

strong rumors of a truce," added Father Gellose, speaking in a lower and subdued voice.

"A truce with Inchiquin!" cried Father Nugent. "Surely not by the Nuncio's leave. He was so firmly against it before Christmas last."

"'Tis no doing of the Nuncio," returned Father Gellose; "but the party for it among the supreme council is gaining ground, and methinks it will be accomplished."

Father Fitzsymons half raised himself on his pillow.

"What saith the O'Neill?" he whispered.

"He is as firmly opposed as ever; but methinks he and the Nuncio will have to yield."

"It will be death to our cause if it comes to pass," faintly whispered the sick man. "Pray against it, my children—pray that God will have mercy on us, and not suffer such misguided folly to succeed."

"Colonel Preston's power and influence increases," remarked Father Gellose; "and I verily believe me his hatred and jealousy of the O'Neill is such, he will stoop to any means to gain a triumph over him. He strove hard to poison the mind of the Nuncio against Owen Roe, but in vain. Both men are too upright and simple to misunderstand each other, so that failing, he tries some other way. What think you he saith of his late aide-de-camp, who attacked your house in Dublin, my Lady Elizabeth, and drove our good Father into exile?"

"I cannot divine," answered Lady Elizabeth.

"He saith Roger MacDonald is yet to be trusted—that his attempt that night was only a ruse to deceive the enemy. He never meant to harm any one. By such a show of zeal he serves two purposes—he protects his friends and blinds his foes."

All the party laughed; but as Lady Elizabeth's eyes turned towards the bed to catch, as she expected, the invalid's radiant smile, she saw a change in his face. The tender heart had been jarred by the painful news; a gray ashen hue was stealing over his features. He had been anointed a few days before; he had received the Blessed Sacrament that

morning; therefore, prayer was all that was needed. The little group knelt around him, and the solemn prayers of holy Church went up. The last absolution and indulgence were given, and the blessed crucifix was pressed to his lips. There was no suffering, and he was perfectly conscious. He cast a look of affectionate farewell on the loving friends around him, but he seemed unable to speak.

Thus half an hour passed away; his eyes closed, and he seemed peacefully sinking into the sleep of death. At last he opened his eyes and fixed them on the crucifix. Such a look of love and trust came over his face as the watchers felt they could never forget. His lips unclosed, and in his clear, sweet voice he exclaimed, "Jesus, my Jesus! be to me a Jesus!"

The light fled from his face;—that true and loving heart had ceased to beat.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

Two years had wrought little change in the outward aspect of the Convent of our Lady of the Angels. Usually when friends, after the lapse of a year or two, visit a convent, they are called upon to admire some improvement, or some enlargement of its borders; but here the mud walls and thatched roof are the same; still grazed the few cows in the pasture meadows; still the religious paced up and down their holy cloister; still the round of holy duties went on as before. There was little trace of change in the features of the Abbess when, on one day in the summer of 1649, she was called to the parlor to see Bride O'Sullivan and another lady, bearing in her arms a smiling infant, while a little boy ran by her side. Very soon after the entrance of Mother Abbess, Sister Clare of Jesus was summoned to the parlor. Let us look well at her as she enters, ere she is clasped in the fervent embrace of her sister, Mary. The face is as lovely as ever, but the light seems to have deepened in those large, dark, spiritual eyes; there is an indefinable expression on her features, as of one who is daily travelling far away from this toilsome earth into a region of light and knowledge beyond our mortal ken. At the sight of Mary, now for the first time