Valence had prevailed on the countess

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVENT OF SAINT FILLANS. De Valence having left the castle, Grimsby thought he might depart in safety, and begged permission of the prior to commence his journey. "I am anxious to quit a land," said he, "where my countrymen are committing violences which make me blush at the name of Englishman."

Murray put a purse of gold into the soldier's hand, as the prior covered his armour with a pilgrim's gown. Grims-by, with a respectful bow, returned the "I cannot take money from you my lord. Bestow on me the sword that my lord. Bestow on me the sword that is by your side, and I will preserve it for ever." Murray gave it to the soldier. "Let us exchange, my brave friend!" said he; "give me yours, and I will regard it as a memorial of having

und virtue in an Englishman."

Grimsby complied with his wish; and as he put the iron hilt into his hand, a thear stood in his eye. When you raise this sword against my countrymen, think on Grimsby, and spare the blood think on Grimsby, and spare the blood of all who ask for mercy." Murray looked assent, for the tear of mercy was infectious. Without speaking, he gave the soldier a parting grasp of the hand; and, with regret that superior claims

saw him leave the monastery.

The prior having conducted Halbert to a cell appointed for his noviciate, he and Murray remained together, consulting on the safest means of passing to the Cartlane hills. A lay brother, whom the prior had sent in pursuit of Helen's fifty warriors, to apprise them of the English being in the crags, entered the library. He informed the father that, secure in his religious garb, he had penetrated many of the Cartlane defiles, but could neither see nor hear anything of the troop. Every glen or height was of the troop. Every glen or height was occupied by the English; and from a woman, of whom he begged a draught of milk, he had learnt how closely the mountains were invested. The English commander, in his zeal to prevent provisions being conveyed to Wallace and his garrison, had stopped a procession of monks, who were bearing a dead youth to be buried in the cave of Saint Columbia. He would not allow them to ascend the heights, until he examined ascend the heights, until he examined whether the bier bore the body, or was a vehicle to carry food to the Scots. The woman also informed the friar that the men taken at Bothwell were march ed prisoners to Glasgow; that Lord and Lady Mar had been conveyed to Dum-barton; and that De Valence had left a large detachment at Bothwell Castle, to guard the plunder which he had seized.

In the midst of this information, the

prior and his friends were startled by a shout of "Hang the traitor!" Our brave Englishman had fallen into their hands," cried Murray, hasten

towards the door.
What would you do?" interrupted the prior; "your single arm could not save the soldier. The cross has more power: I will seek these violent men; meanwhile stay here, as you value the lives of all in the convent." Murray acquiesced. The prior took the cru fix; and, ordering the porter to throw open the doors, appeared before a turbu-lent band of soldiers who were dragging a man along, bound with their leathern belts. Blood trickled from his face, and fell on the hands of the ruthless wretches

who were threatening him with death.
The prior, raising the cross, rushed in
amongst them, and bade them stop.
The soldiers trembled. The prior looked on the prisoner, but he saw not the dark locks of the Englishman; it was the yellow hair of Scotland that mingled with the blood on his forehead. "Whither do you hurry that wounded

"To his death," answered a surly

"What is his offence?"

"How has he proved it?"

"He is a Scot, and he belongs to the disloyal Lord of Mar. This bugle, with its crowned falcon, proves it," added the soldier, holding up the bugle which the earl had sent by Halbert to Wallace and which was ornamented with the

crest of Mar, wrought in gold.
"That this has been the Lord Mar's, replied the prior, "there is no doubt but may not this man have found it? or may it not have been given to him b the earl, before that chief incurred the displeasure of King Edward? Which of you would think it just to be made to die, because your friend was condemned to the scanold? Release the wounded man to me. Before the altar of the Searcher of all hearts, he shall confess himself; and if I find that he is guilty unto death, I promise you, by the hol St. Fillan, to release him to your com manding officer, and to let instice tak its course. But if he prove innocent, am the soldier of Christ; and no men arch on earth shall wrest his children

arch on earth shall wrest his children from the protection of the Church." The men who held the prisoner let go their hold; and the prior gave him to a party of monks to conduct into the con-To convince the soldiers that i and not the spoil, the prior returned the golden bugle, and bade them depart in

The prior, on returning into the convent, ordered the gates to be bolted. When he entered the chapter-house, finding that the monks had alread bound up the wounds of the stranger, he made a sign for the brethren to withmade a sign for the brethren to with-draw; and then approaching the young man, "My son," said he, "you heard my declaration to the men from whom I took you. Answer me with truth; and you will find that virtue and repentance have alike a refuge in the arms of the

have alike a refuge in the arms of the Church. How came you by that bugle?"

