### THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

EX W. F. G. MINGSTON.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Mario, not having observed what had oc-Surred, remained close to Max, ready to throw herself before him should be be over matched. Max, indied, had to exert all his skill to parry the thrusts of his entagonist; a false step on the slippery parement would have caused his destruction.

The officer of the Inquisition (for such he man, and continued his assaults evidently with the intention of thing out Max. Poor Maris felt ready to sink with alarm.

While Max and his assailant were thus ongaged, Mario saw several persons coming zound the corner of the street. They step-ped for a moment, when two figures came hurrying up. Alas! they might be fresh

One of them sprang forward, and she then recognized Hans Kapperzoon, who, flourishing his onth, made a stroke at the head of Max Gellert's opponent. The man's quick man had however cought the round of his Max Gellert's opponent. The man's quick car had, however, caught the sound of his footstops, and he sprang aside in time to avoid the blow; seeing also another person coming up, and that the day was turned against him, he retreated, tollowed, however by the idiot and the other new-comer, who proved to be Bertrand Duffell. Before they could average he had they could overtake him, however, he had disappeared in the darkness. Not till then did blarie ruiss her father. "Oh I where is the grider is he?" she exclaimed. "Oh. -where is he?" she exclaimed. Max! oh, Bertrand! follow and bring him back. Can those dreadful men have made him their prisoner?"

Bortrand hesitated for a moment. " My father and sister are there; we will conduct you to them, and then endeavour to ascortain what has happened to Herr Kapell.'

The two young men then led Marie up to where Herr Duffel and Bertha, with an attendant, were standing.

"They have him!" exclaimed Hans; "the bloodhounds have caught in their bloody fangs the best man in Dixmuyde. Alack, alack, young sirs, he is boyond your reach by this time; but, hist! we will see if the fool can yet outwit the wise mea; but if we sthy here we shall deserve little oredit for wisdom."

Poor Marie could with difficulty be restrained from running in the direction she supposed her father had been taken; Bortha, indeed, had to hold her, assisted by Herr Duffel.

"What is now to be done?" said that worthy man, turning to Max. "We had received warning from poor Hans here that the officers of the Inquisition were about to visit our house, and we were escaping to the residence of a faithful friend, where we hoped to find houses to fly immediately from the place; but now it seems but too propable that, if we make the attempt, we shall be pursued; and it we go to our friend's house, we shall only bring destruc-tion on his head."

"Then, worthy sirs, take the poor idiot's advice," said Hans; "he has a burrow, though neither large nor magnificent, where no one will think of looking for you, and perclance while the hounds are hunting in another direction, the sly foxes may creep out, and make their escape."

Not a moment was to be lost; yet Marie could with difficulty be persuaded to cacom pany Herr Duffel and Bertha, who were anxious to follow the advice given by Hans.
"But my inther—my dear father! will no one attempt his rescue?" she exclaimed.
'Oh, Max Gollert! surely you would not

"Indeed, no," answered Max; "I would first see you in safety, and then I promise you I will do my utmost to rescue him."

"And so will I," exclaimed Bertrand. "Herr Gellert, I will accompany you, and set as you may advise."

"Well spoken, young sirs," exclaimed Hans. "And now you have arrived at that wise resolution, lose no more time, but fol-low the poor idict, who will lead you to his abode. Huppily, it is not far off, and we may get to earth before the huntsmen come up." Saying this, Hans sprang forward, followed by the rest of the party. He quickly threaded several narrow lanes, when thangaleag autside the ine ing The thick branches of the trees which hung overhead made it difficult for them to see the road; and they could but just distinguish his figure as he wont leap-ing on before, frequently disappearing. Still they went on, expecting again to see him.

"Hist! hist!" said a voice close to them "turn to the right. Take my hand, Herr Duffel, and you, good people, follow." Herr Duffel put out his hand, which Hans grasped. "Stoop low, worthy sir, or you may find is a hard matter to enter my abode."

