VOL. XXV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1874.

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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND:

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETE.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER XVIII .- (CONTINUED.)

While speaking, Ralph also set down his lamp, and seising the damsel with his single hand, he dragged her in spite of her entreaties and shricks, along the gallery. A strange step, was on the stairs and a loud voice made the ruffien forbear. Startled by that voice, Ralph partially relaxed his hold, and Gertrude extricating herself, fled back to the chamber whither she was followed by Ralph, now swearing horribly that she should not escape him. There was a rushing of feet along the gallery, a loud cry from the Puritan, the report of a pistol, and a large enough to contain the huge amount of its pre-heavy fall; then as the smoke from the discharge sent happiness; and as she hung upon the low of the weapon disappeared, the figure of a cavalier advanced into the chamber. He stepped across the body of Ralph, who lay shot through the brain upon the threshold, and eagerly looked round the room In the back ground was the dusky-looking bed, and near the hearth, on which the last faint embers of the fire were now decaying, stood Gertrude Harding, her hands clasped, her features pale and rigid, and at her feet the shrouded body of the dead Euphrasia.

The light of the lamps, which yet burned upon the table, discovered to Gertrude the features of the onvalier, and she sprung forward with a shrick of joy. Was that a moment in which a generous spirit could hearken to the cold dictates of a worldly pride? Conventional prejudice on the one side, and timid, maidenly reserve on the other, were alike borne down by a torrent of a natural emotion and Gertrude was clasped to the heart of Leonard Dacre, and drank in his murmured tones the assurance of a love as ardent, as undying as her own. Lord Daore was for the time forgetful of his high blood-an advantage in those days so greatly valued that even his mind had not fully learned to rate it only at its worth. This sense of conventional impropriety in that passionate love which he felt for the merchant's daughter had, indeed, hitherto deluded him into belief that he did not love her -that gratitude, and esteem, and friendship gave her the strong interest which he could not deny that she possessed in his heart. But again, it had been his fate to save her, and in circumstances even more appalling than those under which he had rescued her before. The surprise, the confusion the delight of that moment was too strong for the deceptions of the cunning heart, and Lord Daere owned his pas-

sion alike to its object and to himself. Leaning on his arm, Gertrude now descended to the lower apartments of the house. A convulsive shudder passed through her frame as she looked apon the body of the fanalic Bolph, as it lay with dark pool of blood curdling round it. Now she found that Lord Dacre, travelling at a late hour to the dwelling of one of his friends, an advocate of Mary's cause, had been overtaken by the storm; that, unknowing where to seek shelter, he had re-membered the old house in the glen which had once belonged to her father, but which domestic mistor-tune had induced him many years before to desert; and there he had arrived immediately after the arrival of Ralph. The shricks of Gernude had arrested his attention, and the threatened violence of Ralph had provoked the discharge of that pistol which had terminated together his life and his crimes. Gertrude, it may be believed was not slow to inform Lord Department

Leenard Daore had a generous heart it would not give itself by halves; and as he hum over the merchant's daughter, and won from her again the assurance of her leve, so often did he execute the

ideal delights-that memory which cheers the broken spirit from which the once fond belief in thy reality has already departed—tor we will think that a joy so entrancing is not confined to this im-perfect and finite being, that the time and existence shall be when love will not fleet from us like the beauty of the summer rose, like the painted butterfly that nestles in its breast

It was not long after the arrival of Lord Dacre at the house in the glen that the storm fell. Gertrude was nervously anxious to quit the dreadful house. She feared the arrival of the Earl, for it was unlikely that he would come unattended; and from the thought of danger to Lord Dacre she shrunk in Colleges, Convents, Separate an agony of terror boyond any which she had ever experienced for herself. While the storm raged Leonard had endeavored only to soothe her under those terrors, but foolbardiness is not courage, and he was not blind to the probability that there might be fearful odds against his single arm should be be unfortunately compelled to linger in the glen with Gertrude until the hour when Leicester might arrive. So soon, therefore, as the violence of the rain had abated he walked to the door of the house, hoping to estimate by the appearance of the skies the probable chances that he might speedily secure a departure. Immediately that Lord Dacre opened the door he was sensible of a sudden change in the atmosphere. The wind still swept by the light of the lamp which Gertrude held within the doorway, he perceived that it had already changed to glitter-ing icicles the drops of water that had trickled from its eave. The stars, too, had broken out and shone with the intense brilliancy of a severe frost, and the sullen roaring of the river was subdued. Most earnnest now were Gertrude's entreaties for an immediate departure, and as Lord Dacre was acquainted with every foot almost of the glen he did not long delay in yielding to those entreaties. Such offices of Christian charity as are due to the dead, Gertrude had already rendered to the unhappy Euphrasia.

