

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Effingham, the courteous admiral, bit his lips, and held his peace. His kinsman, Lord Thomas Howard, raged and tore, not two cables' length away, in his ship the "Golden Lion." It was maddening to lie with flapping sails, on an oily sea, almost within hailing distance of their enemies.

"The boats, my lord, the boats might do it." So spoke Robert Bulteel.

"Boats' crews board those floating castles? scarcely so, I think," returned Effingham, measuring with his eye the towering Spanish galleons, whose decks and turrets were crowded with armed men, visible enough, although out of reach.

"By towing," rejoined Robert. "We have strength enough, surely; and our ships are but light compared with those yonder. We might easily tow them just where your lordship desires them to be."

The admiral turned his pair of splendid black eyes full on Robert, and his glance spoke volumes although no word said he, at least to him just then. But presently the order was given, and Lord Thomas had to stop his stamping rage, and get the "Golden Lion" forward by the help of the strong arms of her crew, and three or four stout hawsers from her bows.

And the end of that affair was that the English "spurs" struck home again, while the "great shot" of the Spaniards whistled yards too high to work much harm; though when the vessels came to close quarters the Spanish musketeers galled the English terribly. But notwithstanding this the "Santa Anna" fell a prize to Howard in spite of all that her unwieldy consorts could do to protect her.

That night Robert Bulteel lay in his berth faint and pallid, but a proud-hearted man! The admiral had knighted him with his own good sword, as he had his sovereign's special commission to do, "in reward for acts of signal valor." He was "Sir Robert Bulteel," but he had a musket-ball in the left shoulder, and had been drained of half the blood in his body.

He had pulled an oar in the foremost boat, and so had earned his honors and his wound: and earned also a few quiet words of Effingham's praise, words which pleased him more just then than the touch of the sword on his shoulder, or the sound of the unwonted title. For Howard of Effingham had that great secret of success as a commander—the power of winning the enthusiastic love of all who served under his flag.

He had also the kindred gifts of remembrance of small things, of words and faces. He had not forgotten Dan Lavin, and his sloop, the "Saucy Susan."

On the 27th of July, the Spaniards had made good their way as far as Calais. Here in as sheltered a position as he could find the Duke of Medina cast anchor.

He wanted a little breathing space: a little time to refit and repair damages. He sent messengers to Parma, bidding him put to sea with his army, "which the Spanish fleet would protect as it were under her wings till it were landed in England."

There, just off the French coast, lay the "Invincible Armada;" looking splendid and powerful enough yet for the conquest of all Britain in spite of what Effingham and his sea-dogs had done against it, the silken banners still flew in the wind, the gilding upon the prows and "towers" was as bright as ever it had been. The "San Mattio," the "Santa Anna," and two or three frigates had been lost it is true, but King Philip must have expected to pay some price for the gratification of his daring ambition:—the conquest of England could scarcely be a costless game.

So the Duke of Medina ranged and rearranged his floating castles there in the narrow seas; looking meanwhile at the cliffs of Kent white and fair in the morning sun; and glancing, not quite so contentedly, at the vessels of Effingham's

fleet which were lying well in sight. The English also were pausing to gather up their strength for the last struggle, the greatest and most terrible of all.

It was then that the English admiral remembered Dan Lavin's shout, "Set her a-fire, my lord! Her cargo of pitch will prove a torch for the rest to dance to."

The "Saucy Susan" and a few other such small craft, blazing "fathoms high" as Lavin had said, would prove very pretty emissaries against that wall of anchored galleons.

It was worth thinking about. Many a time in former sea-fights, had fire-ships done good work; why not try them now?

Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Cecil, Howard; and a few other of the leading captains were summoned on board the "Ark-Raleigh." It must have been a fine sight to see those ardent and war-worn men holding conference, while the issues of events yet hung in so ticklish a balance. They were making English history there; and perhaps they knew it!—although, more likely in their simple, honest souls, they thought only of doing the work they had to do, and cared very little for anything just then, but their ships, the Spaniards, and the queen.

The wind blew fresh west-north-west; there were ugly-looking clouds lurking low on the edge of the sea. "A gale," said more than one sailor to his mate, as he marked the sky-signs, and heard the un-

the fire-tongues leapt and sprang. Surely a more awful onslaught than any that Effingham and all his crews had managed to make from Plymouth to Dungeness!

Far and wide the blaze was reflected; the waves themselves seemed tipped with fire; the low clouds caught the blood-red hue! And through the smoke and fire came, hot and fast, the English cannonade.