Bertha followed her father, holding poor Mario by the hand. The entrance being surrounded by underwood, which grow both on the bank and at its base, prevented the approach being seen. The whole party approach being seen. The whole party being inside, Hans told them to wait while he blocked up the entrance. This done, he struck a light, when they found thems lves in a cave of a dozen feet or more deep, and somewhat less in breadth, the earth being supported by a few rough timbers. It was not altogether destitute of furniture, for there were several three-legged stools and a table; while at the farther end was a neap of leaves and dried grass, which probably served the owner for a couch.

" No one in the whole of Dixmuyde knows my abode," whi-pered Hans; "you are as sale here as n you were a thousand feet deep in the ca the Though the Inquisitors thouselves passed close by it this morning, they never suspect d that there was near at hand a place was a Hans could hide away his friends from hor search. Rest here, therefore, fair is as and gentle sire, and Hans will to cut and find food for his

I r Duffe , wow Att. entreated that he would not ventue. He propably thought that, norwithstanding Haas boast, the curern might be de covered by the keen eyes of the equi- to the als, should be be seen going backwards and forwards in that direction. The man, also, who had been put to light by the mint's sudgel would car-

tainly be on the watch for him, and not rest till he had discovered his hiding place.

Poor Hors did the honours of his abode with considerable courtesy, entreating his guests to be seared, and apologizing for the rough style of his furniture. "Poor Hans has no great banquet to spread before you, he observed, producing from the such several pieces of broker bread, with a jug of water, as he spoke; "this may stay your hunger, however, and 'with such food as this we should be content,' as the preacher

For some minutes the party were silent, occupied with their own sad thoughts. At length Marie looked up. "Have you forgotten my father ?" she said to Max.

"I was considering by what means he could be rescued," answered her lover; "but I put it to Herr Duff-l whether he would not first have you placed in sa ety, and I would then endeavour to find means for setting him at liberty."

" I know I speak the mind of my friend." said Herr Duffel, thus appealed to; "I will remain here, if Max Gollert and my sea will undertake to escort you and Bertha to Autwerp. On my daughter I will lay my commands to go, and, acting as your father's friend, I would insist on your accompany-

"Oh! no-no!" exclaimed " whatever be my father's fate, I will share

"The poor fool will settle the question," said Hans, who had been casting his wild, staring eyes first at one speaker and then at the other; "it muy be that he can do more to rescue Herr Kapell than either of these wise young sirs. And now, as he is master of this mansion, he bids you try and get somerest, while he sallies forth to learn how matters go in the world outside." Saying this, Hans went to the entrance of the cave, and, showing Max and Bortrand how they were to close it behind him, slipped noiselessly out.

Auxious as both the young men were to follow Marie's wishes, they felt the hopelessness of doing so with any good result, and therefore resolved to wait the return of the thirty solids the the district the year. the seeming idiot, though idiot they could scarcely believe him to be.

Hour after hour passed by. There was a store of oil which enabled them to keep a small lamp atight. Their watches told them that day had returned, though no gleam from the outer world entered the cavern. They were thankful at length to take some of the dry crusts which Haus had offered them. The day passed slowly by. They spoke but seldem, and then in low tones, for foar of being hoard by any casual passor-by. At longth there was a slight movement in the bushes which closed tue entrance to the cave, and Hans wild head was seen as he pushed back a portion to allow of his entrance. He closed the aperture behind him, and advanced towards whore the party were seated. He did not speak, lowever, but touching Herr Daffel on the shoulder, drew him aside to the further end of the cave. He there for some time whispered in his ear, glancing every now and then around to ascertain if he was not overheard. Herr Duffel spoke a few words in roply, and then returned to the

"To you, my young friend," he said, putting his hand on Max's shoulder, "and to you, my son, I commet a solemu charge. I act for my friend, Walter Kapell, and lay my commands ou his daughter, and on you, my commands of his daughter, and on you, Bortha, to go from hence to night. These young men will escort you, and will defend you with their lives. May Heaven protect you, for vain is the help of man. Hans tells me that the horses are ready, and are waiting for you even now a short distance hence. The friend to whom we are going the area willed steads for Bortha and Bayrand. has provided stoods for Bertha and Bortrand. Now go forth, my children, while I remain here; the journey is too long for me to undertake, and I should impede your p ogress, probably sacrificing both you and myself."