And Leonard now brought to the door of the house his own horse, together with that which Ralph had ridden, and which Gertrude did not hesitate to appropriate to her own use. These animals had been sheltered from the storm in one of the ruined outbuildings.

Sweet, too, in their smothered utterance, were the words with which Lord Dacre led the damsel from that fatal house. And the vows which had been pledged at the midnight hour, and witnessed by the lead—deeply were those yows recorded in their hearts who gave and spoke. When they were both mounted, and Lord Dacre took the bridle of her horse to guide it up the glen, how natural was it that, as the hand of Gertrude must also be kept upon the rein, it should often tremble in the grasp of ner noble lover. Her lover! She, the lowly daughter of John Harding, the promised bride of Leonard Dacre, the guiding star of her thoughts, the hero of her early dreams. Gertrude's heart did not seem breathing voice of Leonard, she seemed better to believe its passionate vows the more frequently that they were repeated. There is something sad, though, even in an excess of happiness; and as Gertrude looked up to the starry sky the tears stole into her eyes. The magnitude even of her bliss made her tremble for its duration, and the bright skies reminded her of brighter worlds. Was not such happiness as here better fitted to those worlds than this? There was a holiness of sorrow in the thought, and in timid accents did Gertrude impart it to her lover.

"And thou," replied Leonard Dacre, "who canst shame man in his boasted courage and endurance, and surpassest woman in all the tender virtues of her sex, my gentle, my exalted love, mayst not thou hope for heavenly happiness on earth—that earth which thou dost grace with the fair attributes of heaven? Dim not then with tears, even of tenderness, the young May morning of our joy."
"Be not thou," answered Gertrude, "among the

list of those fair ones who would corrupt my foolish heart : for, in sooth, that which thou swearest I cannot choose but believe."

"Believe, then," replied Leonard Dacre, "that the heart, decrest, can bear with happiness no less than with gorrow.'

By the time that they had reached the mouth of the glen, a faint streak in the cast betokened the approach of morning. Lord Dacre had declared to Gertrude his design of conveying her to his castle of Rockliffe, which was but five miles distant from Carlisle. In this castle he said she might again enjoy the companionship of the gentle Blanche Norton, who, with her husband and his brothers, were residing there. Anxiously, too, now that the tumult of her feelings had somewhat subsided, did Gertrude

enquire the fate of the two Earls:

"Alas," answered Leonard, "in spite of my entreaties they resolved, without another struggie, to vield to the power of Elizabeth; and the day after that on which you were torn from the company of Mistress Blanche, did they flee with their wives and Father Outhbert into Scotland. There are many true spirits and but few traitors among the brave clans of the Scottish border; and heaven grant our noble friends meet only with the first."

"Heaven indeed grant it !" replied Gertrude, "But I pray you dear and noble Lord, if any portion of success crown your single and gallant endeavor, will they still lark as exiles to the land of their

"I'do hope, mine own love," answered Leonard Dacre, "to show them yet how much may be done by a determined few: Power is as much, won by a to inform Lord Dacre of the promised return of the to inform Lord Dacre of the promised return of the moral as by a physical force. Couldwe defeat only Earl of Leicester, and how too, he first learned to portion of Elizabeth's armies, the courage of the what evils she had been subjected by the profigate what evils she had been subjected by the profigate suit of that most abandoned among men. rather the danger which may result from a noble resistance to the principle of injustice, than the lew

did he mention of a silver crucifix. At the name of the crucifix, Gertrude spoke of that which she had seen in the house of the Ambassador; and Lord Dacre concluded with herself that the scroll which it contained, having fallen into the hands of the Ministers, had, fatally for him who was concerned in it, developed the plot for Mary's deliverance; and that this unhappy person was the same whom Lord Dacro had beheld emerge from the ditch, and who had rescued Gertrude in the vault, they were also satisfied. Neither did they doubt that Leicester was connected with the discovery for he indeed had been the assailant of Gertrude in the gallery of Vitelli's house. The futile attempt of Lord Dacre himself to liberate the unhappy Queen of Scots, he had already detailed to Gertrude.

