

woman," cried he, flinging some gold pieces at her head. Then he muttered to himself, "Tis as well; it will have broken her proud spirit. She shall see what I can do, and I will make up for it speedily—every wish of hers shall be gratified now. Follow me," said he sternly, turning to the old Bishop. And you," with a wave of his hand to his retainers, "can go."

All disappeared, and Roger, followed by the Bishop, ascended the winding stair. Roger's spurs clanked against the steps, and must have reached the ear of any listening eaptive.

His heart beat high with hope, his face was flushed with triumph. His long cherished plan was ripe at last; he was successful.

He began to unlock the door, but the rusty key stuck, and there was much noise and many efforts ere it yielded, and he entered, the bishop close at his heels.

A gasp of horror burst from the latter at the appearance and smell of the place, but his whole attention was speedily absorbed in the sight before him.

Eveleen was totally unconscious of their entrance. She had been lying down on the bed, but had half risen to a reclining posture, and stretched out her arms. Her eyes were fixed on the wall opposite to her. The Bishop could see nothing on that wall but dirt and mildew; but Eveleen's eyes clearly beheld something exceeding fair. Her veil had fallen back; and her hair, which had grown to some length, was falling on her neck. But the Bishop gazed in astonishment on her face, and Roger stood rooted to the spot.

The Bishop had held her in his arms at the font, had fondled her on his knee in her lovely childhood, had seen her in the bloom of her maidenhood, had gazed on her beautiful spiritualised face beneath the nun's veil, but never had he seen her look as she did now.

The soft roseate glow of her childhood had returned to cheek and lip. Her wide open eyes were full of lustrous light: while joy he had never seen before on mortal face lit up her's with celestial radiance.

"No need for me to believe in heaven now," he said afterwards. "I have seen it."

The two men stood silent for some moments, and then Eveleen spoke, and her voice, clearer and sweeter than any human voice, rang through the room.

"My first! my last! my only love, I come, I come to Thee!"

The light flitted from her eyes, the colour died away from her cheeks, her arms fell by her side, her body sank back on the bed—the smile lingered on her lips, but Sister Clare of Jesus was following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

The Bishop raised his eyes to heaven and murmured "Victorious in death."

Roger gave a sudden rush forward, and falling against the grating, groped like a man gone suddenly blind and mad, for the door which admitted to the cell. The Bishop was obliged to unlock it. Then Roger slung himself at the side of the corpse, and with cries of anguish besought his victim to speak to him; promising her liberty and joy, if only she would but live—but the pale lips gave back no answer.

Never again could he trouble the peace of Eveleen Fitzgerald. This was the end of his so-called love; he was her murderer!

"What can I do," cried he at last, springing to his feet. "Old man, speak, tell me, what can I do?"

"Repent, my son," said the Bishop, "and crown her death-bed with glory."

"You know not what you say," he answered sullenly; "long ago I threw faith and virtue to the winds. She was my god; for her I lived, for her I bartered heaven and chose hell; I must now, keep to my bargain. But you may go free; I am tired of blood. The cries of those poor wretches in the cave trouble my sleep—I want no more. I've played my game and lost it, and sold my soul for nought."

"Are any of her wishes dear to you?" said the Bishop, pointing to the corpse. "I see they are. Well, then, grant what would have been her last wish: take that lifeless body to Spain, and let it rest amidst the friends she loved so well in life. Let her whom she so oft called "Mother," once more kiss that marble brow. Carry a letter from me to Spain; and spend your life beside that virgin grave."

He silently assented. The Bishop