## THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Oueen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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At this Topcliffe began to storm

to Miss Bellamy and her little bro-

ther, in order that he might report

this abuse of his powers to the Sec-

retary of State, for he did not believe

him authorized to arrest women and

"I shall most certainly take both

of them with me to London as pris-

oners." Topcliffe rejoined with a dis-

bolical laugh, "if they do not forth-

with reveal the hiding place of the

Anne immediately said that she

really did not know it, and would

not tell if she did : while Frith de-

clared he knew it, and nothing would

induce him to betray it, whatever

Then, though it went hard with

me to do so, I appealed to Richard

Page, and besought him, in his offi-

he answered in the words of Pontins

Pilate, that he washed his hands of

the matter, and would leave justice

Almost immediately after Top.

his men. He scarcely allowed Anne.

That was a terrible day indeed! I

CHAPTER VII.

Hitherto I have left the part of

in a position to relate a great part,

or indeed all, of what occurred.

fully and so well, that I was fain to

Scott's Emulsion is not

good medicine for fat folks.

We have never tried giving it

Send for free sample.

Emulsion is the medicine for of a well considered plan.

accursed priest of Belial."

might be done to him.

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.) him with the blackest ingratitude. In defiance of law, Parliament, Privy Council, and the express will no impression upon our guests and and pleasure of our gracious Queen, such of the servants who were prewhom may God long preserve for sent, let alone ourselves; indeed we England's weal, you introduced a felt heartily ashamed of him. He priest into the house and harbored had to content himself with the conhim there! And only the day before gratulations he received from Topyesterday the Court of Justice at cliffe, who wished him joy and shook Westminster inflicted on our Cousin him warmly by the hand. When Robert for the very same offence no Babington saw him take the bloodgreater penalty than a fine of £1,000 stained hand of the pursuivant, be and eighteen months imprisonment! could not restrain his indignation Do you not think that the learned and disgust; no man of honor, he members of the Privy Council, irri- said, would henceforth call Sir Richard Page his friend, since he had tated by your continued obstinacy, and the repetition of your offence, lowered himself by this familiarity with the hangman's accomplice. after you having received such lenient treatment at their hands, will be disposed to punish you with the utand bluster, threatening us with dire most rigor of the law? Suppose revenge. Babington boldly replied the statute Praemunire is put in that he should be happy to answer force against Woxindon, and the all his accusations on the morrow in whole estate with goods and chattels, the presence of Sir Francis Walsingmoveable and immoveable property, ham, to whom he had letters of inis confiscated to the Orown or to troduction from high quarters. He Lord Burghley! It is a good thing was then only waiting to know what were Topcliffe's intentions in regard that I have to some extent provided against this. Come into the hall with me, for with Mr. Topcliffe's permission, I have an important communication to make to my Aunt B.llamy, and the children and grandchildren. As for the priest who is children. supposed to belhidden here, I shall, as beseems a loyal Englishman, offer no opposition to Mr. Topcliffe, on the contrary, I shall render Her Majesty's servants all the assistance in my power, that law and justice may take its course."

The expression of my cousin's intentions was not very pleasant for us. I must, however, say this for him, that he seemed thoroughly ashamed of himself, and did not ven ture to look us in the face. We tollowed him to the hall without a word, for we thought this the most cial capacity as mayor, himself to dignified course we could pursue; meanwhile, Topoliffe had bound take Anne under arrest, rather than Frith's hands together with a cord which he fastened to his own belt. like the craven coward that he was,

