

a pang through the tender heart of the old man; and when Roger at the end imperiously demanded, "Wilt thou do my bidding, priest, and free my adored one from slavery?" the Bishop checked the indignant refusal which rose to his lips, and only said, "Take me to her."

He longed to see her, and to comfort her—to be as much of a protector as his feeble arm and grey hairs would suffer him to be, and if they could not win mercy from their oppressors, to die with her.

So Roger, full of glee at having, as he thought, gained his point, set out with his retinue. Before, however, he reaches his journey's end we must cast a glance at Eveleen, and see how it has fared with her during her imprisonment.

When she had recovered from the shock of her abduction, and found that Roger was really gone, her mind began to entertain the idea of an escape.

She found her jailors consisted of the old woman we have mentioned, and two soldiers. She at first tried to prevail upon the woman, but she met with a stern refusal. If she had possessed gold or costly jewels it would have been different, but the penniless nun was only an object of scorn to the sordid mind of her keeper. Indeed, for some cause or other, whether it were the natural antagonism of what is vile and earthly against heavenly purity, or for some other cause, Elspeth Jackson conceived an intense hatred against the fair girl left at her mercy.

Undaunted at her failure, Eveleen attempted her escape, and one morning in the early grey dawn, found herself once more with the green turf under her feet, and God's sky above her head. It may seem wonderful that she should ever try to escape, in the midst of a wild, desolate, unknown country. But Eveleen could speak Irish, and had such trust in the peasantry, that she hoped, by reaching one of their huts, to be in safety. Alas, poor child! the faithful Irish had long since been driven from the neighborhood of her prison: her steps were soon traced, and she was brought back to the Castle.

The fury and rage of Elspeth burst out against her.

"So you left me here to be hung like

a dog when my master should come back to find you flown," cried she, striking her a cruel blow. "I'll see that thou dost not play me this trick again."

So saying, she led, or rather dragged, her up a long winding stone staircase, till they reached the top of the house. Here Elspeth unlocked a door, and a damp fetid smell came forth. Then she pushed Eveleen in before her.

The room was small and low, built in fact in the roof. It was divided in two by a grating. A door in the middle of the grating was locked, so that the person placed behind the grating was doubly imprisoned.

In this inner chamber, or rather cell, Eveleen was placed.

A wooden pallet and straw bed, and a wooden stool, composed her furniture. A small hole in the roof admitted a little light and air, but no sunbeams ever came to gladden the inmate of this drear abode, and no fire had ever warmed the stone walls, green with damp.

"Let us see if you'll get out of here in a hurry," cried Elspeth savagely, thrusting her victim in.

Eveleen greatly preferred her abode to the room below, with its attempted luxury. It was only a little harder than her convent cell, and she welcomed the cold and suffering with all the fervor of her ardent soul.

But the heart was stronger than the body. Eveleen was delicately formed, and her strength had already been overstrained. The foul atmosphere of her prison, and the diet of black, mouldy bread and dirty water, accompanied by curses and imprecations, told rapidly on the delicate frame and finely-tuned nature.

At last, when October was drawing to its close, Roger and his train drew up at the door of the castle.

Elspeth hurried to receive her master with much servility, and eagerly detailed her reasons for having imprisoned Eveleen in the stone room.

At first Roger cursed her for an obstinate fool; but on second thoughts he rejoiced, and was obliged to listen to the vehement and furious reply of his servant, that he had *told* her to do it, and to keep her on bread and water too, in case of resistance.

"Yes, yes—so I did. Hold thy peace,