" But my father !" exclaimed Marie, " a he still in the power of the Inquisitors?

"Hans has promised not to tell," sa d the idiot; "perchance even new he is in safety ; go forth and obey his wishes. Hans must say no more."

With a heavy heart, and still doubting whether she was not being deceived, Marie allowed Max Gellort to lead her forth from the cavern, followed by Rest and and hiway.

It was already quite dark indeed, without a guide they could not have found the path through the thick weed.

Bertrand and his sister had always been accustomed to obey their father, bu yed up with the thought thathe had escaped. They had been charged not to speak, and the refere she was afraid of even putting a question to Max as to whether he supposed they should meet with Herr Kapell.

They had gone on thus in silence for half an four or more, when Hans at pped them.
"There are the horses in yonder grove," he whispered; "mount and away; pull not bridle till you have placed many a league between yourselves and Dixmayde; Hans will go back to his friends and look after them

"But my father! I thought I was to find him, 'exclaimed Marie.

"Hush—hush!" speak not so loud my dear young lady," said the ideat; "Hans will look after Walter Kapell. New away—away! lose not another precious moment.

Marie found herself lifted into the saddle cloak being thrown around her, with Max Gellert by her side, guiding the anunal by a leading-rein. Butteand liad in the mean time placed his sister on horse-back Guided by the person who had charge of the steeds they set off at full speed towards the north

" Farewell, young friends, facewell." muttored Hans, as he watched them till they disappeared in the gloom of night; "I will now go back to my duty. Alack—alack! the times are sad and out of joint. They say Hans is mad; far madder are those who serve Satan, and are content with the miserable wages he gives them."

# CHAPTER IT.

Walter Kanell wer seated on a low banch in a dark, damp, vault-like chamber. The se ved."

window, which was high up in the wall, had been strongly barred, a faint gleam of light only coming down through it. Where he was he could not tell, but he only knew from in appearance of the place that it was not threaten no will not induce no to imperit the saddenly found his eyes bound, and then, atterly unable to resia, he was drawted uttorly unable to rosia, he was dragged along for a considerable distance; after which, being led through saveral long pus-suges, he found himself thenst down into the chamber he new occupied. Had he not known the cruel character of the Inquisitors, he might have supposed himself the victim of some mistake; but he knew full well that, soized by them, he must be prepared for the worst. Her older anxiety now was about his sweet daughter; for himself, he was ready to suffer what Heaven might permit.

Several days passed; but out off from the whole outer world, he had been unable to earn what had happened in it. In van he attounted to ascertain anything from these who brought him his scanty food. Had his daughter really oscaped? He would have given untold wealth, had he possessed it, to know the truth.

His cell was in darkno-s, and night had come on, and the faint sleam which had during the day struggled in had entirely disappeared. The door creaked on its hinges, and four dark, cleaked persons entered the One of them produced a light; but their faces were conceated by masks, and the large cloaks they wore.

"Walter Kapell, your conscience may enable you to guess the arime of which you are accused, yet the Holy Inquisition can pardon crime, and restore the criminal to favour, when full confession is made and repentance is felt. Are you prepared to acknowledge your guilt?"

"I own to be very guilty in the sight of God, but I know not of what crime towards my follow-mon I can be accused. Towards thom, to the best of my power, I have always acted uprightly and honestly."

"You have offended against the laws of the Holy Church," said the masked speaker; "you have read the forbidden book, and you are accused of holding heretical opinions. Think of these matters. To-morrow you will be brought up before the Board of Inquisitors; and if you refuse then to acknowledge your sur, means will be taken such as our hely Church allows to compel you. Be wise, then, like your friend. Your daughter—it is known you love her—has already confessed her folly, and will to morrow be sot at liberty.'

