

brown eyes, and growl ominously. He, too, understood. Of late these excursions were forbidden, for the troopers were about, and it was not seemly that a daughter of the O'More be out alone. Our household was small, and Peggie could ill be spared to accompany me.

One day we were seated at the great south window which overlooked the river. Peggie was teaching me my sampler stitch, and mother was sitting at the harpsichord playing her favorite air, 'The Coulin,' her face looked sad, and as the plaintive melody floated through the room she broke down utterly and wept.

In a second I had my arms around her and was trying in my childish ways to soothe her.

'Eithne, child, I had bad news this morning. Your Uncle John is on his way from Spain and may arrive when we least expect.'

'Ma mere,' I cried, 'but that is good news!' I clapped my hands delightedly.

Peggie looked grim. Was it possible that her lip was quivering and that there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes. I stared from one to the other, not understanding. Uncle John was my favorite relative. He was a Jesuit, and had spent half of his life abroad. It was a red letter time when he visited us in Paris. He had promised to come to Ireland to prepare me for my first Communion. Now, instead of my mother and Peggie being overpowered with joy, it was as though a bombshell had dropped in our midst.

'Eithne, darling,' said my mother, 'Uncle John would be in great danger were he to visit us now. I am only afraid that he will be arrested on his way to Limerick. He surely does not know that he is rushing into the lion's mouth.'

Then she explained to me that with the coming of Anne to the throne, the Penal Laws were again in full force, that it were treason to harbor a priest, and if the priest were caught it meant death or transportation.

It was now my turn to cry, and I sobbed as if my heart would break. It was my first glimpse of sorrow, for, shielded by mother and Peggie, my life had been all sunshine, and I knew naught of the storm of persecution which was even then breaking over the land.

All that day we suffered agonies of suspense. Mother had dispatched a trusty messenger to Limerick on the chance of intercepting my uncle, and the west room was put in order, for it was a secret hiding-place. Mother showed it to me for the first time. Pushing aside some tapestry, she pressed a secret panel, which immediately slid open, revealing a flight of stone steps which led to an underground passage to the river. In the passage a small room had been furnished with a chair, a table, and a bed. Everything was neatly arranged, as if some one were expected.

'Mother,' I cried reproachfully, 'why did you not tell me of this delightful hiding-place? Uncle John will be quite safe. No one would ever dream of searching here.'

'God grant it,' she uttered fervently, 'but I need not tell you, child, to be discreet.'

'Ma mere,' I answered with dignity, 'I was eleven years old last birthday.'

Just about dusk a fisherman with some fine salmon in his net came to the door. It was Uncle John. So perfect was his disguise that I did not know him, and felt afraid until he spoke and blessed me.

The days that followed were the most exciting of my life. From morning until night I was in a tremor of fear lest the soldiers should discover my uncle's hiding-place. No one in the house knew of his arrival save Peggie, mother, and myself. He lived in the west room so that in case of danger he could easily escape.

After a time, there being no hue and cry, and lulled by his apparent security, we resumed our usual occupations. One of the tasks I loved was polishing the old escrtoire. I would rub the brass tips until they shone like gold, and gaze into the shining wood at my distorted face, that grotesque view giving me more pleasure than the finest mirror.

One day on coming into the room in anticipation of having a glorious time pulling out the contents of the little drawers and revelling in the Old World treasures of ribbons and ancient miniatures, I saw my mother bending over the escrtoire. Silently I stood watching her, intending to make my presence known by a sudden embrace—a favorite practice, one which my mother loved, although she pretended not to. Suddenly something caught my attention: it was a man's face peering in at the window. He was watch-

ing every movement of my mother, who, all unconscious of observation, touched a little panel which flew open, revealing an aperture, from which she took a large book with a cross of gold on its cover. I recognised it at once as a Catholic manual, one that I had never seen her read save in the privacy of her room. I realised the consequence were such a book found in our possession, for outwardly we were of no sect, and were we known to be Catholic, our lands and homes would be confiscated. Fascinated, I watched unseen every glance of the hawk-like eyes, too terrified to cry out. In that brief second his countenance was printed indelibly on my memory. A pale oblong face with steely gray eyes, a hooked nose wide thin lips through which his teeth gleamed wolfishly. He wore a cavalier hat with a sweeping plume, and his jerkin was of some dark brown stuff. My heart beat like a sledge hammer. Instinctively I knew the man was a spy. If he informed on us, Uncle John would be in danger. I dared not dwell on that. I clenched my teeth in agony, and prayed inwardly for help. The answer came in a flash. I felt that if the spy saw that his presence were known he would immediately denounce us. Dancing lightly into the room, I stooped and kissed mother.

'Eithne, thou art early at thy pranks,' she murmured fondly. 'But what makes thee so pale? Has ought disturbed thee?'

I tried to tell her, but my tongue clave to my palate, and I could only point dumbly toward the window. She followed my glance, but the man was gone.

At that moment Peggie came hurriedly into the room. The ruddy color had left her face, she looked white and scared. 'Madam,' she cried, 'the soldiers! They are almost at the door.'

Mother, with great presence of mind, quietly replaced the manual. Again I tried to warn her, but the words refused to come.

'Thou hast naught to fear, my Eithne. Be brave. Remember thy father. I must away to warn thy uncle.' Before I could regain my courage she was gone.

My head swam, there was a buzzing in my ears when I found myself alone. I was nigh to swooning. Suddenly my mother's words came to my mind. 'Remember thy father.' Was it thus that he would have me act? At once my courage came back, and with it a certain quick-wittedness which told me how. But alas! I could not find the secret spring. I placed my fingers over each separate panel, but to no purpose. I could hear the tramp of marching feet coming nearer and nearer. I had almost given up hope when, oh, joy! my fingers touched it, and lo! the book lay in my hands. To conceal it about my person was the work of a second. I put my book of Esop's Fables in its place, and ran downstairs humming an air, so great was my relief.

The soldiers were in the hall, and Peggie was parleying with the commanding officer, a goodly-looking man with a kind face. Despite her brave front I knew she was scared.

'Prithee, be not afraid, pretty one,' he said on catching sight of me.

'I am the O'More's daughter,' I answered proudly, giving him a sweeping curtsy. 'Dost wish to see my mother?'

'Bravely said, little maid. In good sooth, thy father has left a fair substitute. He was a fighter, none better. His record will live in Athlone. Though well nigh a dozen years have passed they speak of him to this day.'

The red flamed to my cheeks, and the sudden tears to my eyes at this most unexpected tribute to my father's prowess. And to think that but a short time since I, his daughter, felt sick with fear! I turned my head away lest he should see the moisture.

'What means this unseemly intrusion?' It was the voice of my mother, clear and bell-like. Her face was pale, but there was no sign of fear in her calm, steadfast eyes as she met the commanding officer.

'We come in search of one John O'More, a Jesuit priest, who, contrary to the law, has returned to Ireland.' He bowed courteously. My mother answered with a faint inclination of her head. 'These are troublesome times, madam, and the best of us are under suspicion. It is our unpleasant duty to search the house; also it hath come under our notice that certain Popish works forbidden by the State are concealed. We must make a thorough search.'

'Do thy duty,' said my mother quietly. 'It would ill become me to hinder thee.'

'Lead the way, Larmour,' he said, turning to a man who had hitherto escaped my notice. I immediately recognised him as the same who had so terrified me at the window. I stooped down to pat Finn's great head to hide the impish glee in my