

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE
OF THE
Times of
Queen Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,

By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

PUBLISHED
BY
PERMISSION
OF
B. HERDER,
St. Louis, Mo.

roofs that modern Chris-
keep the fervent souls of
whose hats are lifted, as
the church's door!
schoolboy with his satchel,
old man with his cane,
rich man in his carriage,
tramp that all disdain;
coal-cart's smutty driver,
youth in fashions neat;
postman on his circuit, to
er on beat;
child whose heart is spot-
the man whom sins de-
mourner bowed with sor-
the jester with his smile,
strong with life before
the weak whose span is
lift hats in homage, as
the church's door!
men, a boy looks shame-
and a blushing youth looks
here, a man lags back-
his comrades have pass-
hand is lower'd ere it
e hat-brim's height,
fighter of the working
of heaven's faith to flight!
e of God suffices nature's
e to shame,
ourage of conviction" is
or's better name!
man loves the loyal; and
bides in store
whose hats are lifted,
pass the church's door!
eward lurks even in the
action done!
bolbo's eyes are happy
esses on a run;
man's face is softer, and
ant stands erect;
coal-cart driver whistles,
dude gains self-respect,
tman's step is lighter,
officer smiles mild;
e of sin smiles gently on
s little child;
and glad seem kindred,
aliens before;
ong and weak are bro-
they pass the church's
ative of the chalice—
P-ficial Dove—
e of peace and concord, and
of tender love,
the benediction rests up-
faithful own,
the world's Redeemer on
mental throne!
of the Good Shepherd
s flock upon Life's way,
arthly shadows drifting
the dawn of Heaven's
and sorrow menace, yet
singing hovers o'er
whose hats are lifted,
the church's door!
sign of worship, mute
gment of Christ!
e mystic altar of the
parist!
ss, Faith is victor; and
and humblest sons
est human heroes;—
Life's immortal ones!
e hands uplifted, be
s of king or slave!
e manly foreheads bar-
ward in tribute brave!
ny Father's mansions."
ll say, when life is o'er,
whose hats are lifted,
the church's door!
ARSFIELD GILMORE.

She looked up at me with a height-
ened color. Then to my vexation
she called to her brother, who was
running off in search of more flow-
ers: "Stop here, Frith, we have
plenty of flowers; we will go home
directly with Mr. Windsor." It was
evident that she wished to avoid be-
ing alone with me, whereas that was
exactly what I was wishing for. Was
it maidenly modesty that prompted
her, or did she wish to prevent a de-
claration on my part? At any rate
I was resolved to speak and make
her listen to me. Again I asked her
if she would accept my nosegay? She
replied: "Oh certainly!" The sweet
flowers could be put with the others
in the wreath she was making. But
perceiving that this was not what I
wanted, she said with some embar-
rassment of manner, it was a pity to
pull to pieces a bunch so prettily ar-
ranged, might she take it home for
her grandmother? I said yes. pro-
vided she would at the same time
tell her grandmother something that
I had to say to her presently. She
gave me a questioning look out of
her blue eyes, and went on silently
and busily with her work, Frith
handing her the leaves and blossoms
as she required them.

The wreath was soon finished and
we got up to go. I lifted Frith into
the saddle and put the reins into his
hand, for my horse was so gentle, I
knew he could be trusted with him.
At first the boy rode along the nar-
row path at a foot's pace, in ac-
cordance with the injunctions of his
sister, who followed with me. But
as I had anticipated, this was too
slow a mode of procedure for the
active little fellow, who contrived
with hand and foot to urge his steed
into a trot, so that he was soon
some distance ahead of us, for all
Miss Mary might do or say.

I was not going to let slip the op-
portunity that thus presented itself,
and with a beating heart I craved
my companion's indulgence, begging
her to listen to me for a few mo-
ments. She dropped her eyes with
a conscious look, and began toying
with my posy which she was carry-
ing. But when I tried to deliver the
speech that I had prepared, I could
not bring out a single sentence, al-
though I am not generally at a loss
for words. I stammered out a kind
of apology, saying I was well aware
that the present moment, when her
father was only just laid in his
grave, was no fitting time to speak
on such a subject, but it was a ques-
tion of now or never, as I was on
the eve of leaving London for a
long period, and perhaps should
shortly quit the country for good
and all. I was much gratified to
perceive how startled Miss Mary was
at this intelligence, for it showed
me that I had been right in believ-
ing that she was not indifferent to
me. Thus encouraged, without fur-
ther preamble, I asked her could she
love me a little, and might I cher-
ish the hope, that when I was in a
position to offer her a home, I might
claim her for my bride?

