

"I have sung all there is of the song."

"Indeed?" said the simpleton, and his face assumed a melancholy blankness. He dreamed not of asking for another.

"You are as fond of music as flowers Corny?"

"Oh, yes, I love everything that's sweet and fair. My mother, because she's good to me and you. I only hate that gallows-bird 'Squire Powell."

"And why him?"

"Because he watches out for my uncle, Father Moran, he wants to get his head off, the *buddagh*. If I ever catch him at 'five finger rock' I'll teach him a lesson, the imp of darkness." As he spoke, a smile of satanic fury settled on the face of the simpleton. He continued, "Just to see the poorould priest with his long white hair, and his oak staff flying bare headed amongst the mountains, for fear of this divil of a 'squire, and his red coat rascals. Maybe the fool don't know this."

Meelian put her finger to her mouth in an attitude of silence. The sound of horse hoofs were pattering up the road.

"They're coming," said Corny, jumping to his feet, "*he's* at our house to-day, but they'll find the nest empty when they arrive."

"I'll meet *him* at the cross-roads, on *Sluene Slua-shee*," said Meelian, as taking the flower-crown from the hands of the idiot, she tripped lightly to her home farther downward on the hill-side. Corny stood still a moment, and then darted across the fields, and skimming their surface with his long legs, and bounding over the ditches in the gray of the twilight like an errant sprite.

The cabin of the Widow Sullivan might have been called a cottage. It was small but neat and well furnished. Alone it rose on the tall range of hills that extend from *Pobble O'Keefe*, (the land of *O'Keefe's* peo-

ple,) to the ocean, and have been al- luded to heretofore. Opposite a smouldering fire in its best room was placed a small sized round oaken table, supported by one leg, and beside this table sat a venerable man, of at least three-score years. He might not have been so old, but sorrow had made more wrinkles upon his brow than time. His white hair flowed in 'a *coolin* of silver beauty. His eye was mild and piercing, and though his person was stooped with age, and his shabby grey-black ha- biliments all stained and travel-worn, that eye, whither from fear or native energy, was bright and sleepless as though he had risen from a refresh- ing sleep. Opposite him sat the widow, his hostess, between whom there was a striking resemblance. The same look of watchfulness com- pleted the similarity. The priest spoke first.—"You say that Corny is watching on the hills." Yes, the poor boy has been there some hours," said the widow, with a marked em- phasis on the word *poor*. "He is as faithful as a wiser head."

"I think" said the priest, "I might lie down and have an hour's sleep. I have'nt slept for many nights but on the dewy heath or cold floor of the caves on the shore."

"Yes," said his hostess, "it would be better, and I'll look out for the boy."

The priest rose to retire, and dis- covered that one arm was fractured: he had fallen amongst the cliffs, in one of his chases. His sleeping- chamber was a simple small room, with plain white walls and a low bed, occupying one half of the floor. A rudely carved wooden crucifix hung over the pillow, and a small bottle filled with holy water was suspended with a cord from the same nail. The priest was lost in fervent prayer. His wounded arm resting on the counterpane, and the other stretched upwards in supplication.