

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY W. M. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mario, not having observed what had occurred, remained close to Max, ready to throw himself before him should he be overmatched.

The officer of the Inquisition (for such he seemed to be) was a strongly-built, powerful man, and continued his assaults evidently with the intention of bringing out Max.

While Max and his assailant were thus engaged, Mario saw several persons coming round the corner of the street.

One of them sprang forward, and she then recognized Hans Kopperzoon, who, flourishing his club, made a stroke at the head of Max Gellert's opponent.

"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.

"Oh! no—no!" exclaimed Mario; "whatever be my father's fate, I will share it."

"My father and sister are there; we will conduct you to them, and then endeavour to ascertain what has happened to Herr Kapell."

The two young men then led Mario 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."

Poor Mario could with difficulty be restrained from running in the direction she supposed her father had been taken;

"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 horses to fly immediately from the place; but now it seems but too probable that, if we make the attempt, we shall be pursued; and if we go to our friend's house, we shall only bring destruction 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 perchance 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 Mario could with difficulty be persuaded to accompany Herr Duffel and Bertha, who were anxious to follow the advice given by Hans.

"But my father—my dear father! will no one attempt his rescue?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, Max Gellert! surely you would not desert him!"

"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 not as you may advise."

"Well spoken, young sirs," exclaimed Hans. "And now you have arrived at that wise resolution, lose no more time, but follow the poor idiot, who will lead you to his abode. Happily, 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 the fugitives found themselves outside the town.

"Hiel! hiel!" 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.

Bertha followed her father, holding poor Mario by the hand. The entrance being surrounded by underwood, which grew both on the bank and at its base, prevented the approach being seen.

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

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

Mario found herself lifted into the saddle, a cloak being thrown around her, with Max Gellert by her side, guiding the animal by a leading-rein. Bertrand had in the meantime placed his sister on horse-back.

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CHAPTER IX. Walter Kapell was seated on a low bench in a dark, damp, vaulted chamber.

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

Poor Hans did the honours of his abode with considerable courtesy, entreating his guests to be seated, and apologizing for the rough style of his furniture.

"I was considering by what means he could be rescued," answered her lover; "but I put it to Herr Duffel whether he would not first have you placed in safety, 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 Gellert and my son will undertake to escort you and Bertha to Antwerp. On my daughter I will lay my commands to go, and, acting as your father's friend, I would insist on your accompanying her."

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CHAPTER IX. Walter Kapell was seated on a low bench in a dark, damp, vaulted chamber.

Walter Kapell gazed at the Inquisitor with unavowed awe. "I love my child dearly," he answered, "but I love her soul still more. The flames with which you threaten me will not induce me to implore her soul, even if I believed she was in your power."

Greatly to Walter Kapell's sorrow, as he was being removed he saw his friend Herr Duffel dragged up, as he had been, before the savage Inquisitor.

Several days passed; but cut off from the whole outer world, he had been unable to learn what had happened in it.

"I own to be very guilty in the sight of God, but I know not of what crime towards my fellow-men I can be accused."

"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."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Walter Kapell, gasping for breath; "my daughter! is she in the power of those fiends?"

The officers of the Inquisition, as the magistrate supposed them to be, remained some time in his cell; but as he knew well that anything he would say would be brought up against him, he restrained his feelings, 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 moment, and then, suddenly stepping back, placed a paper in his hands, making as if he should conceal it.

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the city, a skeleton was found with a club grasped in its hand. The idiot had reached his cavern, and had there lain down to die in peace.

At the time that the flames lighted by the savage Inquisitors of the Pope were consuming the two martyrs at Dixmuyde, a boat was crossing the British Channel.

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

"I trust that he has already escaped from his foes, and that we shall ere long meet in that land of freedom," answered Max Gellert, somewhat evasively.

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

"Think where they are now," he added. "Happy as we esteem ourselves, how far more so are they! What glory—what bliss unrepeatable are they enjoying, such as we can never know till we join them in heaven!"

THE END.

Auricular Confession.

"I confess that when I think of devout persons, especially young women of ardent affections, and delicate sensibilities, being invited 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 ear 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 themselves, whom he has purchased with his own blood. And further, by being tempted to brood over their own spiritual sensations, emotions, and of morbid and hypocritical sentimentalism, 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 angels. 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 Lincoln (Wardsworth) in his charge at the episcopal visitation, 1873.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but on the exceeding rationality of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, sand from the sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-cann. 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 shoes of good leather, and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall rebound to the maker's credit, and the second to his oath. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid glove; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor lot a piece of cloth that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all-wool dolmans and all-wool handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal bradcloth. 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 ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window blinds with slats 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 religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty 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 luxury as a thief.—The Boston Christian.

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