

place, though few imagined that those in another place were a multitude, while those in the "other place" equally exaggerated the number of their neighbors: and hence enthusiasm was deceived by enthusiasm, with as honest a soul as ever animated honest men.

Many welcomed young Baring, and every one had prayers to send after the ladies, and kind expressions of gratitude. They neared the place where the blessed mansion stood: and now a little incident brings us to the knowledge of a new acquaintance. On this Sunday, nearly opposite the church, and on the opposite side of the way, a poor man was suddenly struck down with epilepsy. The scene was awful—the foaming of the mouth—wide open eyes that looked as if they saw the demon—and lips bleeding in the hold of the wretched sufferer's own teeth as they moved from the upper lip to the lower! The heaving was so great that three persons could not hold the poor fellow. A pony phaeton came up the road, in which sat a lady in mourning and by her side a gentleman in mourning also, who looked like her son, they were so like one another. They were in that relationship; and as they approached the spot where the sick man lay, the lady sharply cried out "Leonard! Leonard!" and she pointed to the direction of the crowd, just parted, to give the poor patient air to breathe. "Oh! Mr. Saint Laurence!" cried several voices. "Mr. Leonard!" they repeated.

The gentleman, so named, flung the reins to his man, and instantly ran to the door of the church. He returned in a moment with a large key from the church gate. Hastening to the epileptic, he gently opened a passage over and down along the spine of the poor man, slipped in the door key, and then paused. The recovery of the man was instantaneous, and the crowd seemed stricken with awe. Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, however, explained to them, in a few words, that for the present the disease was arrested; but that the specific was only for temporary relief.

"What a fine young fellow!" Mr. Meldon exclaimed. "By Jove, that is a man in a hundred!"

Another moment, and Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, hat in hand, was by the side of the carriage, paying his respects to

Amy D'Alton. Of course, a little conversation took place before he joined his mother, who, on her part, had been paying her respects as best she could to the people of the Crag. She did not know Mr. Meldon or Clara.

Mr. Meldon had evidently been much struck by the manners and address of the young man, and immediately asked Amy for information.

"Well," Amy said, "Mrs. St. Lawrence has been bereaved of a husband, who deeply loved her; and generally lives in Dublin. She has a small property in her own right here; and occasionally her youngest son, Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, accompanies her here to look after it."

"She has another son, then?"

"Oh, yes; her eldest son's name is William. He lives in the county Kilkenny, where the chief property lies.

"He is the heir?"

"Well, the property is not entailed, and, what is curious enough, he enjoys it as a gift of the young gentleman you have just seen."

"A gift of his brother?"

"Yes; for some reason or another, the father disinherited the eldest son—"

"Oh, he drank," interrupted Mr. Baring.

"However it was, his father left all the property to the younger son; and, after the reformation, Leonard made the whole thing over by deed upon William."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Meldon, "and how does he live?"

Amy smiled, for she saw Clara's eyes filled with tears of admiration for the stranger.

"Gave up all?"

"Every farthing; but, sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Meldon, "Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence is a rising barrister, and likely to take an exalted place in his profession."

"He will," said Mr. Meldon, emphatically.

Mr. Baring was greatly bored, and he was not strong.

Coming home from Mass, there was more opportunity of knowing the St. Lawrences; but we will suspend all communication regarding them until we have disposed of some incidents necessary for our progress.