



was no fool, neither was she one of those plastic and accommodating natures that leave their destinies entirely in the hands of others. She had left Ireland with Lyndon for no other reason than to avert the threatened catastrophe of the evictions from Glendalough and to ensure her mother's continuance in the home which was so dear to her, but she had no intention of turning her back for ever on her native land. Already a longing desire for her old home and those she loved had become so strong that it sometimes refused to be set aside ; but she never uttered it to Lyndon. He was not, and never had been, sympathetic where her family was concerned ; nay, she saw that he was jealous of her affection for them, and that he never encouraged her to mention their names. Kitty had too much pride to press an unwelcome confidence ; she therefore held her tongue. Lyndon did not know how unwise he had been in his own interests ; he had made the profound mistake of imagining that because Kitty was a girl of the people her feelings were less strong and her scruples less binding than his own.

"When shall I see you again, Tom ?" she asked, as it came to the moment of good-bye.

"Very soon, darling ; I am just taking a run back to Ballymore to see what has happened, and what is going to happen. I'll write to you to-morrow night without fail, and tell you everything, also my plans for the future. It is possible that if I decide that we go to America we will sail from here ; but I'll write and tell you everything, and if possible at all I'll come next week."

Kitty gravely nodded, but made no comment, good or bad, on what he said. Lyndon was too much