

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

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(CHAPTER XI.—Continued.)
And while the royal barge moved on its stately course down the Thames, amid the peal of bells from the church steeples, and a salute from the Tower guns, we too turned and rowed rapidly home-wards, after Fritl and Anne had waved a fare-well greeting to their uncle.

Now that the gentle reader has become acquainted with St. Barbe, or as we now call him, Brother Aulsem, we will let him take up the narrative, and relate in his own words the events of his life, and speak of his connection with his uncle, Secretary Walsingham, and with Lord Burghley's fair daughter Judith.

CHAPTER XII.

I am now about to relate my history, such as it is, or rather the record of God's mercies towards me, unworthy as I am of His grace. I do this, not only because our Rev. Father Guardian has enjoined it upon me in virtue of holy obedience, but for my own humiliation on the one hand, and on the other for the praise and honor of the triune God: "unto the praise of the glory of His grace" (Eph. 1, 6) to quote the words of St Paul, who himself persecuted the people of God, until he was converted by the light from on high.

It will be well, more in explanation than in excuse of after events, to begin by saying a few words about my youth, which was by no means a happy one.

I was born in the year of grace, 1550, the second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, on St. John Baptist's day; on the very day, observe, fixed by Parliament for the obrogation of the Mass, "the idolatrous" mass, as it was termed, throughout England; the adoption of the new liturgy or divine service as appointed by the Queen, being then made compulsory. I need not say whether that day was to be considered fortunate or unfortunate, "dies festus" or "nefastus"! My unhappy parents, on whose souls may God have mercy, had been schismatics under Henry VIII., reformed under Edward VI., Catholics under Mary; consequently under Elizabeth they conformed to the new regulations. In this respect they acted like the majority of the English nobles, and it is to be hoped that they did not fully know what they were doing. I was baptized according to the new ritual, for the pastor of my native place in Kent had chosen to conform, in order to escape the heavy fines of imprisonment which were the penalty of disobedience, and the name of Francis was given me. I rejoice to think that our Holy Father of Assisi took me under his protection, although I was not named after him, but after my uncle, Sir Francis Walsingham, who had been a fellow student with my father at King's College, Cambridge, and married his sister, my aunt. My father had also married Walsingham's only sister, so the connection was twofold.

When I was about four years old, my parents were both carried off, within a few days of one another, by an epidemic that visited our home in Kent. It was a great consolation to me to know that a faithful servant fetched one of the old priests to them on their deathbed, that they made peace with God before quitting this life. My education was confided by my guardian, to a stern Calvinist, who early infused into my youthful mind a profound hatred of the Pope and of the Catholic Church. I heard the Holy Father designated as Anti-christ, the Cardinals and Bishops as a brood of devils; while priests were called ministers of Baal, and the Church of Rome herself was denominated the harlot of Babylon. I too, in my ignorance, took these names upon my lips, for which may God forgive me! My teacher did not scruple to apply these and other yet more opprobrious epithets to Dr. Martin Luther, to Zwingli, to the Anglican bishop, to every one, in fact, whose tenets were not precisely those of the Geneva Apostle. But his fiercest invectives were reserved for the late Queen Mary, whom he called by the foulest names. During her reign some of his relatives or friends had perished at the stake on account of their obstinate adherence to the Calvinistic heresy. Thus he continued to fill my youthful imagination with darksome images, and my heart with antipathy and detestation towards everything Catholic, until I began to think the Christian religion was a religion not of love but of hatred. Another object of his special aversion was the Queen of Scots, on account of the stand she had made against John Knox and the Scottish Reformers; he rejoiced when she fell into Elizabeth's hands, and was by her placed in captivity.

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small, but that must not deter me from attempting to win the prize, as he saw no reason why I should not be successful. In fact, my graven and sedate manner might perchance prove an attraction to the girl, whose own demeanor was quiet and reserved. Nothing moreover would give him greater satisfaction than the match.

Walsingham's wish was tantamount to a command for me. But when once I had seen the lovely maiden, I needed no urging on his part to induce me to approach her. During my presence in London I often had occasion to go to Lord Burghley's house on official business, and thus the opportunity was afforded me of seeing his daughter at a time when she was not surrounded with a crowd of admirers. Our conversation generally turned upon serious topics, often questions of a religious and philosophical nature were discussed by us. Her clear intelligence detected the inconsistency involved in Calvin's terrible doctrine of predestination; she was the first to point it out to me. In vain did I seek to find a flaw in her reasoning; the doctrine of free will, which she expounded to me, appeared far more just and right; but how astounded I was, when, at a subsequent period, I discovered that the arguments she used were in accordance with the teachings of the Catholic Church which I held in such horror!

It was after my return to Paris that I found this out, and I immediately wrote to Judith Cecil, informing her that she views on the subject of predestination were those held by the Papists, and warning her lest she should be ensnared by them to her eternal destruction. This was not the only theological love letter I addressed to her, and her answers to them were such as would have taxed a clever hand mine to refute.