She changed color, and two large
tears rolled slowly down her cheeks,
as she timidly answered: "Perhaps I
ought not to reply to such a ques-
tion in this season of bereavement,
but if I am to ask my own heart, it
will not say nay."

"At these words heaven seemed open
to me, and in my delight I wanted
to take her in my arms. But this
she would not allow; indeed she said
perhaps she had already said too
much, for she must make the stipula-
tion that the consent of her grand-
mother, should be asked; and until
it was obtained there should be no
more talk of love between us. To
this I was obliged to agree; and lit-
tle more was said until we reached
the garden gate, where Frith, who
had already taken my horse round to
the stables, met us with the gar-
land. We took it from him, and to-
gether went to hang it on the cross
under the great oak.

Shortly after I repaired to the
house, and asked to see Mrs. Bella-
my. I found her at needlework in a
small, built-out room; she received
me very kindly, and asked me to sit
down. After the exchange to the
usual civilities, I summoned up cour-
age, seeing my nosegay in a glass
on the table, to ask whether Miss
Mary had delivered a message from
me when she brought the flowers.
The old lady laid down her work,
and said her granddaughter told her
that I had a word to say to her.
Thereupon I opened my heart to her.

She replied that as I remarked,
within a week of her son's funeral,
one would hardly choose to speak of
love and marriage; but the excep-
tional circumstances under which we
lived in England must be our ex-
cuse. "I tell you quite openly," she
said, "that I have personally not a
word to say against you. Our ac-
quaintance is not one of long stand-
ing, but the events under which it
was made, and all that has since
occurred, have given me an insight
into your character, showing you to
be a staunch adherent of the Catho-
lic faith, and possessed of all the
qualities of heart and mind which I
should wish to see in the husband I
should choose for Mary. Since there-
fore you tell me, what indeed I have
already found out for myself, that
she loves you well enough to join
her lot to yours, I will gladly con-
sent to your union, as soon as you
can provide her with a comfortable,
though not a luxurious home."

I kissed the hand of the venerable
dame, thanking her for her kind ex-
pressions in my regard, though I
must acknowledge that in the good-
ness of her heart she much overrated
my gifts and qualities. I stated it
to be my determination to wait un-
til my future was fully secured, be-
fore making Miss Mary a formal of-
fer of marriage. Then I spoke of my
project of settling abroad, on ac-
count of the difficulties that beset
Catholics in the practice of their re-
ligion in England, difficulties that
every year became greater. I said I
had deposited a considerable sum of
money with a merchant in Cologne,
and if later on matters took a turn
for the better in our country, as I
confidently believed they would,
there would always be the small es-
tate I had inherited from my mother
in Cornwall to which to return. I
asked if she would be prepared to
take up her abode with us on the
Rhine? She smiled sadly and shook
her head, saying she was too old a
tree to be transplanted, and she
hoped her last resting place would be
on English soil. Yet she approved
of my plan.

We then spoke of the more immedi-
ate future. I told her that in a
week's time I was going to Chartley
as body physician to the Queen of
Scots, at which she was very much
astonished, instantly inquiring how
I had obtained the post. She also
put a great many other questions to
me, I did not give her a hint of our
plot, for I was sworn to secrecy;
but she suspected the truth, and
warned me against Babington, and
any foolhardy schemes he might de-
vise on behalf of the captive Queen.
She also warned me against trusting
Walsingham, in almost the same
words Father Weston had employed.
I promised to be very guarded in
pledging myself to any design of
which my conscience did not approve.
Finally she said she would speak to
her granddaughter, and give me a
decided, she hoped a favorable an-
swer, before my departure from Wox-
indon.