They had for some time quitted the glen, and were traversing that broken rocky road through which Gertrude had been during the preceding week conducted by Euphrasia. The morning was now beginning fairly to break; one by one the bright stars paled and disappeared, the sharp wind, however, still continued to blow, and as the day slowly spread over the horizon, the wild landscape which surrounded the travellers—wooded knoll and splintered pinnacle, dark hollow and wildly spreading wood—appeared invested in one lovely robe of white. The last shower of hall still lay in frozen heaps upon the shelving bosom of the rocks; and the green moss and many colored lichens, the fragile delicate birch, the richly verdant holly and arbutus, the knotted branches of the venerable cak, and the evergroen fir were alike hung with a glittering garment of hoar frost. Nothing could be more beautiful than this frost, beheld through the long vists of rocks on which the trees and shrubs aparkled with more than a silvery lustre; a light transparent mist, too, foating among the hollows and between the boles of the tress, increased, by partly veiling, the charm of the scene; while cold and dull, though striking in its contrast, spread the wintry sky, with one lingering star shining sweetly amid its gray depths. Lord Dacre and his fair companion had nearly reached that point of the road which diverged from amid the rocks and cataracts to that more level and wooded ground, where Gertrude had thought that she had discerned the towers of a monastery or castle. It was then that her quick and anxious car caught the distant sound of horse's hoofs borne upon the breeze. The Earl of Leicester was immediately present to her mind, and with a countenance full of terror she turned to Lord Dacre, and besought him to conduct her to some place of concealment.

"Be not so alarmed, mine own sweet love!" said Leonard. "They who approach may indeed be Leicester, with some of the creatures of his vil-lainy, but flinch you not for that, I will take a road which shall preclude the chance even of a meeting."

Lord Dacre hereupon turned his horse's head from the path which he had been lately pursuing, into a narrow ravine which ran for some way amid barren and precipitous rocks; suddenly the ground changed its character, the eminences grew less abrupt and sterile, till on either side of the travellers rose gentle swelling hills, clothed even to their summit with woods. Still as they advanced the woods thickened, and the eminences stretched into the distance, till Gertrude found herself travelling in a valley where the multitude of trees bestowed all the grace of forest scenery. Now, too, as the sun rose red as torch light on the eastern verge of the horizon, and flung his rays athwart the valley, now it was that the chill splendors of the forest were pre-eminent. Oak, and beech, and tasseled hazel copse were the same radiant robe; clumps and canopies of white and dazzling boughs were tinged by the lurid sunbeam with such a faint and lovely pink as blushes on the many colored opal; while if here and there the rime had melted from the ciustered berries, or verdant wreaths of the holly bush, they did but make more beautiful by contrast the twisted branches and delicate tendrils which were still invested in its sparkling crust.

Ever and anon too, as our travellers passed through this valley, Gertrude caught a glimpse of a river that flowed at its foot. Some way further did they proceed, when a sudden opening discovered to her, rising dim and dark, the rains of an ancient monastery. Spoliation, rather than time, seemed to have been the destruction of that venerable pile; for in the lancet-shaped windows yet glittered some remnants of stained glass, and the slender shafts between those windows had in more than one place been rudely shivered.

Lord Dacre now reined in his horse, and said : "Will it not seem meet to my gentle Gertrude to plead for our lady's grace amid the ruins of Laner-

cost ?" "Aye, dear Lord," answered Gertrude, "and be lieve I estimate that feeling which has conducted

me hither." Hereupon Lord Dacre, dismounting, lifted the maiden from her horse, and tethering both animals to a tree, he took her hand to lead her towards the ruined chancel of the church. At that moment the figure of a man, somewhat bent by age, issued from a copse at a little distance. He immediately perceived Lord Dacre and his companion, and quickened his step to as much speed perhaps as his years and infirmities would permit; but Lord Dacre, still holding Gertrude by the hand, advanced to meet him. Nothing could be more touching or venerable than the appearance of this old man; a few locks of hair, as white as sliver, hung about his brow, his face, the outline of which was fine, had tong been wasted and made pale by years and austerlies; his figure, which had once been tall, now drooped considerably in the shoulders, and his garment was a dle of sticks, which he had been apparently collecting in the copplice. In spite of the extreme poverty of his appearance, there was an air of serenity,

pays itself in the bestowal. If this damsel have in-

that ruined temple of her religion, the graceful pointed arch rising solitary in mid air, and grass growing amongst the stones beneath its span, the tall columns garlanded with ivy or prone upon the ground, half hidden by the nettles and nightshade; while the aliar had been torn down, and the sculptured form of the saint hurled from its canopied niche. Father Alban paused as he led the way among the gray ruins, and turning to his companions he said.

"Our good brother Basil is to say mass for a sick stranger whom we found almost dying in the woods last night. Of our faith he is, and a severe sufferer from the cruel vengeance of her whom the divine wrath has decreed as the ruler of these realms. Will it please you, dear Lord, and this pious maiden, to think of the unhappy stranger in your prayers."

