

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.) At this we all spoke out, protesting loudly that anything of that sort was quite alien to our designs, and Tichbourne went so far as to say if another word of the kind was said in his hearing, he should altogether withdraw from our association.

"I am perfectly aware," he said, "that Knox and Luther and others who hold their tenets, do not hesitate to justify the assassination of a ruler who stands in the way of the Gospel, and even designate such a crime as a meritorious work. But I also know that no good end could justify the use of means so reprehensible, so criminal, as the deliberate and wanton murder of any man, be he prince or subject."

"I quite agree with you," Babington answered, "that one must not do ill that good may come of it. But, ask, is it doing wrong, to eliminate what is evil? For instance, if our friend Windsor here exercises his skill as a surgeon by amputating a gangrenous limb, to save a man's life, is that doing good or evil? And what is this daughter of Anne Boleyn with all her ministers but a cancer eating out the life of England?"

"That is an argument that can be easily answered," Tichbourne replied. "The very same question was put to Father Crichton, and his rejoinder is well known, in fact Elizabeth herself had it printed and disseminated. God does not do much regard whether what we do is good, as whether the reasons whereby we bring it about are good and lawful."

"And to keep to the instance you give," I added, "it is by no means anybody and everybody who is allowed to amputate a gangrenous limb, but only a practical surgeon, who has received his diploma from the faculty, and can do it with skill and address. An ignoramus would kill the patient instead of curing him, and would probably be charged with manslaughter for his pains."

We were all of one mind on this point and we said Babington if he said another word in favor of such dangerous propositions, we would give up the whole concern. He hastened to throw oil on the troubled waters, by asserting he had not meant what he said, but only wanted to find out what we thought on the matter.

Thus without a dissentient voice it was specified that every thought of violence against Elizabeth must be excluded from our scheme. But in regard to Parma's invasion we were not equally unanimous. After much arguing pro and con, it was finally determined: That it was not our duty to give information to the Government or in any other way take steps to hinder the project. That it was necessary, when planning the liberation of the Queen, which was the one only aim of our association, to allow ourselves to be influenced by Parma's movements, in order that we might work in unison with him. Consequently Babington must keep in communication with his friends in Paris, whilst the utmost caution must be observed, for were it discovered that we had abstained from giving information, we should assuredly suffer the penalty of traitors.

At last Babington broke up our meeting by a final toast to the success of our enterprise. We all emptied our glasses, shook hands heartily with one another, and separated, after Babington had made arrangements with me to accompany him to the Secretary of State on the morrow.

Tichbourne and I left our horses at the "Blue Bell," and scattered together through the lonely meadows towards Westminster Abbey, which stands about a mile from the town on the banks of the Thames. Night had closed, but the air was so mild one might have thought it was already summer; and the soft south wind reminded me of Horace's words:

"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favonii."

Behold the sharp winter gives way by a pleasing change to the spring and the south wind.

The moon was rising in the star bespangled vault of heavens, and again I recalled the words of the same poet, the opening lines of one of his odes:

"Nox erat et coelo fulgebant lucas sereno Inter nimis sidera."

It was night, and the moon shone brightly in the calm heavens amid a host of lesser orbs.

Our conversation turned upon the stars, and upon the sciences of the astrologers, who propose to read in the constellations the fate of individual men. I mentioned that this was impossible; but my companion, who was naturally inclined to melancholy and had a fancy for occult

science, had studied the subject and was able to bring forward many instances in which a man's horoscope had proved perfectly correct. Although far from having a pagan faith in fate, he thought by no means improbable that God, who foresaw the future, allowed us for our warning to glean some knowledge of what lay before us from the stars. I argued on the other hand that an intimation of the kind could be of no use to us if our fate were already fixed, and that God's foreknowledge could not interfere with our free will. He shook his head, and said that was true in a way, and that as a good Christian he was ready to say to his Maker: My lot is in Thy hand. Yet he could not rid himself of the presentiment that an untimely and violent death awaited him. His father had had his horoscope cast by a celebrated German astronomer and astrologer, and it was so unfortunate that his father never would let him know what it was.

