

he's far, far away—may be dead in a foreign land. Oh, Master Henry—Master Henry—little trouble I'd be in, if you had your own!" And poor Paddy, overcome by a rush of memories, sobbed violently.

Mr. Meldon started as if in sudden pain, and then forgetful of his restraint upon Rois, a short time before, urged the much-surprised animal to his full speed. A few moments, and the lodge gates of the Crag were reached.

"Now, then!" cried Mr. Meldon; and his voice seemed to tremble with emotion, which struck Paddy Hayes pleasantly as a sign of sympathy for himself. "here we are, Paddy; you go in and make your case. I wish you God-speed and good-night! Trust in God, my man, and fear nothing!" And, waving his hand in adieu, Mr. Meldon disappeared rapidly round the turn of the ever-winding road.

With a trembling step and an anxious heart, Paddy Hayes made his way up the avenue, now dark in the night gloom, deepened by the arching lime trees. He prayed as he went; and too fearful to pass in by the front entrance, he made his way round to the servants' quarters, where, as he had been hoping, he met with Nellie, the nurse. Poor fellow! Even that piece of good luck seemed to him a good omen, and it was with some little show of cheerfulness he asked the good Nelly to announce his arrival to the master.

"He was going on about you all day," said Nelly—"the rint!"

"God help me, Nelly," he replied, for a brass fardin of it isn't in my pocket for him! And what's worse than all—no manes of getting it."

"God help you, Paddy," said Nelly, in a soft, soothing tone of intense pity. "Tim Delane was here yesterday, and Bill Connors and John McGrath."

"Well?" asked Paddy, with eager eyes, for her manner had almost deprived him of speech.

"Yerra, what could you expect?" answered the old nurse, while the big tears welled up into her clear bright eyes; "what could you expect from the man who turned out his own flesh and blood? 'Tisn't much 'twill cost him to turn out of house and home the whole country side," she continued; "but I'll

ax him for you, Paddy, *achree*, and I'll make Miss Amy, the angel, pray for you; and I'll say a round of my bades for you down on my bended knees while you are in with him; and the faithful creature hurried off to keep her word.

A few minutes after, and the dining-room door banged to violently; a heavy, rapid step, a volley of imprecations; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton stood face to face with his victim.

"Nothing but the rent would bring you here at this hour, Hayes," he commenced. "You are always punctual, though some days behindhand this gale," he continued, ignoring the mute agony of the face that met his hard, unpitiful stare.

"God help me, sir," answered Paddy. "Don't press me, Mr. D'Alton," the poor fellow went on to say with passionate earnestness; "only give me time, and I'll pay you all."

"Pay me all! I'd like to see you *not*," sneered Mr. D'Alton. "You'll pay me all; and, what's more, you'll pay me now—or by—the bailiffs will be at your door before a week."

"Then may God have mercy on me, and forgive you!" murmured the unfortunate man; my last hope is gone!"

As he staggered towards the door, he left Mr. Giffard D'Alton in a state of rage, uttering a torrent of imprecations too dreadful to be described, and calling down unmentionable anathemas upon the lazy, good-for-nothing swindlers who would try to take an honest man's property, and send him to die in a work-house.

It was all over for poor Paddy Hayes. The fiat had gone forth! As poor Hayes thought of his relentless landlord, and the dear ones in the old home, prayerfully awaiting his return, all the agony of the morning time—and with tenfold its intensity—seized upon his soul.

Outside the door, staggering and swaying like a drunken man, he was met by Amy D'Alton and her faithful attendant. One glance at the white horror in his face told them his story; and with an infinite grace, born of her deep sympathy, gentle Amy laid one small, white hand upon his trembling arm.

"Oh! I am so sorry for you, Patrick!" she cried—"so sorry that I cannot help you—that I dare not plead for you;"