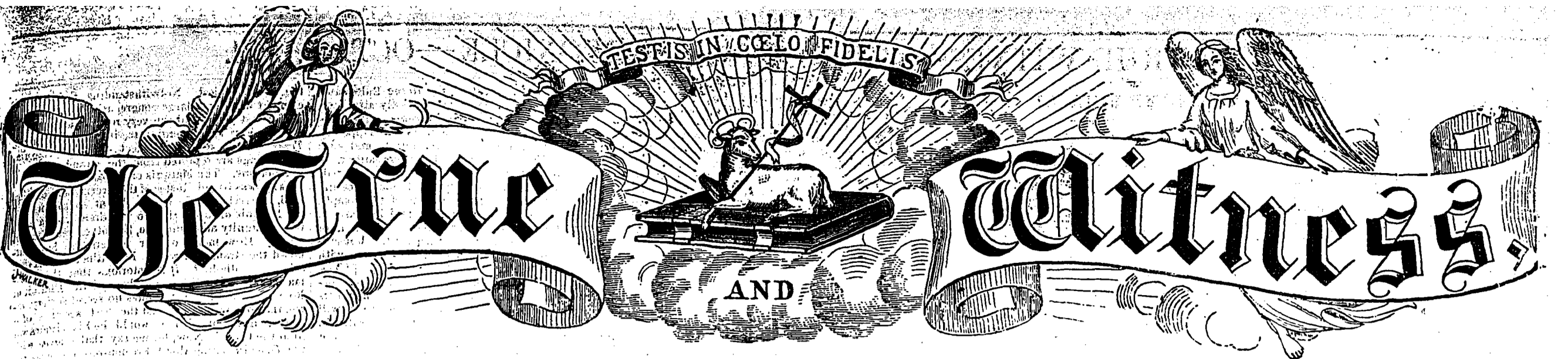


TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS



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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, The Rising in the North: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

As Euphrasia uttered these last words, she clung to the young man's arm, who, assuring her with a smile that he could not consent to part with a fair damsel whom he had won even at the sword's point...

vanity, or make him a mark for the shafts of contempt and there was no offence against morality or good feeling which he could not be irritated to commit.

"Be not angry, fair one," said Sir Philip, "the love and devout adherence of a noble gentleman of thy Sovereign's Court may well be accepted of a damsel of thy rank, however fair may be her person, upon terms more light than those which she might exact from the brute citizens, or unmanly churls, who may seem as honourable pretenders to her hand."

"Save, damsel," said Sir Philip, "thy chance to be suspected Papiet even like unto thyself!"

With the present threats and truntings of her oppressor, fled, at once the heroism of Lucy, and she sunk upon the couch in tears. How long could she expect that this man, whom she had so bitterly exasperated, would forbear the execution of his threats!

Henry Willoughton dwelt on with the intensity of hatred, more than once met her ear. The poor girl's heart sickened at the sound, what evils might not be preparing both for herself and that adored being, the beloved of her innocent soul, if the unutterably low and malignant wretch before her were permitted to have a voice in their fate.

With renewed hope did Lucy enter that apartment. It was a bed-chamber magnificently furnished, the ceiling painted with a representation of Diana and her nymphs; the walls, hung like those of the saloon, with light blue silk; the curtains and canopy of the bed being of the same color, trimmed with a fringe of silver thread and white silk; the toilette was superb in its appointments—it was covered with fine linen trimmed with lace, and the mirror was silver.

At length, turning from one of these labyrinthine into a long straight walk over-arched by a double row of tall elms, she thought that she perceived at its extremity the twinkling of a light. She knew that it could not proceed from the house, for in the immense extent of the gardens she had left that far behind her in an opposite direction.

"It seemeth, damsel," he said, "that with all thy preciseness, it was not in vain that an acknowledged Papiet and suspected traitor pleaded for thy love, and that Master Henry Willoughton may even boast of signs and tokens bestowed by the hand of the right modest Mistress Lucy Fenton."

Henry Willoughton dwelt on with the intensity of hatred, more than once met her ear. The poor girl's heart sickened at the sound, what evils might not be preparing both for herself and that adored being, the beloved of her innocent soul, if the unutterably low and malignant wretch before her were permitted to have a voice in their fate.

"Wretch, unworthy of the rank of which you make so vain a boast," said the weeping Lucy, "pollute not the name of Henry Willoughton with thine unhalloved breath. In his pride of birth, he would scorn to stoop to a mean or dishonorable action; where he loves, does he delight to honor, and proud was I in the hope of becoming his wife, for the love of such a noble spirit is a thing to make a woman proud. Could thy vile proffers ever have been in my heart balanced against the loyal affection of the noble Willoughton, thy present conduct would fill my soul with horror and disgust. Oh, little knowing of the female heart, when did tyranny or cruelty win a way to its affections?"