The stranger looked stead astly on his questioner. "A minister of the allrighteous God cannot mean to deceive. You have saved my life; and I should be less than man could I doubt the evidof that deed. I received that ng the eastern mountains, and who gave it to me to convince the Earl of Mar that I came from him."

The prior apprehended that it was of wield a sword, he must be a fool that Wallace he spoke. "You came to re-

earl, pronounce but the Christian name of the man who charged me with the bugle, and allow me then, for his sake, to ask you what has happened to the earl, that I was seized by foes, when I expected to meet with friends only? Reply to this, and I shall then spe k freely; but at present, though I would confide all of myself to your sacred character, yet the confidence of others is not mine to bestow."

The prior, being convinced that he was speaking with some messenger of Wallace, made no hesitation to answer: "Your master is a knight; and a braver never drew breath since the time of his royal namesake, William the Lion.'

The man rose, and, falling on his knees before the prior, put his garment to his lips: "Father, I now know that I am indeed with a friend of my persecuted master. Allow me then instantly to return to him; for since the situa tion of Lord Mar precludes all assistance from him, the noble Wallace is penned within the heart of those hills, without any hope of escape escape. Suffer me then to go, that I may at least die with my friend."

"Hope for a better destiny," returned the prior; "I am a servant, and not to be worshipped; turn to that altar and kneel to Him Who can alone truly send the succour you need.'

The good man, thinking it was time to call the young lord of Bothwell, entered the library where Murray was waiting. On his entrance, the impatient yout exclaimed, "Have you rescued him?

"I have rescued some one," answered he, "but not Grimsby: he, I hope, is far and safely on his journey. The man those murderers were dragging to death is in the chapter-house. Follow me and we will give you news of Wallace. Murray obeyed.
At sight of a Scottish knight in armor

the messenger of Wallace thought his prayers were answered, and that re saw before him the leader of the host which was to march to the preservation of his commander. Murray told him who he was, and learnt from him that Wallace now considered himself in a state of siege; that the women, children, and old men were on the point of starvation, having nothing to feed on but wild strawberries and birds' eggs. "To relieve them from such hard quarters," continued the narrator, "is his first wish; but that can not be effected by so small a body of forces, who, to do it, must cut their way through a strong barrier of English this he proposed to accomplish by strategem, could his means be strength-

ened by succors from the Earl of Mar."

"My father's means," replied Murray, "are for a time cut off; but mine shall be exerted to the utmost. Did you not meet a number of Scots whom I sent off yesterday morning to the support of our gallant friend?"

" No," rejoined the young man ; " fear they have been taken by the enemy; for, on my way to Sir William Wallace, not knowing the English were so close to his sanctuary, I was nearly seized myself. I had not the honor of being under the command of Sir William, when he struck the first blow for Scotland in the citadel of Lanark : but as soon as I heard the terrible ale of his wrongs, and that he had reired in arms towards the Cartlane Crags, I determined to follow his for-tunes. We had been school-fellows. tunes. We had been school-fellows. He saved my life once, in a swimming party; and now that a formidable na-tion menaced his life, I vowed to make mine his bulwark. For this purpose, I left my guardian's house, and, habited as shepherd, sought my way to the banks of the Mouse. To my astonishment, found it then occupied by the English but, by creeping among thickets and exploring the most intricate passages I at last gained the bottom of the precicamped; and, as I lay watching an opportunity to ascend, I perceived two English soldiers through the bushes; they were in discourse, and from them learnt that, beside Heselrigge, him early two hundred of his garrison had fallen at the castle. Sir Gilbert Hambledon bore the tidings to Sir Richard Arnulff, the deputy-governor of Ayr; and, some words passing between the the former retired in disgust to Engand the latter sent a thousand men to surround Cartlane Crags. Spies had already given notice that they were Sir William's strongholds; and the orders were, that he should be taken. lead or alive, and his adherents, men. women, and children, were to receiv no quarter. Such was the startling in formation which I brought to my gal ant friend, when, in the dead of mounted the rock, and, calling to the Scottish sentinel in Gaelic, gave him

