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JUST PUBLISHED: FINE ENGRAVING OF FATHER MATHEW. We take great pleasure in announcing the publication of a beautiful portrait of the GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, THE RISING IN THE NORTH. AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED)

While speaking, Ralph also set down his lamp, and seizing the damsel with his single hand, he dragged her in spite of her entreaties and shrieks, along the gallery. A strange step, was on the stairs and a loud voice made the ruffian forbear.

The light of the lamps, which yet burned upon the table, discovered to Gertrude the features of the cavalier, and she sprang forward with a shriek of joy. Was that a moment in which a generous spirit could hearken to the cold dictates of a worldly pride?

Leaving on his arm, Gertrude now descended to the lower apartments of the house. A convulsive shudder passed through her frame as she looked upon the body of the fanatic Ralph, as it lay with a dark pool of blood curdling round it.

ideal delights—that memory which cheers the broken spirit from which the once fond belief in thy reality has already departed—or we will think that a joy so entrancing is not confined to this imperfect 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 shrank in an agony of terror beyond any which she had ever experienced for herself.

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 dead—dearly were those vows recorded in their hearts who gave and spoke.

"Believe, then," replied Leonard Dacre, "that the heart, dearest, can bear with happiness no less than with sorrow. By the time that they had reached the mouth of the glen, a faint streak in the east betokened the approach of morning.

"Alas," answered Leonard, "in spite of my entreaties they resolved, without another struggle to yield 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.

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 Dacre had beheld emerge from the ditch, and who had rescued Gertrude in the vault, they were also satisfied.

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.

"Be not so alarmed, mine own sweet love!" said Leonard. "They who approach may indeed be Leicester, with some of the creatures of his villainy, but since you are 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.

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 ruins of an ancient monastery. Spoilation, 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 grave amid the ruins of Lanercost?"

"Aye, dear Lord," answered Gertrude, "and believe 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 silver, hung about his brow, his face, the outline of which was fine, had long been wasted and made pale by years and austerities; his figure, which had once been tall, now drooped considerably in the shoulders, and his garment was a habit of the coarsest serge, fastened by a girdle about the waist.

"That, noble Dacre," said the old monk, "is but a slight grace for you to demand, and one which overpays itself in the bestowal. If this damsel have indeed labored in the cause of our suffering faith, she is but poorly paid by the warmest blessings of the last Prior of Lanercost."

Gertrude bent her head to the murmured benediction of the ill-fated prior, and he then led the way towards the church. Ah, how sorrowfully and indignantly did her heart swell as she looked upon 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 altar had been torn down, and the sculptured form of the saint hurled from its canopy niche.

"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 forever of his daughter."

To Gertrude the idea of her father was alone present, 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 broved arched entrance, apparently leading to the Abbey vaults. Down these steps he summoned Lord Dacre 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 enabled him to thread alone without its assistance.

They then proceeded, Lord Dacre endeavoring by the way to whisper comfort to Gertrude, whose fears suggested that the sick stranger could be no other than her father.

CHAPTER XIX.

Teodoro.—Ma il freddo, Mio volte, il lagrimar tuo piu non sento, Dove sei Lodovico?

Lodovico.—Ave te prostrata, Fra le tue braccia.

Teodoro.—Ove la figlia mia? Piu non la sento. Ah le perdoni il cielo! (Muore.)

Lodovico.—Padre adorato! ei non e piu. Eufemio di Messina. FINE.

Some way did Father Alban lead his companions among the vaults, till he arrived at one which he and his two 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. Fenel, 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 nuns, whose retreat he kept most carefully and faithfully concealed. Latterly, indeed, the existence of these 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 days.

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 vault 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 oaken table there was, and two or three joint stools, with a few cooking utensils piled in one corner; the fire, which the monks were accustomed to kindle upon a broad iron plate, they had been obliged to extinguish, for as there was no outlet for the smoke but by a narrow grating in the wall, and by the door-way, it had too much incumbered the poor sick stranger. Two or three steps led from this vault into the crypt, and the wide massive doors at the summit of these steps were now thrown open, in order to afford the sick person a view of what was passing at the altar, which brother Basil was preparing for the celebration of the Mass; upon the altar burned some tapers, purchased by the bounty of Lord Dacre, and several lamps of similar kind, and some flowers, which had been placed upon the altar, and which were now being lighted up by the old monk. A solemn choir of voices was heard, and the music of the organ was heard, and the truth of the monk's place was, in a word, revealed to the sick man.

lars and round arches of the Saxon era. But devoted as was Gertrude to the altar of her crushed faith, she looked not towards the crypt—her eyes, her heart, sought only the sick stranger, and she sprang towards the humble pallet on which he lay extended. But who shall describe her feelings when, in the pale, pain-worn features she did indeed recognize those of her father. A bandage encircled his brow, as if to hide some wound; and Gertrude, doomed to grow familiar even with Death, traced 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 Dacre, 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 implored 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 happy 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. Eating and food had been afforded to him by those 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 Lanercost 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 during this recital, and scarce did the intelligence that her father had seen Lucy in safety avail even 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 sister, at the moment when, horror-stricken at the situation in which she beheld her father and woe, 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 pronounced 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 conspiracy against the Government of Elizabeth. But that wily Government had its spies even 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 insane Babington to the deserted apartment which contained the secret door to the vaults, which door, having been by accident left open, had 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 Wymond; at Eltham to the house in Blackfriars, where he was lurking himself to discover Babington when he met Gertrude in the gallery. Mancini knew not that that gallery communicated with the vaults.

By this emissary of Leicester was Babington attended, and it was his groan 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 associates to the cottage of Cicely Merton and her husband. All these particulars had Mancini detailed to John Harding, who now repeated them to his daughter, and Lord Dacre, with the additional intelligence that the unfortunate youth had died upon the spot, whereon, after all his confessions, he had been again placed under the supposition that he had more yet to reveal. Of the fate of Babington and his associates, the merchant, though there could be little doubt as to their being committed to the gallows, and their names being put to the truth of the monk's place was, in a word, revealed to the sick man.