Oa entering the hall, Cousin Page saluted his aunt, our dear grandmother, muttering a few words of sympathy for the loss of her oldest son, then clearing his throat, with to take its course. some embarrassment of manner he began to say that, since he knew his cliffe gave the signal for departure to deceased cousin to suffer from heart complaint, he had forseen that he who was crying with grief and rage, could not live long, and therefore out and Frith, who kept a brave counof his warm affection and care for tenance, time to bid grandmother our family-ill required though it and me good-bye, before he hurried was on our part—he had taken meas- them away in the midst of his guard. ures before the Privy Council to pre- and servants following them with vent Woxindon from being lost to sobs and tears. Poor old Bosgrave us, or at any rate from going out of was almost beside herself for sorrow the family. He had at last been at seeing her dear children driven successful, he said, not without the out of the house where their father cost of much trouble to himself, in lay dead, procuring a document which he had with him, to which was affixed the cried till I could cry no longer, but signature of the Lord Treasurer and nothing was of any use. I really the Secretary of State, and the royal do not remember what else happenseal. Drawing from his breast ed that day. I only know that the pocket a roll of parchment carefully six young gentlemen who were with wrapped in silk, he opened it, rever- us took their leave, for they said they ently kissed the Queen's effigy upon would accept no hospitality from the great seal, and read the contents Page, and that Windsor, who had alcud to us. I cannot of course re- been of such great assistance to us call the wording of the document, during the preceding night, said all but I know the gist of the longwind- he could think of to console me, and ed periods and elaborate phraseology at parting asked if he might be perwas this: That the Oueen, in case mitted to call and ask for us. I of our father's premature decease, cannot recollect what I answered created her beloved and faithful ser- bim, for I felt quite bewildered with vant Sir Richard Page, guardian of tears and anguish of heart. Woxindon, with full and limited powers over the estate, in consideration of the fact that our uncles Bartholomew, Robert and Jeremy, narrator to my wife, although from were notorious and stubborn Papists. the commencement of the third Moreover, on account of his loyal chapter, from the time that is of my sentiments, the said Sir Richard arrival at Woxindon, I was myself Page was to become the sole and entire proprietor of the estate of Woxindon, unless within six months However she told her tale so faithfrom the present date, we should determine to abjure the abomination let her continue speaking; and I of the Papacy, and from thenceforward diligently attend divine service established by the Queen, the rightful head of the Eoglish Church.

When my cousin had finished reading this document, there was perfect silence for a few moments. Then grandmother stood up and said, with a look that I shall never forget, but with perfect calmness of manner: "Nephew, I pray God that on the day when you must to a real fat person. We don't abandon all your earthly possessions, dare. You see Scott's Emuland must appear, as my son Richard sion builds new flesh. Fat did last night, before the judgment seat, that your treachery, and the people don't need it. document you have just read to us, the price of your treachery, may not occasion you bitter remorse.'

Thereupon Page declared he had not acted in this way for bis own sake, but for ours; it depended upon us alone whether we kept Woxindon or no. For the matter of that how. that's all there is to it. ever, almost every stone on the estate was mortgaged to him, in conse quence of our wilfulness, and the enormous fines our late father had incurred. We had always set his a quiet worker. warnings at naught, and always, as at the present time, instead of thanking him as he deserved, rewarded SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, see and \$1.000

shall be content if I can give equal satisfaction to the reader, and now it is my turn to record events of which she was not a witness. On this point at any rate my narrative will bear comparison with hers, in the perfect truth and accuracy of every statement. One thing I must add to what she has slready said: I remember quite well what my dear Mary professes to have forgotten, that she gave me permission most graciously, to visit Woxindon again, nay even smiled through her tears as she did so, as a gleam of sunshine sometimes breaks out through As we were riding through St. What the man said made little or

John's Wood, when we had got about half way to London, we overtook Topcliffe and his troop, with their wo unfortunate prisoners. Babingon and some others who were with ne would like to have drawn their words and set them free, and bring copcliffe to the nearest tree, a fate he ichly deserved. But Tichbourne and I prevailed upon our companions not to engage in such a desperate atempt, which would have brought us all to the gallows and done no good. So we rode on our way, only as we passed, bidding the young lady and true king." he boy keep good heart, for we

changed times no pilgrim wended his word spoken by my friends." way thither. But though the sancwere well known guests at this hos- mand." telry, for we had almost all well filled ourses, and did not look twice at a rown piece or a rose-noble. Ever since the previous autumn it had been our habit to meet one evening every week at the Blue Boar, and here we engaged a room in the upper story, hereto no one else was admitt Very weighty matters were discussed

between those four walls! As we were passing through St Giles on our way to London, Babingon, who, contary to his custom, had been the most silent of our party suddenly pulled up, and said: Let us turn in at the Blue Board. I have proposal to make to you fellows after supper." To this we agreed, and a few moments later we dismounted at the door under the spreading oaks. Little did we then suspect what scenes those oaks, not as yet in their vernal garb, would witness, before the tender green leaves just ready to burst their buds under the influence of the April sunshine, would n their turn be sere and yellow!