my name, and was allowed Wallace welcomed his faithful Ker, and told me of the famine that threatened his little garrison; of the constant watching, day and night, that was necessery to prevent a surprise; and that their present employment was to dash the English down the precipice, with showers of stones, as they attempted t ascend. In this extremity, he observe that one defile was but thinly guarde by the enemy, because, as it lay at the bottom of a perpendicular angle of the rock, they thought it unattainable by Wallace. To this point, however, friend turned his eyes. He would To this point, however, m tempt it, could be procure a sufficient number of fresh men to cover the retreat of his exhausted few. purpose, I volunteered to visit Lord Mar, and to conduct in safety any suc-cours he might send. Think, then, what was my horror when I found redoubled legions hemming in the hills; and on advancing towards Bothwell Castle, I was seized by a party of Eng-lish, rifled, and declared an accomplice with that poblement who with that nobleman, who was, they said,

condemned to lose his head! sented her with a signet set in gold.

"Not so bad as that neither, my good Ker," said Murray; "many a bull's head saall frown in this land, on the southern tables, before my uncle's neck gluts their axes! No true Scottish blood, I trust, will ever stain their scaffolds; for, while we have arms to

Wallace he spoke. "You came to request military aid from the Earl of Mar?" rejoined the father.

The stranger replied: "If, reverend sir, you are in the confidence of the good our prize!"

"Brave youth !" exclaimed the prior, " may the innocence which gives animation to your courage continue its mov-

ng soul!"
Murray, turning to Ker, informed him that, since he must abandon all hope of hearing any more of the fifty brave men his cousin Helen had sent to the crags, he had bethought him of applying to his uncle, Sir John Mur-ray, who dwelt on his estate at Drumshargard. "It is small," said he, " and shargard. "It is small," said he, "and cannot afford many men; but still he may spare us sufficient to effect the escape of our commander; and, that, for the present, will be enough." To accomplish his d sign without delay, and to drawing up to her, she pulled down her avoid surprise from the English lieutenavoid surprise from the English lieuten-ant at Bothwell (who, hearing of the rencounter before the castle, might choose to demand his men's priconer.) Murray determined to take Ker with him, and as so n as darkness should shroud their movements; proceed disguised as peasants to Drumshargard.

While these transactions occupied the morning, Lady He'en slept sweetly, with a heavenly calm at her heart When the prior visited her, he in'orm ed her of the departure of the English soldier, and of the alarm which he and Murray had sustained for his safety, by the adventure which had thrown stranger from the crags into their pro-tection. Afterwards, Murray, habited for his visit to his uncle, entered the apartment. The conversation was long and their parting full of interest. When I see you again, my brave ousin, tell me that my father is free and his preserver safe. Your own life. dear Andrew, must always be precious to me." Murray withdrew, and Helen vas left alone.

Having no method of conveying baggage, the armour intended for Wallac vas left in the care of the prior; and Murray and Ker, putting peasants cloaks over their armour, proceeded under cover of the night through the obscurest paths of the wood which divided Bothwell from Drumshargard. Sir John Murray was gone to rest when his nephew arrived: but the old knight was soon aroused, and he welcomed hi nephew with open arms, for he feared, from the accounts brought by the fugi-tive tenants of Bothwell, that he also had been carried away prisoner.

Murray now unfolded his errand:-First, to obtain a band of Sir John's trusti est people, to assist in rescuing the pre server of the earl's life from destruc and secondly, if a commission for Lord Mar's release did not arrive from Edward, to aid him to free his uncle and the countess from Dumbarton Castle.

Sir John listened with anxiety to nephew's details; when he heard of the Lady Helen's continuing in the convent. ne highly approved of it. "Then I re oice she is there," replied Murray, and there she will remain, till your enerous assistance empowers me to res

cue her father."
"Lord Mar has been very rash, nep ew," returned Drumshargard; "what eccasion was there for him to volunteer ending men to Sir William Wallace and how durst he bring ruin on Both well Castle, by collecting, unauthorized by my brother, its vassals for such a

angerous experiment Murray started. He knew his uncle as timid, but he never suspected him f meanness; however, in consideration of the respect he owed to him as his brother, he smothered his disgust, and gave him a mild answer. But the old man could not approve of a nobleman of his rank running himself, his fortune, and his friends into peril, to any debt of gratitude; and as to patriotic sentiments being a stimulus, he treated the idea with contempt.