In the meantime we were not idle at the embassy. Through the reports of spymen it had become known to us that the Duke of Guise was planning an invasion of England, in view of liberating Mary Stuart, to whom he was related, placing her upon the throne of England, which belonged to her by right, and reestablishing the Catholic religion by force of arms. In imagination I saw the fires of Smithfield rekindled, of which I had been told in my childhood, and I knew that the victims would be taken from those whom I counted my best friends. We therefore made every exertion to avert the catastrophe. I was despatched in all haste to London. In consequence of the information I gave, Francis Throgmorton's house was searched, and in it the whole plan of the invasion was discovered. After that the Queen received me very graciously, and Lord Burghley distinguished me with so many marks of his favor that I was generally regarded as his future son-in-law, and more so, because his daughter made no secret of her liking for me. This, together with the conviction that I had been the means of "unmasking traitors to their country, prevented me from grieving, as I should otherwise have done, over the bloodshed that followed the discovery of the plot. Unfortunately, a considerable number of innocent priests were sacrificed on that occasion, whose blood may God not lay to my charge.

The Spanish ambassador, Don Bernardino de Mendoza was also implicated in the plot; he was compelled to leave London at once. The King of Spain appointed him to the post of ambassador in Paris, and it was natural to suppose that he would lose no opportunity of revenging himself on Elizabeth and Burghley for his abrupt and ignominious dismissal. My uncle gave me instructions to watch Mendoza narrowly, and sent over some of his most experienced spies to work under my orders. Before long we got wind of a new design, of which, as it appeared, the King of Spain was this time the originator.

This was hardly to be wondered at for Elizabeth had sent forces under the command of Leicester to aid the insurgents in the Netherlands, and the English fleet under Sir Francis Drake was laying waste the coast of Galicia and the Spanish colonies in the West Indies. But we were unable to learn anything further about this design, until the wretched apostle Giffard came to our help. About this man a few words must now be said, which will lead up to the subject of Babington's conspiracy.

(To be continued.)

LIFE.

The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong; to live equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abundant. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

The King's Ballad.

Hark! a strain of music throbbing thro' the roar of London town;

O the golden music glancing thro' the streets of London town:

'Tis a frolic summer tune,

'Tis a madrigal of June,

Hark, the turning wheels are hum-

ming

And the iron hooches are drumming:

Merry men! the King is coming,

coming, coming for his crown!

After war and winter sadness, gentle

peace and greenlit glad-

ness:

Merry men, your King is coming,

coming, coming for his

crown,—

Down the leafy paths of spring,

Cometh Summer and the King;

Happy Isle, don gray apparel and

make ready for your King,—

Weaving festal threads of glory thro'

the web of England's story:

Let thy heart be glad and sing!

Let thy merry joy-bells swing!

Let thine orchards toss their blos-

soms and thy mossy green-

woods ring,—

For the Spring brings in the Summer,

and the Summer brings the King.

To the dear green shores of England

beats the golden summer sea;

O the many scattered Englands

bosomed on th' eternal sea!

And the ships sail out for home

Thro' the rustling fields of foam,

While the four great winds run

climbing

To our azure heaven, chiming

From afar across the oceans, English

voices with our glee;

Voice of Himalaya ery, scorching

plain and snow-swept prairie,

Voice of bivouac, ranch and shanty

chiming sweetly with our

glee,—

Homing straight to England's

Spring,

Watting homage to their King:

Happy Realm, these sons have chal-

lenged bitter death for Home

and King,—

Weaving deathless strands of glory thro'

the web of England's story :

Let the scattered Britains sing!

Let the tow's and steeples swing!

Let the ships strike home to England

and the sounding oceans ring,—

For the Spring brings in the Sum-

mer, and the Summer brings the King.

Thro' the roaring streets of London

with his princes he will ride;

With his lords from all the Britains

will the King of England ride;

Thro' the gray, historic streets

Where the heart of Britain beats,

Where the looms of labor thunder,

Where we trample idleness under,

He will pass from out the Abbey

with his Lady at his side;

From the solemn high oblation, to

the welcome of the nation,

With an antique pageant splendid

and his Lady at his side;

From the blessing from above;

To the roar of London's love;—

Happy Town, fling off thy travail and

run out to meet thy King,

On thy roofs and towers hoary, set

the Flag of England's glory,

Bid thy children dance and

sing!

Let thy steeples rock and

swing!

While the walls hand out their ban-

nners and the long-drawn

highways ring,

For the Spring brings in the Summer,

and the Summer brings the King.

—Harold Begbie, in London Mail,



Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaker nor sicker, are easy to take and prompt to act.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When an author's books are not read he turns green with envy.

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot season the blood gets over heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system and restores the lost appetite.

It is so monotonous to be poor. You never have any change.

Backache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thirst, scanty, cloudy, high colored urine and all urinary troubles lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes etc. Doan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure.

A young man should not drink and a woman should not marry him if he does.

British Troop Oil Liniment is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, bites of insects, rheumatism, etc. A large bottle for 50 cents.

The secret of success is in keeping constantly doing the things that are right.

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Milburn's Heart and Nerves Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion.