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the same time keeping his mild, compelling gaze on the young man's face, as if to quell the expected tumult. But none was visible. Ted regarded him stupidly, evidently not comprehending the full significance of his words.

"Wife to Mr. Lyndon! Is she at Ballymore?" he asked then, and the priest saw that his task would be more difficult than he had expected. He hesitated a moment, then laid his kind, detaining hand on the young man's arm.

"Listen, Ted, and I will tell you a story. Do you remember some weeks ago how the fear of eviction lay heavy on so many hearts in Glendalough, and how the peaceably inclined lived in dread of strife and bloodshed, and how the whole parish was full of sinister rumours and unnamed terrors?"

"Yes, yes, your riverence; shure an' it's not so long ago that I cannot moind it all," answered Ted, hastily.

"It came to an end suddenly and quickly, Ted, so suddenly and quickly that many could not understand it, but had to ponder it as a mystery in their hearts. Did you not think it strange and sudden that Lyndon should without warning change his attitude, and become a fair friend to the people whom he had driven nearly desperate by oppression and harshness?"

"It was strange, your riverence," observed Ted, slowly. "I thought it at the time."

"It was not that Lyndon became a new man all of a sudden, Ted; it was some one else's doing—a kind and gentle heart tried to show him a better way, but could only persuade him to it by a great sacrifice—the sacrifice of herself!"