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AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE Times of Queen Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon, By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

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AN EPISCOPAL MINISTER JOINS THE BUREAU

John B. Ewing, of Philadelphia, a well known minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has been received into the Catholic Church.

His pastoral duties were performed chiefly in the month, but at one time in the affairs of Philadelphia. Although he was observed congregate of faith, few of us until last week that his pastorate in Verber, since which time preparing himself for his new faith.

As received into the Church several weeks ago, his profession of faith Church. Thirteenth and his conversion to the Catholicism had resulted from of zealous study, made no effort to secret.

A Philadelphian by member of a distinguished family. He was born by no means the things to accept the for his grandfather, was one of the most of Philadelphia. mother was a strict and reared him in that was determined, too, adopt the ministry as and prepared him ear- a clerical career.

For the ministry Mr. special course in the Stephen's College, and later con- gregational studies at the School, Middleton, ordained in 1895 by and in June of that ade rector of Christ middle Haddam, Conn. that pupil until when he went to St. at Woodstock, Vt.

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experience in consoli- liquidation of Private Estates. Auditing Annual Reports, and public corpora- tions.

Presently, it was my lot to witness a scene, which will ever remain impressed on my memory. Lady Tregian was announced, and the Groom of the Chambers ushered in a gentleman of distinguished appearance, dressed in black, still young, but gale and worn with grief. She led by the hand two little boys, and a girl, wearing a white frock, held on to the skirt of her gown. On hearing the name of Tregian, an angry frown contracted Elizabeth's brow, this lady appeared not to notice, at any rate she did not heed it, so bent was she on making her plaint or her petition heard. Throwing her self at the Queen's feet, with her children, she addressed her, at first with a trembling voice, but afterwards with the courage of despair, somewhat in this wise:

"Since Your Majesty wields supreme power in this land, and is the earthly representative of the Divine Majesty, your subjects may claim your protection and help in this distress. I venture therefore to approach in my hour of trouble, and to implore for God's sake a gracious hearing on behalf of my unfortunate husband, who has languished in prison for many years, and on behalf of these innocent children."

Elizabeth interrupted her impatiently. "If we were to listen to the gossip of all the women in the kingdom, she said, 'little time would be left for the weighty affairs of the State that engross our attention. Make your story short, good woman. Who are you? What do you want?'"

A flush overspread the countenance of the suppliant, betraying the vexation aroused by this unkindly rebuff. Quickly mastering her emotion, she continued, with the utmost composure of manner: "I am the unhappy wife of Lord Francis Tregian, who is distantly related to the Royal House of Tudor. We lived in peace and comfort at our Castle near Launceston in Cornwall, until on the testimony of a perjured villain, a wandering musician, bribed by our enemies to work our ruin, my husband was accused of harboring a Seminary Priest, Cuthbert Maine, and under the Statute Praemunire condemned to loss of goods and chattels and imprisonment for life. I was then expecting the birth of my fourth child, and doubting not that so unjust a sentence—no less than forty witnesses having alleged the accusation to be false—would be reversed. I confidently awaited my husband's return. But instead of this, late one night some officers of the law presented themselves at our door and took possession, in virtue of the sentence, of all our property. Penetrating into the bed chamber, whither I had retired with the children, they turned us out in the dark and cold to take shelter in a barn until daybreak. I then resolved to seek justice at the hands of Your Majesty, as the divinely appointed protector of the oppressed. We, the wife and children of Lord Tregian, begged our bread from village to village, from town to town, across England, all the long weary way from Cornwall to London. Our journey was not half over, when the baby was born; but no sooner could I drag my limbs onward than we started anew to throw ourselves on your compassion. Behold us now at Your Majesty's feet! speak, my children, and say what I have taught you!"

Francis, the eldest boy, was about to speak; he looked up at the Queen and the words died on his lips, so forbidding was the aspect of that royal lady. "She is angry, mother," he whispered. His little brother began to whimper; the little girl alone had the courage to repeat the formula she had been told to utter: "Please set father free. Let us go back to our home. I will pray to the holy Mother of God for Your Majesty every day."

For a moment I thought that the Queen's heart, would be melted, and her better nature prevail. I was mistaken. With a bitter, cynical laugh she turned to the Lord Chamberlain, whose office it was to prepare the list of petitioners to be given her, and said: "I thank you so much, my lord, for this charming little performance. The lady's gesticulation is excellent, she might with advantage play the part of Hecuba at the Globe theatre. She articulates well, also, only at times her manner is rather labored. The chil-

dren want practice, except the girl, she acted her part quite prettily. "We will make as if we had not cake." Then completely changing her tone, she addressed Lady Tregian, who had risen to her feet, indignantly at the scorn with which she was treated. "My lady," she said, "We will make as if we had not heard the heavy charges which you have dared to bring against our Law Courts and administration of Justice; there would otherwise be ample ground for committing you to the Tower. Have the goodness to answer one question: Is it not true that you and your husband are stubborn Papists? That you have refused to attend divine worship as by law established? That you will not acknowledge us as the legitimate and supreme Head of the Church of England? Yes, or no?"

