

and in an ecstasy all that mighty multitude fell upon their faces, and with one voice repeated: "Hail Mary, full of grace!" The Queen of Heaven then inclined towards them, and Paddy, gaining some courage, began to recognize many of his old neighbors in the great crowd—many little children, whom he had known, and numbers, young and old, who had died since the bad times came, all smiling upon him, and some beckoning him to enter their ranks. As the poor fellow still wondered and felt a strange sweet sleep steal upon him, he saw a fair angel at his side, who repeated in tones of ringing music, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." And then, while Paddy remembered, with a great joy, how constant he had been in the recital of his evening rosary, the angel held a golden cup to his lips and bade him drink! The very elixir of life the draught seemed to be. Then a great darkness fell upon him, and he was once more alone upon the lonely mountain path.

He was not alone, however, and, for the latter part of his dream, there was a very substantial reality. Leaning over him at that critical moment was a ministering angel, in the shape of him known to our readers as Mr. Meldon. He held a silver flask to Paddy's unconscious lips; and as the rare old Madeira reached the poor fluttering heart, the generous stimulant brought back sense and partial strength to the sufferer. Mr. Meldon felt rewarded for his charity when he saw how rapidly Paddy recovered, and how sincere, though silent, was his gratitude.

A few words were sufficient to explain Mr. Meldon's appearance;—his dog-cart was at hand; he had been returning from a late visit in the neighborhood, his horse started violently, and refused to move further, as he reached the spot where Paddy lay, all unconscious in the shadow, and it was while examining into the cause of the animal's sudden terror that he had found one whom he had esteemed much, as an honest man and a kindly neighbor.

"Going to Mr. D'Alton's you say?" resumed Mr. Meldon, when he had succeeded in setting poor Paddy comfortably in the dog-cart and made "Rois"

understand that his late rapid movements were to be moderated for sake of the new-comer. "Well, it is on my way home, and I can quite easily drop you at the gate, as I pass by. We are strangers—Mr. D'Alton and I," continued Mr. Meldon; and for a moment his full deep voice sounded strained and harsh, and something of nervous twitching about his lips was remarkable from the usual self-possession of his manner. "Strangers" he repeated in a lighter tone "or I should go with you to the 'Crag' and bring you home again. You are not able to walk, and another faintness may be fatal."

"God bless you, Mr. Meldon," murmured Paddy. "And He will. Oh! sir, if Mr. D'Alton were only like you, what an easy time of it I'd have this night."

"Like me!" repeated Mr. Meldon; and the same strange constraint—now mixed with a shade of irony—gave evidence of some hidden feeling. "And, why like me, Paddy—How could his resemblance to my poor dignity be of any possible service to you?"

"The greatest, sir, for you have the heart to feel, and the hand to give—and the nature in you that never will injure the poor. Sure, we all know of your doings, sir! Far and near the people are talkin' of how God sint you to them, these bad times; and many's the one says that, if you were at the 'Crag' in place of ould D'Alton, 'tis different stories the tenants would have to tell.

Mr. Meldon laughed a low, quaint laugh, and then he sighed heavily, and for some moments seemed to be lost in thought.

"I must really cultivate the old gentleman's acquaintance, Paddy! if only for your sake. Who knows after all he may be better than you think?"

"He may do something good, sir, if he was left to himself and Miss Amy—darling Miss Amy," answered Paddy; but, what between Baring and Cuncen, the devil has a double grip of him."

"Baring and Cuncen," repeated Mr. Meldon in a tone of astonishment.

"'Tis the truth I'm telling you, sir! 'Tis all Baring's doings. I never call him Mr. Baring or much less Master Charles—'twould break my heart. There's only one Master for me, and