

Lynch Fitzstephen, who continued with unabated vigor his efforts for the arrest of his son—and this although days had passed in unavailing search, and the attempt to capture the fugitive had been formally abandoned by the civic authorities to whose hands the task had been especially entrusted. The houses in the country, to any one of which as a kinsman or as a Lynch his son would have been made welcome, were written to by the Mayor; masters of ships were questioned; and every other avenue of escape, overlooked or not closely examined by the civic enquiry, was investigated but without effect. Then, and only when human ingenuity could suggest no further steps, the chief magistrate gave up the quest. It was now thought that the fugitive might have taken passage on some craft for the continent or mayhap for that new western world, to which but a few months before the persevering Genoese mariner had discovered a watery pathway.

Public consternation at the tragedy gave place, in time, to wonder at its cause and this in turn, when the passion prompting the crime became known, to a feeling of commiseration for the culprit. The popularity he had enjoyed among all classes; the fast friendships he had formed; his magnetic personality, and the influence of an honored name—these were now remembered and gave birth to the wish that Walter Lynch was safe beyond the seas. The wish, however, was vain.

III.

When all else availed not, the conscience of the outcast brought him back.

His sojourn among the western highlands, would, if nature could anywhere have accomplished the miracle, have healed the maimed

heart. Often he went forth alone among the hills spending the whole day in solitudes profound as those loved of the muse of him who, three centuries later, sang :

" There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer,
The crags repeat the raven's crook
In symphony austere."

The islands of *Ara na Naoimh*, or "Ara of the Saints," within sight of the fisherman's humble dwelling, offered refuge to the outlaw. There, girt in by the billows of the Atlantic, and isolated from all who knew him, he might spend his days unmolested. But in the silent watches of the night or in the innocent and unsuspecting home of his entertainer, earth seemed to hold no place in which he could hide his sin. If his thoughts turned to his mountain retreats, the ghost of the murdered Gomez would rise in protest; if they wandered beyond the shoreless western horizon, as they often did when he gazed at some sail sinking behind it, his straining vision was arrested by the intervening islands, upon whose bosoms the saintly founder of their churches had taught, long before the Danish spoiler came, the inexorable lesson of penance and expiation.

And so one morning early, before its citizens were astir, he returned to his native city, and voluntarily placed himself in the hands of justice.

As soon as the announcement was made to the Mayor that his son was at the town-house and had surrendered, he ordered the guard to secure their prisoner. The command was reluctantly obeyed.

Now by the same strange irony of Fate that had made the father the judge of the guilty son, it happened that the strong prison of the city was the next building to the