Lady Tregian answered calmly: "Certainly, Your Majesty, we are true children of the ancient Faith. In all civil matters you have every claim on our obedience; but we can never, we will never recognize in you the successor of St. Peter to whom Christ said: 'Thou art the rock, upon which I will build my Church!'"

"The Queen could no longer control her rage. 'That is quite enough!' she exclaimed. 'Begone, insolent woman, and beware how you venture again to intrude your hateful person into our royal presence. By the soul of King Henry, we are tempted to forget our characteristic gentleness and make such an example of you and your children that not only all England, but all Europe shall talk of it. The sentence of the Court will remain valid; your lord will not be set at liberty until he acknowledges us to be Supreme Head of the English Church, and attends divine service as we have ordained. As for you, you and your brats can beg in the streets, you certainly are not wanting in the requisite efrontery. Lieutenant of the Guard, conduct this woman and her children to the park gates, and send them away from thence. Under no circumstances are they ever to be admitted again.'"

Lady Tregian drew the weeping children to her side, made a deep curtsy to the Queen, and withdrew from the audience chamber, saying as she went, "May Your Majesty find more mercy before the throne of God than you have shown to us!"

CHAPTER XVI.—It is useless to commit to writing the abusive language in which Elizabeth continued to give vent to her anger after the persons who had provoked it had withdrawn. The whole scene affected me most disagreeably, the more so because Mary Stuart's charity towards the poor was yet fresh in my memory.

Presently the Queen rose, and was conducted by Lord Burghley into her private cabinet, whither I was shortly summoned. I found her seated at a writing table, on which was a pile of papers, occupied in tracing the large letters with flourishes forming her well-known signature. For a long time I remained standing unnoticed at the door, so that I had the opportunity of observing the subject of the Gobelins tapestry on the walls, and the sumptuous furniture of the apartment. The tapestry represented the finding of the infant Moses by Pharaoh's daughter; an inscription upon a scroll explaining that as Pharaoh's daughter saved Moses from death, so Elizabeth, the daughter of the heavenly King, had rescued the pure Gospel from the destruction wherewith the Pope, the Pharaoh of heathen Egypt, had threatened it.

times, had we cast ourselves at the Pope's feet, and retained the fable of the mass. As it is, not only are the Papists incessantly plotting against us, but the Puritans also make our life a burden to us." She then began to speak of the situation of affairs in the Low Countries, and inquired what was thought of Leicester at Paris. As I knew that he no longer stood as high as he formerly did in his royal mistress's favor, I did not scruple to say that his achievements had disappointed the expectations formed of him; but the fortunes of war did not always correspond to the qualities and talents of great generals. "Qualities and talents!" she broke out. Dudley is an idle boaster, a miles gloriosus, and nothing more! To hear him talk you might fancy him a great conqueror, but he is a fool compared with Parma. And now, contrary to our express command, he has arrogated to himself the title of Governor-General of the States. I have a good mind to recall him, and let him make a triumphant entry into the Tower!

"The support of the evangelical cause in the Netherlands has already cost us a mint of money; and it has struck me that the best way would be simply to surrender to the King of Spain the four seaports which were conceded to me by the treaty to hold as a security, on condition that he should refund us our war expenses, and do with the insurgents as seems right to his conscience and his honor as a king.) That would be the surest means of concluding a permanent peace with Philip II, and once for all delivering our subjects from the apprehension of a Spanish invasion, which every year appears more alarming. What is your opinion?"

I was quite aghast at such a proposition, for it was nothing short of a shameful desertion of our allies. Yet I was enough of a courtier to mask the indignation it aroused within me, and reply that I was but an inexperienced youth, and could not venture to put forward my opinions in the presence of so wise and enlightened a monarch. The boldness of the scheme took away my breath; my only fear was that the abandonment of our Protestant brethren would bring us into ill odor with the partisans of the Reformation. Besides it seemed rather hazardous to have the Spaniards for such near neighbors. But doubtless this and all other considerations had been duly weighed long since by Her Majesty. Feeling myself on dangerous ground, for the sake of changing the conversation, I remarked that in accordance with uncle's commands, I had visited Chartley a few days ago, to see whether the orders of the Privy Council in regard to their distinguished prisoner were fully carried out. At the mention of Mary Stuart, Elizabeth started as if she had been shot; her countenance twitched; one might have fancied that the crying injustice of which she was guilty towards that unhappy lady, suddenly appeared before her in its true colors. "How is that horrid Scotch-woman?" she inquired. "If my subjects only knew how long she has been a thorn in my side, how often the thought of her has cost me my night's sleep, some honest evangelical would have rid me of her, as Phineas removed the scandal from among the children of Israel. But all the time she pretends love and friendship for ourselves, calls us her 'dear sister,' sends diamond rings, while she is weaving one plot after another against us, and would strangle us with her own hands if she could. Did you see her? How is she looking? and what is she doing?"