Murray calmly reasoned with his

Murray calmly reasoned ancle, who, at last, declared his determination to set off for the Highlands, In the morning, by day-break," said he, I will commence my journey, and join ny brother at Lochawe: for I cannot elieve myself sale a moment, while s

near the garrison of the enemy."

Murray approved of this plan and after obtaining his hard-wrung leave to take thirty men from his vassals, to follow him to the mountains, he returned to the hall to make the selection and to inform Ker of the success of his mission. In the course of an hour, he brought together the appointed number of the bravest men on the estate. When equipped in their garments of mingled (that they might the better escape detection into creeping through the underwood on the rocks) he led them into the hall to receive their last commands from their feudal lord. On ing them armed, with every man his drawn dirk in his hand, Sir John turned pale. Murray, with the unfolded banner of Mar in his hand, and Ker by his side stood at their head. said the old knight, "in this expedition you are to consider yourselves as the followers of my nephew; he is brave and honorable, therefore I commit you to his command." It was dark as midnight when Murray and his little com-pany passed over the heights above Drumshargard, and took their march towards Cartlane Crags.

CHAPTER VIII.

OULIS ATTACKS LADY HELEN RESCUED. Two days passed drearily away to Helen. She could not expect tidings from her cousin in so short a time. On the morning of the third day, the female who waited on her came to inform her that the prior had sent a friar to conduct her to his library, where messen gers from Dumbarton awaited to deliver letter to her from Lady Mar. Helen giving her hand to the good father, was led into the apartment where the prior was standing between two men in military habits; one was in English armount ary nabits; one was in English armour with his visor closed; the other was a knight, but in tartans. The Scot presented her with a signet set in gold. Helen recognised it to be the same that her step-mother always used.

The Scottish knight said, "Your was the same that here follows:

"Then my father lives! They are safe!" cried she.
"He yet lives," returned the officer, but his wounds opening afresh, and the fatigues of his integer of his integer of his integer of his integer, shall be published as widely as

judgment on my actions, and your in-famy shall be published as widely as trumpets can blow the tale." fatigues of his journey, have so exhausted him that Lord Aymer de Valence has granted the prayers of the countess, and we come to take you to receive his last blessing.

A cry of anguish burst from Lad Helen; and falling into the arms of the rior, she found refuge in insensibi Having recovered, she took leave of the inmates of the monastery, and led by the prior, bent her steps towards the grand entrance. At the gates stood the knights, with their attendants. She kissed the crucifix held by the prior, and giving her hand to the Scot, was placed by him on a horse superbly caparisoned. He sprung on another himself; and the English officer, who was already mounted nood, rode off at a gentle pace.

A long stretch of woods lay before Through these they pursued ay till they had crossed the river; and then she saw that the ne of the obscurest mountain defile When they had been employed for ar hour in breaking their way through this trackless place, they came to a wide space, where other ravines opened then lves. The Scot raised his bugle, and olew so sudden a blast that the ho which Lady Helen sat took fright, and began to plunge and rear. Some of the men, seeing her danger, seized the bridle while the English knight extricated her from the saddle: and, carrying he through some bushes, he entered a cave and laid her at the feet of an armed man

She started up with a shriek, but wa at that moment enveloped in the arms of stranger; and a brutal shout of exult ation was uttered by one of the men who brought her in. It was echoed from without, and accompanied by a burst of laughter. "Mighty God, protect me! cried she, striving to break away from the man who held her. "Where am I Why am I not taken to my father?"

"We leave our lord to tell you," ar vered the Scot; and both he and the nglishman left the place. The ranger held her in a grasp that seemed Englishman of iron. In vain she struggled, in vain he shrieked; she was held; and still kept silence. Exhausted with terror and her fruitless attempts for release she put her hands together, and in sale put her indicas together, and have calmer tone, exclaimed: "If you have honor or humanity in your heart, you will release me! I am an unprotected woman, praying for your mercy; with-hold it not, for the sake of heaven and our own soul!"

