

and the large tears fell upon the toil-worn hand she clasped fervently within her own.

There might have been—in truth we know there was—at that very moment, a fierce struggle going on in the breast of Paddy Hayes. It was a golden moment for the Tempter, and he did not let it pass idly by. "Curse God and die!" was the suggestion of the evil one to holy Job in the days of old. And "Have revenge! Curse him and his, in the bitterness of your heart; lay the blood of the homeless at his door, and wither the gold within his grasp!"—whispered the Angel of Malice in the ear of the frenzied man! One moment of irresolution, and in his weakness and over-wrought condition, the sin might have been accomplished, and the fearful words of doom registered against him—if, like the good angel she truly resembled, Amy's soft, sweet voice had not exorcised the evil spirit as did David's harp of old; and all the chivalry and tenderness of his nature, triumphed at once and for ever, within the sorely-tried heart of Paddy Hayes.

"Thank you, Miss Amy," he whispered; "and oh! God bless you, and—" he hesitated for a second, as if what he was about to say struggled for utterance with an invisible power; and then by an heroic effort of charity, faith triumphed, and his voice was clear though tremulous, as he added, "and your father and all! Pray for me, Miss D'Alton; and if you never see me again, be sure that I will never forget your kindness to me this night."

In vain, Amy pressed him to come into her own little room and partake of the supper provided for him. In vain, Nelly, who saw the famine glare in his unnaturally large, bright eyes, implored of him not to refuse her young mistress. He did not rage or curse, and he conquered his biting passion, to the extent of even blessing the hand that had crushed him; but his heart was too full, and his soul too agonized, to taste the bread of the man who had just trampled on his life. With a sad, wan smile of thanks upon his wasted face, he vanished from Amy's sight, and was soon lost to view in the deep shadows of the avenue.

Once again in the open air, the cool night breeze refreshed him, and know-

ing the worst, as he did, at least the agony of suspense was over. He thought of his fast-sinking wife and his little crippled daughter, pining for the nourishment he could no longer provide; and a strange sense of relief seemed to come upon him, as he thought of how near the end might be to them all, and how soon they might be beyond all earthly trouble! He remembered his dream, too—his Vision as he called it; and he began to think it had come as a warning of the glory to come! "A little pain here," he murmured; "and then the white robe, and the golden crown, and the martyr's palm;—all martyrs!" he continued, "for all of them could have kept their homes and their lives if they only sold the Cross for soup. God protect me!" he prayed, making the sign of the Cross as the very idea brought the cravings of his own hunger fresh and furious upon him. "God protect me and mine! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Lastly, he thought of "Crichawn"—the good true brother, who had never failed or faltered, and who, he knew, often fasted himself, that he might feed those he loved better than life. Brave "Crichawn" had gone, only a week before, to another country where there was some prospect of work, in order that he might at once relieve the poor householder of even his nominal support, and provide some little fund for his sustenance.

"Oh! for 'Crichawn's' strong arm, now!" the old man moaned as he passed outside the lodge gates; and the long, weary way down the hill side—without strength and without hope—lay blankly before him. And for a moment he leaned heavily against the massive cut-stone pillars of the entrance gate. He was in the deep, dim shadow of the lime trees; and the honeyed branches bent low, and swayed gently to and fro above him, and the balmy sweetness shed a soothing, and, as it seemed, a quite sensibly-felt sympathy that comforted him—he hardly knew why. Out beyond the trees there was a clear way where the moonlight shone full and bright, revealing every object with distinctness; and in the space he could see a vehicle slowly driving up and down the level