I depicted the Queen of Scots condition—the unhealthy pallor of her complexion, her gray hair, her feeble walk, and said Sir Amias Paulet was of opinion that besides the rheumatism from which she suffered, she had a great tendency to dropsy. Elizabeth would not believe this, she said the woman was an arrant hypocrite, and we must not for God's sake allow ourselves to be deceived by her, for if she were once at liberty, she would soon send her stick flying, and run about nimbly. When I told the Queen how I had seen her in the courtyard amidst the beggars, thinking, like the simpleton I was, that it would touch her, she burst out right angrily. Did I not perceive, she exclaimed, that this was

the way the viper wormed herself into the affections of the poor and the peasantry? That very day a messenger should be sent to Sir Amias to put a stop to this almsgiving, and order him to allow his prisoner no intercourse with the people. Thus I was the involuntary means, for which may God forgive me, of causing an order to be issued that added another to the many sorrows of the unhappy captive.

When Elizabeth's rage had subsided, she turned to another subject, beginning to speak to me about Lord Burghley's daughter. I felt very much embarrassed, as I did not know what she was driving at. She remarked my confusion, and was amused at it; she told me I was a naughty fellow, for a little bird had long since whispered to her that I was in love with the beautiful, clever and rich, very rich, Miss Cecil, and she admired my taste. Burghley, she said had taken care to feather his own nest well with the spoils of the Egyptians. And she thought she could assure me that of all the fortune hunters who paid court to the heiress, none was more favorably regarded than myself. She did not grudge me the preference shown me, for she considered I gave promise of great abilities, which would be of service to the State; and then the Queen proceeded to say: "The interest I take in the young lady, as well as in you, Mr. St. Barbe, makes me desirous to say a word to you. Miss Judith thinks a great deal too much; her mind runs upon religious questions; I even have reason to suspect that she is not so firm an Evangelical as one could wish, and hankers after the flesh-pots of Egypt, the old Popish leaven. On that account I am desirous you should come to Richmond. Do you talk to her on the subject, I will see that you have an opportunity this evening. She has confidence in you, and will speak to me more openly to you than to her father. He has changed his creed too often, as the exigencies of the times demanded, for her to have much respect for his religious convictions. She corresponded with you about the vexed question of predestination; I read your answers, they did you great credit. I need not add that her perversion to Popery would forfeit all my favor, and involve the loss of all her property. So do what you can to discover what the girl really thinks, and if necessary, set her right."

Thereupon I was graciously dismissed from the royal presence. The audience had been of so unusual length, that when I entered the ante-chamber, where Sir Walter Raleigh was waiting, that gentleman did not look at me in a very amiable manner, and several of the courtiers began to predict that Walsingham's nephew was the rising star, that is, the new favorite.

In the afternoon the sweet Spring weather tempted the Queen to walk abroad in the park, where the younger members of the Court were to engage in various sports. At a spot somewhat higher up the river the royal barges were in attendance, to convey the whole company back to Richmond. The park, in the freshness of its early verdure, presented a gay scene, as the ladies and gentlemen, all splendidly attired, moved about the Queen, like butterflies, as some one remarked, hovering about a beauteous rose. I endeavored to engage Miss Cecil in conversation, but I was unable to do so on account of the number of other aspirants after her favor. When the sun got low, Elizabeth, who had watched the games from a tent, rose, and taking the arm of the Earl of Essex, directed her steps along an avenue of oaks to the river side. The ladies and gentlemen in waiting and all the courtiers followed her.

On entering the barge, the Queen designated by name those of her suite who were to have the honor of remaining near her person. Miss Cecil was one, and I was another. Just at the moment of pushing off from the bank, Elizabeth missed a kerchief that she had worn around her neck. Supposing it to have been left in the tent, she requested Judith Cecil to go back and fetch it. All the gentlemen on board offered to accompany her, but the Queen singled me out as her escort.

As long as we could be seen from the river, we walked along in silence. But looking round, we became aware that the royal barge, together with the other boats, had put off, and were already under way. "There now!" exclaimed Miss Judith, "the Queen might have waited a few moments for us! Now we shall have to walk back alone all the way through the park!"