The "Ark-Raleigh," the "Golden Lion," the "Bear," the "Mary Rose," and a score of other British ships were speaking again, death and destruction in every roar from their hoarse iron throats. The night was hideous with this noisy storm of fire and shot. The Spaniards were roused in earnest now.

In vain the cumbrous craft strove to weigh anchor with all speed; the haste and confusion threw them against the very danger they sought to avoid. The flaring sides of the "Saucy Susan" scorched more than one gilded galleon, and sent them crashing one against another in a panic of fear and dismay. Cables were cut, and anchors lost, and the great outcry drowned all orders, making the few cool heads and courageous hearts as hopeless as the terrified crowd that tugged madly at ropes, and strove to shake out sails.

And moment by moment the storm rose. Louder and louder the wind moaned and howled. On their lee were the shoals and shallows of the French shore; and ever nearer and faster came the fiery squadron,

ships vast as ours through narrow seas into the actual jaws of death? The English—we are men, and can fight with men—we could master the English; but who can battle with the tempest? Who can sail against the wind? Who can control this evil storm?"

So northward they sailed, more willing to face the dangerous navigation round the whole British Isles than to face again those fatal straits.

Disasters fell on them thick and fast. The wild currents and tide-eddies amongst the western Islands baffled them. Dozens of ships were lost on the coasts of Scotland and of Ireland; hundreds of soldiers and seamen were drowned, and hundreds more, reaching land with pain and peril, only met with a more horrible death from the fury of the avarice of the wild clans of the west.

The old historian, Camden, thus sums up the matter in his quaint language:—"This great Armada, which had been three complete years in rigging and preparing, with infinite expense, was, within one month's space, many times fought with, and at the last overthrown; not an hundred men of the English being missing, nor any one ship lost (for all the shot from the tall Spanish ships flew quite over the English) and after it had been driven round about all Britain, by Scotland, the Orkneys, and Ireland, grievously tossed and very much distressed, impaired and mangled by storms and wrecks, the remnant enduring all manner of miseries, at length returned home with shame and dishonor."

And meanwhile the bells that Doris had heard clanged out their tale of deliverance and joy. And Queen Elizabeth went in high state to "Paul's Church" through the city streets, which were all hung with blue, and there she and her people returned solemn thanks to God—as, indeed, they had good cause to do.

There was wonderful rejoicing through England in the days that followed.

The lifting of the cloud of uncertainty and fear that had hung over the nation for years was in itself a blessing for which to be glad. No one would dare to invade the land now; Philip and the rest of the jealous Catholic kings had received their lesson. England and her religion were safe.

And over the victory itself the nation went wild with joy. The storm had done much: the elements had fought against the Spanish, it is true, but the valor of English seamen had done its work before ever the storm arose. The army had not drawn a sword, but every man felt certain as to what the army would have done had the enemy made good his footing on English soil! And as for the queen—perhaps never before or since has sovereign been so firmly fixed in the proud hearts of a people.