I tried to divert him from these gloomy forebodings, and get him to talk about his sweet wife and his pleasant home in Hampshire, where I had been his guest for a time shortly after his marriage. Ever since our Oxford days, when we were fellow students of Magdalen, we had been like brothers, and almost as inseparable as Orestes and Pylades of old. So he talked quite confidentially to me about his domestic affairs, and said that as soon as a tedious lawsuit with a Protestant neighbor was ended, as he expected it would be before long, and to his favor, he meant to leave London, and reside on his own estate. There he hoped to live and die in peace, far from all political intrigues and troubles. The fines for non-attendance at the Protestant worship would be heavy, but he must try and meet them. Then he tried to persuade me to settle in Hampshire with him, and give myself up to a life of study, for he did not think I should ever make much practical use of the knowledge of medicine I had acquired at Padua. And as for the professorship of Latin and Greek poetry at Oxford or Cambridge, the latest object of my aspirations, I might as well renounce all idea of that, at once, since it was very certain that no Catholic had the slightest chance of obtaining any such post.

Conversing on these and similar topics we reached the time-honored Mincster. The clear moonlight shining full upon the windows, brought into relief every point of their delicate tracery, and lit up every pinnacle of the splendid structure. As we passed onward to the river, I remarked: "Suppose the old monarchs who rest here in their stone coffins, and the pious abbots and monks, who in the silent cloisters await the angel's last trump, could rise from their graves, what would they say to the lamentable changes Henry VIII., and the offspring of his sin have made in this and other sanctuaries of our land?"

"The old monarchs would acknowledge that in some respects their acts had sown the seed which now bears such fruit, and the old monks would exhort us to stand firm in our faith, and by prayer and penance invoke God's mercy upon our country," was Tichbourne's reply. Then he added in a changed tone, as we walked slowly onward in the direction of Temple Bar, "Look here, Windsor, call me a monk or a friar preacher if you will; but I must say every day I like our friend Babington less and less. I am the first to acknowledge that his character is utterly different to my own. He is prompt and daring,

joyous and merry, and withal a loyal Catholic, ready to sacrifice everything for his convictions; but he carries his frivolity and love of pleasure to an excess. Others of us too are just as bad as he. For the execution of a project, such as we now have in hand, a leader of quite another stamp is needed, and our consultations ought not to be held wineglass in hand! Really I almost repent having pledged myself to take part in it. Upon my word, I would draw back now, if it were not against the nature of a Tichbourne to do so! You know him better than I do, Edward; pray warn him, and watch him also, for I am sorely afraid, despite his denial, that he has other foolhardy designs in view, in which we shall gradually get entangled. You saw how he drew in his horns, when we declared so positively that we would have nothing to do with the crime he hinted at. Yet I should not be in the least surprised, if so rash as he is, he should go too far, and get involved in some reprehensible transactions. Do pray be on your guard both for his sake and for ours; for we have entered into his designs to an extent which his tender us amenable to the law, even if we took no part in carrying them into execution."

There was no gaining Tichbourne's words, and accordingly I promised to do my utmost to avert the mischief he dreaded. I felt watchfulness on my part to be all the more necessary, since I had observed that of late Babington had not been chosen in the persons he associated with. One old soldier in particular, who had served in the Netherlands under Parma, in whose company he was frequently to be seen, a sinister-looking individual, inspired me with suspicion and aversion.

By this time we had reached the gate close to Temple Bar, whence we could see London Bridge in the distance, and hear the rush of the river passing swiftly under its arches. We made a small detour to avoid seeing the heads of the unfortunate priests who had been executed. On arriving at our lodging in the Strand, to our surprise we found a boy fast asleep on the doorstep. It was Johnny, the son of an old waterman named Bill Bell, who kept our boat for us. The lad informed me that he had been waiting there some hours for me; his sister was worse, and his father had sent him to beg good Mr. Windsor to go round that same evening. I had of late been attending some of the poor about St. Catherine's docks, in the neighborhood of the Tower, and the boatman, as well as the dock laborers and porters, mostly a rough lot of people, thought a great deal of me, more because I gave my advice gratis, sometimes supplementing it with an aim, than because of any great skill I had manifested as a physician. The girl in question was dying of consumption, and the whole college of physicians, could not have stopped the progress of the disease; yet as the doctor's visit is always a consolation to the poor, I willingly accompanied the boy to his home on this errand of mercy. But first I bade him wait a moment, while I get some physic for his sister; going indoors I fetched a bottle of good wine, wrapped a warm cloak around me, bade Tichbourne good-night, and sallied forth again into the darkness.

I was glad to find that the boy had moored his boat at our garden steps, which ran down to the river, for I had no fancy for the narrow, dirty lanes of the city, that swarmed at night with all manner of disreputable people. The current of the river soon carried us to a landing place close to a dilapidated house, whose walls, supported on wooden posts, bulged out over the water. There my youthful ferryman made the boat fast to an iron ring, while I, glanced upwards to the narrow window of the chamber where the sick girl lay, whence a feeble light proceeded. Little did I think how precious that wretched low roofed garret would be to me before three months had come and gone!