"Miss Cecil," I replied, "I am delighted at the prospect of this walk through the quiet woods and meadows in your charming company. I would give up the honor of a place on the royal barge for it a thousand times over."

I heard enough this morning, Mr. St. Barbe, to convince me that dur-

ing your sojourn in Paris you have become an adept in the art of flattery," my companion rejoined somewhat ungraciously. "But I thought you knew me better than to address these empty compliments to me." "I was afraid I had incurred your displeasure this morning," I resumed, "on account of my little exaggerations. I was ashamed of them myself, and only made use of them in deference of my uncle's wishes, and because I thought they were expected of me. You may be assured I have no intention to flatter you; on the contrary, I mean to speak quite openly; so I begin by telling you that the errand on which our Sovereign has sent us was only a pretext to give me an opportunity of conversing with you without fear of interruption."

Miss Judith stood still and looked at me in bewildered surprise. "What could the Queen mean by that?" she inquired.

"I will tell you," I answered, as we sauntered along side by side under the spreading trees. "Her Majesty imagines herself to have discovered that the doctrines of the Gospel no longer satisfy your heart, and that you have a leaning towards the old Popish creed; not that I believe this for a moment. She took it into her head that I ought to ask you about this, and warn you of the peril to which you would expose your soul's salvation, for she credited me with possessing some influence over you, my dear young lady."

Miss Judith walked a few steps without speaking, then she responded: "What if it really were so? What if my heart and my reason alike revolted from the vague, often contradictory teaching of the Reformers? Supposing I really did feel drawn to the ancient faith our forefathers held, what would the Queen have you say to me then?"

I was not a little alarmed at this speech, and hastened to reply: "Of my own accord I should make every endeavor to expose the snares of the devil, the fallacious arguments, that is, wherewith he who was a liar from the beginning seeks to entrap simple souls and draw them into error. I should beg you on my knees to think of the interests of your soul, and also of the temporal consequences which would result from your apostasy. Furthermore, I should represent to you the grief that such an act on your part would cause to your father, and to all who love and care for you, amongst whom I pray I may be reckoned. Finally, I should warn you, as the Queen authorized me to do, that you should incur her most serious displeasure, and among other serious penalties that of being completely disinherited."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. St. Barbe, for your frankness in thus warning me of what I might expect from Her Majesty, as well as for your own kind, and I am sure, well meant admonitions. As I regard you as a real friend, I too will answer you in all sincerity. First of all, I know you will admit that no worldly considerations ought to have any weight with me, were I really convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion. The martyrs did not shrink from far worse consequences; they endured the most cruel tortures and death itself rather than abjure the true faith or remain in what they knew to be error. Therefore no fear of temporal disadvantages, hard as I might find them to bear, ought to deter me from searching after the truth; for resistance to the known truth would be the sin against the Holy Ghost, wherewith St. Stephen reproached the Jewish Sathernim. You allow that, do you not?"

of some time for enlightened men to purge away the dross from the pure gold of the Gospel. She replied that the most incomprehensible thing of all to her was that at any time in Christendom the teaching of Jesus Christ should have been falsified in any essential point. She asked me, did I not believe that Jesus Christ was true God, omnipotent, omnipresent and all-wise? "Most assuredly," I replied, "and I would lay down my life for it."

"Well then," she went on, "what did this all-wise, this almighty, this true God say when He sent out His apostles, commanding them to proclaim His doctrines? You know the passage at the close of St. Mathew's gospel: 'All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world!' What does that mean, if not that I, the Lord of Heaven and of Earth, promise that my divine assistance shall never be wanting to you and to your successors in teaching the truths I brought down from Heaven, and in dispensing the means of grace? In St. Mark's gospel he adds these words: 'He that believeth not shall be condemned;' and in another place, He promises Peter that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church. I ask you now how this can be explained, if those who as the successors of Jesus Christ are invested with authority to teach, have for at least the last thousand years deceived the whole of Christendom on the most important points; leading them into fatal errors and degrading idolatry; as for instance, concerning the Holy Mass, and the Real Presence of our Lord in the most holy sacrament of the altar? How, were this the case, could it be true that this Divine Teacher is with His Church all days? Can it be supposed that he would compel mankind to accept a lie under pain of eternal damnation? Or have the gates of hell for the last thousand years prevailed against the teaching of Christ? No, Mr. St. Barbe, I see no other alternative than, either to acknowledge that the Ancient Church has on no essential article of faith departed from the truth—and if so, I must receive her doctrines—or, to assert that she has departed from the truth, and then the word of Christ and His solemn assurance are proved worthless. In other words, Jesus Christ is not true God, He is deceived or a deceiver, and if we say this, the whole fabric of Christianity crumbles at a touch. I beg and implore you to help me out of this terrible alternative, for I can perceive no third course to adopt."

(To be continued.)

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