"Kneel to me, then, theu syren! cried the warrior with flerceness. As he spoke, he threw the knees of Lady Helen on the rocky floor. His voice echoed terribly in her ears; but obeying him, "Free me," cried she, "fo the sake of my dying father!" "Never, till I have had my revenge!"

At this she shuddered to the soul, but yet she spoke: "Surely I am mistaken for some one else!—Oh, how can I have offended any man, to incur so cruel ar outrage?'

The warrior burst into a satanic laugh nd throwing up his visor: "Behold me Helen!" cried he, grasping her hands "my hour is come!" At sight of the face of Soulis, she com

prehended all her danger; and, wresting her hands from his hold, she turst out of the cave. Her two first enemies stood at the entrance, and catching her in their arms, brought her back to their lord. But it was an insensible form the laid before him; overcome with horror a being again dragged into the power of a rayisher, her senses fled. However ravisher, her senses fled. However, water was thrown on her face, and she awoke to recollection, lying bosom of her enemy. Ag struggled, again her cries echoed from side to side of the cavern. "Peace!" cried the monster; "you cannot escape-you are mine by a force that shall compel you to submit, when here I will. How often have knelt at your feet begging for that mercy on my passion which you denied! Twice you refused to be my wife —you dared to despise my love and my power; now you shall feel my hatred and my re-

"Kill me!" cried Helen, "kill me, and I will bless you!' "That would be a poor vengeance, eried he; 'you must be humble, proud minion, you must learn to fawn on m for a smile; to woo, as my slave, for one of those embraces which you spurped to receive as my wife. I will make you feel my love; and then if she the dishonoured and despised will,

Lady Helen may die!" As he spoke he strained her to hi preast, with the contending expressions of passion and revenge glaring in his eyes. Helen shricked at the pollution of his lips; and, as he more fiercely held her, and declared that she should be his for ever, her hand struck against the hilt of the dagger. In a moment she drew it out, and struck it into his side. All was the action of an instant; and as instantaneously he caught her wrist, and exclaiming, "Damnable traitoress, thou shalt fare the worse for this!" dashed her from him, stunned and motionless to the ground.

weapon had not penetrated far. but the sight of his own blood, drawn by the hand of a woman, so incensed Soulis, that had not insensibility been her security, perhaps the violence of his in-dignation would have rid her of life and his indignities. He called Macgregor. The two men entered; but they gregor. The two men entered; but they started when they saw a dagger in his hand, and the lady apparently lifeless nd blood on her garments.

Macgregor, who had personated the Macgregor, who had personated the Scottish knight, asked why he had killed the lady. Soulis frowned. "Here!" said he, throwing open his vest, "this wound, that beautiful flend, whom you so piteously look upon, aimed at my life! I only sought to force her to my wishes; and thus did she requite an nonour which many of her proud sex sigh after in vain."
"My lord" said the other man, "I ex-

pected different treatment for the Earl

"Base Scot!" returned Soulis, "when you brought a woman to my arms, you had no right to expect that I should use

submission to my will."

The man obeyed while his companion bound a fillet round the bleeding forehead of Helen, which was cut by the pointed flints, the chief brought two chains, and fastening one round her wrists and the other on her ankles, he exclaimed, with brutal triumph—"There y haughty damsel! flatter not thyself

ot to reproach.'

thee to my feet, and no more daggers shall be near to thwart my revenge!" Macgregor's wife entered. "Here, said he, "take this lady under your care. Recover her from this swoon. and while I go to have the litter prepared or her, counsel her to behave with more gratitude to so true a lover.'

Margery expressing surprise at the was bedience, not remark; and withdrawing. followed by his vassal, the woman was left with Helen. Water, and a few drops which Margery poured into her mouth, restored the unhappy lady to her senses. On opening her eyes, the sight of one of her own sex inspired her with hope; but stretching out her hands, she

was horror-struck at the clink of the chains. "Why am I thus?" demanded she; but recollecting having attempted to pierce Soulis with his own dagger, she added, "Is Lord Soulis killed?"

"No my lady," replied she; "my husband says he is but slightly hurt;

husband says he is but slightly hurt; and surely your fair face belies your heart, when you attempt the life of so brave and loving a lord!"

