CHAPTER II.—Continued.

If I remember aright, it was on the very same day when we first saw the marvellous plant, that Anthony Babington rode over from London to us with my Uncle Remy for the first time. I can well recall his pleasant, comely countenance, just the one to take the fancy of young girls such as Anne and myself. He had merry, blue eyes, brown curly hair, on account of which we used to speak of him among ourselves as "Curly head," and above his well cut lips, about which a good-humored smile almost continually played, a slight down made itself seen. He was always carefully, even foppishly dressed, and because of this my grandmother, who loved the old fashioned simplicity, took a dislike to him from the outset. When I saw him for the first time, he was wearing one of the new fashioned high hats, with a narrow brim and an ostrich feather. Over his silk doublet, which was trimmed with bows and ribbands, a collar edged with lace, but not too large and full, was turned back. A blue velvet mantle adorned with silver hung round his shoulders, and beneath that a broad band supported a long slender rapier of the sort called Alexander Farnese, in the place of the good old English sword and leathern belt. Such was the young fellow who at the side of our broad-shouldered, somewhat unwieldly Uncle Remv. came up to us girls, as we were weeding the flower beds, one fine sunny afternoon in spring. He bowed most politely when uncle introduced him, and Anne, who contrary to her wont, appeared slightly embarrassed, did not answer the jest which accompanied his words. The visitor admired our flowers, and said he had not seen even in the royal gardens in Paris, anything to equal the tulips and hyacinths that we had then in full blossom. We told him that the Reverend Mr. Burton, who had come over from the seminary at Douay disguised as a gardener, brought us the bulbs of these flowers.

"He died, did he not, under your

disguised as a gardener, brought us the bulbs of these flowers.
"He died, did he not, under your roof, which is renowned for its hos-pitality among all the Catholics of England?" he inquired.

England?" he inquired.
"That is quite true, Mr. Babington," I answered. "We buried the worthy man out yonder, under that oak, by the side of our dear mother. This wreath which we have been making out of the flowers he gave us, is to be laid on the spot where they both rest."

Then for the first time I saw an expression come into the young

Then for the first time I saw an expression come into the young man's eyes that made me think he was not as superficial a character as his flighty manner might lead one to imagine. "Most men would risk a battle to gain such a crown," he rejoined. I did not quite catch his meaning, and I said that our simple wreath was but a poor emblem of the crown of justice laid up for all those who, especially in times like ours, preserve the faith. Thereupon Uncle Remy observed in his joking way that there was a fine preacher lost in me, and went his way with the young nobleman into the house.

way that there was a fine preacher lost in me, and went his way with the young nobleman into the house. This Babington of whom I speak belonged to an old Derbyshire family; he was the eldest son of Sir Henry Babington, a confessor for the faith, whose long term of imprisonment had resulted in his death. Anthony was still a student at Oxford when his father died; after that he travelled in France and the Netherlands until he attained his majority, when he returned to England to take possession of his large extates at Dethick, near Sheffield. It will readily be understood that this young noble, who was as handsome as he was wealthy appeared to us as the hero of a fairy tale. As for me, my affections were fixed upon the cloister; but my sister who was a few years my junior, and only eighteen at that time, fell in love with him at once. She tried to hide this from me by calling him a vain coxcomb, and ridiculing his foreign manners, and accusing me of being the state of tallive the. manners, and accusing his foreign too fond of talking to him. But I was not so easily deceived, I saw very plainly that she was deeply smitten.

was not so easily deceived, I saw very planly that she was deeply smitten.

Mr. Babington staid for a whole week with us at Woxindon, on the pretext of wanting to confer about important matters with Father Weston, whom we were expecting to return from missionary expedition to Berkshire. He generally went about, like the blessed martyr Campion, in the character of a jewel-merchant from one nobleman's seat to another; and verily he carried with him a treasure to ofter for purchase, hone other than the pearl of great price whereof the Gospel speaks. When the priests went on these missionary journeys they were not unfrequently accompanied by young noblemen, who introduced them to the families who were either open or covert adherents of the Catholic Church. In fact some years before, several Catholic young men of position had formed an association, with the object of affording assistance to the secular priests and the Jesuit Fathers, whom the Pope soft from time to time to succounts afficted children in Empland. They used every endeavour to keethem from falline into the clutches of the pursuivants; and when this happened, they exerted, themselves cively in behalf of the unhapy.

ington was a member of this association; it was while visiting my Uncle Robert in Newgate that he made the acquaintance of Uncle Remy. No wonder then that we regarded him as a dear and welcome guest.

