

lay, true enough,  
already, and that  
—peace. She was  
to say how she  
of the souls of those  
—that they may

—protestant, in hor-

men, Sophia. Oh,  
would it not have  
ing for that poor  
all these years,  
leeping over spilt  
remember, too,  
heretic you are,  
he time-server he  
yourself. I don't  
one any harm,  
t think they are  
rter. However,  
any more. Poor  
ver liked her so  
I'd never see her  
! she is a very  
thus, you know,  
ss but chose the  
on a memorial  
ister—also a nun  
w them at once  
to bear, as you  
; for you have  
d it is that runs  
holy woman!  
ay. Oh, it was  
en and the rest  
of a nice young  
I had not been  
I don't believe  
have had some  
e, of course, he  
as a fine fellow,  
been avoided.

But, after all, it was Rupert's fault if everything ended in tragedy. . . . there, there, we won't speak another word about your brother ; we must leave him to the Lord —and," added Miss O'Donoghue, piously under her breath, " if it's not the devil, He is playing with him, it's a poor kind of justice up there !—Alas, my poor Sophia, such is life. One only sees things in their true light when they're gone into the darkness of the past. And now we must make the best of the present, which, I regret to find, seems disposed to be peculiarly uncomfortable. But I have done what I could, and now I owe it myself to wash my hands of you and look after my own soul.—I'll take no more journeys, at any rate, except to lay my bones at Bunratty ; if I live to reach it alive."