

den to write poetry, and afterward made him the founder of the English classical school. morning lecturer this week old friend, Alexis I. du Pont, a professor in the College of New York, and a well authority on literary subjects, lectured on the medieval period, subject being Literary Types of Middle Ages. He discussed in a fashion the Troubadours, the Arthurian Romance, the Nibelungen Lied and the songs of Drama.

new lecturers at Cliff Haven given a better first impression did the evening lecturer of the week, Jean F. P. Des Garennes, a graduate of Georgetown, a leading lawyer of the city. He gave an interesting Shakespearean tragedy. From a comparative study of French Shakespearean tragedy. From a foundation of dramatic laws in the work of a dramatist, the lecturer led the audience to the study of the poet. A note was given on an evening by Madame Juerg, instructor in vocal music school. Her selections were for the most part, but were varied by the addition of German lieder. Her voice is a contralto that gives evidence of training, being held well in and being voluminous and pathetic in tone.

A High Mass was sung on Rev. Emil Gefell, D.D., of St. Agnes' Church, being celebrant; Rev. Duffy, of St. Agnes' Church, deacon, and Rev. Walter of Dunwoodie, sub-deacon. The first and forcible sermon was by Rev. Wm. O'Brien Parnell, one of the foremost men of the city of New York, and a member of the Society of Jesus. He took for his text "The DeChristianizing of America." Intense interest was shown in his remarks, particularly to the Philippines, when he said that the American spirit of duty must win in the present struggle with the friars.

weekly entertainment at the Clifton was a great success. vaudeville performance, of music, readings and tabernacle pictures, arranged by the Clifton, of New York, formed a more and more interesting part of the entertainment. An attractive feature of the program was the clever singing and dancing of the Clifton. Guy H. Bartlett, of the Clifton, was the featured artist.

A Sunday School Conference, which will be held at the Clifton, on August 27th and 28th, promises to be most interesting. Many of the diocesan representatives who will be present on the Sunday School Conference are coming from the Clifton, and are most anxious to see the Clifton in the first discussion of the day morning, Aug. 27th. The session will be on the nature of the Clifton, and the exact number of the Clifton, which should be taught prior to first confession. The evening reports from the diocesan schools will be read, but no attempt at rhetorical only plain facts stated. The day morning the question of the Clifton will be considered. The Clifton will be open to all. No papers or reports from the diocesan schools will be read, but no attempt at rhetorical only plain facts stated.

attendance is expected to be an extra large attendance. Not only should the priests be there and take part in the discussions, but the parents and children should also be in attendance.



## The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,

By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

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CHAPTER XXXVII. CONTINUED.  
"Slightly indisposed, not exactly ill," he replied, adding with a bitter laugh: "Such treatment as I have received from our most gracious (he emphasized the words) Sovereign, after all the victims I have laid upon her altar, is enough to turn one's blood to gall! Yes, I shall have to lay by awhile, unless she spares me the pains, by sending her physician in ordinary with axe and block, or with rope and knife to cure me. She is quite capable of it, and would do it, if she thought my blood would wash away the stain which the death of her rival has left on her reputation for sanctity! As for Davison, I should not wonder if the poor devil lost his head!"

I scarcely knew what answer to make. "You are reaping what you sowed," I thought within myself, "and you deserve a worse punishment." But he was my uncle, who had done a great deal for me, and had really been fond of me; and as I saw him sitting there looking so wretched and broken down, compassion stirred in my heart, and I sought to comfort him with the hope that the Queen would take him again into favor.

But he motioned to me to be silent, and continued: "She is quite right. She is only acting in accordance with the principles upon which I acted. If political interests require my head to fall, she will send me to the block as ruthlessly as I sent Mary Stuart. If for reasons of state policy it is advisable that I should rot in the Tower, as many others have been made to do, I shall vanish into one of these vaults. Or if it is preferable that I should perish by the hand of the assassin, as was the case with Northumberland, the dagger or poison will end my days. That would be nothing new in the annals of this country. But in duplicity and hypocrisy 'Good Queen Bess' outdoes all her predecessors. At the outset she urged and pressed us to pass the sentence of death, and meanwhile she wrote to the Queen of Scots saying she hoped that her innocence, of which both she and I were firmly convinced, would make clearly apparent. And when the accused was declared guilty, it was by Her Majesty's wish that Parliament petitioned for the execution of the sentence. Nevertheless she replied how loath she was to comply with such a demand, and asked for the prayers of both houses, that in this momentous matter she might act in accordance with the Spirit of God. At the same time she more than once made us write to Paulet and Drury (the additional keeper) to intimate to them her wish, that they should find some means privately to cut off the life of their prisoner. Paulet, a stern and unfeeling bigot, hated Mary because she was a Catholic, yet he refused in emphatic terms to shed her blood without a warrant. And it was well that he did so, for how would Elizabeth have shown her gratitude! Thereupon she became quite sad, and bewailed her lack of trusty friends and servants, since none would carry out her injunctions. Then she signed the death-warrant, and delivered it to her private secretary Davison to append the Great Seal, and to trouble her no more about it. That was plain enough. And yet, when official intelligence came from Fotheringhay that the head of England's greatest enemy had fallen, and for 24 hours there were public rejoicings in the city, she made as if she did not know the cause, and gave way to an outburst of grief that consternated her attendants. She declared she had been deceived by her ministers, that she never intended the warrant to be executed, caused Davison to be arrested and cast into the Tower for violating his duty, and drove Burghley and others, who had grown gray in her services and without whom she would never have won the crown, from her presence with a volley of abuse!"