No one was fonder of him than my little brother Frith. From the very first he laid himself out to amuse the boy. When the sun shone, he took him out riding on his grey pony in the meadow, and when April showers blew up, and heavy rain drops pattered sharply against the half windows, he would take a sheet of cardboard, and with a few swift strokes of the pencil, for he was an accomplished draughtsman, produce before the delighted child groups of soldiery; the Dutch or German Landsknecht, the Spanish arquebusier, the Swiss helebardier, may even the Frince of Parma himself on horseback. Again he would cover the paper with objects of the chase, huntsman and hound, hare and fox, roebuck and deer and wildboar. Then Anne would fatch her color-box and attire the soldiers in green and gold, in red and blue, giving them a black moustache and ruddy nose, while peals of laughter sounded from all the three. For my sister had soon dropped her shy manner towards our merry guest, on the contrary, she was not a little saucy in her behavior, so that my grandmother has occasion to reprove her with word or sign. It was all no use, and if I ventured so much as to say a word to her she pulled a wry face, and asked if I was jealous of her, and if I twoughtshe din not see that I was setting my cap at the young Lord Dethick.

I need hardly say that I felt hurt at this unsisterly speech, which certainly was quite undeserved; I made a resolution for the future to keep my admonitions to myself. Besides, my father had witnessed this little passage at arms, and he only smiled, letting us see very plainly that he would have no objection to Mr. Babington as a son-in-law. One really cannot blame him for this, since in times such as those in which we lived, parents were naturally anxious to see their daughters pro-CHAPTER III.

Two or three days after Mr. Babington had been talking to us in that interesting manner about the Queen of Scots, the saintly priest, Father William Weston, came back from his tour in Berkshire. He said mass for us, and afterwards delivered a most instructive discourse on the words: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his glory?" (St. Luke 24, 26.) For it was the blessed, though not for us joyous Eastertide, and well it was for us, at that holy season, to be encouraged by the example of Christ, who himself points out to His bride, the Holy Church, the way of suffering as the way that leads to victory. On the self same day Babington had a long conversation with this Father, the result of which, to judge from his manner, was not altogether satisfactory. Later on, unfortunately not until some three months had elapsed, I learnt from Anne what was the subject upon which they had conferred. Well night three weeks had now gone since I first noticed the singular little plant in the upper chamber. In this interval, it had thriven amazingly, so that already the five little stalks or branches were discernible. One day we—the Reverend Father, that is, Anthony Babington, Anne and myself—had gone up to look at it, and give our opinion about it, when little Frith came running up to announce the arrival of a messenger from London, whom Uncle Robert had sent to tell us that both he and Father Thompson were to appear before the criminal court at Westminster on the morrow. On hearing this, Uncle Remy and Babington at once took horse to go to London. Father Weston went with them, passing as Edmund the jewel merchant, to afford if possible, the comfort of his spiritual ministrations to the condemned. Thus Christian Charity urged him again to risk falling into the lion's jaws.

jaws.

It will readily be imagined that we spent a considerable part of the next day in the Oratory, reciting psalms and the litany of the Saints in behalf of the captives. Towards evening Uncle Remy sent a servant to inform us that Robert had, by her Majesty's gracious pleasure, been condemned to 18 months imprisonment and a fine of £1000; at the same time he was gravely admonished to desist for the future from all papist practices, and regularly to attend the public worship as established by royal command. The Priest William Thompson was sentenced to the horrible death incurred for high treason, according to Act 27 of Queen Elizabeth. My father who had been alling for some time past, was so deeply distressed by these tidings that he took to his his bed in consequence. He said he thought it was almost out of his power to raise £1,000 for his brother without mortgaging the last remnant of his property. The sentence of death against the priest he did not think would be carried out, but commuted probably to perpetual exile, since there had already been three priests put to death by the executioner at Tyburn that year, and the Queen would be careful not to push matters too far.

