

at the thought of being left without your fatherly-care for us."

All present seated themselves, and Father Taaffe, standing in the midst, spoke thus:

"Children, beloved in our Lord, we part to-night, and not all of us shall meet on earth."

Bride, whose face was hidden in the folds of Mother Abbess' habit, shook from head to foot.

"Who shall be the first to go, God knoweth. Children, our lives are in his hands. It is useless to conceal from ourselves that terrible times are at hand. This seige of Drogheda will be a severe one. You, my sisters, have to encounter the perils of a voyage; and then who knoweth how long Wexford may be a safe abode? I counsel you to go hither because 'tis best you should confer with your sisters there how to act in these perilous days. God's hand is heavy on us, my children; but let us take comfort; 'whom He loveth He chastiseth.' I would that you lift up your hearts to the Lord; let each of you say, 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.' Yea, though He slay the dearest hope of your souls, the desire of your eyes, let His holy will be done in us. Fear not to suffer, my sisters; fear not when the nails of the cross pierce your hands and feet; life is short, eternity is long. Oh, would to God we might be reckoned among the martyr throng! Would to God that we may confess his name until death! Say, sisters and children beloved, is there any faint heart among us?"

And fervently and sweetly young men in the vigour of their manhood, old men in the weakness of old age, and women in their feebleness, answered "No."

"Go forth then," he said, in God's name. Fear nothing; neither storm or wind, fire or sword. Go forth, and bear all things, suffer all things for the sake of Christ."

Then he blessed them in the name of God, and led the way towards the quays. Two by two the nuns followed. Bride O'Sullivan would go with them, and wrapped herself in a cloak and mantle exactly like those worn by the religious. Hugh Maguire and Father Taaffe were to see her safe home when the nuns had

embarked. Silently the procession passed through the streets and reached the quays. Two boats would contain the religious.

Mother Vicarress and several of the nuns embarked in the first, and the boat was pushed off. The Mother Abbess and other religious stepped into the other. Sister Clare of Jesus was the last, as Bride had drawn her into her arms for a parting embrace.

Suddenly Bride felt herself wrenched from Eveleen, lifted off her feet, a hand put over her mouth, and knew that she was being carried away.

She was half suffocated, but she retained her senses to know that she was borne by several persons along the quay. In a few minutes she was set down, and she found she was about to be forced into a boat. Her assailants were hindered for a moment by an attack from Hugh. She could hear his voice; but what could one man do against ten?

Bride's nature knew no fear. She tore the covering from her head and dashed into the melee. The moonlight fell full upon her head and face. The tallest and most powerful of her abductors fell back a step, and with a terrible oath, cried, "Who art thou, girl?"

"It matters not to you she answered, coldly.

"Fool," said the man, turning furiously towards one of his followers and striking him with the hilt of his sword, "you have played me falsely; this is no nun."

And with an aspect of diabolical fury he sprang into the boat. His companions followed him, dragging with them their wounded and insensible comrade. The boat pushed off, and Bride and Hugh found themselves standing alone, staring at each other as if awakened from a dream.

Bride was the first to speak.

"Hugh, are the nuns safe?"

"Quite safe, thanks be to God. That was meant for one of them it seems."

"Even so," said Bride, picking up her mantle; "for Eveleen, I doubt not. Glory be to God, Hugh! I have not lived in vain, as I have lived to save her."

"Let us go and find Father Taaffe," rejoined Hugh, "for I left him in great tribulation about you. I saw Sister