Before proceeding further with my parrative, I must go back a space, and speak of the consultations that were held and the resolutions taken in the aforesaid upper room in the Blue Boar in the coarse of the last winter. My friendship with Babington and the others of our party dated from the Oxford days; during my absence in Italy they had formed a sort of association, into which I was instantly admitted on my return to London last autumn. The principal object of our meetings was, in addition to the services which we as good Catholics could render to our clergy, the enjoyment of pleasant intercourse with congenial companions, and the innocent amusements suited to our age and position, such as rowing, riding, huntng, tennis and archery. Now we hould have proved ourselves very poor Catholics, if the subject of our confidential conversations had not often been the lamentable status of the Church in England, the terrible Without regular action of the bowpersecution which brought priests to els. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the the block and the laity to beggary. bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, We used to debate whether there biliousness, sick headache, and all

was no means of at least alleviating affections of the organs of digestion. such deplorable misery; the only Price 25 cents. All druggists. hope of better things, the only star in this stygian gloom, was as far as we could see, the imprisoned Queen best Hair Restorer. Mary Stuart, the legitimate heir to the English throne. Neither her troubles and sufferings in Scotland, nor ber captivity of eighteen years duration in England had induced her to swerve one hairs-breadth from her fidelity to the Catholic Church. Would that she were on the throne which was now unworthily filled by the daughter of people don't want it. Strong Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn! Thoughts such as these occupied our But if you are thin Scott's minds, and gradually took the shape

you. It doesn't tire you out. On the evening of the Epiphany, 1586, we were holding one of our There is no strain. The work pleasant meetings in the parlor of the is all natural and easy. You Blue Boar, Babington had ordered just take the medicine and a large cake to be baked with a bean in it, after the French fashion ; who The next thing you know ever found the bean in his portion you feel better-you eat better was king for the evening. A good -and you weigh more. It is supply of wine from the sunny vinevards of Spain was on the table; when the cake was cut the bean fell to Babington's lot, so we paid him homage amid laughter and merry jests.



"We have got a new king for the nonce," cried I, "would that we had

"You have forestalled me in what I was going to say," answered Babington; "God knows, Elizabeth is. no more a true queen than I am a

Then we grew grave, and Tichwould see that they were soon set at bourne exclaimed: "Take care of what you say, the host might over-Our way led through St. Giles-in- hear you. An expression like that the-Fields, where in earlier times a would count as high treason, and I small church had been erected in for one have no wish to feel the hanghonor of the saint, a favorite resort man's rope round my neck, for not of pious Londoners. Now in these baving given information of a rash

"What I said is quite true," Babtuary was neglected, the stately ington rejoined. "Elizabeth's birth nostelry of the "Blue Boar," stand- gives her no claim to the crown, and ing in the midst of green meadows, besides this, she has been formally shaded by ancient oaks, was still deposed by the Pope, so that we owe much frequented. This inn was fam- her no allegiance. In fact the bull ous not only for its good beer and of Pius the V. originally declared fiery wines, but also as a place where those persons to be excommunicated arrangements were made for several who declare her to be the rightful of the national sports, such as rackets, Queen, and obeyed her as such. I am ootball, races, archery, shooting, and quite aware that in consequence of above all, cock fighting, in which the representations made to him by hundreds of pounds were lost and the Jesuits, the present occupant of won in the course of a year. The St. Peter's Chair has modified this host himself kept about a dozen game- statement; but the bill of deposition cocks of a special breed, one of which was not revoked, and if circumstances he would pit against any cock brought permitted, we should still have the to the house. We six young fellows right to obey our Holy Father's com-

(To be continued.)

The Hymn of the Wind.

Thou voice of the winter night That glides through the gaunt pine

That faints 'neath the soft moonlight And swells o'er the rocking leas! O tell us, thou bluff King Wind What meaneth the joy that sings, That maketh thy breath so kind And softer thy swift wild wings?

and the Wind pulls low its voice, And proudly it answered then: 'I've been where the spheres rejoice In their life unknown to men; And I kissed the clouds of gold. And I kissed the blue-domed skies

and I touched the brilliants cold That fell from the moon's calm Then led by a Spirit hand.

I passed through a shining gate, And beyond a strange fair land Where myriad angels sate; And swelled like the ocean surge The angel's eternal song,

To the depths of Hell-Death's dirge, But the joy of Heaven's throng. And the song was of a Death. It swelled with a conquered tomb, t hushed with the mighty breath

That shivered the trembling gloom, And the song was of a Life That thrilled the pulse of the world

That crushed the heart of Strife And the flag of Peace unfurl'd. "And, I poor earth-stained thing, I stole but the echo small Of the song the angels sing, And I tell it now to all;

Ly surge is the tale of death, My swell of a conquered tomb, And I lull me low at the breath That pierced through the Passion's gloom."

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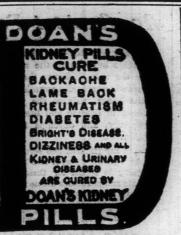
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want to be made larger; sure they're oo small for an ass," "Oh, you cruel boy, to take those eggs out of the nest! Think of the

poor mother bird when she comes-" "The mother bird is dead, miss." " How do you know that?" "I see it in your hat !"

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