"A sufferer from the Queen's vengeance and a stranger!" exclaimed Gertrude. "I pray you, good Father, comes he from London?" "Even so, as I believe, damsel," answered Father

Alban. "Alas, I fear he is sick unto death, but his speech is torever of his daughter." To Gertrude the idea of her tather was alone pre-

sent, and she now pleaded in the most earnest terms for permission to see this sick stranger. "My daughter," replied the monk, "your wish shall be soon granted. I will hope thou mayest not

find thine own father in the unhappy stranger; but the prayer of youth is fervent, and its face is pleasant near the sick couch."

As he spoke thus the prior approached a portion of the ruins among which a cluster of high bushes had grown up, not perhaps by a mere chance. One of these bushes he pushed aside, and then discovered several stone steps at the bottom of which appeared a low browed arched entrance, apparently leading to the Abbey vaults. Down these steps he summoned Lord Dacro and Gertrude; and on passing the arch they found themselves in a long, low passage. Some little way from the entrance a pale light issued apparently from a niche in the wall.— When they arrived at this niche, Gertrude and Lord Dacre perceived a rude pedestal or altar, on which stood a little stone figure of St. Austin, the original patron of the abbey. Before this figure burned an iron lamp, which Father Alban took from the chain on which it hung, in order to light his companions through those murky passages, which habit would have enable him to thread alone without its assist-

They then proceeded, Lord Dacre endeavoring by suggested that the sick stranger could be no of than her father.

CHAPTER XIX.

Teodoro.—Ma il freddo, Mio volto, il lagrimar tuo piu non sento, Dove sei Lodovico? Lodovico.-A te prostratata.

Teodoro.—Ov'e la figlis mis? Piu non la sento. Ah le perdoni il ciolo! (Muore.)

Lodovico.-Padre adorato i ci non e piu. Eufemio di Messina.

Fra le tue braccia.

PRILIGO.

Some way did Father Alban lead his companions among the vaults, till he arrived at one which he and his two poor brethren—the sad remnant of the once large and happy community-had fitted up as a dwelling. Here they were supported principally by such game and fish as they would catch in the woods and in the river. Fuel, too, they collected in the woods about the Abbey; and such a small portion of bread and other necessaries as were needful to their slender wants they procured by the sale of rush-baskets, which part of their time was employed in weaving and which were sold for them at Carlisle by a peasant who dwelt on the borders of what had once been the Abbey lands. This man, too, yet adhering to the ancient faith, often indeed took a portion from his own little store to increase the few comforts of the poor tathers, whose retreat he kept most carefully and faithfully concealed. Latterly, indeed, the existence of those three poor monks had become known to Lord Dacre, and with tears of gratitude did they receive from his hands an amount of gold which he, in bestowing it, considered a small one, but which they declared would support with comparative luxuries the little remnant of their

The low door of the vault, which Father Alban now opened, creaked heavily on its hinges, and the faint voice of the invalid stranger, enquiring who was there, was not heard except by the good brother Hilary, who sat by his couch, and who, stooping to catch the sick man's words, screened his person for a moment from the anxious gaze of Gertrude. This woult which she now entered literally merited that name—the flooring was of the cold earth, and the ribbed arches which extended over it were, like the walls, of stone. The red smoky flame issuing from an iron lamp which hung from the centre arch threw a dingy light on the surrounding objects. A small caken table there was, and two or three joint stouls, with a few cooking utensils piled habit of the consest serge, fastened by a girdle in one corner; the fire, which the monks were acabout the waist. In his thin hands he held a bun customed to kindle upon a broad iron plate, they had been obliged to extinguish, for as there was no ontlet for the smoke but by a narrow grating in the Leenard Daore had a generous nearth of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility itself by halves; and has he hung over the sistance to the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of the principle of injustice, than the low mobility for single of the principle of the princip well, and by the door way, it had too much incommeded the poor sick stranger. Two or three steps sociates to the cottage of Oicely Merton and her hus-led from this want date the crypt, and the wide band. All these particulars had Mancini detailed

"That, noble Dacre," said the old monk, "is but a lars and round arches of the Saxon era. But devoted slight grace for you to demand, and one which over- as was Gertrude to the altars of her crushed faith, she looked not towards the crypt-her eyes, her deed labored in the cause of our suffering faith, she heart, sought only the sick stranger, and she sprung is but poorly paid by the warmest blessings of the towards the humble pallet on which he lay extend-

diction of the ill-fated prior, and he then led the way towards the church. Ah, how sorrowfully and indignantly did her heart swell as the leaders of the brow, as if to hide some wound and formally and indignantly did her heart swell as the leaders. too truly his horrible approaches even in her father's face. At length her agony found words.

