

of that swarthy but comely face, the glitter of those piercing eyes, the gleam of those white teeth set in the agony of death. More than once, it is true, he turned to go back and confess his crime. But the contrary impulse, to press onward and escape, prevailed.

Crossing the primitive bridge that spans the stream in the rugged and broad valley of Kylemore, he seemed for the first time to take cognizance of his surroundings. The day was breaking and the first rays of an October sun, as they pierced the clear, cool atmosphere, were

the memory of that saint and his disciples whose lives and life-work have made those western outposts of Erin glow with a splendor that has not yet faded. South across the bay, and where a dark precipitous mass loomed out of the deep with a white line of foam at its base, the cliffs of Moher marked the boldest of the headlands of Clare. The road that the fugitive followed was at this early hour deserted. The sheelings and the few more pretentious dwellings of the peasantry showed as yet no stir or sign of life. Except the tired

boatmen coming back from the night's hard work at net or trawl not a soul was in sight. Peace was abroad and everywhere but in the guilt-laden conscience of him whom the dawn had found thus—the slayer of his friend. In a hazel copse hard by his path, where the October blast had shaken from their stems, nut and berry, the northern birds sang with morning-spontaneity, tolerant of their less musical brethren as these set about the more prosaic task of breakfast. The



PASS OF KYLEMORE, CONNEMARA.

lighting up the wooded slopes before him. Wild and stern they had looked but the moment previous; now reflecting the shining east, their more rugged and prominent features were softened, whilst the purple of the lower hills yet untouched by the god of day stood out in contrast to the deep blue of the ocean at their base. Out at sea could be discerned here and there a pookawn (fishing smack) returning with the night's catch. The dark low line to the west was one of the Arran islands, sacred to

peculiar cry of the mountain goat and the bleat of its young broke, but not harshly, the melody of the feathered songsters. Nature in her austere grandeur was here, and contact with her brought back to the lonely pedestrian some of the peace he had lost. For a brief space he felt her restorative touch, as an erring child the pardoning caress of its mother.

At more than one manor-house on his way he might have found welcome and refuge. For this was the country of the Blakes, the