My uncle sat for a short time by the fire in silence; then he resumed in a calmer tone. Let us say no more on that subject, for I did not come hither to complain of a woman, from whom nothing better could be expected. My purpose was to bring you, a passport, to enable you to leave England, while I am still able to grant it. You must choose some other career than that of a diplomat, since for that you are certainly

not fitted. No doubt you cursed me in your heart last summer for shutting you up in the Tower, but believe me, I did so in kindness rather than in wrath, for otherwise you would infallibly have been executed for treason. I say this because I do not wish you to misjudge me."

I began to assure him of my gratitude and affection, but he cut me short, saying: "Another thing, Francis. I wanted to see you a wealthy man, but I have not grown rich in the service of the state; on the contrary, I have lessened my own estate to provide the funds required. As long as I am in office, my creditors will not dare to touch me, and after my death there will not be much for them to seize. I counted upon your marriage with Miss Cecil, and then upon Babington's property; now Miss Cecil is gone, and when I asked the Queen to give you Babington's estate, she had already bestowed it on Sir Walter Raleigh. I can therefore only give you this"—he pushed a purse filled with gold towards me—"for the expenses of your journey. You shall have a letter of recommendation to the extraordinary ambassador Bellievre, who came over in view of preventing the execution of the Queen of Scots, and who is now returning to Paris. You can travel in his suite. Only one condition I must impose: if I restore you to liberty, you must give me your word of honor that you will never during my lifetime, divulge a word regarding the falsification of the letter to Babington."

I promised him this; he shook hands with me, and we parted. I watched the old man as he passed along the narrow corridor, followed by Sir Owen Hopton, whom he had acquainted with the fact of my being set at liberty. On reaching the stairs he turned and looked back at me; it was a last look, for I never saw him again. He died not long after in comparative obscurity, having brought himself to circumstances of such great poverty that he was buried privately by night, without any funeral solemnity. Catholics saw in this the judgment of God; but it is not for me, his nephew, to say a harsh word of him now that he is dead. I will rather commend his soul to the divine mercy, and conclude my story with the unvarnished statement, that after many years of diligent and important services to the Crown, he died in destitution, a fact greatly to his credit.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—They say a woman must always have the last word, and therefore, my husband tells me, it is for me, who began this story, to bring it to a conclusion. I will accordingly do so, on condition that he resumes the part of narrator when he is principally concerned in the narrative.

St. Barbe has already mentioned that both my poor sister and my dear grandmother died in the spring of the year A. D. 1587, Anne, on Candlemas Eve, grandmother on the night of the 15th February. In both cases their end was most edifying, for which I cannot be thankful enough to God. I was able to be with them at the last, thanks to the connivance of my fellow-servant. Anne recovered her reason shortly before her death, begged our forgiveness in a touching manner for the woes she considered herself to have been mainly instrumental in bringing upon us, and accepted her early death with pious resignation. Just at the right time Father Crichton brought her the Viaticum. Soon after her mind wandered again, and she rambled on about the wonderful flower at Woxindon, saying the last branch but one was broken off, and the turn of the other would come soon. Then she pressed our hands, drew a few deep breaths, and all was over. How peaceful she looked, as she lay on that wretched pallet! The setting sun cast a warm glow over her marble features, and the shadow of the iron bars before the window formed a cross on the wall beside her.

