

"If you go to the New Orleans, Peter, don't forget to call and see Lucy!"

"Mind what I tell you, Terence, about that man in Halifax—be sure to find him out for me." Terence promised, for the twentieth time perhaps, wholly unmindful, as was his friend, of the trifling difficulty that *his* destination was Philadelphia—no matter, anyhow, Halifax and Philadelphia were both in America, that was enough to know; the rest was easy.

"Tell Mark and Mary I'll be with them in the Spring, please God!"

"Let Patrick know that we lost the hill farm!"

"Tell my uncle that we never got a scroll from Biddy since she went to Boston!"

Promises came back over the water from a multitude of eager voices, hands and hats and many-colored handkerchiefs were waved, fervent prayers and wishes were exchanged, eyes were strained to distinguish the faces of near and dear ones, faint and fainter came the wailing voices to ears that listened for their latest sound, the haze of distance gradually blended into one the distinctive features of the crowd on deck and the crowd on shore, yet hands and hats were still seen waving the last farewell; soon even these were lost sight of, the waters rolled between the nearest and dearest, and the steamer was ploughing through Waterford harbor on her way to Liverpool.

Denis Conway and his family retraced their homeward steps not in silence, but in sorrow,—scarcely, if, at all, lessened by the number of their neighbors similarly afflicted. They felt at the moment as if they had left Bessy in the churchyard clay, and the lightest heart among them was weighed down with sorrow. None of them could realize to themselves that they should ever see her face again, her promise to the contrary notwithstanding, and when any of the neighbors reminded them of it, the old couple shook their heads dolefully and said: "God grant she may! but America's a long way off."