

have reared you, and toiled for you night and day, that have watched over your long infancy, and been father and mother to you both. Would you disgrace your father's name and break my heart, to inform on your uncle; to betray the anointed of God!"

"Yes I will," said the idiot.

"Do not or *you* will kill me: better let these hard-hearted men shed my blood than you."

"Woman," said the Justice, "hold your peace. We will not shed your blood." Pinion her in his stead. "Mount him before you, Corporal; and idiot, if you try to befool us, we'll hang your mother across the beam, and you at the other end of the rope to balance her."

Saying this, they rode from the door, leaving the widow in a fearful state of anxiety and alarm. She tried in vain to free her arms, but giving up the effort she walked to the door, and sitting down on the threshold, listened with intense eagerness to every sound that broke the stillness of the midnight wind.

Meelian More had in the mean time reached the cross roads of Sliene Slua-shee, and sitting down on a rough block of fallen rock by the way side, awaited the coming of the priest. It was nearly two hours in the night, and the moon was just rising in the distant east. Around her disk the ominous circle that forebodes a storm was drawn, and though there was hardly a breeze upon the hills, the rain-charged clouds were driving athwart her light with stormy velocity. The young girl gazed upon the dark and brooding sky, where the elements seemed conspiring against the earth, and their round upon the dark and desolate mountains, and a vague feeling of terror came across her mind. So lonely and so brave she seemed by the dim light struggling through its clouded drapery, one of the fairies, for which Sliene Slua-shee was noted

and named. A panting breath sounded on the steep mountain path. She started to her feet, and in a moment the aged priest was at her side. He gave an involuntary start at this strange meeting.

"I have brought you something for your cupboard in the cavern, father," said the brave young girl, and she held up a small basket to the astonished priest.

"God bless you, my kind child," said Father Moran, with a sorrowful smile, "priests cannot fast, more than the laity."

Meelian bowed meekly to the blessing, and the old priest taking the parcel from her hand, shook it kindly in his, and while his little benefactor tripped fearlessly as a goat down the hill side, he returned to his cold rocky couch in the mountain caves, where he slept as soundly as though no persecutor was upon his track. The poor ingenuity of bigotry could not afford him safety, even in such a dwelling.

It might be two or three miles from the cross-roads to the home of Meelian More. The clouds gradually grew darker, and the wind gushed and moaned through the mountain passes like surging tides amongst the hollow cliffs of a sea-coast. Gradually it swelled louder, and as she reached her door, she heard in a lull of the storm the quick crackle of musketry. Tremblingly she entered, and casting herself on her knees, prayed for the safety of the good priest. Alas the danger was *to one even more* defenceless! When the Priest-Hunter and his party left the house, they supposed it impossible that the *natural* could have designed to mislead them. They therefore followed him directly to the sea-shore, the Justice riding by his side, and in the most artful manner inquiring into the whereabouts of the retreat.

"You say there is over a score of