My tears fell fast; grandmother did not attempt to check them, but when I began to complain of our sorrowful lot, she gently reproved me, saying: "Child, have you forgotten that beautiful 12th Chapter of the 2nd Book of the 'Imitation of Christ'! What does our adorable Saviour promise to His friends here be-

low? Joy and pleasure, or the cross and suffering? And the nearer His friends are to Him, the more bitter is their portion. To the Apostles He said: You shall drink of my chalice; and he ordained that a sword of sorrow should pierce the heart of His beloved Mother, and she should be crowned Queen of Martyrs. The measure of the sufferings He assigns to us is the measure of the love He bears us. But the suffering will not last long. Now the world rejoices, 'you indeed have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man shall take from you. Let us thank Him therefore for all our afflictions!'

Then she uttered aloud her gratitude and love to God, in words which rose up to Heaven as a sweet canticle of praise and triumph. From that day forth she visibly declined, her life died out like a taper that had been burnt before the altar of God. Her last words were: "In the cross, is salvation."

It need scarcely be said that I resolved to leave the Tower as soon as I had closed her eyes, and prepared her mortal remains for burial. A scene in which my mistress behaved with unseemly violence, on discovering that I was a Papist, gave excuse for my immediate departure. I did not go forth alone; the old boatman, whose term of detention had expired, accompanied me, as well as St. Barbe, whom his uncle had, on the preceding day, set free, and provided with clothes. And whither, when we reached the Thames and stepped into a boat, did we direct our course, if not to the rickety old house at St. Catharine's wharf, where my dear husband lay in hiding?

I will leave it to him to give an account of our arrival there.

On the next day but one after St. Valentine's Day, I was sitting at my attic window, looking down upon the Thames, whose turbid waters, rushing and eddying below, almost resembled the horrible river of the infernal regions.

Turbi his coeno vastaque voragine gurgites  
Aestuât atque omnem Coeyto eructant arenam!

I sat moody and sorrowful, for to solitude and the misery of compulsory inaction was added the continual dread of detection, which would have been not only death to me, but to the brave lad who had rescued me. This daily apprehension preyed upon my health, and it might have had serious consequences, had I been subjected to such torture much longer. But as I gazed upon the river, lost in gloomy meditation, the pale rays of a wintry sun broke through the fog and fell upon a boat that was steering straight for the house. I instantly recognized the white-bearded man at the helm for my old friend Bill Bell, and was heartily glad to see that he had regained his liberty. But who were the two persons seated in the middle of the boat, with their backs towards me? The figure of the man seemed a familiar one; and right enough, when he stood up and turned round to look up at the house, I saw it was St. Barbe! What could he want? Ought I to welcome him as a friend or fly from him as an enemy? While I thus doubted, to my astonishment I saw him politely offer his arm to the young woman by his side, an ordinary maidservant, to judge by her dress. But when she looked up, and I saw her dear face and met her bright blue eyes, I should have known her among a thousand! Down I flew, regardless of the shaky ladder and steep, clumsy stairs, into the room below, which she was just entering, and we threw ourselves into each other's arms, kissing and hugging one another, laughing and crying for joy.

Presently I turned to St. Barbe, whose presence I had overlooked in the transport of my delight. All was explained in a few words. When he told me he had been received into the Church, I embraced him with fraternal affection. I thanked him for sparing my life, but he would not listen to me, saying he had only paid off an old debt, for he remembered the day when I fished him out of the Trent. Then he spoke of our departure from England, which now offered few difficulties. The passport his uncle had given him was one such as

envoys usually have, and in it mention was expressly made of 'domestics.' In this character my betrothed and I could safely accompany him. Yet we thought it wiser to act upon Walsingham's suggestion and travel with the French ambassador. Accordingly St. Barbe went to present himself to M. de Bellievre, taking with him a letter from Mary, in which Mendoza's letter of recommendation was enclosed.

We had much to tell and to hear, and the hours passed rapidly. At nightfall St. Barbe returned, to announce that all was arranged; the ambassador started for Paris the next day but one, and would be happy to take us in his suite. St. Barbe also brought a note from Mme. de Bellievre for my betrothed, inviting her to join her at once at her residence. Thus we parted again, but this time in joyous expectation.

The next day was one of busy preparation. Before sunrise on the day after, we were at St. Paul's stairs, where we went, in the ambassador's suite, on board the vessel that was to transport him and us to France. Still a few anxious moments were in reserve for us. We were about to weigh anchor, when a party of Walsingham's agents, Pooley, I believe, among them—came on board to inspect our papers. They appeared satisfied, however, and after that we had nothing more to fear. Our bark moved slowly down the Thames; once more we saw Bill Bell's old house standing over the water, the turrets and walls of the gloomy Tower, and then London was left behind in the morning mist, while we cautiously made our way between the ships at anchor and the flat banks, till the wind rose, the fog lifted, and with canvas fortunes our own had, to a great extent, been bound up. But when the subdued, sweet notes of the organ echoed through the lofty aisles and the choir of the Chapel Royal began to chant the touching strains of the "Libera," I wept like a child.

