

"Yes, your riverence; I have walked from Rathdrum."

"And how much further, Kitty—how much further have you journeyed?"

"Oh, a weary way, father. All the way from Scotland."

Father O'Hagan shook his head slowly, and his face became more sorrowful in its look.

"If you are sufficiently rested, Kitty, I am ready to hear what you have to say to me."

"Before I say anything, your riverence, tell me of my mother and Ted," she said, with a little gasping breath.

"Your mother is still alive, but she has never risen from her chair, nor turned her face from the wall, since it was known that you had never reached Monaghan."

"Oh, but if she is alive it is enough," cried Kitty, almost wildly. "I will nurse her well again, and niver, niver leave her."

"It may be that the sight of you will not be so pleasant as it was, Kitty," said Father O'Hagan, struck by the manner and speech of the girl who ought to be upon her knees.

"Oh, she will forgive me, father, as you will, when you know all," she said, more quietly. "I am not come back in shame to Glendalough, though I see from your face that you have believed it av me."

"It was hard to know what to believe, Kitty," said the old priest, gently. "And remember I am waiting still to hear what you have to tell."

"What do they think?" she said, feverishly. "What have they said av me, father? Tell me that, an' I will explain it all."

"There have been many rumours—there are a few