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"Why," cried Ted, fiercely, "Kitty is as good as any Lyndon that ever lived! If she is his wife he shall acknowledge her openly, by God I swear it?"

"Gently, gently, Ted; it shall be done in good time. Kitty's name is as dear to me as it is to you. I shall not stand by and see her wronged; but nothing can be done to-night. We must wait until the dawning of another day."

"But where is Kitty? Ye say she is not at Ballymore. Where is she?"

Father O'Hagan stepped back to the door and threw it open.

"Kitty is here, Ted. Remember what she has done for you, and don't stint her of your loving thanks."

Kitty ran in with an inarticulate cry. Only for a moment Ted regarded her sternly with the look of awakened suspicion in his honest eyes. But she ran to him unheedingly, and his arms were not shut against her. Father O'Hagan only waited to see them thus, with their cheeks close to each other, then he slipped gently out and closed the door. He had done his part, love would do the rest.