I thanked her, and was about to
leave the room, when my little friend
Frith came running in, to say that
Babington had arrived, and had
brought him a beautiful new velvet
cap with a heron's feather. I then
remembered that the host of the
"Blue Boar" told me when I stopped
there on my way out, that Babing-
ton had been there only a few hours
before. Thinking of other things I
had forgotten all about it, and did
not in the least expect to meet him
at Woxindon. The reason of his
coming was to be explained later on.

Before supper time, I went into
the garden, to take a few turns up-
on the terrace, to enjoy the soft air
and watch the setting sun. Just as
I got out I saw Miss Anne coming
from the outbuildings, very much
heated, as if she had been walking
quickly. She started on seeing me,
and appeared at first as if she wish-
ed to avoid me; but the next min-
ute she advanced to meet me with a
pleasant greeting, while she stroked
from her brow her somewhat disor-
derly hair. She had been for a ram-
ble in the wood, she said, and had
a beautiful view from thence, would
I like to accompany her thither, to
see the sunset? We should just have
time before supper.

I willingly assented, and she guid-
ed me through the copse, already cut
in full leaf, to the old castle. We
clambered over the ruined walls, cov-
ered with moss and all manner of
plants, until we reached the foot of

the principal tower, whose massive
stone walls, notwithstanding various
cliffs and fissures, still bid defiance
to wind and storm. I could per-
ceive no means of gaining access to
the tower, the doors of which were,
as is frequently the case, at a con-
siderable height from the ground, only
to be reached from one of the ad-
jacent buildings by means of a draw-
bridge. The place where this had
been was plainly discernible, amid
the ivy that clothed the ancient ed-
ifice. My companion solved the diffi-
culty by leading the way through a
thicket to another side of the tower,
where one could climb to a consid-
erable height on one of the outer walls
of the castle, and thus reach a loop-
hole, the sides of which had crum-
bled away, and which was almost
concealed by a curtain of ivy. Thus
we gained ingress to the interior; be-
neath our feet lay a vaulted cham-
ber, Father Weston's hiding case, in a
state of tolerable preservation,
constructed in the masonry of the
tower, conducted to the platform of
a projecting turret.

When we reached the summit we
let our gaze wander over the fair
landscape spread out before us like a
panorama, beautified by the golden
rays of the setting sun. Anne told
me the names of the different vil-
lages that lay on the banks of the
Thames, and on the far reaching
plains of Middlesex. Then we stood
for some time without speaking, con-
templating the peaceful scene, no
sound disturbing the silence except
the shrill cries of the swallows as
they whirled in wide circles round
the tower.

When the sun disappeared below
the horizon, and the distance grew
hazy, Miss Anne warned me that it
was time to return. As I reluct-
antly moved away, after a last linger-
ing look, my eye fell upon a little
pocket-book, elegantly bound in
parment, that lay upon the stone
parapet. I immediately recognized
it as belonging to Babington; I had
frequently seen it in his possession,
besides, it bore his initials stamped
in gilt on the cover.

"Why, this is Babington's pocket-
book! However came it here?" I ex-
claimed, as I took it in my hand.

At these words Miss Anne, who
had already reached the stair steps,
turned back with a hasty ejacula-
tion, and snatched it from me. Then,
aware that she had betrayed herself,
she colored violently, saying: "For
God's sake, dear Mr. Windsor, do not
let my grandmother or my sister
know of this!"

I felt for the poor girl's confusion,
and as I did not doubt that Babing-
ton's intentions were honorable, I
did not feel called to play the
preacher or act the informer. How-
ever, I was not a little annoyed
with him for having persuaded the
innocent, but rather giddy child to
meet him clandestinely at the old
tower, and I begged Miss Anne to
be guilty of no such impudences in
future, since she knew how much her
relatives would object to them. She
was very penitent, and entreated me
not to reveal her secret, but as I was
Babington's friend, she did not mind
telling me that she had secretly en-
gaged herself to him before her fa-
ther's death. Her grandmother was
so terribly prejudiced against Bab-
ington, that she would never consent
to their betrothal; yet they suited
one another so well, and Babington
was such a dear, pleasant fellow, she
would never give him up. If I would
only keep my own counsel, and not
say a syllable to anyone, she would
help me in my courtship of her sis-
ter, for she had seen very plainly
that I was in love with Mary.

