

how she longed to show her her little son, some three months old, the most beautiful, intelligent, and precocious of infants. She told her how happy she was in her marriage, and that Henry was the "truest and most fond husband that ever had wife." The chief, also wrote a few words to his "little Eveleen," now so great, he said, espoused to the mightiest of Kings. After reading these letters with over-flowing eyes, Eveleen glided about among the guests saying a bright word of thanks to each and all, who had done their best to grace her bridal day.

"Give some wise advice to Kathleen," called out Bride, pointing to her cousin, a fair, modest-looking maiden, with large, soft, dreamy grey eyes; "she doth wed Hugh Maguire before the month is out," and then, while Eveleen, sitting down, gave her tender sympathy to Kathleen's hopes and fears, Bride ran off.

"Mother Abbess, what folly are they making you believe. The convent is an unsafe place—tush. No place so safe as Drogheda. Was not the City impregnable when besieged? If war draws near us, you need move no further than within the walls, and at our house you know I have often told you shall have chapel, refectory cells, and chapter-room, if you *must* scold the nuns."

"No; I shall depute that office to you, child, when we come," said the Abbess looking fondly at her. "If you put on a stern face, 'twill frighten the greatest culprit among us."

"How fare the nuns at Galway and Wexford?" inquired Sir Luke.

"Our last news from both places was good," replied the Abbess. "At Wexford they still mourn the loss of Sister Marianna. And no wonder; we shall not see her like again on earth, unless—"

Her eyes wandered to where, in the distance, sat Eveleen, talking to Kathleen.

"Yes," said the bishop; "she reminds me of Sister Marianna."

"I made my noviceship with that dear sister," replied the Abbess, "and never since have I seen a soul so athirst, with the love of God, till Sister Clare of Jesus did set her foot within our poor walls. Our oldest sisters have been astonished at her fervour. God grant her perseverance to the end!"

"And now," said the Bishop, rising, let us give God thanks, and make an end; the happiest days on earth must come to a close. I must travel on to-day, and discharge myself from Father Galway's service."

There was much laughing, and then the party broke up and gradually dispersed, Sir Luke, Gerald, and Bride lingering long behind the rest.

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Towards the close of the autumn of that same year, when the leaves began to fall from the trees, and the wind to whistle and moan through the streets of the city, the slight, fair figure of Mary O'Neill, accompanied by an elderly woman-servant, might be seen treading her way through some of the narrow and tortuous streets of Dublin. Underneath her cloak was a basket, empty now, for its contents had gone to gladden many a heart, and Mary, at the end of an afternoon spent in loving deeds of charity, was wending her way home.

The dwelling chosen by Lady Elizabeth and herself was a very humble one; it was situated in a nest of poor, tumble-down looking streets in the neighbourhood of the Liffey. They had chosen it purposely in a poor and crowded neighbourhood, not only because it was cheap, and their means were lavished on others, leaving themselves poor, but because they thought they were less liable to notice and suspicion. For herself Lady Elizabeth had no fear; as a Countess of Kildare and sister of Lord Westmeath, the King's party would not dare to molest her, and Mary was supposed to be her humble companion.

But the home was a rendezvous for priests and Catholics. Strange were the disguises doffed and donned in the little parlor of that poor dwelling. Almost daily, Mass was said there, to the intense consolation of the inmates. As Bid- dy McQuin was plodding along by the side of her mistress, her eyes, keen though they were not young, were attracted by a man who appeared to her to recognize her young lady in a very marked and unpleasant manner, and who seemed to be inclined to dog her steps. At first Bid- dy hold her tongue, not liking to alarm Mary; but when she became convinced they were followed by the stranger, the danger of betraying their