It seemed to me however, that, on this occasion, this lament and appeal for mercy might be well replaced by the song of joy and triumph which the Church appoints for the commemoration of her martyrs.

The same opinion was expressed by the Bishop of Bourges, Mgr. Renaud de Beaume, who pronounced the panegyric. He declared the victim thus shamefully put to death to be in every sense a martyr. Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in the assembly when he depicted her death, and described how with majestic composure she ascended the scaffold erected in the great hall at Fotheringhay, and declared in unflinching tones: "I am by birth a Princess and an anointed Queen, and not amenable to the laws of this country. I am a near relative of the Queen and her rightful heir. It is unjustly that I suffer, but I thank God, that I am permitted to die for my religion. I am wholly innocent of having plotted the death of the Queen, or of having by word or deed, sanctioned any attempt against her person."

Then the Bishop went on to tell how the Protestant Dean of Peterborough persistently exhorted her at this supreme moment to abandon her religion, and she again and again informed him that she was resolved to die in the faith in which she had lived, answering when counselled to lay aside the crucifix which she carried in her hand. "It is not easy to carry the image in one's hand without bearing it in one's heart, and nothing befits the Christian on his way to death than to keep before him the image of the Saviour." The audience was filled with pity and admiration as the preacher continued: "She then in the hearing of all present, prayed for the Pope, for the welfare of the Church and of the Christian princes, for her Son, for Queen Elizabeth and for all her enemies. When her ladies in vain attempted to restrain her sobbing she comforted them, saying: 'Weep not, but rather rejoice. I am willing to depart out of this world, to die for so good a cause.' And with words of prayer upon her lips, she laid her head upon the block, and received the deathstroke. O happy death, O glorious victory! The only crime that could be proved against her, was her adherence to the Catholic Faith."

This, and much else that the Bishop of Bourges said, moved all who heard him to tears. Much more did it affect us who had had personal intercourse with the royal lady of whom he spoke. As we left the Cathedral, St. Barbe said to me: "When Elizabeth's turn comes to die, she will not lay her head down with the same tranquil composure where-with Mary Stuart laid hers upon the block. I believe her end will be one of black despair!"

My friend's words came true, as is well known. What, I ask you, does it avail the proud Elizabeth now to have been an object of adoration to her subjects? What are crown and sceptre, prison and fetters, axe and block, when weighed on the balance of eternity?

EPILOGUE.—And now the somewhat lengthy story of the events of our past lives, commenced last May by Your Imperial Highness' command, and continued by us conjointly during the summer, is at last completed, and neatly written out in the book which Your Imperial Highness ordered from Brussels for the purpose, I may quote the words of Marus at the close of the second book of the Georgics, and say:

Sed nos immensum spatium confecimus aequor,  
Et iam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla!

Truly, a wide tract has been traversed, and it is time to loose the yoke from the necks of the steaming horses! And as the traveller, when he reaches his destination, pauses awhile, and looks back at the road he has covered, so we too may look back and thank God for His merciful guidance. Clouds came up, the tempest burst with terrific violence, threatening general destruction, but we were unhurt, and a still evening followed, with a bright rainbow, while light clouds tinged with gold flitted across the sky.

How it has since fared with my dear wife and myself Your Imperial Highness knows full well; for our life had been like that of a little bark in a tranquil harbor, from the time we entered your service, and have enjoyed a far larger share of your favor than our poor merits deserve.

St. Barbe also, or rather Brother Anselm, sees in all that has befallen him the gracious hand of Providence, although he has been led by rougher paths than we have; for God in His wisdom, assigns the heavier cross to the stronger shoulders, and He knows best what each one of us can bear.

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusat.

After a few years of happy married life his beloved Judith and his only child were taken from him. Her death was most edifying; with her last breath she exhorted her husband not to murmur at her loss, but rather to thank Heaven for the happiness they had enjoyed, and above all for the grace of having both been brought into the Church, for whose faithful children death has few terrors. Shortly after St. Barbe took the habit of a humble Capuchin, and found in the Order of the seraphic Saint of Assisi the peace which the world failed to give him.

Frith is equally happy as a member of the Society of Jesus. In accordance with his earnest wish, he has been sent on the dangerous English mission. He has revisited Woxindon, and prayed beside the grave of his parents. The oak beneath which they were laid to rest, is still standing, but the house is in ruins. The property brought no blessing to his Cousin Page, who purchased it by his apostasy. Frith is now laboring as a priest at Preston, in Lancashire, in constant peril, or rather in constant hope, of following in the steps of his brother in religion, Edmund Campion, and receiving, like him, a martyr's crown.