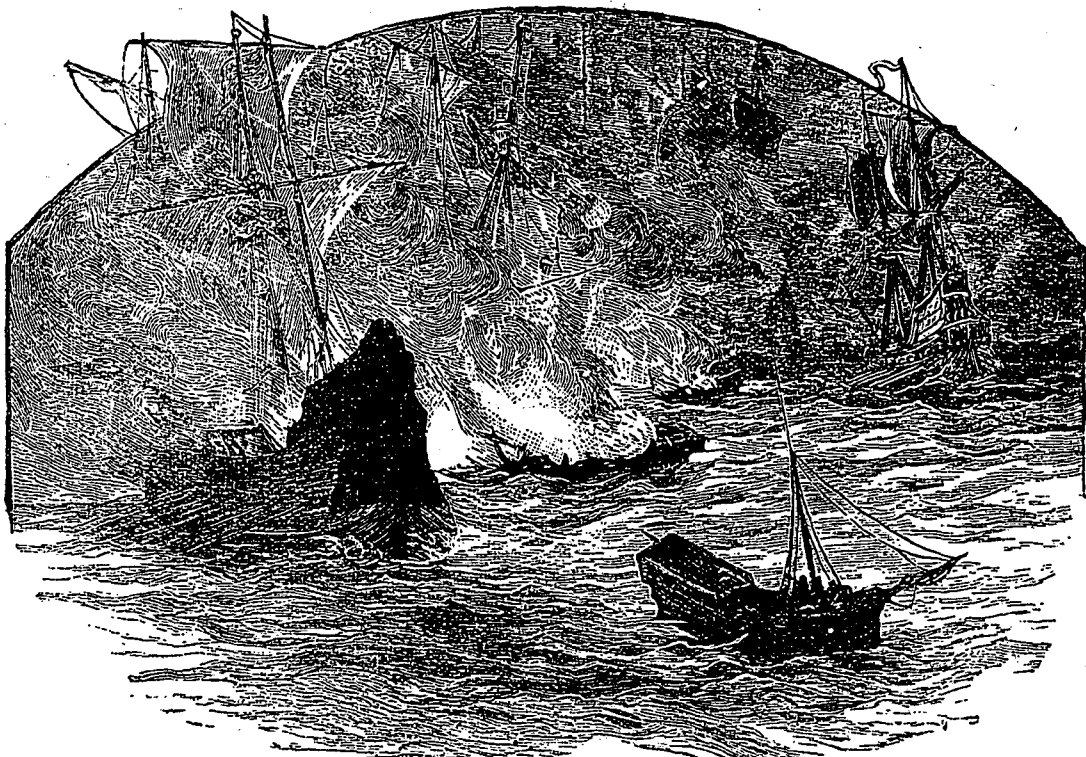
On her side Elizabeth did not do all that she might have done for the men who had served her with such ardor. But she showered honors and rewards on the Admiral and his captains. She thanked the volunteers who had fitted out ships at their private cost; and who had themselves sailed off to the fighting, being ready to risk, not only their ships and their substance, but their very lives to defend their country and their faith.

(To be Continued.)

A LEGEND.

There is a legend of a monk to whom in his chamber the Lord appeared in a vision, bringing great peace and joy to his heart. Scarcely had he been thus favored for a few moments, when the bell summoned him to the duty of distributing bread to the poor. For a moment he hesitated; but he went to his work. "Oh, what a sacrifice to leave this glorious vision for the dull routine of duty!" Returning to his cell, what was his joy to find the vision of the Lord as before, and to be met with the greeting, "Hadst thou tarried, I had departed."

Thus we are taught, that it is sin, not work, which separates us from Christ.



THE FIRE-SHIPS.

easy rattle of the rigging above his head. "A battle and a gale together! well, our tight craft will walk through it better than the strangers yonder, with those high-sided tubs of theirs. But the night looks awkward." And presently it looked more awkward still.

Eight of the smallest of the English fleet were being crammed with every attainable combustible; pitch, rosin, brimstone, oil, anything and everything that would flare and flame in the strong and rising wind.

And then Lavin—with Earle Clatworthy in his boat—and the owners and captains of the rest, got out their hawsers, and towed these eight exactly to windward of the centre of the great block of blackness, out of which the Spanish masts rose like reeds by the river-side.

Then at midnight, when silence had sunk over the shore and the sea, suddenly as with one flash, the saturated ships burst into light and flame.

Higher and higher the red tongues reached, wrapping mast and spar in their fiery cloak, licking up the shrivelling rigging with their fierce breath. Dan Lavin was right, a cargo of pitch-pine and tar can burn and blaze, and hold a torch that can light up very wonderful "dancing" indeed.

Nearer and nearer, drifting full upon the Spanish fleet, those fire-ships came, driven fast and furious by the wind. Dense volumes of smoke rolled low upon the waves, and through and above that smoke

and the savage cannon-mouths of the English broadsides.

What could Medina do but fly before the howling tempest that had burst on him?

More than one of his great galleons went ashore there and then, presently to be boarded and taken by the foe—the crew and soldiers slain, and the treasures and stores pillaged. But the bulk of the huge Armada got clear of the shallows into the wider waters of the North Sea. And there the full force of the gale fell on the devoted ships.

"Let them go," said Effingham, when the dawn showed him fully what had befallen. Their hearts have failed them. They will trouble England no more."

CHAPTER VII.

"Their hearts had failed them." Effingham's words were true. The pride and courage of Spain had broken, broken as a stately tree may be snapped by a hurricane. It was no longer a mighty fleet in orderly array, but a mob of ships, torn and shattered, that ran before the gale into the stormy waters of the North Sea.

"Their hearts have failed them." Yes; it was in vain that Medina strove to rally some few, at least, of his huge craft, and collect strength enough to force the straits in the teeth of the wind and the English.

"He is mad," those highborn and most terrified Dons said as they heard his useless orders and frantic pleadings. "Mad! for who but a madman could talk of taking