"I have done this! I have murdered you, my father? Oh, this had not been if I had not fled from London-if I had myself stayed to glut the vengeance of Elizabeth!

"Nay, my child," said John Harding; "that had been to destroy thyself in vain. Thou hast done, Gertrude, even as I would have willed. But what blessed chance, my child, has brought thee here, and who is that cavalier who stands in the shade of the dark column? Mine eyes grow weak, and I dare not trust the hope that in him I behold my ever dear and noble Lord of Gilsland."

At these words Lord Dacro, who had shrunk back in deference to the agony of Gertrude, advanced to the side of the sick man's couch, and falling on his knees bitterly reproached himself that he had ever implicated the unfortunate merchant in his own hazardous designs.

"Grieve not for that, dear Lord," answered John Harding. "I am proud even to die in the cause of my religion and of Queen Mary. I am habpy once more to behold my Gertrude and to commend her to your generous care."

"But how, my father," sobbed Gertrude, "have you been reduced to this lamentable condition, or how have you escaped from your prison house?"

Then it was that John Harding, lifting the bandage that bound his brow, showed the yet unhealed wound of the branding iron, and detailed to his appalled daughter the mode in which he had been driven from that city where he was once honored and beloved. It needed not the cruel taunt of Elizabeth, bidding him to go seek his daughter, to send him, though penniless and on foot, upon the welcome task. In his toilsome journey John Harding had not had reason to complain of inhumanity. Firing and food barl been afforded to him by these whose charity was the more exemplary that their own portion was but scant. But the rigours of the season and the continued walking had been too much for the frame of the merchant, already debilitated by his imprisonment. He had wished to reach Rockliffe Castle, where he had hoped to find Lord Dacre, but his strength had on the preceding evening totally failed him, and he sunk down in the woods of Lancrost prepared to die. There he had been found by the benevolent monks, and by them he was conveyed to their own only secure retreat. Many were the tears which Gertrude shed the way to whisper comfort to Gertrude, whose fears during this recital, and scarce did the intelligence seen Lucy in safety for a space to check their course. On that day on which the lips of Elizabeth had pronounced his doom, John Harding had observed among the crowd the features of his niece, at the moment when, horror stricken at the situation in which she beheld her father and uncle, the damsel had sunk senseless in her lover's arms. Amid the horrors of his own sentence, the magnanimous spirit of John Harding had been not a little sustained by the knowledge that his beloved Lucy was at liberty, and that for her father the Queen had prenounced a doom less severe than that to which he was himself sentenced. He knew, too, that she was with Henry Willoughton, for he had been at no loss to surmise who was that muffled cavalier to whom Lucy had turned for protection in the paroxysm of her grief. More clearly, too, were Gertrude and Lord Dacre now able to develop that mysterious chain of circumstances which was connected with the conspiracy of Babington and the old house in Blackfriars.

The unfortunate secretary, Mancini, had in the tower been confined in a cell which communicated with that of John Harding; and finding that his fellow prisoner was a Catholic, and the father of that beautiful damsel who had visited the Ambassador, he revealed to the merchant all the tale of his imprudences and his wrongs. Having when he hired it, and before his master's arrival in England, discovered some of those strange hiding places which the house in Blackfriars contained, he spoke of them as well adapted for their meetings to Babington and his friends, whom he knew to be engaged in a conspircy against the Government of Elizabeth .-But that wily Government had its spice ever on the alert, and they also became acquainted with the vaults and the secret passages of Vitelli's house,-Hence it was that the plot of the conspirators was watched even from the very dawn of its existence. On the night when Lord Dacre visited the Ambassador Mancini had indeed gone to bed, after having conducted the dripping and half insone Babington to the deserted apartment which contained the secret door to the vaults, which door, having been by ac-cident left open, bad admitted Gertrude to that apartment in the morning. But there Babington was met by an emissary of Leicester, the same who had in the morning sent the letter which had summoned that nobleman from the dwelling of Sir Philip Wynyard at Eltham to the house in Blackfriars, where he was lurking himself to discover Babington when he met Gortrude in the gallery. Mancini knew not that that gallery communicated

with the vaults.

By this emissary of Leicester was Babington state. bed, and it was his grown which excited the attention of Lord Dacre and Vitelli, and his blood which they found scattered on the floor, the Government spy having already conveyed him away by the secret door, which they could not discover. From the vaults however, where that spy was compelled to leave him, Babington was carried by his own as-