"My dau hter!" exclaimed Walter Ka-pell, gasping for breath; "my daughter! is she in the power of those fiends?"

"Speak not blasphemy, Waiter Kapell," said the voice.

The officers of the Inquisition, as the magistrate supposed them to be, remained some time in his cell; but as he know well that anything he would say would be brought up against him, he restrained his feetings. and replied cautiously to all the questions put to him.

The principal speaker had, after some

time, turned to leave the cell; but one of the persons who had entered lingered for a a moment, and then, suddenly stepping back, placed a paper in his hands, making asign that he should concerd it. The next moment he was left in darkness. Why was moment he was left in darkness. this paper given him? It seemed a cruel ry when, thus left in darkness, he was unable to read it. Could it be a message from his daughter? All night long he re-mained awake, wishing for the return of day, when, by the ray of light which came down from above, he might be able to deci-pher the contouts of the paper. Was it not ather perhaps some cruel device to keep him awake, and thus weaken his nerves? The longest night, even to the most weary watcher, has an end. Gradually a faint light stole into the gloom; chamber; it increased more and more, till, eagerly taking the paper, he spread it out so as to catch the tull trength of the ray as it came in through the barred window. Could he believe the words he saw on the paper? No longer he leared what his tormentors had prepared for him. The words he saw written were: "She whom you love is in safely; fear not for her. Destroy this when you have read Doing as he was requested, Walter Kapoli tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and stemped them well into the ground. saul, returning to his seat or which he had spent the "ight, "I fear not what man can do unto me; I will trust to the Lord alway."

The cruelties practised by the Inquisition n Spain on its hapless victims are well knowa. The Luguisitor Titolingum proceeded with a less sin had but more savage barbarity towards those placed in his power. Bread and water was the only food allowed the unfortunate citizen of Diximiyde. When at length it was considered that his courage would be sufficiently abated, and his norves weakened, he was sublenly dragged out of his cell by a band of masked officials, and confronted with the Inquisitor, who had already made his name terrible in the coun-

"Walter Kapell, you are found guilty of reading the Bible and holding heretical opin-ions. Have you any reason to offer why you should not suffer the penalty due to your guilt?" exclaimed Titelmann, savagely glancing at him.

" I have but obeyed the commands of my Lord and Master, who said, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal his, and they are they which speak of Me," answered the prisoner, boldly.

"That command, if such there be, was only given to the priests of the Church," exclaimed Titelmant. "You acknowledge your guilt, thon?

" I dare not speak otherwise," said Waltor Kipell, calmly. "Iknow whom I serve, and He has said, "He who confesses Mo before mon, him will the Son of man confess before the angels of God.'

"If not for your sake, for that of your daughter, recant your errors, foolish man, oried the Inquistor. "You love your child, I am told; she is in our power, and will share your punishment. If you confess your errors, she will imitate your example, and the life of one you love will be pre-

o wall, had Welter Kapell gazed at the Inquisitor and of light with unuoved eye. "I love my child dear-Where he ly," he arewered, "but I love her scul knew from still more The flames with which you

Titelmann, stamping with his foot. up another prisoner, we must make quick work with these positioners herotics."

Greatly to Walter Kapell's sorrow, as he was being removed he saw his friend Herr Daffol dragged up, as he had been, before the savage Inquisitor. They exchanged glances as they passed each other, "Bo fixm, friend," said Walter Kapell. "Pray for me that I may hold to the truth," wathe answer.

