

"How do you think my mother looks?" said Isabel, in an anxious tone; "tell me the truth, Mary."

"She looks very ill, Isabel," answered Mary, earnestly; "she is so thin and worn; but there is no actual disease, Rachel says; and so, may we not hope for better things?"

"No disease, save a broken heart," answered Isabel. "It is not often people recover from that, I fear." And the tears filled her eyes.

They had reached the end of the terrace, and as they turned again to pursue their walk they perceived an old serving-man coming towards them. He carried in his hand a letter, and, bowing respectfully before his young mistress, he gave it to her.

"A messenger from the Earl of Beauville, Mistress Isabel," said the man; "he is the first courier, he saith, others will shortly follow, and the Earl and his train will be here by sundown."

Isabel took the letter. "Then, Roger, you must make what preparation is possible."

But when the man disappeared, Mary was alarmed at the look of anguish which appeared on Isabel's face.

"He comes to torment her again," she cried; "to wear out her precious life in this vain strife; he will kill her, I know he will."

"It is most cruel and inhuman," returned Mary, weeping.

"I must go and prepare her for it," said Isabel, hastily; and you, dear Mary, will tell the servants Lord Beauville is coming? Imagine what we are to do for provisions!"

"I will go and consult with good old Bridget," said Mary, cheerfully.

"Don't trouble your head about that, dearest; we will provide better food and lodgings than our guests deserve."

They had been walking towards the castle while they spoke, and had now reached it. Mary turning to the left, tripped away towards the kitchen and buttery, while Isabel, with a slower step, began to ascend the broad staircase.

A wide gallery ran round the great hall, from whence doors opened. These doors did not all admit into apartments; some led to narrow passages, which wound their way to different parts of the house. But the door which Isabel opened was that of an anteroom to one of the principal chambers. At the end of the anteroom a thick curtain of arras formed the entrance to the apartment beyond; the floor was strewn with rushes, and Isabel gathered up her long garments, that there should be no rustle, and advanced softly towards the inner room. She pushed aside the curtain and looked in. The room was spacious, and not ill-furnished, though an air of poverty hung about it. A cumbersome bedstead, with heavy curtains of faded crimson, stood in one corner. There were three windows, but all were shaded by curtains of the same hue. A couch was near one of these windows, and on it lay a lady asleep; while near her, on a low stool, sat an attendant, of middle age, who looked round as Isabel entered, and laid her finger on her lips. Isabel stood still, and gazed on her mother with a beating heart.

Still on that countenance might be traced the loveliness of Alice Thoresby, fairest of the noble damsels that had graced Queen Mary's court; though time and sorrow and sickness had done their work, and sharpened the chiselled features, and saddened the soft, locks, and robbed the bloom from bright eyes, and silvered the fair cheek and lip, yet still upon that face there dwelt a look of unutterable sweetness,—a light not of earth shed there its gleams. Presently, gently sighing, she awoke, and turned at once a loving glance on Isabel.

"Have you been on the terrace, my own child?" said Lady de Lisle. "I have slept so well and long, thank God."

"Yes, dear mother," answered Isabel, kneeling down beside her; "I have been walking with Mary, and was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with a letter from Lord Beauville."

Lady de Lisle's face assumed an expression of pain as she took the letter from Isabel. Its contents were brief, merely that Lord Beauville, anxious to confer with Lady

de Lisle on business, ventured to bespeak lodgings for a few days for himself and train, and also for a young and gallant kinsman who accompanied him.

"I fear me much," said Lady de Lisle, "he comes to endeavor once more to break my resolution to recall my son. Alas! why such scenes rending a mother's heart? Do I not yearn, with my whole soul, once more to hold him in these arms? Could anything but the knowledge that it is not God's holy will induce me to forbear?"

"And Father Gerard, dear mother?" said Isabel inquiringly.

The baroness clasped her hand. "Selfish that I am, I had forgotten. What can be done? The time is so short; whither can he fly?" And her weak frame shook with agitation and affright.

"Mother," said Isabel, "I think he is safe; surely the earl is too honorable to betray us."

"Yes," returned Alice; "but who is to answer for his train? The reward offered for the capture of a priest is high and tempting; his life is not safe here."

"A thought has struck me," said Isabel; "let him go to Master Ford's house. Rose is here; she passed me just now in the corridor. The distance is short, and he can go as serving-man, taking care of Rose; and there he will be safe."

"Yes," answered her mother, "I think that will do; we will suggest it, at least. Go you, Isabel, and seek our good father, and beg him to come to me forthwith."

Note.—A proclamation was set forth, commanding all who had children abroad to call them home by an appointed day. This was to compel parents to Protestantize their children.—Madden's Penal Laws.

"If any person shall pass or go, or shall convey or send, or cause to be sent or conveyed, any child or other person into any parts beyond the seas, to the intent and purpose to enter into, or be resident or trained up in, any priory, abbey, nunnery, Popish university, college, or school, or house of Jesuits, priests, or in any private popish family; and shall be there by any Jesuit, seminary, priest, friar, monk, or other popish person, instructed, persuaded, or strengthened in the popish religion, in any sort to profess the same; or shall convey or send, or cause to be conveyed or sent, any sum of money or other thing for the maintenance of any child or other person gone or sent, and trained and instructed, as is aforesaid; or under color of any charity, benevolence, or alms, towards the relief of any priory, abbey or nunnery, college, school, or any religious house; every person so sending, conveying, or causing to be sent and conveyed, as well any such child or other person, as any sum of money or other thing; and every person being sent beyond the seas, shall be disabled to sue or use any action, plaint, or information in course of law, or to prosecute any suit in any court of equity, or to be committed of any ward, or executor or administrator to any person, or capable of any legacy or deed of gift, or to bear any office; and shall forfeit his goods, and shall forfeit his lands during life."—Burns' Ecclesiastical Law.

(To be continued.)

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A week or two ago some fresh deviltry perpetrated by the notorious Paul Kelly Association—a gang of the worst grade of hoodlums in New York's lower East Side—was considered important enough to telegraph all over the country. The name undoubtedly suggested to many a reader that this was a mob of "ruffianly Irish"—being Kellys they must be Irish, of course. It is a fact, however, that the so-called Paul Kelly's right name is Paolo Correlli; he is a native-born Italian and few if any of his tough young followers are of Irish extraction.

Paul Kelly is an Italian; Tommy Ryan, the pugilist, is a Hebrew, and many another thug and pug who travels his career under an Irish name has no more Irish blood in him than has a dachshund. — From Catholic Union and Times.

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