

prayer. In a few minutes Mary was by her side.

"Eva, it is Roger MacDonnell; he bears news from the army; they have crossed the ford at Benburb, and are encamped beneath the ruins of the castle, and they expect to give battle to the foe with all despatch."

"And what doth Roger here?" said Eveleen, flushing crimson as she spoke; "bears he a token from our father?"

"None," said Mary, gravely, "but he has ridden in hot haste, is urgent to see you, and then he says he shall with a swift steed regain the army ere to-morrow's dawn."

"To see me?" Eveleen rose to her feet. "Stay with me, Mary, I cannot be left alone."

"I will not be far off, darling," said her sister tenderly, "but I think you must let him speak to you this once; no doubt he hath heard from Henry what you are purposing to do, and will have his last word. I shall go and call him. Poor fellow!" muttered Mary to herself as she walked away.

"I pity him from my very heart. who can help loving her? The only wonder to me is how Henry could even think of me after seeing her. He says," and an arch smile played about her mouth, "that she was too good for him, and he likes a giddy wife best."

Meanwhile, Eveleen walked from the side of the little brook and took up her position under a thickly spreading tree. Her hands clasped each other tightly. There was a slight compression of the lips, as if she were nerving herself for some encounter. She was not left long to wait. An eager rushing step over the turf, and a young man, finely made, but dusty and travel-stained, stood before her, exclaiming eagerly, "Eveleen! this vile news is not true!" his glowing black eyes gazed into her face. "It cannot, it shall not be," continued he impetuously, without waiting for an answer. "Eveleen, you know how long, how wildly I have loved you, and you cannot, you shall not, enter: n accursed convent and be dead to me."

Eveleen's sweet face grew pale and stern; she was silent.

"Forgive me, Eva," continued Roger, speaking in a softer tone; "I have done

ill thus to speak of a holy place, but it has made the very blood boil in my veins to hear thy fate spoken of. The mere thought of losing you drives me mad!"

"I have given you no cause," said Eveleen in a calm, low voice, "to use such language to me; by no word or look of mine have I ever misled you as to my determination. From my childhood I have had but one hope, and I have but waited for my father's consent to accomplish it."

"Listen, Eveleen," replied he, "you have at least one strong love in your heart; it is for Ireland. You sigh and weep over her sufferings, her struggles, and her woes. Will you then, by this mad act, estrange me from the cause. "Think, you" and his face grew dark with passion "think you that I will lose you tamely, think you that I will slink away from your feet like a beaten hound. I tell you, no; dash these hopes of mine to the ground, and I sell my sword and the weight of my name to King or Parliament, I care not which, and I will fight no longer in the ranks of the Irish army."

Eveleen was very pale, but she showed no other sign of outward emotion. Her eyes had been fixed on the ground, but when Roger had finished his last sentence she raised them up, and the soft eyes were full of as much scorn as her gentle nature was capable of.

"Would you, then," she said, "barter Ireland for your own desires? Shame on you, Roger. Ill fare the woman who should lean on your faith or trust to your honour. Ireland will not perish for lack of such arms as yours. Did I, indeed, credit your words, or deem them spoken save in the heat of your passion, I should mourn that a Mac Donnell could fall so low."

She stepped forward as if to pass to the house. Roger barred her path. His face was white with rage; he spoke from behind his clenched teeth.

"Do you suppose that every nunnery will not soon be rooted from the soil in Ireland?"

The colour came back to Eveleen's cheek, and a smile quivered on her lips.

"The kinswoman of the O'Neill deems her country saved," she said,