Thus she ran on while we wended
our way homewards, and I gave her
to understand that all was pretty
well arranged between her sister
and myself, and her grandmother ap-
proved of the match. She looked
very much surprised, and said what
a hypocrite Mary was, for she had
told her nothing about it; and when
I turned the tables on her, by ask-
ing if she had confided anything
about the view from the tower to
her sister, she said the case was dif-
ferent, as in this instance conceal-
ment was necessary, on account of
the unreasonable dislike her grand-
mother had for Babington.

We got back just in time for sup-
per. Nothing noteworthy happened
till after morning prayers on the fol-
lowing day. Uncle Barthy acted as
chaplain, for Father Weston had

gone on a mission to the midland
counties.

I was walking in the garden, chat-
ting with Frith, when I heard a
horse led round from the stables, and
wondering who could be going out
riding on Sunday morning, I went
round to the front door. To my sur-
prise I found it was Babington. He
was evidently in a state of great ir-
ritation; when he saw me, he shook
his riding-whip at me angrily, ex-
claiming: "You tell-tale, you old
tell-take!" Then he struck his mare
so violently that she reared and
nearly threw him. I called to him
to stop and tell me what was the
matter; but he was off like a shot
and soon out of sight in the forest.

A few moments later I encountered
Miss Anne, in tears and much agi-
tated. She taxed me with my treach-
ery; this explained the mystery. The
old lady had been told of the meet-
ings in the old tower, and had taken
Babington to task about it; and
finding he made light of her reprim-
and, had forthwith forbidden him
the house. I was suspected of hav-
ing been the mischief-maker.

I could not help feeling much an-
noyed, for my friendly relations with
Babington were not merely disturb-
ed, but permanently destroyed by
this untoward incident. Even when
at a later period he discovered that
the old serving-man John, had car-
ried the information to his mistress,
he held aloof from me still, and thus
I lost all opportunity I might have
had of influencing him for good.

But my vexation was almost wholly
forgotten in the happiness that
awaited me that same Sunday. In
the afternoon I was called up into
the upper chamber, that I knew so
well. There I found the venerable
dame, and my dear Mary. The for-
mer called my attention to the won-
derful flower; I had often looked at
it before, now it was fully develop-
ed, and all the fine rosy blossoms
were unfolded. I had never in all
my life seen the like of it, nor could
I conceive how the plant could possi-
bly draw sap and moisture out of
the dry cement in which its roots
were fixed. When I made this remark
to the old lady, she replied that she
regarded the wonderful growth of
this plant as a special mark of di-
vine favor, and on that account it
was to her a source of continual con-
solation. For although in itself it
was a natural flower, it could not
have sprouted and grown in such a
place without supernatural inter-
ference. That was why she had asked
me to come up thither; she wished
that beneath God's little flower, as
she called it, Mary and I should
pledge our troth, and seal our en-
gagement with a kiss. For although
a public engagement was not to be
thought of in consequence of their re-
cent bereavement, yet Mary had de-
cided upon giving me the promise I
desired without further delay.

There is no need to describe the
happiness I felt, when my love and
I clasped hands, and our lips met
for the first time. Standing beneath
the wonderful flower, the white-hair-
ed grandmother laid her trembling
hand upon the shoulder of each of
us, and made the sign of the cross
upon our foreheads; for it was not
with thoughtless levity, but as be-
comes children of the saints, that we
entered upon the contract which was
the first step towards the union we
looked forward to in the solemn Sac-
rament of marriage.

Thus our betrothal took place on
"Jubilate" Sunday, A.D., 1586.

How many tears were yet to be
shed before the joyous day of our
nuptials!

of that upper room a figure was to
be seen, waving a white handkerchief
in loving greeting. It is needless to
say that I returned the salutation.
My companion did not seem in a
talkative mood, so I had all the
more opportunity to contemplate, at
my leisure, the simple beauty of the
country through which we passed;
the streams and valleys, the rivers
and woods wherein I always find de-
light. Yes, I love a rural life, and
on the day in question I felt inclined
to envy the lot of the swain, who
cultivates the ground, far removed
from strife and contest, and to ex-
claim with Virgil:

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona
norint,
Agricolae! quibus ipsa, procul disor-
ditibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum iustis-
sima tellus!"

