

look of everything, and he tried to come to the rescue.

"You see, Seymour," he said, "what a man worth a hundred thousand pounds can afford to do. If my friend, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, had only a middling fortune he would not dare to defy public opinion in such a manner."

"That peculiarity is not very rare," remarked Mr. Leyton Seymour: "I have an uncle afflicted with the like mania, and I often think what a painful life his must be."

A life which bears the burthen of a great judgment. Pain and conflict all one's life, and a consciousness that every one around him looks across his grave to gain a glimpse of sunshine.

"Papa," remarked Amy, "is peculiar in matters of the description of furniture and taste; but he thinks nothing of hundreds, if a principle demands outlay."

Poor Amy never lost an opportunity of vindicating old Giffard D'Alton; and every one loved her the more for her daughterly affection. She must have suffered much. But, then, was he not her father?

"That I know," answered Mr. Meldon, "Well, Miss D'Alton, you must ask papa's leave, and come and spend some time with Clara. We have now Clara's harp and piano, and we have—better than all—Clara's voice; and we shall have music. You know I am aware of the old gentleman's desire to be alone; so you have no excuse."

"And shall we not have Ally Hayes, papa?" asked the beautiful girl, her eyes sparkling with the joy of youth. "Oh, Miss D'Alton, I do love Ally Hayes so much; don't you?"

"Every one loves the 'Queen of the May'; but particularly the poor, among whom she spends much of her leisure."

Mr. Meldon was silent this time.

"You are thinking of poor papa's hard dealings with the Hayeses. Well, that proceeding made us all so unhappy! But poor Patrick Hayes, Ally's father, was a strong politician, and papa's apprehension of politicians is something that upsets his reason."

Mr. Meldon changed the topic. "Did you know old Mr. Hayes's son?" he asked.

"Oh, quite well. He was called 'the young priest.'"

"And he is the young priest, really. I believe he has been only three years or so ordained."

"Any news of Father John?" Amy demanded.

"Most satisfactory news. He is doing a world of good, and like his sister, he is adored by the poor. There's Mr. Leyton Seymour, who has seen him and spoken to him."

"Yes—and enjoyed his hospitality. The 'Queen of the May,' as you designate Miss Hayes, has reason to be proud and happy; and if she joins her brother she will be both the one and the other."

"Does she think of it?" asked Amy.

"Well—only in the event of the widow, her mother, accompanying her. She would never leave her mother, I am sure."

Mr. Leyton Seymour spoke with warmth and feeling; and once again Amy began to make conjectures—and to laugh at her own absurdity for the same.

Father John Hayes, "the young priest," of whom we shall have to speak more by and by, was one of the *protéges* of James the Pilgrim; and from an early day in his young life gave eminent signs of his future. The little altar boy soon became the classical scholar—then the teacher in the Sunday school; and the student in Waterford College. Patrick Hayes loved to think of the consecrated priest standing by his pillow in his agony, and offering the Holy Mass for his soul; but the times were bad, and Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have seen, would "stand no nonsense." Every man should "pay his way, and people who wanted indulgence were only fit for the workhouse." "He was—if ever he should become a fool to gratify the pride of the Hayes's."

As we have before intimated, misfortunes came thick and fast upon the Hayes's. The clothes became shabby, and the stock vanished, and the farm looked the misery of the owner's heart and hopes. Poor Patrick Hayes would have borne all and more, if the final catastrophe could only be spared him—that was taking young John Hayes from school. Ah! it would dash the hopes of many a long day, and break the poor