

rounded her paternal dwelling, ay! even to the lone bush in the pasture-field which had been the terror of her childish days.

Bessy was roused from her sorrowful musing by the voice of her mistress, who had come in search of her. She had wholly forgotten the new state into which she had entered, and it was with a feeling of pleasure that she now prepared to commence the discharge of her duty, hoping to find relief in occupation. She therefore followed Mrs. Walters to the cabin with a buoyant step and a somewhat lighter heart. More than one friendly voice hailed her as she passed, and Mary Murphy, Peery's youngest daughter, caught her arm with a girlish laugh.

"Take your time, Bessy, there's luck in leisure!"

"I can't stop now, Mary dear; don't you see the mistress wants me?"

Mary laughed again as she turned to her eldest sister: "See what it is to be a cabin passenger! we're puttin' airs on us already!"

Bessy only answered by a reproachful glance, and passed on, but Ally Murphy rebuked her sister and told her she saw no airs on Bessy. "You see she's not her own mistress now," said the sedate maiden, who was verging on the sober age of thirty, "it isn't old times with her, Mary, and she does well to start fair, for, you know, a good beginnin' makes a good endin'."

"God mark you with grace, *a colleen*," said an ancient dame who was sitting on a very small wooden box that contained her goods and chattels, "it's you that has the purty, graceful way with you, and the good word in your mouth! Some way my heart warms to you, an' its the same with the fair-haired colleen that's gone in there. Is she anything to you, *machree*?"

"Not a drop's blood, granny, only the good wish that's between us—we came from the same place, and she's an old comrade of mine."