(O too happy husbandman, did you
but know your good fortune: to
whom the earth of its own accord,
far from the discordant clang of
arms, pours upon the ground an abun-
dant and easy livelihood.)

I tried to engage my companion in
conversation about the pleasures of
country life, and the description given
of it in the Georgics; but he
seemed to care more for serious sub-
jects, and his tongue once loosed, he
engaged me in a controversy upon
religious topics. I have always been
averse to disputing about matters of
faith with those who think differ-
ently to myself, for I believe it seldom
ends otherwise than in mutual em-
bitterment. However, I considered
myself bound to defend my creed, and
to answer the questions addressed to
me. So I repelled St. Barbe's at-
tacks to the best of my power, and
it must be admitted that I found him
far more considerable and open to
reason than Puritans usually are. In
fact, I was led to hope that I might
succeed in convincing him of the
truth of our religion. Thus we be-
guiled the way, and our differences
did not prevent us from being good
friends when, at the close of the sec-
ond day, we rode into Burton-on-
Trent. Still St. Barbe persisted
that there was too much of human
invention in our faith to allow him
to acknowledge it as the truth.

In the Green Dragon at Burton I
was introduced to Tommy Bulky. I
could not help laughing when I saw
the man, so exactly did he resemble
one of his own casks. He seemed at
first a little offended at my mirth,
but after a whispered query to my
companion, who nodded assent, he
came forward and held out his
plump hand, saying: "Well, sir, as
you are the physician to the pris-
oner at Chartley, whose coming was
announced to me, I will not quarrel
with you, considering that I supply
the royal lady and all her household
with beer, and such beer, sir, as you
will not find equalled in all christen-
dom, a better medicine I take it than
all your doctor's drugs. Just look
at me, sir! Let me tell you I am a
disciple of the pure Gospel, and do
not believe anything that cannot be
proved by the Word of God."

"Take care what you are saying,
Master Brewer," I rejoined. I never
heard of any test in the Bible to
prove the medicinal virtue of beer,
whereas St. Paul recommends the use
of wine to St. Timothy: "Use a
little wine for thy stomach's sake."
"Is it so, sir? Do you really mean
to say that there is nothing about
beer in the Bible? That is the
strongest argument I ever heard
against the pure Gospel, and I shall
speak to our preacher, the godly Mas-
ter Bitterstone, about it." Then he
struck his clenched fist on the table,
adding: "Be that as it may, I am
pretty sure that if St. Paul had
tasted our beer, he would not have
recommended wine to Timothy, but
ale, and none other than our good
Burton ale."

We both laughed at this sally, and
parted from the fat brewer the best
of friends.

Early the next morning St. Barbe
and I rode over to Chartley. He was
admitted at once; I had to wait at
least an hour in the porter's lodge,
during which time I vainly endeav-
ored to elicit some information re-
specting the imprisoned Queen from
the surly porter. Presently a serv-
ing man came to conduct me to the
part of the castle where Sir Amias
Paulet, the castellan, had his apart-
ments. I was received with scant
courtesy; instead of returning my
salute, the churlish knight snarled at
me like a savage dog, muttering
something about Popish vagabonds.
I therefore asked rather haughtily
what he took me for? Was he not
aware that I was brother to Lord
Windsor, and that it was by Wal-
singham's desire that I had come to
Chartley to offer my medical services
to the Queen of Scots? Thereupon he
descended so far as to offer me a
chair, and to give me my instruc-
tions as to the course of conduct I
was to pursue. The main point was
this: I was as a rule only to see
his prisoner once a week, and in his

presence; I was besides to pledge my-
self on oath to converse with her on
no other subject but the condition of
her health, and neither to convey to
her, or receive from her, any infor-
mation in writing.