This unfortunately, however, was not the case. As long as I live I since in times such as those in which we lived, parents were naturally anxious to see their daughters provided for. I never thoroughly liked the young man; he was too frivolous and jocular to suit my taste. I should have preferred a graver man as a husband, for my sister I mean; still it must be acknowledged that her sprightly disposition was very well in keeping with his vivacious manner.

Yet there was that in him, as my

well in keeping with his vivacious manner.

Yet there was that in him, as my father said, which would make him a fine character, when his youthful follies were got rid of. He was a staunch, true-hearted Catholic, always ready to make sacrifices for his religion. It was a pleasure to hear him talk about the captive Queen, Mary Stuart. His eyes sparkled, and he grew quite eloquent in her praise. When twelve years old he had gone to Sheffield Castle as page to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose custody the unhappy Queen of Scotsthen was, and thus he had become acquainted with that beautiful and virtuous, but no less unfortunate Princess. Our eyes used to fill with tears while he related how at her command he had ofter carried the acquainted with that beautiful and virtuous, but no less unfortunate Princess. Our eyes used to fill with tears while he related how at her command he had often carried the dishes from her own table to the poor at the castle gate, and how, she used continually to pray for her enemies and calumniators, above all for her cousin Elizabeth. We could fancy how many a time he fell on his knees at the captive Queen's feet, and kissed her hand, pledging himself to be her faithful servant. Then she would stroke his rosy cheek with a smile, and say with motherly tenderness: "What would you do for me, my child?" and he would reply enthusiastically: "I will set your Majesty free, as George Douglas did from Lochleven Castle." Upon that, the smile would fade from her countenance, as she answered: "That is all nonsense, Anthony! Douglas and other brave men shed their blood for me, it is true, but they made my lot none the lighter, rather the reverse. My future is in God's hand; be and the queen would be tareful not to push matters too far.

This unfortunately, however, was not the case. As long as I live I shall not forget the 20th April 1586. A beautiful spring day had succeeded along run of rough winds and rainy weather, and the warm sunshine had beguiled our grandmother to yield to our entreaties, and come out into the garden. Anne and I gave her an arm, and thus supported, she slowly paced along beside the borders, drinking in deep draughts of the mild balmy air, pausing now and again to admire some fresh wonder which Spring's soft fingers had wrought since yestereve. When, conformably with her invariable custom, she turned in the direction of the oak beneath whose shade the bodies of Fr. Bristow and

other brave men shed their blood for me, it is true, but they made my lot none the lighter, rather the reverse. My future is in God's hand; beware, when you are grown to man's estate, how you stir a finger in my defense, it might cost you your blood and even your life."

"Thereupon," Babington added, when narrating these reminiscences, "I used to assure her that I could have no greater happiness than to shed my blood for her sake. And what I felt as a boy, I now feel as a man. Who knows whether I may not yet meet with an opportunity to redeem my word."

The manner in which he uttered these words gave us to understand that he had formed some design in connection with the Queen of Scots. I saw from my sister Anne's face that she noticed this, too; for she turned pale, and fixed her large dark eves on the voung man with a peculiar expression. Yet neither my father, he did not view the matter in se serious a light, nor either of us, sked him a single question about his plans; we only talked in general about the captive Queen, who had been removed from Sheffeld Castle to Wingfield, thence to Tutbury, and only last. Christmas brought to Chartley Castle where in Sir Annias Paulet she had a grim Puritan for a jailer. Only Mr. Babington observed castually, that Chartley was at no great distance from his seat at Dethick, and that he knew all the people in the neighborhood very well. Purting two and two together, I felt little doubt that he had some definite project in his mind.

seems to have made an extraordin-ary impression on my little Anne," she added, casting at the same time a searching glance at the blushing girl, "he is either on very confiden-tial terms with you, or else he is very imprudent. Who would let a child like you get an inkling of his plans, much less communicate them to you?"

plans, much ress communicate team to you?"