"You then belong to him?" cried Helen: "alas, how am I beset! what will be my unhappy fate? O Virgin of Heaven, take me to thyself!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried the woman, "that you should pray against being the favourite lady of our noble chief! Many are the scores, round Hermitage Castle, who would come hither on their hands and knees, to arrive at the happiness which you resear. which you reject."

"Himself and all that bear his name is accursed to me," returned Helen. "Pity me, kind creature; and if you have a daughter whose honour is dear to your orayers, think you see her in me, and ave compassion on me."
"Poor young soul!" cried the woman,

"I would pity you, if I durst; but my life, and my husband's, and my children's would all be sacrificed to the rage of Lord Soulis. You must be content to submit to his will; and as for your making lamentations about not reaching your father, if he be as little your friend s your mother is, you have not much cause to break your heart on that

Helen started aghast. "My mother! what of her?—speak, tell me!—It was her signet that betrayed me into these She cannot have consented-Oh, no! some Villains-speak, tell me

that you would say of my mother!"

The woman said she had heard from her husband that it was to Lady Mar he owed the knowledge of Helen's being at Bothwell. The countess had written a letter to her cousin, Lord Buchan, who being a friend of England, was passing some time with Lord de Valence at Dumbarton. In this epistle she intimated her wish that Lord Buchan would devise plan to surprise Bothwell Castle the ensuing day; but added, he must not give Lord Mar cause to suspect that she was privy to the affair. His present nisled mind might cause him to interfere with her wish, which was impelled by anxiety for the safety of her husband and Lady Helen. The countess then proceeded to relate that the Earl of Mar had been persuaded to send armed men support Wallace, who was with a nall troop lurking about the caverns of to support Cartlane Crags.
When this letter arrived, Lord Soulis

vas at dinner with the other lords : and Buchan laying it before De Valence, they consulted what was best to be done. Lady Mar begged her cousin not to ap-pear in the affair himself, that she might escape the suspicion of her husband, who, she declared, was not arming his vas from any disloyal disposition towards the King of England, but only at the instigation of Wallace, to whom he considered himself bound by gratitude. As she gave this information, she hoped that no gave this information, she hoped that no attainder would fall upon Lord Mar; and to keep the transaction as close as possible, she proposed that Lord Soulis, who she understood was at Dumbarton, should take the command of two or three thousand troops, and, marching to Bothwell next morning, seize the few hundred armed Scots who were ready to proceed to the mountains. Her ladyship ended by saying that her daughter was at the castle, which she hoped would be an inducement to Soulis to insure the earl's safety, for the sake of her love, and to obtain her hand as his reward.

The greatest part of Lady Mar's in-

junctions could not be attended to, as Lord de Valènce, as well as Soulis, was made privy to the secret. The English nobleman declared that he should not do his duty to his king, if he did not head his duty to his king, if he did not head the force that went to quell so danger-ous a conspiracy; and Soulis joyfully accepted the honor of being his compan-ion. It was concerted that De Valence should send Lord Mar prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, there to await the award barton Castle, there to await the award of Edward on his crime. Lord Buchan was easily persuaded to the seizure of Mar's person, as he hoped the king would endow him with Mar's estates, which must be confiscated. Helen groaned; but the woman proceeded to relate how, when the party had executed their design at Bothwell Castle, the countess and Helen were to have been sent to sign at Bothwell Castle, the countess and Helen were to have been sent to Soulis's castle of Douglas, near Glasgow; but on that wily Scot not finding her, he conceived the suspicion the Lord de

