

one of the greatest preachers of his day, and was never more eloquent than when speaking in his native tongue.

"Come, follow Me," were the brief words of his text.

Lady Elizabeth had often heard him before, but never had she listened to such burning words as fell from his lips that night. It was a memorable sermon; many hearts were touched; those half wavering whether to accept the cross or no, then and there took it up never to lay it down in life; sacrifices were resolved upon, and hearts were given for aye to their Creator.

Lady Elizabeth and Mary were seated near the door, and became aware there was some confusion in the yard. Almost before they had given their attention to it, there was a loud shout, a sudden flashing of torches, the sound of a struggle between men.

"The soldiers are upon us," was the cry.

A terrible scene ensued. The crowd surged about, women screamed, and sleeping babies who had come with their mothers woke up and began to cry.

A rush was made to induce Father Fitzsymons to fly. He was at first unwilling, but the agony painted on the faces around him, wrung a consent from him. While he was being hastily disguised in peasant's clothes, great efforts were made to keep back the soldiery, who had made good their entrance by Lady Elizabeth's house. They were not easily conquered, and made such rapid progress into the yard as seemed to cut off all prospect of the Father's escape.

A tall form, evidently the officer in command, towered in their midst, and the wild glare of the torches the men held revealed the faces of the whole party in its lurid light.

Mary looked to see what manner of man it was, and as she gazed her cheek blanched; close beside her was Biddy hushing in her arms the little Owen, Mary's pride and darling.

Calm, though deadly pale, Mary took her child in her arms, and advanced towards the officer; the excited crowd instantly made a passage for her. She barred the advance of the soldiers, and confronting the officer said, "Roger, go back!"

"Out of the way, Mary," he cried furiously; "I war not with women; I seek only the pestilent misleaders of woman. Stand back, girl, and let me on!"

Pale as some marble statue stood the heroic girl. She stretched forth her baby boy: "If you advance, Roger, 'tis through his body and mine. My foolish trust in you, my indiscreet words have brought you hither, and I and my child shall pay the forfeit."

A pang of shame for a moment passed through his heart; for a moment his good angel patiently waiting by his side got a chance, and whispered in his ear, "Forbear." He wavered, and his men, already moved themselves, fell back, and when, recovering himself, he turned round on them fiercely, he saw they had lost heart. Murmurs arose, "I love not killing in the dark," "Let's get the women and babies out of the way first."

"You are a fool, Mary," said Roger, turning on her scornfully. "However, for old acquaintance sake, I give you and your friends one more chance; I withdraw my men now, but to-morrow we shall visit and search this place, and it shall no longer afford harbour to rebels, or be the meeting-place for seditious speeches." So saying, he turned on his heel, and was gone.

When he was out of sight, Mary fell insensible into Lady Elizabeth's arms.

Meanwhile, under the cover of night, Father Fitzsymons had escaped.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

When the frightened crowd had dispersed and the house was quiet, a hurried council was held in Lady Elizabeth's sitting-room. Mary had recovered from her fainting, and was lying on a couch pale and trembling, but able to listen, and understand what was going on. More than one priest was there, for several of them had come longing to hear one of Father Fitzsymons' celebrated and but too rare discourses. Among them was Father Robert Nugent, a relative of Lady Elizabeth, and Superior of the Jesuits in Ireland. It was decided that it was useless for Lady Elizabeth to remain in Dublin, since her home, wherever it was, would be watched and suspected, and fears were entertained