

'Well, lad, an' here you are! But, i' faith 'tis not the same man,' he cried in greeting. 'Somewhat sedater than of old, an' more cautious it may be—though you were ever discreet, even in our boyhood—an' grizzled a bit about the temples. Who seeks Time's mercy is a fool, good cousin, for he spares neither the sage like you, nor the merry like myself. He has left me stouter than at our last meeting, and less nimble of foot, so that I feel betimes a home and rest would be pleasant. But the Lord Protector, whom God defend, is loth to spare me in his scourging of this unhappy country.'

'Ay, truly an unhappy country,' Bedingfield muttered sadly.

'It is plain your sympathies are not with us, cousin, from the manner in which you have said those words. But you are sa'e with me. You are my flesh and blood, an' it may be that Will Kendrick hath many faults, but it ne'er hath been charged to him that he forgot the claims of kindred. An' I well remember too how you screened me from the blame of many a wild escapade when we were boys together.'

'I loved you, Will,' said Humphrey simply.

'But tell me, cousin, what about the Papist wife. It is hinted, too, that you have joined her Faith and practise her Popish mummeries.'

'Speak gently of her, Will, for my Papist wife is the dearest and best wife ever man had. Never, I think, was there so faultless a helpmate as mine. And if I adopted her Faith it was because I esteemed all things that were dear to her.'

'Spoken like a man,' cried Sir William heartily, clapping the other on the shoulder. 'I must see this paragon some time or other. Are ye blessed or cursed with children?'

'Neither the one nor the other, alas!'

'Well, well. Yet hearken, Humphrey. It would be discreet to show yourself at church when you go to dwell at Carra, for I must have you in the stewardship—that is settled. Cromwell is astute beyond belief, and there are ever those about him who whisper tales into his ear. It will screen your wife and you, and I need not tell you that the war against the Irish is a war to the death.'

'It would break her heart if I did such a thing. I had rather die.'

Sir William stared at him. Then he turned abruptly to his desk, and began sorting his papers, while in a serious tone he explained to Bedingfield what was demanded of him as steward, to all of which the latter listened attentively. Finally, he left the captain's presence armed with the necessary authoritative documents, and the passport signed by Cromwell, which would convey 'Humphrey Bedingfield, silk mercer; his wife, and three servant maids, from Dublin to the lands of the O'More in Northern Meath.'

The journey to Carra was not accomplished without some vicissitudes, not the least of which was the difficulty of keeping Una's identity undiscovered. It was known that O'More had left an only daughter—a girl of great beauty—so Dame Honora's heart held a burden of fear those days lest the carefully prepared disguise should not be sufficient. But the passport won them respect and consideration from the Puritan soldiers, their only interceptors, for the kindly native Irish and the Norman-Irish of the Pale, with few exceptions, had been driven to 'Hell or Connaught' by orders of Cromwell. All along the way the burnt and shattered homesteads bore evidence to his 'civilising methods of warfare,' for so he had the audacity to term his policy of devastation.

The castle by the Boyne side looked but a sorry sight, under the sinking sun, when the little cavalcade halted in the ruined courtyard. Una burst into tears as she gazed upon the desolate home of her fathers, but Dame Honora drew her aside and whispered to her to restrain her grief, lest the soldiers who had attended them to their destination, should suspect any personal reason for her sorrow. It had taxed the good woman's patience and ingenuity to baffle their curious interest in the shy servant maid during the journey, and now that they had arrived at the end, a very slight indiscretion might undo all their carefully arranged plans. Fortunately, however, there was no accommodation for the escort in the tower, which was to be the dwelling-place of the little family—so, grumbling at the necessity, they turned the heads of their tired horses towards Drogheda, and rode off as quickly as fatigue would allow.

Una, before she would consent to appease her hunger, made a survey of the tower rooms. She found them stripped of almost all their furnishings—certain evidence that the troopers Sir William Kendrick had left to guard his possessions until the coming of Humphrey had availed of their custodianship to appropriate everything of value.

One room only was untouched, because undiscovered—the priest's room—to which she introduced Bedingfield, explaining to him the secret of the spring lock, and of the flight of steps that led to a passage way underneath the building.

'It was here Father Donogh lived,' she said, 'and it will be necessary for you to remember what I have told you, since it is likely enough that he will follow us before long.'

Dame Honora, with true housewifely aptitude, settled down contentedly to her new conditions of life. In a short time she had made the place fairly habitable, and but for the gaping walls of the castle and the huge stones that lay in fragments all around there was little sign to show that a marauding army had so lately ravaged that smiling country.