"He has told me his plans," Anne cried excitedly. "You all heard what he said about the good Queen of Scots, who is our rightful ruler. Surely no one can deny that, since no less than sixteen years ago the Holy Father deprived Queen Elizabeth of her pretended right to the Holy Father deprived Queen Elizabeth of her pretended right to the Crown! And if Mr. Babington or any other nobleman should entertain the design of delivering Queen Mary from prison, I for one should consider it to be a christian and chivalrous enterprise, and should support it by every means in my nower."

chivalrous enterprise, and should support it by every means in my power."

My sister spoke with her characteristic impetuosity, in a half angry, half defiant manner, so that grandmother and I were no less startled by what she said than by the way in which she way a reached other ears than those for which they were intended. Fortunately there was no one near except Bosgrave, a faithful old maidservant, who was nearly deaf, or at any rate very hard of hearing. Relieved at this, I exclaimed: "For God's sake, Anne, take care what you are saying! If any Protestant overheard you, you would be thrown into the Tower, and torn to pieces on the rack for high treason!"

Then grandmother said gently: "My dear child, who has put such notions into your foolish little head? Of course I should be glad to see Queen Mary set at liberty, and in possession of the throne, which is hers by right. But as far as the government of this country is concerned, you are perfectly aware that the Pope declared that Eliza-

which is hers by right: But as far as the government of this country is concerned, you are perfectly aware that the Pope declared that Elizabeth's subjects were not to withdraw the allegiance they had sworn to her, and that Blessed Edmund Campion had prayed for her with his latest breath. Let us therefore pray God to bring her to a better mind, that she may return to the bosom of the Church, and that we may yet see happy days under her rule."

Our dear grandmother spoke with not a little animation, and a delicate color tinged her usually pale countenance. But Anne stamped her foot upon the ground, exclaiming: "She will never be converted! The blood of hundreds and hundreds of innocent victims, many of whom were priests, cries like Able's blood to heaven for vengeance against her. Only the other day, Mr. Babington was saying—"

Here grandmother broke in real angry: "I beg you will not be always quoting Mr. Babington to me," "Since when, pray, have you taken this young man for your teacher?"

"He is not my teacher," Anne answered in a more subdued tone. "He is a very good young man, and

"He is not my teacher," Anne answered in a more subdued tone. "He is a very good young man, and a most pleasant companion. No one can help liking him, he is such a noble-hearted, chivalrous fellow. Confess, Mary that you are quite fond of him. He is agreat favorite with Uncle Barty and Uncle Remy, and with father, too, not to speak of Frith, who began to cry when they started for London, because Babington told him in joke that he was not coming back any more. Besides we ought to be grateful to him

tereve. When, conformably with her invariable custom, she turned in the direction of the oak beneath whose shade the bodies of Fr. Bristow and my dear mother reposed. Ame stopped short, exclaiming: Now, grandmother, are you really going to that grave again! What did I ask you to come out of that gloomy room into the bright sunshine for, if not for a little diversion for you and for us? Always sad and always mournful—I really cannot understand it! And you, too, Mary, you go about with a hang dog pace, instead of helping me to cheer poor father and grandmother! Do look at the lovely flowers, the hyacinths and narcissus that are so deliciously fragrant, the dwarf fruit trees and espaliers one sheet of white and pink blossoms; the old cherry tree with the bees humming in its snewy branches, the beeches out yonder in the wood, their branches just tipped with emerald green, and over all a deep blue sky such as one seldom sees in this country. Do you not hear the chaffinch's inerry note? And oh look I what a splendid butterfly, just going to alight on the scarlet flowers of my crownimperial—take care, Mary, you are like that giddy thing yourself, "replied grandmother smulingly," if you can let the extanal delights of Springs engross your mind on such a day as this, memorable for the shedding of innocent blood. I hardly think I could have done so at your age. I remember