to give her up to him; and he accused the English nobleman of treachery. His Lordship denied it vehemently; a quarrel ensued, and Soulis departed, with a few of his followers, giving out that he was retired to the control of the cont with a few of his followers, giving out that he was retiring to Douglas; but he lurked about in Bothwell wood, and saw Cressingham's licutenant march by to take possession of the castle. A deserter from his troops afterwards fell in with 'This language, Lord Soulis!" rejoined man; "but you mistook me. I me nt not to reproach."
"Tis well you did not;" and, turning from him, he listened to Macgregor,
who, stooping towards Helen, took her
hand, and observed that her pulse beat. Lord Soulis's company, and a long conversation took place between them; but Pools?" returned souths "did you think I was interrupted by one of the spice who had been sent by the chief in quest have been at such pains to gain? Call of news, and who returned with a woman, 'Pools!" returned Soulis "did you think a tenant of the convent of St. Fillans, your wife, Macgregor; she knows how to bring women out of those fits; and she a tenant of the convent of St. Fillans. She told him, that a beautiful young lady, who could be no other than the Lady Helen Mar, was conceated in that convent. On this information, the delighted Soulis laid his plan; and sent bring women out of those fits; and she will teach her to know the wisdom of lighted Souns and a litter from for Macgregor's wife and a litter from Dunglass, that she might be ready to attend this beautiful prey. "Meanwhile," continued the woman, " my band and the stranger, the one hab as, a Scottish and the that the arms of Soulis shall be thine only fetters. These chains shall bind taking with them the signet which your

> prior and you. You know the tale they invented; and its success proves that my lord is no bad contriver." Helen, who listened with astonishment and grief, made no reply. Soon after-wards, Macgregor bade her prepare to accompany Lord Soulis in a journey southward. They led her out of the cave; and Soulis, who was mounted, ordered her to be put into the litter. bers which surrounded her, she allowed them to execute their master's com-mands, and to draw the curtains around her. Margery was set on a pillion behind her husband; and they marched on at a rapid pace. In a few hours, they cleared the valleys of the Clyde, and entered on the barren tracks of the Lead-

mother had sent with her letter to her cousin. They hoped such a pledge would insure them belief both with the

nill moors. The thunder roared; and the lighting came down in such vast sheets, that the carriers were often obliged to set down their burthen, and cover their eyes with their hands, to recover cathed sight. The cavalcade with diffiulty mounted the steps of a mountain where the storm raged so turbulently that the men, stopping, told their lord that the men, stopping, that the them, stopping, that it would be impossible to proceed the proceed that it would be impossible to proceed the proceed that it would be impossible to proceed the proceed that it would be impossible to proceed the proceed that it would be impossible to proceed the proceed that it is not to be in the proceed that it is not to be impossible to be in the proceed that it is not to be in the proceed that it is n in the darkness with safety. At this declaration, which Soulis saw could not be disputed, he ordered the troop to halt under the shelter of a projecting rock. Soulis dismounted. The men set down the litter, and removed to a distance as he approached. He opened one of the curtains, and throwing him-self along the couch on which Helen lay, he clasped his arms about her, and exclaimed, "Sweet minion, I must pillow on your bosom till the morn awakes!" His brutal lips were again riveted to her cheek. Ten thousand strengths seemed then to heave him from her heart; and struggling with the power that amazed even herself, she threw him from her; and holding him off with her shackled

arms, her shrieks pierced the heavens. Scream thy strength away, poor ool!" exclaimed Soulis, seizing her dereely; "for thou art now so surely ine, that Heaven itself cannot preserve

" Death! death!" was the faint cry of the desperate Helen; and, making another effort to extricate herself, she released her right hand, in which she rasped a small golden knife that had een the gift of her father, and which she had concealed in her bodice. Raising her hand to plunge it into her own reast, she was arrested by a loud noise and the moment afterwards was covered with the blood of Soulis. A stroke from an unseen arm had cut through the shoulder of the ravisher; and though it did not injure his life, yet the red stream gushed from the wound, and, starting on his feet, a fearful battle of swords took place over the prostrate Helen.

ame up to assist Soulis, fell dead on her body; and the chieftain himself, covered with wounds, and breathing revenge and blasphemy, was forced off by the surviv-

ors. "Where do you carry me, villains?" cried he. "Separate me not from the vengeance I will yet hurl on that night-demon who has robbed me of my victim, or ye shall die a death more horrible than hell itself can inflict!"

He raved ; but in spite of his threats. He raved; but in spite of his threats, the men carried him off to a hollow in the rock, where they laid him down, nearly insensible. One or two re urned to see what was become of Helen, well aware that, if they could regair possession of her, their master would load them with fayors; but, should she he them with favors; but, should she be lost, the whole troop knew their fate

would be some merciless punishment.

Macgregor and the deserter of Cressingham were the first who reached the spot where the lady had been left, and

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