Una had regained some of her young fresh bloom, though her eyes had not lost their sadness. She spent most of her time about the ruins; wondering on what spot her father had fallen and seeking carefully among the stones for some chance memento of him. She was anxious, too, of news of her lover, Con O'Hanlon, who, with his people, was under sentence of banishment into Connaught. He had not ventured near Carra since Una's return, though a message, carried by a priest disguised as a soldier, had reached them.

O'Hanlon conveyed, in this way, to Una his plans for their marriage and flight to Spain, though he warned her that it might be some time until an opportunity should offer to permit the accomplishment of his scheme. She felt restless and unhappy in the dread that she had brought trouble upon Humphrey and Dame Honora. Then the household were menaced with another grave danger—this was the question of their religion. It would be difficult to account for their non-attendance at the Protestant worship at Drogheda, even though Sir William Kendrick had voluntarily tried, when questioned on the subject, to explain it by a statement that his steward, Humphrey Bedingfield, was a follower of the 'true faith' and would in due course frequent church like any other God-fearing Protestant, but that at present, being a sufferer from rheumatism, he was unable either to walk or ride, and the way was too long and too dangerous for his women-folk to travel unprotected.

This explanation sufficed for the occasion, and meantime Dame Honora and Una prayed fervently night and noon for the safe coming of Father Donogh Heggerty, with his kindly advice and the spiritual comfort that made him an eagerly welcomed guest in all quarters of the land.

He arrived one October evening, storm-buffed and spent; his ragged clothing sodden with rain, and his bare feet bleeding with the flints and thorns of the fields and roadways. The news he conveyed was heart-rending. Cromwell's murderous march still continued, and everywhere innocent blood was crying to heaven for vengeance.

The priest-hunters were particularly active, since the price on the head of a cleric had been raised from five pounds to ten. Father Donogh had run the gauntlet of their suspicion more than once on his journey to Carra, but God had not decreed that he should fall a victim as yet.

He remained but a few days before leaving them to go into the Fens—his native place. Both Dame Honora and Una sped the parting with many tears. But the brave old priest begged them to be of good cheer, 'for,' said he, 'I am on my father's business and He will guide me aright. Not even one hair of my head shall be touched unless it be His holy will.'

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

The Catholic World.

ENGLAND.—Death of a Generous Catholic Lady.—

The death occurred recently at Hastings of Mrs. Margaret Hearn, widow of the late Mr. Patrick Hearn, of Doughty street, London. The deceased lady was a native of County Cork, but spent the greater part of her life in London, where her late husband established a highly prosperous business. Mrs. Hearn was a devout Catholic and a generous patron of struggling London missions. She was also an unfailing friend to the Irish poor in the district in which she lived, by whom, as well as by a large circle of personal friends both in Ireland and London, her loss will be sincerely mourned.

Street Procession by Torchlight in Blyth.—An unusual

spectacle was witnessed in Blyth streets one evening in the beginning of January, when 800 Catholics, headed by the Rev. Father Power, the eloquent Jesuit who is conducting a mission there, marched in procession reciting public prayers of homage to mark the beginning of a new century. The Rev. Father Power, who is a man of splendid physique, being 6ft 7in in height, attracted much attention as he spoke in the Market place.

The German Church in London.—The Daily Mail of the

29th December says that the laity of the German Church of St. Boniface, Whitechapel, 'have demanded control of the finances as a condition of their liquidating the heavy debt. Cardinal Vaughan has consented, and the congregation have appointed a church committee, exclusively of laymen, who will in future have entire management of the commercial department of the mission, thus relieving the clergy of all further harass.'

FRANCE.—The Question of Religious Associations.—

In a letter to the Archbishop of Paris on the question of religious associations, the Holy Father recalls the services rendered by the associations and the importance of their work abroad, adding that if a blow were to be struck at them he would have to acquiesce in filling the voids left by French missionaries by those of other nationalities. His Holiness defends the associations from the charges made against them. In an interview with M. Henry des Houx, recorded by the *Matin*, his Holiness accuses the French Government of violating the Concordat.

The Government and the Passionist Fathers.—The

crusade in which the French Ministry are engaged against the religious Orders has many unpleasant features, but the course pursued towards the English Passionists in Paris is contemptible and vexatious in the extreme, and serves to show the spirit in which the whole campaign is conducted. Some 30 years ago the Passionist Fathers, for the purpose of ministering to the religious needs of English-speaking people living in Paris or passing through that city, built their church in the Avenue Hoche. The money by which it was erected was purely English and American money, and the work carried on there since has been maintained from the same sources. The unjust taxes imposed on French religious Communities under the 'Loi d'Accroissement' were imposed on the Passionists of the Avenue Hoche. They resisted in the courts, but without success. Then they laid the case before the British and American consuls, and these gentlemen intervened. Their appeal was fruitless, and now the French Government threaten to confiscate the property of those British subjects unless they receive the