I refused point blank to submit to
these conditions. As for the first, he
must understand how impossible it
would be for the Queen to speak to
me of her symptoms in his presence;
I declared myself willing, however,
to give my word of honor not to
treat with her on any matter inimi-
cal to the Queen or to the welfare
of the State, nor to deliver to or
take from her any letters. We could
not come to terms until St. Barbe
was called in to put an end to the
dispute. He had some trouble in
persuading this Cerberus to content
himself with my promise, which was
to be given on the Bible. Here fresh
difficulties arose, for only under pro-
test would I lay my hand upon the
Protestant version of the Scriptures,
which Sir Amias produced. But after
a good deal of grumbling he let that
pass, and asked me if I wished to
pay my first visit to his prisoner at
once.

I answered in the affirmative, and
he conducted me up a narrow wind-
ing staircase, opening a heavy door,
bound with iron clamps, which he
studiously locked behind him with a
massive key. I found myself in a
vaulted passage, in the upper story,
out of which several apartments
opened on the right and on the left.
This corridor was lighted by a win-
dow at each end. But it was impos-
sible to get from these rooms to the
windows, or to the doors, which led
to other staircases, because they were
shut off by an iron grating. Before
one of these a sentry was stationed,
who could keep the whole corridor in
view, unless he was wrapped in sweet
slumber, as he appeared to have
been, when the rattling of Sir Amias's
keys aroused him.

On my companion's voice being
heard, a man of short stature, dress-
ed in black, came out of one of the
doors, and stepping up to the grat-
ing as it was slowly rolled back,
asked with a ceremonious bow, what
Sir Amias wished?

"Tell your mistress, that the phy-
sician about whom I spoke to her
has come, and desires to pay his re-
spects to her," the knight answered,
adding as he closed the gate behind
him: "Be quick, Mr. Nau, I have no
time to lose."

The secretary looked at me in a
scrutinizing but not unkindly man-
ner, and leading the way into an
ante-chamber, said he would immedi-
ately apprise Her Majesty of our
visit. He knocked at the door of an
inner room, and gave the message to
one of the waiting women, who ap-
peared at his summons, and who
eyed me with no slight curiosity. Af-
ter waiting for a few moments, a
delay at which my conductor chafed
and fretted, the door reopened, and
we were invited to enter. The recep-
tion room into which we were ad-
mitted was of tolerable size. It was
dimly lighted by two windows pro-
tected by iron bars, but was not
destitute of decoration. Opposite to
the door was a kind of dais, the can-
opy bearing the arms of Scotland,
the red lion on a gold field, sur-
rounded by a wreath of lilies and
shistles, embroidered on velvet of a
dark color. A scroll with the motto
"Dieu et mon droit" in gold letters
wound about the wreath. On an-
other wall I noticed a beautifully
carved cabinet, the principal orna-
ment of which was a crucifix; and an
excellent replica of Fra Angelico's
painting of the Annunciation on a
gold background, tastefully framed
in dark wood.

I had just time to take in these
details with a hasty glance, when
Mary Stuart entered from her pri-
vate apartments, accompanied by
two attendants. She paused a mo-
ment at the door, her large clear
eyes resting on me with an enquiring
expression; I bowed low, but Sir
Amias, whom I could have struck in
the face for his lack of courtesy, in-
stantly began without ceremony to
address her thus:

"Here, Madam, is the body phy-
sician whom Her Majesty the Queen
and the Privy Council in their great
charity have graciously granted to
you. By my troth, had they asked
my advice, you would have had a
different sort of leech—"

"One who would have opened a
vein, and effectually put an end to
all my sufferings, if I understand
your meaning, most worthy knight,"
interrupted the royal lady. "Well,
Sir Amias, if you are not over court-
eous, you are at any rate frank, and
make no secret of your wishes. I pre-
fer it to hypocrisy; doubtless there
are many more of the same mind as
yourself, and the treatment I have
been subjected to by my royal sister
for the last eighteen years, especial-
ly since you have been my warder,
should warn me to be prepared for
the worst."

(To be continued.)

IF
YOU
WANT
TO
SELL
ANYTHING
TRY
THE
VERTISING
COLUMNS
OF
THE
WITNESS.
RATES
ARE
LOW.