

men watching this den of the idolator."

"Yes!"

"Who are they?"

"I don't know that: I never got near enough to see them: they hide in the rocks."

"Ah, ah, sirrah, but you do know—come, confess, and I'll absolve you as well as the priest."

The idiot scowled at his tormentor and remained for a moment silent. After a little time they came to a perpendicular rock, whose eastern brow beetled over the wide Atlantic far down in whose depths its base was planted. Here the party halted, and a council was held. In consequence of the force as stated by their informer, it was agreed not to attempt to seize Father Moran that night, and as the presence of all might be suspicious, if perceived by any one in the neighbourhood, it was agreed that the blood-hounds should draw up in the shadow of the cliff, and await the return of the Justice, who was eager to explore the retreat in person.

The idiot and the Priest-Hunter ascended the hill together, the former keeping his companion between him and the sea, and all the while verging to the brink.

"From what point can we see it?"

"A little further that way."

"Why you fool, we can only see the ocean from there."

"You will be at your journey's end."

A sudden fear seized the heart of the Justice, and he looked upon the strong giant frame of his guide.

"Fool, villain, you have deceived me!" and he sought to spring aside and escape. Cory seized him in his arms, and bearing him to the highest pinnacle of the cliff, he pointed to the sea.

"Look there, it is white and noisy to-night, it does not want to receive you, it spurns the Priest-Hunter, and

the murderer!" and the revengeful idiot laughed wildly at the rising anger of the waves. A faint moonbeam fell on the pallid face of his victim. "Ho!" he continued, "the very moon is hiding her face, she does not want to light you down there; but the Frolics, they say, can see in the dark."

The Justice made a desperate effort to escape and screamed so wildly, that the soldiers heard him, and were rushing to his assistance.

The idiot continued, "see down there: about half way is a sharp point, the half-way house of the sea-gulls where they rest in coming up. If you stop there, you will be divided for the fishes, do give them all a share, and lifting the writhing bigot in his arms, he dashed him from the eminence, at the same moment that three musket shots pierced his body, and the victim and the avenger fell into a common grave.

The maiden heard the sound at her cottage door, the priest in his mountain cave, the anxious mother sitting on the threshold. All started, they felt it the echo of the voice of death. But *whose* death they dreamed not.

There stood two mourners on the strand at morning—two victims were left by the ebbing tide. One was disfigured and bruised. Half of his features alone were left, and they were horribly distorted. The face of the idiot wore a smile of triumph. A stream of blood had left its trace upon his clothes, but the foam of the salt ocean had washed it from his face. The priest and Meelian More turned with heavy hearts to the cottage of his mother. They found her dead upon her own threshold, and her arms still pinioned. The blood-hounds had murdered her on their return, saying:

IT WAS BLOOD FOR BLOOD.