also he took out his purse and counted thirty golden sovereigns and a half.

"Poor girl," cried Father Aylmer. "Well, we'll mind her, Henry; indeed, we will."

"Have you any project?" asked Father Ned Power.

"Well, Father Ned," answered Father Aylmer, "we'll see after dinner. Won't that do?"

"You are right, sir," Father Ned replied.

The dinner came in time, and, taking all things into consideration, it was a happy one. All manner of projects were suggested, examined and discussed. In the midst of all this conversation Nelly's thoughtfulness came among them in the shape of a well-filled portmanteau packed with clothes.

The final resolve was for Canada. A ship sailed from Liverpool in three days. The young man knew some people who had emigrated to Montreal, and he was full of confidence in his own powers. He was induced to take twenty pounds from Father Power—a loan—and best of all he made a good religious preparation for his voyage. The young man, it was reported, died some years after his arrival beyond the Atlantic, and, it was thought, left a daughter; but that was uncertain. The widow did not survive the husband long.

Thus, Mr Charles Baring became an adopted heir, and the Crag every day went from bad to worse.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY PROF. O'GRADY.

TOWARDS midnight on the first of December, the explosion of a mine of gunpowder under the railway, near the station at Moscow, destroyed a baggage train, severely injured some of the officials, and tore up the track for several yards. It was all a mistake, however, as the police hastened to explain. The blowing up was intended for another party, who, unawares to the manipulators of the mine, had passed along half-an-hour earlier than expected. This was the Czar of Russia himself—lucky dog! With the rising of the sun, prayers of thanksgiving for the miraculous escape of the loved and loving autocrat went up from loyal hearts, or rather, went out through chattering teeth, all over the land, and telegrams came flying in from the crowned heads of Europe, from Berlin, Vienna, the