

friend she has taught us to remember, will you not insist upon our having state-rooms?" "Oh, yes," said I, "that is reasonable enough, but your mother has a mind of her own, which she has certainly used to good advantage since I have known her, and I have learned to deem it better than my own, as to her own affairs."

"But now, Widow Phelan," I continued, "you will certainly consider that I ought to know where you are proposing to go?"

"To a place they call Australia," she replied.

"But do you know how far off it is and how to get there?" was the next query.

"No," replied she, "but I am told that at a city called New York, where I am now going, I can get passage."

"Pray, what led you to think of that distant land?" I queried.

"Well," said the widow, "I have been informed that the Governor of Australia is an intimate friend of Lord John Russell, and therefore a friend of

my husband's, and one who will appreciate the certificate I have of the good character of Michael Phelan as you did, and who will treat his widow well on his account!" Then the scene in my office came vividly to mind, and again I was speechless about that document, which I doubted not was then, as before, near the widow's heart.

The steamer's whistle announced landing at the port of my departure, and ended my personal knowledge of the widow of Michael Phelan. But the Phelan history, if continued, might reveal her, later on, as a Melbourne real estate millionaire, and her daughters as among the aristocracy, driving in their own or their husband's carriages. All these issues may have hinged, as did those narrated, upon my keeping my face straight and my heart warm when the power of that talismanic certificate was tried upon myself on that August day away back in 1853.

CHARLES T. HARVEY.