Here, in Tervueren, my wife and I lead a quiet, peaceful life, a life almost too free from trouble for this world. Our two children Remy and Anne, have married happily, and when they come from the neighboring town of Brussels to visit us, they now bring our little grandchildren with them. The all-merciful God has indeed dealt bountifully with us, and as I have already said, after the storms we experienced in our youth, He has made us find life's eventide sweet, through the gracious favor Your Imperial Highness extends to us. To Him be praise and thanksgiving forever!

To you, illustrious Princess, our kind Patroness, we, the three narrators of this story, "The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon," venture to offer our book, as an expression of our heartfelt affection, and of the gratitude which, after God, we owe to Your Imperial Highness.

THE END.

### ST. ANTHONY'S BREAD.

One of our exchanges remarks:—The noble work of "St. Anthony's Bread" is meeting with wonderful success at St. Anthony's Convent, the Motherhouse of the whole Seraphic Order. The late lamented Minister-General, the Most Rev. Aloisius Lauer, had introduced the custom, not only to distribute the Bread of charity for the body, but to add to it the spiritual bread in form of religious instruction, which is so necessary here and is proving so beneficial to the poor, who look upon the Fathers as their main support. Thus St. Anthony, himself a great preacher, is doing good through his brethren, and promoting the welfare of body and soul.

## Happenings In England.

CATHOLIC ZEAL.—The beautiful new Catholic Church at Lowestoft, the munificent gift of an anonymous donor, is now remarkably well attended, and through the untiring efforts of the Rev. Father Scott, assisted by a zealous band of lay-helpers, the sacred offices of the Church are beautifully carried out, and the music exceedingly devotional.

SCHOOL BOARD.—The seat vacant on Board by the resignation of Dr. Burton, the new Bishop of Clifton, has been filled by the election of the Rev. Father Chapman, pastor of St. Bede's, South Shields.

A RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—A large gathering assembled recently in the Church of Syon Abbey, Chudleigh, Devonshire, to assist at and witness the religious profession of a member of this community. Miss Kathleen Raleigh, who was now to make her irrevocable vows, is the second daughter of the late Mr. P. Raleigh, of Ballinamona, in County Limerick, and his wife, Mrs. Raleigh, nee Browne, of Castle Magner, in the County of Cork. This branch of the Raleigh family is lineally descended from the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh of Elizabethan fame. Miss Raleigh has passed through the various stages of aspirant, postulante, and novice for the habit of St. Bridget's children. At length, after her years of perseverance and probation, she was admitted to consecrate her whole life to the service of our divine master Jesus Christ, in the Order of our Most Holy Saviour, commonly known as that of St. Bridget. Bishop Graham was the officiating prelate.

A NOTABLE GATHERING.—At the invitation of the President, the Earl of Denbigh, between sixty and seventy members of the Catholic Association visited Newnham Paddox, Lutetworth, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, last week. On reaching Lutetworth Station conveyances were in waiting to take the visitors to Newnham Paddox, a beautiful drive of about five miles, where they were most kindly received by the Earl and Countess of Denbigh. Under the guidance of His Lordship, the party were conducted over the handsome building, which is an excellent example of the Franco-Italian school of architecture of the period of Louis XIII. Several paintings—chiefly ancestral portraits—adorn the walls, many of them by Van Dyck, others by Gainsborough, Reynolds, etc. The chapel, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, was then visited, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Bannin, assisted by Father Swift, the resident priest.

GIFT OF NUNS.—The nuns of the Convent of the Assumption, Sidmouth, sent the King and Queen a coronation card and a very pretty basket containing poultry for the royal dinner table. They have received a communication from the Lord steward thanking them for their kind expressions of loyalty, and saying how pretty the King and Queen think the card is which they have received.

A PRIEST WINS A PRIZE.—The Rev. Father Langtree, of Grange-over-Sands, was one of the exhibitors at the National Rose Show held recently at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Old Trafford, Manchester. The prize for the best rose in the show was awarded to him, his exhibit being a Prince Arthur of rich crimson bloom.

### PRIESTS HONORED BY THE KAISER.

Several priest of Germany have recently received distinctions from the hand of the Emperor. His Majesty lately bestowed the Order of the Imperial Eagle of the fourth class on Mgr. Ruecker, at Altendorf; Rev. Theodore Chaisten, at Schweinfurt; and Rev. B. Reining, at Schale.

There are many people in this world who are like perfumed vases from which the perfume has fled, all the surrounding objects attracting it; and so their life is not in themselves, but in their things.