

"Father, I have kept enough for my ounoy home. Little more exile for me. The promised land is in sight."

His eyes questioned her, so she went on: "I have been suspecting my health was undermined for some time past, but I was too busy to think about it, especially at Kilkenny, or I should have told you. I think the shock of that scene in Dublin, and our hasty flight, brought the matter to a crisis; and when I spoke to the physician who hath come hither to see you, he confirmed all my own ideas, and as I bade him tell me truly what he thought, he saith I have but a few months to live. Oh, my Father, how good hath my God been unto me! He hath granted my last earthly wish—to tend you in your hour of need, and knowing how weak I should be in this weary life without your guiding hand, He would not let me linger long behind. So now, Father, you will not object to this arrangement of my poor worldly goods. I have not a kinsman on earth who wants help. I leave in Mary's hands what will enable her to give those alms I have been happy enough to dispense for God. If our arms should fail, or if Henry should fall, there is safe harbor for her and the child with Rosa at Louvain, and so I may gratify my strong desire, and found the noviciate at Kilkenny. You know how you have wished there should be a noviciate in this country, and how essential it is to the increase of the society and the good of our souls."

"God bless you, child!" the Father's low whisper answered. "Since all be so I withdraw my objection. If the road then be short, hasten on fervently and prepare the way of the Lord. Make ready thy soul for the coming of thy heavenly spouse."

Lady Elizabeth, thinking she had fatigued him, rose, and went to fetch a cordial from the adjoining room. As she opened the door, the sound of half-subdued laughter burst on her ear. Mary and Father Nugent were standing talking to a person whose figure she could not see.

Mary turned round at her entrance.

"If it would not harm the dear Father," she said, "it would make him

laugh to see Father Gelosse;"* and Lady Elizabeth's eyes fell on a tall, rather gaunt figure, covered from head to foot with flour; and carrying on his shoulder a miller's sack.

"This is his last idea, Lady Elizabeth," said Father Nugent. "Behold! our professor from Kilkenny; I actually did not know him, when walking below in the field there to say mine office. He came and pestered me to buy flour, till I, seeing he would take no refusal, did methink myself he was a spy, and grew alarmed, fearing for harass to our good Father in his last hours, till at length my worthy miller addressed me in Latin, and disclosed himself."

"Wait till I give our Father this drink," said Elizabeth; "for he is so weak; and then I will tell him of his new visitor."

So saying, she hastened back to Father Fitzsymons, fed him carefully, and then mentioned that Father Gelosse was in the next room.

"Bring him in," said the invalid, a light dancing in his eyes. "I knew he would come; nothing can daunt him. What trick doth he practise now?" and as the miller advanced into the room, accompanied by Lady Elizabeth, Father Nugent, and Mary, they once more heard Father Fitzsymons' joyous, child-like laugh.

When the quondam miller had retired to make his toilet, and had reappeared, "clothed and in his right mind," as Father Nugent averred, he was asked, as all new-comers were, for news.

"Alas!" said Father Gelosse; "I can tell you no cheering news. The foreign expedition is a failure. Ormond's machination have succeeded but too well at Versailles, and the power of Inchiquin seems daily increasing; and there are

* Father Stephen Gelosse, born in 1617, was teaching poetry at Kilkenny in 1649. No danger could deter him from doing his duty—no weather, no difficulties could hold him back. His extraordinary escapes from the clutches of his pursuers border on the miraculous. He adopted every kind of disguise; he assumed every shape and character; he personated a dealer in fagots, a servant, a thatcher, a porter, a beggar, a gardener, a miller, a carpenter, a tailor, with his sleeve stuck with needles, a milkman, a pedlar, a seller of rabbit skins, etc.—"Oliver's Collections."