

lounging around a richly blooming garden, although the flowers gave notice that their life was not to be very long; and Amy and Clara discussed poetry and "work" and, of course, music, while the gentlemen entertained themselves in the various modes and manners which people of their education enjoy.

We will not trouble the reader with a description of the dinner—a thing which is very tantalising to a man who is hungry, and who cannot transform the viands of thought into something more palpable if not more poetical. It passed off admirably; and Father Ned declared that Mr. Seymour was one of the finest men in the world.

The ladies had not long to wait in the drawing-room, where both were delighted to find their friend the "Queen of the May." She wore her favorite white and blue—the dress she wore at the school examinations the Summer before.

It was quite evident that the sympathy of Mr. Meldon was strongly Hibernian; and he dwelt on landlord tyranny and class ascendancy in Ireland as if he was a native of Munster. Mr. Seymour was very much the same—only he had a great tendency to "venture all" sooner than continue in the vassalage of a prostrate nationality. Amy looked at him with astonishment, and in spite of all her parental training she caught a spark of the fire of his thought.

After some vehement condemnations of the misgovernment of the past, Clara ventured to remark that poor Poland had suffered more even than Ireland; "the chains were heavy and sharp, and degradation was constantly the companion of the whip and the sabre!" almost cried Clara.

"There is my daughter! Clara, you are a little rogue! You want Mr. Seymour's song, 'The Minstrel!'"

Clara smiled and rose. She approached Mr. Seymour like a petitioner.

Mr. Seymour, on his part, rose and bowed. He raised the harp from its position near the southern window, and placed it beside the piano. He then gave his arm to Clara, who, sitting behind it, looked like a vision of beauty, through thinly veiling clouds. She swept the strings with a power astonishing in one so young. The prelude was grandly full; yet you heard the

wail of melancholy running through rushing harmonies that swelled up in magnificent chorus! Mr. Leyton Seymour stood near her, and began. With a fine tenor he gave—

POLAND'S LAST MINSTREL.

And he called for his sword and his lyre;  
And a tinge o'er his brown visage stole,  
For his dark eye was flashing the fire  
That raged in the depths of his soul!

And he sang: "Poland, on to the fight!  
On! on! with the sword of the free!  
Oh, the sword of the freeman is bright!  
And heaven and hope are with thee!"

And he called for his sword and his lyre;  
And his visage was worn and wan,  
And his dark eye no longer flashed fire,  
For his spirit was broken and gone.

And he sang,—'twas of Poland again;  
It was peace to the great and the brave;  
And I thought more melodiously then  
Tho' his song was the song of the grave!

Peace! peace! to the minstrel who sang  
All the glories of freedom,—and died  
With the sounds of her fame on his tongue,  
And the lyre of his love by his side!

It was vain to depict the effect of this song upon Amy D'Alton. The blood of the barrons was hot, and in poor Amy's case constant repression of home made the reaction terrible. She grew pale with downright excitement; and, had she not been ashamed, she would have besought Mr. Leyton Seymour to sing it again.

"Poor Poland!" sighed the fair young woman.

"There's a singular illustration of accepting enemies' gifts," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Enemies' gifts? I do not understand," observed Mr. Seymour.

"The Russian power bribed the occupiers and cultivators of the land by what it styled liberating them from feudal slavery; and when Poland had lost cohesion by the division between owners and cultivators, the enemy made slaves of both—slaves, as far as the Tartars could, in mind, body, and religion."

Mr. Meldon spoke with great bitterness.

"Ah, well," cried Father Ned, "the ladies are not going to stop their sweet music for our dry history. Miss D'Alton will sing one of our own melodies."

"I think Ally Hayes and myself have