

of the corpse, the child's blind eyes upon those closed lids."

"There was such a silence you might have heard one's heart beat.

"When she was once more on her feet she looked round on us all—the child was cured."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Donna Caterina, while one of the other ladies crossed herself and said, "Wonderful is God in His Saints."

"But tell us, dear Donna Beatrice," continued Donna Caterina, "for as Mother Abbess' sister you know all the secrets—tell us who is that strange wild man who is praying ever by the vault? Is it true he is an Irish chieftain fulfilling a vow or expiating a crime?"

"I know nothing," said Donna Beatrice, "except that he is of Irish birth, and leads a life of extraordinary penance. Vigil, and fasting, and prayers, and austerities fill up his days and nights, so Mother Abbess told me, and if she knows his history or why he takes Heaven by storm she would say nought to me. But methinks I can read on his face the history of one who has had a hard struggle for salvation, who may perchance have sinned deeply, but who, like him who was once a malefactor, will one day be with his Lord in Paradise, the trophy of a Saint's prayer and of redeeming love. Hark, ladies, the bell has ceased, we must hasten in."

Our story leads us now to Brussels; not then, as now, the miniature Paris, gay, bright, and showy, but a quaint old Belgian city. Then as now, rose in its midst, its glorious church of S. Gudule, and on one beautiful day in the month of September two noble ladies, each wrapped in the *capuce* then universally worn by Belgian women might be seen kneeling absorbed in prayer in the Chapel of the "Miraculous Blessed Sacrament."

After a long and earnest supplication, they rose and passed out, the elder of the two taking the arm of the younger, drawing it beneath and making the light form lean its weight on her. Their humble lodging was hard by, and when they entered and threw aside their cloaks, the elder lady said:

"Rest now, my Mary, my poor white lily, perhaps 'twas foolish of me to let

you go, you have hardly strength even for that short journey."

"Oh, Mother," said Mary O'Neill, looking up to the face of her mother-in-law, "it has comforted me so! There and there only do I seem to meet with our beloved ones again. At other times there is that aching void—that terrible hunger of the heart which is so hard to bear; but oh! dear mother, it is I who ought to comfort you and wait on you and not be a helpless burden."

Rose O'Neill gathered the desolate girl into her arms, and laid the little head on her breast.

"My child," she softly whispered, "I am used to suffer; you are new to that sharp, yet Divine lesson, and many as have been my sorrows, they have not fallen on me so fast and thick as yours have rained down on your young head. Father, brother, sister, husband, child, and he who was a second father to you—all taken from you in one short year; and so, in the flower of your youth, my Mary, your locks are silvering and your cheeks furrowed. Patience, dear one, and let us look up with hope. Better, oh, how far better! their holy and glorious deaths than a life of shame and dishonour."

"Yes! oh, yes!" murmured Mary; "all is best. I know it, I feel it."

"Hark! is not that a knock?" Lady O'Neill went to the door, and soon returned, followed by a thoughtful looking priest, her youngest son. He greeted his sister-in-law tenderly; while, with a joyful cry from an adjoining room the little Rosa dashed forth and climbed his knee.

Before we conclude our story we must cast a rapid glance at the course of events which had thus brought Mary to seek refuge with her mother-in-law.

In the last chapter we alluded to the death of Owen Roe. It took place at Cloughoughter, in County Cavan. A few days before his death he wrote as follows to the Marquis of Ormond—

"May it please your Excellency,

"Being now on my death-bed without any great hopes of recovery, I call my Saviour to witness that, as I hope for salvation, my resolution, ways, and intentions, from first to last in these unhappy wars, tended to no particular ambition, or private interest of mine own; notwithstanding what was or may be thought of to the contrary, but truly and