

"He's wan of the Felon Club, your reverence, an' a great patriot."

The note ran:—

"Dear Father—I am quite aware that you know where my unhappy nephew is just now, and that you can tell me. I have important tidings to communicate to him, and the bearer will be a trusty messenger. Give the word to my messenger if you cannot write."

The "patriot" was called in.

"Who told Mrs. Considine that I knew where Mr. M———was to be found?" asked Father Ned.

"I do not know, sir; but she is very anxious to send a message to him, and she thought that you could help her in the matter."

"Oh! say to her I am surprised at her credulity. Good-day, sir."

The visitors stayed a considerable time, and had such lunch as the poor priests could afford. To this little meal two strangers were admitted. One of the two apparently was a young priest. The other, to Mr. Meldon's consternation, was poor M———.

"The Reverend Edmund Burke," Father Ned began. "Mr. Meldon, our neighbor, Father Burke. He's a young fellow going to the North American mission," he added.

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; and leaving a widowed mother and lonely sister behind him."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour both looked bewildered. The fact was that the young man wore a very secular ring, and his face all around looked like a countenance that, a few days before, had worn a very bushy beard!

"I have apparently surprised you," said M———.

"Let us waive all mystery," answered Mr. Meldon. "I saw you some time since on the hurling field; and your prowess and appearance induced me to inquire all about you."

"'Crichawn,' I am aware, knows all about me."

"Yes. We are going, gentlemen," Mr. Meldon added. "We are thinking of a few days' relaxation at Dalkey or Kingstown, and I came to say 'Good-bye.' My friend here is half the attraction; and my daughter also wants to go. The ladies will come to-morrow."

The clergymen accompanied the visi-

tors outside the door, and saw the "Felon Clubman" only just walking away.

"Look sharp, Father Aylmer," said Mr. Meldon. "I fear that dog has been listening, and your guest is in danger."

"Say your *quests*," added Mr. Seymour.

Father Ned Power smiled.

"There's the man of travel," said Father Ned.

"No great merit," replied Mr. Seymour. "His stock is on crooked; he wears a diamond ring; and he has the wrong 'quarter' of the Breviary,—the Spring 'quarter' at the end of Summer! Dress him better, Father Ned."

Father Ned beckoned down the ears of both gentlemen—

"That's Harnett," that single-handed stopped the mail," said he.

Father Ned begged five minutes, at the end of which time he came forward and gave a note to "Crichawn." They soon overtook the "Felon Clubman." "Crichawn" called out to him, and he approached.

"Father Ned," whispered "Crichawn," knows all about what *you* want; but he would not trust any strange hand with the knowledge; so the master promised to send me to Mrs. Considine with the letter; an' I'll go right away as soon as I leave the gentlemen at the house."

And "Crichawn" was as good as his word.

Within a mile or so of Mr. Meldon's, they encountered a trio on the highway which would have amused them, had there been less danger and more tolerance. Two of the men were dragging the third by main force towards a field, where a great lough of dingy water spread itself out not very attractively. As soon as the drag came in sight, the man in the middle cried out most agonizingly, "Help! help!" The two assailants payed no heed to the man or the strangers, but kept dragging him along. When Mr. Meldon and party came near them, it was perceived that the unfortunate victim had a heavy book tied between his shoulders by a strap around his neck, and was obliged to employ his hands in holding it up to avoid strangulation.

The two gentlemen got down, and eagerly prayed the assailants to desist