"Maud expects us," Johnny said, pointing up to the window, then laying hold of a rope that hung from the lower room, he tugged at it violently, calling out: "He has come, father."

Immediately a trap-door just above our heads was opened, and a rope ladder was let down, which Johnny attached firmly to a post, and down it clambered Bill Bell himself, an unappetizing figure, who might have been the ferry man of Cocytus described by Virgil:

"Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento, Canities inculta jucta."

Foul and unsightly, on whose chin the grey hair thick and unkempt. But unlike the boatman of Hades, the old man looked goodnatured it self; wiping away with the back of his hand a tear which hung on his eyelashes, he expressed his pleasure and gratitude for my visit.

"By my troth," he said, "I am truly thankful to you, sir, and still more so your child, for who is fast passing away. God reward you, Doctor, and if ever you need a service that old Bell can render you, he will rather let himself be torn in pieces than fail you. Shall I carry you to shore, sir, or will you climb the ladder?"

I naturally chose the latter means

of reaching my destination, and was soon in the room where the remainder of the family were consuming supper of salt fish.

"We must take our meals when we can," the old man remarked, as he kindled a lamp, to light me up the somewhat shabby stairs to the chamber above. There I found the poor girl in a high fever, struggling for breath on a straw pallet by the window.

"Oh you have come, Mr. Windsor," she exclaimed, "I thought the angel of whom you told me had come to call me away."

"I should have come long ago," I explained, "but I had gone into the country and I had only just returned. Take a little of this good physic I have brought you. Do you like it? Mind, only one spoonful every hour."

"It is delicious," the sufferer answered, sipping the wine I had poured out for her. "But it was not so much for the sake of your medicine that I wanted you to come, but that you might repeat to me that beautiful prayer about the angel guardian, and the Blessed Mother of God, and the five wounds of the Saviour. Because one of the young preachers from St. Paul's was here, and first he scolded father for making him scramble up that he called a break-neck ladder, then he read a lot of prayers to me out of a book, that I could not understand and that did me no good. Now the prayers you said made me sorry for what I have done wrong, and quite resigned to the will of God. Accordingly, I said a few prayers by the child's bedside, the old man kneeling meanwhile by the door, the tears trickled down his weather beaten face. I promised to come again on the following evening, and he rowed me back, pulling vigorously against the ebbing tide."

"After all," he said as he bade me good night, "there is nothing like the old religion to comfort the dying."

(To be continued.)

Keep the Balance Up.

It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. No body can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least impudence brings on sickness, weakness or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it; and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping healthy people healthy, in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys as a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Take Hood's for appetite, strength and endurance.

A man stands about as much chance to get rich by acting crooked as a hen does to hatch a chicken from a porcelain door knob.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer. There are several smart Alecks around this town that even Sapollo couldn't make them much brighter—in their own estimation.

Good Health is Impossible Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

Carpenters' Kidneys. Carpenters is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not sleep without difficulty, and I had severe twinges of pain in both temples. Getting the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box, and gave me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the twinges from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel stronger vigorous in the morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CHARLES E. BERRY, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

Back of the blood, is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It sets the whole body going again—man woman and child.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. The agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsey, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings. A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Distress after Meals, Smothering, Fainting, Spasms or Faints, through the Brain, Headache, Morbid Condition of the Mind, Nervousness, Anemia, General Debility, After-effects of Grippe, Loss of Appetite, etc. Remember Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure the worst cases after other remedies fail. Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are a couple in this town who have concluded that one can live cheaper than two and have decided to become one.

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25c.

A great many people talk more to entertain themselves than their hearers.

Used internally Hagar's Yellow Oil cures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Croup, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

The man who is looking for trouble never has any trouble in finding it.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years I could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, 97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months. The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT. St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.

Life is full of trials, but the lawyer confronts them all with a smile of a hero.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

No other tree on the farm bears so much fruit as the axletree.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, leads to consumption.

A man is sometimes sorry that his wife is sick, because it affects his comfort.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from all cause whatever. Price 10c. and 25c.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy you require.

It has no equal as a spring medicine. It has been used by thousands for a quarter of a century with unequalled success.

HERE IS PROOF.

Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Que., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

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Suits. WE KEEP Right to the Front IN THE Tailoring Trade; But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town. Tweed & Worsted Suits FROM \$14 UP. JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailor.

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