

romance. Praying remembrance to all around you, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"EDWARD POWER."

Here were surprises enough for one day certain. Mr. Seymour had also that morning received a letter from Father Hayes; but had not returned to Brompton up to the time which found his friend perusing the morning's correspondence. On his return, both gentlemen agreed that the communication of the news from Ireland would be yet premature; and therefore the ladies continued to be kept in ignorance. We ought to have said that by a happy coincidence the old Count D'Alton had signified his intention of coming to London, about the very time the American clergyman and his charge were now apparently due, and in eight or nine days more at the farthest the interesting reunion of Count D'Alton and his grand-daughter, and the no less interesting meeting of Father John Hayes and his sister Ally might be expected to take place. The time did not seem so long as generally such time seems to be, when waiting the look of what we love; because every one had engagements which filled the heart or the mind, or both. One change of programme had, however, been adopted. Mr. Seymour made up his mind that Father John Hayes should be his godfather, and the day of his reception into the Church was therefore made to await the priest's coming.

The gentlemen came in one day about one o'clock in the afternoon to proceed with the ladies to the British Museum, where some new works of art and some curiosities had lately arrived and created a sensation. They were not astonished to find engaging the ladies in conversation a gentleman between seventy and eighty years of age, and of most dignified appearance. His hair was quite white, and it fell nearly to his shoulders. His brow was heavy and of the same color as his hair; while he had a clear gray eye and firmly set mouth and chin. He was rather under the middle size, but was so refined and symmetrical that he looked above it. The company were conversing in French.

Mr. Meldon advanced to the group who sat in a circular recess which contained a large window. Immediately

after bowing to the stranger, Count D'Alton, for it was he, rose and with a grace which was perfectly noble, thanked both the gentlemen for the wonderful benevolence which had induced them to take so much pains in his case, and the wonderful blessing they were likely to confer on his childless old age.

"You must have suffered much, M. le Comte," remarked Mr. Meldon, "and I hope God is going to reward you much."

"Only the justice of heaven which punished me can ever know what I have endured. Ah, young lady," he continued, seeing tears flowing down Clara's cheek, "you pity an old man, and pity is divine."

"Alas! sir, I wish I could make you happy and tranquil!" Clara said.

"Well, tranquil I may become; but memory will always come to crush out happiness. Do you know that I was hard, cruel, and unjust?"

"But you were acting according to your opinion," said Mr. Seymour.

"My opinion! Yes, I was, but the opinion was one begotten of pride, and pride blinded me to the examination of the case. I have been cruel. You know," said he turning to the two gentlemen, "I turned my son away because he married beneath him?"

"Yes," answered both together.

"Well, had I waited to examine I might have found that, in birth and connections, his wife, Euphrasia St. Laurence was his equal, though she had little fortune at the time of her marriage. She has fallen in for a large estate within the last half score years, and her daughter will be wealthy."

"Things will yet grow bright, sir," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Hardly," the Count replied with a sad smile. "The day that brought the letter from the clergyman who prepared him—a letter containing the authentication of Henry D'Alton's death as a private soldier, I felt my heart crushed and no joy can grow there!"

"My God, sir, what was the regiment?" cried Amy D'Alton.

"The 30th, my fair child," answered the Count.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!"—and Amy for a moment lost consciousness.

"What is the matter?" demanded the