Herr Duffel was questioned much in the same way that Waiter Kapel had been, and, though a man of less physical courage, re-mained equally firm to the faith he profess ed. The fate of both had long been settled, and nothing either could have said would have saved them from the terrible doom prepared for them. Already in the public square, where the gay pageant had but a few days before been acted, the stakes were fixed and figots piled up. The Inquisitors believed that by thus putting to death two of the principal citizens, the test of the populace would be frightened into submission, and that the timid ones would come forward and accuse others for the sake of preserving their own lives. Thus Titelman invariably acted, though not always as successfully as Furious when disappointed, he would order the arrest of many persons frequently when no sort of accusation had been brought against them. No time was allowed the victims to prepare for death; they were considered unworthy of any advantage it might be supposed they would thus obtain.

Large crowds, drawn by various motives were collected in the square. Titolinan and his brother Inquisitors, with numerous offi-cials, were seated on the platform, covered by an awning on one side. In the centre were two stakes, with iron chains and piles of fazots, while a body of soldiers in the Imperial uniform stood round in silence. The crowd witnessed the approach of the mournful procession. Two of their principul magistrates, with their heads bare and chains on their aims, were recu advancing surrounded by a body of armed men. tor Kapell came first, with firm step and head erect. Both he and his companion were accompanied by two priests of Rome, but they refused to listen to their exhorta-tions. "You may mean me well," said Walter Kapell, in answer to the priests, but I repeat, I know whom I serve; if He timks fit to allow my mortal body to be consumed, I know that Ho has propared a mansion in the heavens, to which he beckons me with joving arms.

"On I the abominable heretic I" cried one of the priests; "are no true Catholies pre-pared to stop this biasphorny?" and at his bidding a soldier thrust the end of his pike into the martyr's mouth, for the purpose of preventing him from speaking.

The place of execution was reached, when the priests, soing that all their eff ats were vain, retired to a distance, leaving their victims to the secular-power.

With savage roughness the two sufferers vere now soized by the brutal executioners, who dragged their clocks and coats from off their backs. They were quickly bound to the stakes, and the fights piled up around them. At a signal from Titelmann, who seemed to delight in witnessing the sufferings of the victims, the fire was kindled. At that moment a movement was seen in the crowd. The people moved aside, and from their midst a ligure sprang forward, flourishing wildly a club, which kept at a distance all who attempted to stop him. It was Hans Kopperzoon.

"Back-back! you accursed murderers! that man has done no wrong," he shricked out; "he has protected my life—he has given me shelter-he has supplied me with food when I was hungry; stand aside, I say, and let me save his life, or let me perish with him."

Already the smoke was ascending from the pile; Walter Kapell's eyes were turned upwards towards that pure sky through which his soul was about to soar. Before Haus could reach him his head was seen to voloped in the cruel flames and dark smoke. Savage as were the guard, even they seemed moved with compassion for the poor idiot, and seizing hold of him dragged forth from the flames, although not without difficulty could the fire which had seized his clothes be extinguished. The crowd swayed to and fro, and many eager to save the poor idiot who had been so long among them, surrounded him and bore him away in their midst. In vain Titlemann ordered lum to be searched for, and brought into his presence; he had disappeared, and no one could tell where he had gone.

Two days afterwards the Inquisitors and soveral magistrates, whom fear had induced to join them, were scated in conclave. Fresh victims were being sought out, for the savage Inquisitors' thirst for blood was not yet quenched. As they were expecting the arrival of some prisoners, a loud cry was heard at the door, and the guards stavas heard at the door, and the guittes sta-tioned there flying right and left, there ap-peared a wild-looking, scarcely human figure. Many recognized Hans Kooper-zoon, the idict, new apparently more mad, uncouth, and strange than usual shoulder he bore a burden; it was that of a fleshiess and charred skeleton, "There, murderess!" he exclaimed, springing forward and casting the object at the feet of the magistrates, "you have eaten his flush, now eat his bones!" Having utlered these words, he gave vent to the most fearful shricks, and keeping at bay with his for-midable club all who altempted to stop him, he reade his way out of the hall. Fleet as the wind heran down the street, his shricks still reaching the cars of these who had al lowed his patron to be put to death. No one ventured to stop him; he fled through the streets, he reached the confines of the town, and never from that day forward was Hans Kooperzoon even in Dixmuyde.

