

timately. Take a letter from me to him."

Mr. Meldon sat down and wrote to Dr. Whelan, informing him that he had become aware of the whole transaction, and enclosed forty pounds to be sent to Father Ned; because the watch was more valuable than one would think." And so it was. It was the mute messenger of a manly piety and love, and a witness of the nobility which Ireland held fast when she lost everything earthly.

"Crichawn" took the cob once more and galloped away like a wild horse-man. In fact, the cob knew him well, and always got into the spirit of her rider as soon as he bestrode her. He was equal to his word; and Dr. Whelan discreet and ready. At ten o'clock next day, "Crichawn" presented to the astonished Father Ned the fruits of his industry and activity.

"I met old D'Alton, in his own gig, goin' up, just as I came towards the turn."

"You did?"

"He keeps an account at the bank, to spread about a report how little he has after all; but every one knows the store is at home at the Crag."

"Well—and Mr. Meldon?"

"Mr. Meldon went over to make a visit to the darlin' Miss Amy D'Alton. Oh, he's fond of her!"

"Do you think so, Tom?"

"Oh, nothin' of that kind! Mr. Meldon pities Miss Amy. I heard him say she was ever so like some one belonging to him, an' he felt the full brother's *gradh* for her."

"I wish she was free of that cousin Baring. I am sure he makes her unhappy."

"The very word Mr. Meldon said to me on yesterday, and he said, although he was standing alone in Ireland, he would be able to spoil Mr. Charles's plot."

True, Mr. Meldon had gone over to the Crag, and for some time he had been on a footing of intimacy with Amy D'Alton, though their meetings were few and informal—generally at the church. Amy was fond of teaching at Sunday-school, and had boldly travelled to the church alone, and was allowed to return so until Mr. Meldon came to the coun-

try. He seemed to make it a point to meet her, and she enjoyed his society very much; but an occasional visit of a few minutes served his notions of his duty to the old gentleman at the Crag, who took great care to make only one visit to Mr. Meldon in eighteen months.

Talking to Timothy Cunneen, one day, he gave that amiable person the philosophy of this transaction. "I am not in want of money. I have just as much as meets my calls. What do I want to know this strange man for, as I do not want money? And, then, if I saw him much, he might want money of me. I have no money to give any one. I'm not going to die in the workhouse, I tell you, Tim Cunneen, so I'm not?"

Mr. Cunneen quite approved of old D'Alton's conduct and reasons, and congratulated that gentleman upon the economy of his house, "and the sparing habits of his nephew, Mr. Charles—one of the finest young men in the world, and a man that owed not a fraction to any one."

"That's the way I reared him, Tim Cunneen. No handling! no handling! and when they get accustomed to do without money, there's no fear they'll seek to spend it, and they'll be saved from poverty and the workhouse."

"You are the happy and sensible man, Mr. D'Alton," Timothy Cunneen said, and he grinned a horrible and ghastly smile at the perfect success of his deception of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Meldon had been some hours at the Crag, and had gone over the whole establishment, manifesting a correctness of taste and view that rendered his company an enjoyment. He had had a good deal of conversation on many subjects, and finally asked Amy had she much courage?

"Well, sir," she replied, "I have not been much tried, but I recollect that, when caught in a gale off Waterford, I had presence of mind enough to pray; and on another occasion, I was bold enough to threaten some one," she added with a smile.

"I know," Mr. Meldon said. "You do not fear him?"

"Well, I do not fear anything, unless his ruining my father. His pretensions,