

to take the lost sheep back to the fold. They talked much as they walked to Arraghvanna, and as things became more clear and connected in the mind of Father O'Hagan his admiration and pity for Kitty increased. What astonished and touched him more than anything was the undoubted fact that Kitty had little or no love for the man to whom, if her story were substantiated, she was bound for life. She had given herself in exchange for Lyndon's promise, which, to do him justice, he had kept. What was to be the future of this strange pair ; or could they have any future together ? Kitty became very quiet as they neared Arraghvanna, and leaned very heavily on her companion's supporting arm. The solitary light, which Kitty herself had been wont to set in the kitchen window, shed its cheery beam across the little strip of garden-ground, and guided their steps through the thick darkness of a moonless winter night.

"Stay here, Kitty," the priest whispered at the door, "until I see how matters are within."

He tapped lightly at the door, and then lifting the latch walked in. Ted sat alone by the ruddy peat-fire. Either he had awakened from sleep, or from absorbing thought. He had a dazed look as he got to his feet and tried to reply to Father O'Hagan's greeting.

"All alone, Ted, I suppose ? Your poor mother within is asleep ?" said the priest. "I am glad to find you alone. I am the bearer of great news——"

"Of Kitty !" cried Ted, on the alert at once. Kitty, with her heart almost bursting outside the door, heard his voice and felt its tense anxiety thrill her through and through.

"Of Kitty. She has come back, Ted, wife to Mr. Lyndon," said the priest, in measured words, and at