Many years afterwards, when some work-man were digging into a bank to erect a country house for one of the magistrates of

the city, a skeleten was found with a club grasped in its hand. The idiot kad reached his covern, and had there bein down to dio in poace.

At the time that the stames lighted by the savage Inquisitors of the Pons were con-suming the two martyrs at Dixmayde, a boat was crossing the British Channel. The wind was from the south, the sea smooth, and the boat gluted rapidly towards the shores of England, where many a forcigner, persecuted for religious faith, has found a safe asylum. Among the passengers were two fair girls and two young

"But, my dear Max, do you think we shall find my futher in safety there?" asked Marie Kapell, who sat with her hand clasped in her lover's.

"I trust that he has aheady escaped from hit foes, and that we shall cre long meet in that land of freedom," answered Max Gellert, somewhat evasively. He had had doubts from the first whether Walter Kapell had really, as Hans Kopperzoon had asserted, obtained his freedom. He knew that he had noted according to the wishes of his friend in escorting his daughter far away from their perscentors. The boat reached Southampton in a few home, and on the following day, in the Lutheran church of that ancient town, Max Gellert and Mario Kaneli were united in the bombs of hely matrimony by its venerable paster. Their names appear in the earliest existing re-cords of the chapel. Bertha resided with her friend till she was married. Max meantime established himself in business, and taking Bertrand as partner, who after a time followed his sister's example, they became flourishing foreign merchants.

Many months passed before Max Gellert leard of the fate of the two martyrs. Ho broke the news gently to his young wife and their friends.

"Think where they are are now," he added. "Happy as we esteem ourselver, how far more so are they I what glory—what bliss unspeakable are they enjoying, such as we can never know till we join them in heavon l"

THE END.

#### Auricular Confession.

"I confess that when I think of devout persons, especially young women of ardont affections, and delicate sous-bilities, being nvited and almost constrained to resort habitually to private confession, I shudder at the thought By so doing, instead of looking up to God as their loving Father, having his car open to their prayers, and ever ready to receive them on their faith and repentance, as His dear children in Christ, they are led to look to a man, and to seek comfort and forgiveness of him. They put themselves under his dominion, and thus submit their reason, will, and conscience to him, and rob Christ of themsolves. whom he has purchased with his own blood And further, by being tempted to brood over their own spiritual sensations, emo-tions, and to talk or write of them to their own spuitual guides, they are in danger of acquiring an egotistical spirit of self-con-sciousness, and of morbid and hypochondrical soutimentalism, and to lose that healthful vigor and general freshness and holy beauty of soul which are produced and cherished by direct communion with God, and by looking upward to him, and by losing all love of self in adoration of Him, and in zeal for His glory, and in love for His presence in the heart, which is the life of augels. I shrink from the thought of the anatomical dissection of conscience to which such votaries are required to submit, and from that long catalogue of interrogatories which may be seen in the 'manual of Confession' as taught and practiced by the Church of Rome, and which are an outrage against modesty and virtue."—Bishop of Luncoln (Wardsworth) in his charge at the episcopal visitation, 1878.

# The Religion We Want.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, peubles from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, and from the sugar, chicary from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one half pair of choes of good leather, and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his eash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jonkin's kid glove; nor make Paris bonnets in the back foom of a Boston milliner's shop; nor lot a piece of v at that professes to measure twolve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that youches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all-wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clindestine cotton; nor coais made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracts to build of seven dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards qualit to join; nor daub the coilings that ought to be smoothly plastored; nor make window blinds with slaths that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religior that is going to sancity the world pays its debts. It does not consider that for'y cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxmy as a thief.—The Boston Christian.

Wealth and worldly possessions are often a hurt and sore pull-back to Christian pro-fessors: like some soldiers, who when they once meet with a rich booty at the sacking of some town, are spoiled for fighting ever after.—Guinall.