

Lyndon. You cannot repudiate your poor wife, much as you evidently desire it. She is legally entitled to share your title and estates, and that she will do so I and others interested in the cause of right will make sure. I wish you good evening, and I pray that the God whose laws you have broken may in His good time bring you to some comprehension of your great and grievous sin."

So saying the old priest quietly withdrew himself from the house of Ballymore, and his heart was very heavy as he sought his way through the thick darkness of the night to his own lonely fireside, where he had nought but the sorrows of others to bear him company. He left Lyndon in no enviable frame of mind. He was by turns furious, desperate, and apprehensive. What to do for the best was the question he put to himself again and again, and when morning dawned it found him still undecided. So quickly had his passion cooled, and so fully did other selfish matters engross his mind, that the thought of Kitty's nearness had scarcely power to stir in him any emotion save that of exasperation. He had never had a wish or a whim thwarted in his life. To have his directly-expressed desires thus calmly disregarded and disobeyed filled him with anger. Well, she should suffer for it. He would show her she could not do just as she liked with him. In this mood the morning found him. He bore traces of his troubled night in his face, and also in his demeanour at the breakfast-table. He had scarcely a word to say—the dilemma in which he found himself was sufficient to make him look gloomy enough. His mother left him to himself. She also was anxious and worried, uncertain of the future, and filled with forebodings.