diok Tichbourne, the head of that illustrious family in Hampshire, a lover of the muses; Edward Windsor, brother to Lord Windsor, a disciple of Hippocrates and Galenus These two gentlemen are both inspired by Appollo; but the one indites his verses in his own tongue, the other adopts the classic language of Virgil." On hearing this, I looked from one to the other of the two young men in question, for although I had read poetry. I had never yet seen a living poet. To my surprise they seemed quite ashamed of what was said of them, for they both blushed like a silly girl, whereas the other gentlemen, Thomas Salisbury, Robert Barnewell and Henry Donne, looked up bold and unabashed when they were presented to us, the first as a Son of Mars, on the eve of going to serve under Parma's standard, the other as friends of Diana, skilled in heron-hawking and foxhunting. Mr. Tichbourne was a handsome man; his aristocratic bearing and pale countenance, his brown hair, which he wore rather longer than was customary, his thick, close clipped beard, and the somewhat melancholy expression of my eyes the very ideal of a poet, his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the very ideal of a poet, his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the very ideal of a poet, his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the very ideal of a poet, his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the very ideal of a poet, his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the very ideal of a poet, his large dark eyes, rendered him to my eyes the, he was the beard has grown grey, his head is bald, and time has deepened the color of his cheeks. In one thing age has made no difference, a thing which I did not discern at my first interview with him, but which has rendered, and does render him dearer to me than the fairest Adonis could have been; I mean his heart of gold.

(N. B. of the writer.—For the sake of the last words I must forgive my wife's strictness on my appearance. The fact that I have written down verbatim her not too complimentary description

depicting her as my memory recalls her on that day in question. Her depicting her as my memory recalls her on that day in question. Her deportment was sweet and winning, her complexion resembled the lily and the rose; long silken lashes shaded her lovely blue eyes, which were usually cast down. Her golden hair was neatly, carefully and round her 6neck she wore a lace collar of moderate height, nothing to compare with the enormous erections the Queen had brought into fashion. Her light-blue frock was made in an unpretending style, without great puffs at the shoulders. Her slender figure and gentle, modest demeanor formed a contrast to her younger sister Anne, who was 6remarkably vivacious and forward. Indeed one would hardly have taken them for sisters, for the one was tall and fair, the other short and dark. There is no need to speak of the changes thirty years have wrought in my wife. External changes there necessarily must be, the treatly care the side of the other teatly and the other short and changes there necessarily must be, the treatly care the side of the other than the literature of her treatly and the contract of the other than the literature of the teatly and the other short and the present the present the contract of the contract of the teatly and the present the present the contract of the cont

dark. There is no need to speak of the changes thirty years hav wrought in my wife. Externe changes there necessarily must be though the sterling qualities of he true and loving heart have—as shis pleased to say of me—remaine the same; I will only quote the coursel of the poet (changing the gender) when he says:

O formose puer, nimium ne cred colori!

to thy beauty!
I will now allow my wife to resume her narrative.)
(To be continued.)

THE SIGNS CHANGE

Pale face, disordered digestion, these are the signs of thin blood. School girls are the most frequent sufferers from thin blood. Scott's Emulsion is just what

they need. It is blood food.

You can easily tell whether Scott's Emulsion is doing the girl good. The signs begin to change. Pale face gets some good color; appetite improves; mind brightens; temper becomes happy; digestion strong; habits regular.

Scott's Emulsion can do all these things for your pale-faced girl if you will give it a fair chance. The disease some-times takes weeks to cure. But regular doses of Scott's Emulsion give steady improvement

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Most satisfactory in results.

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lean and sweet.

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Household Notes

ROASTING THE TURKEY.— The new edict of cooking experts, that a turkey roasted breast down will have the meat of that part juicier and better flavored than one cooked in the usual way, is borne out by experience. The theory that the juices of the fowl find their way downward and, settling in the often dry and tasteless breast to its great improvement, is correct. It will be found, too, that the apparent difficulty of keeping the bird on its breast is only apparent, a little balancing in the pan until the processes of cooking have settled the fowl being all that is needed. The method is equally valuable applied to chickens, and an experiment with roasting goose in that way proved very successful.

