

There was one who seemed to feel the whole thing keenly; and on whom the ultimate effect was likely to be terrible. Giffard D'Alton came to his court-yard before the policemen had removed the body; and he recognised the man whose life he had poisoned. It was strange that the day before the murder he had sent a messenger to the uncle of Quirk informing the old man that he, Giffard D'Alton, was inclined to "consider him." And, in fact, Mr. D'Alton had been speaking to Father Aylmer and Father Ned about Quirk and others to whom he intended to do some justice. The unfortunate man was now tempted to conclude that all things were too late—even the time of doing justice had passed. He sighed deeply as he contemplated the pale face of the dead man; and then returned to his room without addressing a word to to any one.

But Giffard D'Alton saw the ladder in the yard; and he had a dreamy memory of a figure outlined on his window panes while he dozed; and he came to the conclusion that the unfortunate man came to his death while seeking to kill another; and went to judgment a red-handed and hopeless murderer. Giffard D'Alton did not pause to examine much who it was that shot his assailant, but he could not help feeling that the deed had been done in his defence. Another feeling, and a sad one, began to lie heavily upon the old man's soul—he saw that he was destined by some one or by some number to end his days by violence, and, perhaps, without preparation.

The two clergymen and James the Pilgrim met on the same road and same errand. The priest were going to console and support poor old D'Alton, and James the Pilgrim was on his rounds among the neighbors, but specially bound, in present circumstances to visit the Crag. He began recently to have a few words with old Giffard D'Alton, too; and he was a man likely to be very useful in any contingency like the present.

Father Aylmer greeted James with his genial "*Dhia gluith!*" and James added, as usual, the name of "Mary" in his reply, "*Dhia agus Mhuire gluith.*" We believe that we have mentioned

already how our people, in reply, always increase the number of sources from which the prayed-for blessings are besought. "God and Mary to you!" answered James.

"We are glad to meet you, James. We just spoke of you."

"God bless you, sir," answered James; but this time in the English language.

"You have heard of the doings at the Crag?"

"Ochone! sad, sad doings, Father!"

"Well, James, what is your view?"

"Bad members, sir, bad members."

"True," Father Ned interposed; "but James, what brought Quirk on the ground?"

"Well, Father," James replied, "one would rather not say anything just now, you know."

"Quite right, James; but what of Mr. Meldon and Amy?"

"Mr. Seymour, sir, has been good enough to write to me, and has given me an account of all that has gone on."

"Come, James, who is Mr. Leyton Seymour? Who is he?" asked Father Ned.

"Mr. Seymour, Father? He is the son of the greatest friend I have met in life. His father was the man who set me free."

"Do you mean the poor scholar?"

"Oh, no, sir. The Hon. John Leyton Seymour was the governor; and it was he that went to all the trouble when he had been told my story, and ordered a good store out of his own money to bring me home."

"He is Leyton Seymour's father, then?"

"Yes, Father."

"And now, James, regarding the murder?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? Is it not a fact that Quirk was one of Baring's followers?"

"Many say so."

"And Quirk was shot in old Mr. D'Alton's courtyard?"

"Yes, Father."

"What brought him there?"

"That will come out, father, I suppose; but your question is still the real one, you know—who shot him?"

"Well?"

"Well, I cannot now guess; but the