

like to see an old neighbor's cabin levelled, and the children of a man that went to school with me made paupers. Was I wrong, *avie*?—was I wrong?"

"Ah, don't worry yourself any more about it. I'm sorry——"

"Well, *avie*, then, the Delanys, you know and the Caseys," said Father Aylmer. "I know 'tis a hard trial on you, *avie*. The house is not what it ought to be, for you—no, indeed; and you do suffer—but God will reward you. You work day and night, and you won't let me do a fair share, so you won't; and, yet, Father Ned, you suffer! Ah! sell that horse of mine and that old car! What do I want of them!"

Thus domestic affairs went on with old Father Aylmer; and, as his heart was very large, and he had unbounded reliance on God, resolutions and arrangements, and even wants could not stop his hand.

This little dialogue occurred after Mass, on the Sunday succeeding the events of the second chapter.

"I saw young M——at Mass today," remarked Father Power, just to change the conversation; "and a very fine young fellow from Dublin accompanied him. I'm afraid the spirits of those young men will not brook prudence."

"Well, *avie*, it's hard to blame 'em. They see the people dying of want—don't they?—and thousands stalking about like skeletons, and the coming winter threatening to be as hard as last year. Well, you see, Father Ned, they aren't able to reason, and——"

Father John Aylmer was interrupted by the entrance of one of the most brilliant and impassioned men of the epoch, accompanied by a second, who yet lives in honor.

The clergymen uttered an exclamation of pleasurable surprise.

"Why," Father Aylmer cried, "you're a thousand times welcome—the grandson of my oldest friend—the man of the '*Urbs Intacta*.'"

"This, Father Aylmer, is Mr. O——, a particular friend of mine, of whom you have heard," remarked the young man.

"Indeed, I have—and, moreover, I knew his father well twelve or fourteen years ago. He is well, I hope."

"I thank you, yes," replied a young fellow with the symmetry of an Apollo. "But we really came to ask you a question, and to get some information."

By this time the young men had been seated.

"What is to be thought of these wonderful appearances in the Glen—the manifestations of the Pooka, and the fire and brimstone rolling out of his mouth in volumes, and so forth?"

"You ought to take them '*cum grano salis*,'" said Father Power. "Have you seen any one who has witnessed them?"

"No," answered the young gentleman first introduced; "but we have heard a hundred who are sure of them; and behind that conviction there must be something."

"Fairly reasoned," answered Father Power, "and I promise you I will unravel the matter before to-morrow morning, and give you perfect satisfaction. But now, my dear friends," continued Father Power—and his voice shook with feeling—"is it not possible to turn you from the road you are entering upon?"

The second of the two answered, "Impossible!"

"You have no commissariat?" said the priest.

"No."

"And no arms?"

"No."

"And no money?"

"No."

"And without arms, money, or provisions you will enter in this contest! You are prepared to make a carnage."

"Better die in the field than die of slow famine!"

"Now, didn't I say that?" Father Aylmer cried. "The poor fellows are driven distracted by what their young eyes see, and their good hearts feel! Isn't that it, sir?"

"Well, we have a hope stronger. We hope yet to inspire more confidence in Father Power. Every person knows that he is no patron either of starvation or oppression."

Father Power turned to the young man first mentioned.

"And you?"

"The die is cast, Father Ned!"

"Without a hope of winning?"

"I must say yes."

"And is it possible that you will ex-