

sometimes ventured a duet, having Nelly Nurse and my cousin for an appreciative audience," answered Amy. "What says the 'Queen of the May?'"

The "Queen of the May" only blushed and rose. She was taken to the piano by Mr. Meldon, her kind and devoted patron. Amy stood by, and Mr. Leyton Seymour turned the music. "Flow on, thou shining river!" was charmingly rendered.

After the applause and thanks had ceased, Mr. Seymour said the "shining river reminded him of the Glen leading up to Mr. D'Alton's, and the singular apparition stated to have occurred there some time ago."

"Father Ned Power," Mr. Seymour said, "do you believe in apparitions?"

"Well, it would be difficult to deny apparitions and admit the Holy Scriptures."

"Father Ned, what of the Pookah's hole?" said Father John.

"I am not going to involve myself in conflicts with the fairies," said Father Ned; but there was a wicked light in his eyes—which might mean that Father Ned knew a great deal more.

Amy had for some time been looking over a portfolio. She started with a slight exclamation. Clara was by her side.

"I see you like that sketch," remarked Miss Meldon.

"Oh, 'tis most beautiful. Is it fancy, or has such a sketch an original?" Her eyes dilated at the view.

What was it? It was a mansion by a lake, that spread itself out like an inland sea. There was a narrow at the head—far, far away; and this narrow was spanned by a bridge so light and beautiful that it seemed made for spirits to pass over. The mansion was regal in its looks and luxuriant in every surrounding.

Clara evidently enjoyed Amy's wonder; and Amy, raising her eyes, saw the quizzical look of her young friend.

"Oh, you have seen that place, Clara? I see you have."

"I know who made the sketch at any rate," answered Clara, laughing; and she turned her eyes towards Mr. Leyton Seymour.

"Oh, Mr. Seymour! The sketch is yours! Is it taken from nature?"

"It is, Miss D'Alton. That sketch is of a beautiful home, beyond the Atlantic; and the tints are those of the Indian Summer, which corresponds with your harvest. Indeed the perfection of the sketch would demand a few of the aborigines and a canoe or two along the shining water. I think of adding them to-morrow."

Amy waited for more information. She waited in vain.

"The proprietor of such an establishment must be rich, and might be happy," Father Power put in; but Mr. Seymour made no remark, and the company were too polite to force a confidence to which no one had any claim.

Amy was full of thought, and built many castles in the air. This was evident—that Mr. Seymour was an artist, had been in America, and had known the country and people; and who knows, after all, but the beautiful mansion belonged to himself. "But what is that to me," she inquired of her busy set of feelings, and, as usual, she laughed at herself—laughed at her own absurdity.

A loud ring at the door announced a visitor.

"Crichawn" came in and handed a card to Mr. Leyton Seymour. Mr. Seymour looked astonished, but said nothing. Amy felt alarmed—she knew not why.

Mr. Seymour rose from his chair and moved towards the door; but Mr. Meldon at once said, "Any friend of yours is welcome here."

Begging pardon, however, Mr. Seymour adhered to his original design and approached the door. "Crichawn" held the bolt in his hand tightly. He stooped over to Mr. Seymour and whispered very distinctly.

"He ought to come in only he'd frighten the ladies—and Miss Amy. But no matter," said "Crichawn"; "no matter; you don't care a pin for him;" and he slipped into Mr. Seymour's hand a revolver.

The visitor was Mr. Charles Baring, who had lost the five hundred pounds on the race day in Tramore, where, for reasons more Mr. Meldon's than his own, Mr. Leyton Seymour was present and betted on the various matches.

Mr. Seymour had overheard James