

tory at Louvain, and knew them both as children. He had well known and esteemed their lost mother, he had been with her in her last hours, but had been obliged to leave the valley shortly after her death. Very eagerly the sisters tried to minister to his comfort; it was, however, but little that the mortified Religious would suffer them to do for him; scanty and poor was the refreshment he would take, a few hours' rest in a hard wooden chair was all he said he needed, and there he reposed, while the sisters seated on low stools sat at his feet, might have recalled another scene, when two still happier sisters sat listening at the feet of their Divine Master. Rumours of a great victory had also reached the priest's ears, but he had not been travelling in a northern direction, and so could not give any reliable information.

"And you were in Drogheda, father," questioned Eveleen with a wistful look.

"Yes! my child, I had time to pass some hours there, and I went to the convent and saw mother Abbess, and I think I have good news for you."

"She *will* take me," said Eveleen, clasping her hands.

"She will," answered Father Egan, with a smile; "we had a long conference over the matter, weighing well whether your health were strong enough for the rule. I told her you would not hear of any other title than a child of our holy mother, S. Clare."

"True, father, said Eveleen, clasping her hands, while the tears started into her eyes, "she is my mother; the one dream of my life has been to be numbered among those who can lay claim to her sweet ever-living benediction."

"Well," pursued the monk, "so said I to the good Abbess, and then we discussed whether it would not be better for you to return to Flanders or to Spain, and there carry out your pious design; either at Gravelines or Madrid you could be received without doubt, and your knowledge of French or Spanish would enable you to follow the rule exactly; but I told her you were a devoted child of Erin, for her you wanted to pray and labor; you did not fear the risk."

"No! Father," said Eveleen eagerly, "no more than did Mother Magdalene

herself; why did she return from her beloved Convent at Gravelines when she was professed; why did her courage not fail in all the troubles in Dublin? Why did she undertake to found a Convent in Drogheda, was it not all, Father, because her heart burned for her poor country, because she and other nuns desired to see Convents arise once more on Irish soil; and my heart, my Father, burns too with the same desire. Let me labor, let me suffer, let me pray for my own Erin, so desolate, so cruelly oppressed."

"God strengthen you, child," said the priest, as he listened to her impassioned words. "God grant those prayers and sacrifices may be availing, for our woes are indeed heavy."

"Hush!" said Mary, springing to her feet; "what sound is that?"

A confused hum was heard in the distance, it swelled louder and louder in a shout of triumph. Cheers rent the air; in an instant the great court-yard was peopled; caps were thrown into the air, while boys of all sizes and ages were jumping and leaping about. "Och, the noble Owen. Och, the Red Hand! The glorious O'Neill."

"What is it?" exclaimed Mary, as she stood on the threshold, and gazed eagerly at the excited throng.

But she could get no intelligible answer. Shouts of "Victory, victory, a great victory!" filled the air, and no mortal in the excited crowd could be prevailed upon to stand still for an instant to tell the news, but it was evidently more than a mere rumor that had now reached the valley.

At last there was a lull; and Father Egan could get a hearing. And when Terence, breathless from shouting, and covered with dust, was dragged into the foreground, he proclaimed that, having been on an exploring expedition in search of news, he had encountered a little band of soldiers returning from the battle, who told him a great victory had been won by the troops of Owen Roe, that a prisoner of great importance had been taken, and that Sir Luke Fitzgerald, accompanied by Captain Henry O'Neill, were close behind on their way to the valley. This last piece of information deepened the roses on Mary's cheeks, and sent her with a