

"But, never mind, Bridget astore!" said Denis with an attempt at cheerfulness, "you know what ycu said to Bessy there awhile ago: 'God will never desert *them* that don't desert *Him*.' Keep that in mind, *machree*! and don't fret about the gersha—she's in good hands we *all* know."

So thought Bessy herself as she stood on the deck of the steamer and looked back with tearful eyes towards the spot where she had seen her loved ones for the last time. The noble quay of Waterford was before her, and the bright mel-low sun of September was gilding the hoary towers which Danes and Normans built in ages long gone by, yet Bessy Conway heeded them not, little she knew and little she cared for the memories that hung around those venerable relics of the past. The splendid erections of modern art were equally unnoticed by the sorrowing girl; not even the softly-undulating hills around the city or the blue mountains in the distance gave her a moment's pleasure as her listless eye fell on them. Poor Bessy Conway was too much engrossed by the one sad thought that she was leaving, perhaps for ever, all she loved on earth, to pay any attention to things beyond the measure of her own loss. She was passing scenes of old renown, where Danish princes ruled and the proud Plantagenets kept their court, where Strongbow wedded the reluctant daughter of McMurrough, and Cromwell left his Vandal-mark on the sacred monuments of art, and where James II. took his last farewell of Ireland—what a world of ancient lore crowded into the annals of one city, yet all unknown to Bessy. She was thinking of the cottage beneath the sycamore, miles and miles away, and wondering if her favorite "crummy" would let Nelly or Nancy milk her that evening, or which of the girls would make her father's "posset"* at bed-time. Her thoughts were homely and of home, taking in all the scenes that sur-

* All our readers may not know that a *posset* means a warm drink made of sweet and sour milk which together form *whey*.