CRANBERRIES.—The virtues of cranberries as a healthful food admit of reiteration. Many persons consider that they rank first in the list of valuable winter fruit-foods. They are considered to be an excellent remedy for indigestion and biliousness, as they contain certain acid combinations not contained in other fruits. They are also useful astonics and appetizers. Do not cook cranberries in tin or iron vessels, upon which compositions the acid acts harmfully. One unusual preparation or cranberries is cranberry cottage pudding. Make the pudding as usual by beating together a cup of sugar and two tabfespoonfuls of butter with two beaten eggs and a cupful of milk. Sift into it three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, adding at the last a cup and a half of cranberries. Put into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot, with a liquid sauce.

THE ROAD TO DYSPEPSIA.— It requires about five hours for the stomach to work on an ordinary meal and pass it out of itself, when it falls into a state of repose. Hence, if a man eats three times a day his stomach must work fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. After a night's sleep we wake up with a certain amount of bodily vigor which is faithfully portioned out to every muscle of the system and every set of muscles, each its rightful share, the stomach among others. When the external body gets weary after a long day's work the stomach bears its share of the fatigue, but if when the body is weary with the day's toil we put it to bed, giving the stomach meanwhile a five hours' task which must be performed, we impose upon the very best friend we have—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enhave—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enjoyment—and if this overtaxing is continued it must as certainly wearout prematurely as the body itself will if it is overworked every day. And if persons eat between meals then the stomach has no rest from breakfast in the morning until 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock next day; hence it is that so many persons have dyspepsia. The stomach is worked so much and so constantly that it becomes too weak to work at all.

PURE GOLD Jelly Powder Joyfully, Quick, Flavored with PURE GOLD EXTRACTS

Always true To Name ! AT YOUR GROCERS.

she, yearning, as He the snowdrop, mel-not thus died H

For that maiden was a In her weakness, strong Virgin's truth and mart Nerve the gentle, fawn-l

Firm she stands before Neath the tyrant's from not; For she sees but Him which Hears him calling,

Near the Throne of Hir

the little martyr for us, ah! dear S -The Rev. Matthew Ru in Vespers and Compl

STORY OF TWO BOY

dowing little story of two boys contains valu

In a dark, dirty court In a dark, dirty court city, two boys were pi bones, old shoes, bits o and all sorts of refuse could find. Eagerly they treasures—for treasure dently were to them—ir when full, they convey marine store shop, and tents for a small sum worker could have see guardian tracing his st and all night bearing his monotonous task been lighter. I observe angel of one of the bottears.

"Why do you weep,"

tears.
"Why do you weep,"
your angel companion
as he follows his charge "The boy I watch ov the weeping angel, "wo who will lead him to p who will lead him to pontinues to do so. I mammon, the god of thourst the money he helping his mother, whoy day, and sometime aight, to support him that a man who was a made his fortune, and he same.

"And why," said I argel, "do you so ofte "Hugh, the boy wh trace," replied the ang the God of Heaven, he regularly, never forget and works hard out of and works hard out of and gives the money 'by the sale of the refus lects, to an aged grand he helps to support. great wish; he longs t of the great God Whon worships."

of the great God Whom worships."
The little toilers wo angels—whose golden white robes never because the fifth through whice—ever following them, ing them in dange stooping to whisper we couragement, counsel, All night, too, they was they slept.
The scene changed. I in a brilliantly-lighted dressed ladies and geseated at a rich banqueressing flattering spe

gressed ladies and geseated at a rich banqueressing flattering spenost. Each had an a "Happy man!" I segl-guardian of the he "Nay," replied the s-Jasper; he has forsak God; he never goes to prays. The idol he we give him a quiet consemake him happy. And the mother whom he who died in the works ally haunts him; and starving multitudes in his ear, although ha deaf ear to it."
The brilliant scene would myself in the death. Jasper lay dy priest was administer rites of the Holy Churguardian—faithful to there.

"Dear angel," I sai still with him, and y

there.
"Dear angel," I sai still with him, and y