

quizzically, "think you I can be indifferent?"

Amy smiled a sweet smile that spoke a volume of confidence.

"The *Times*, sir," said the waiter, entering and approaching the group. Mr. Seymour glanced over the paper, and saw that the *Hibernia* in which Father Hayes had taken passage, had been telegraphed, and was expected the next day at Liverpool.

Now, indeed, Count D'Alton's heart beat, and his countenance began to burn; and Ally Hayes began to pray; and all and everyone of those in the hotel had as much exciting expectation as engrosses most people, in a fairly long life. But each of them endeavored to assure and console the other; and by the time they retired for the night the anticipations of all were dreams of bliss worth enjoying and being thankful for.

Next day found all our friends on the way to Liverpool; and nearly all their hearts were beating, or, at all events, very much under the influence of an excitement seldom felt even during a lifetime. Conversation was not active; indeed, it never can be active where an engrossing anticipation fills up the soul. The heart masters the imagination then, and the volatile dreamer is obliged to rest tranquil or go in the direction of the affections.

Count D'Alton, on the arrival of the party in Liverpool, at once proposed to charter a river steamer and to meet the inward bound vessel some miles away. The confusion of landing would be great, he remarked, and the delicious moment of meeting their friends would be half spoiled in the noise and bustle when they touched shore. Mr. Seymour quite agreed; but he thought the *Hibernia* was a very fast vessel and one that would not be induced to engage a stoppage in mid-river, particularly at that time of the year and in such dangerous water. Having tried at the proper office, they found Mr. Seymour was right, and were obliged to take their chances at the docks.

No ship ever came in fast enough for expectancy; and Clara and Ally Hayes were quite sure "something" must have happened. Even Amy, generally so philosophical, manifested in her bril-

liant eyes and heightened color that her heart and hopes were very busy.

"I see her," cried a gentleman.

"See the *Hibernia*, sir?" demanded Mr. Meldon.

"Yes, sir."

"My glass is an excellent one, and I think the build of that vessel is different from that of the *Hibernia*. I know that gallant vessel well."

"You are right, sir. By-the-bye there is a vessel further away in the offing and gaining fast upon the one mistaken by me."

"That is the '*Hibernia*,' sir."

"You await some passengers, sir; may I inquire?"

"We do; two friends."

"Our firm claims a small enclosure near the ship—at her hull in fact, and I will cheerfully give your party the possession of it, if you will except."

"Thankfully," replied Mr. Meldon; and all the party joined him in returning thanks for such an unexpected favor. Mr. Meldon said that likely Father John Hayes and his charge would be on the quarter deck and therefore would at once become visible to the watchers.

Everything has its end, pleasure and anxiety, just alike. In fact, every state and frame of mind is a little life of birth, growth, and departure. The noble ship soon began to show her majestic poop and to spread her yards like arms of welcome or of wooing, as she swept up the river. Soon the masts and funnel became more defined. She then presented herself in all her life and beauty and seemed to bow to the capital of commercial England and to the crowd. She is up nearly abreast of Birkenhead. She seems to feel her way, to the right, as if treading for the deep water. She pauses—proceeds—approaches and snugs herself and stands still amid enthusiastic cheers.

The "*Hibernia*" has arrived.

Sure enough our friends have a full view of the quarter-deck. Not there, however, but up high on the poop, the captain stands giving orders, and beside him is a beautiful stranger attired in a travelling dress of drab, and at her left hand side is a clergyman some thirty years of age.

The Count D'Alton sprang off the