

sound of approaching voices, and the sonorous tones of Mr. Broadhead, the chaplain, were distinctly recognized, speaking in no very conciliating accents.

"I tell thee, boy," he said, "thou art in the broad road which leadeth to destruction."

"Do you think so, father?" returned his companion, who was one of the torch-bearers, and still carried the blazing insignium of his office; "and what shall I do to find my way out of it?"

"Abjure the devil and his works, if thou art desirous of returning to the right path," he replied.

"You mean the Pope and the church, I suppose," said the boy, with a tone of simplicity; "like my lady's chaplain, who, I am told, often edifies his hearers on this topic."

"It would be well for thee to hearken to him, boy; and perchance it might prove a word in season to thy soul's refreshment."

"It has sometimes proved a refreshment to my body," said the boy; "his exhortations are so soothing they are apt to lull one to sound repose."

"Thou art a flippant youth!" said the chaplain, stopping abruptly, and sharply eyeing him.

"But I pity thy delusion," he added after a brief pause, "and I charge thee to remember, that if thou hast access to the true word, and turnest from it, thou can'st not make the plea of ignorance, in extenuation of thy crime."

"It is no fault in me to believe as I have been taught," he replied; "and it would ill become me to dispute the doctrines which I have received from those who have a claim on my obedience."

"They are evil doctrines, child; perverse heresies to lead men astray, into the darkness of error and idolatry."

"I could not have believed it!" answered the boy gravely; "I thought I was listening to the truth, from my lady's chaplain!"

"And who says that I do not teach the truth? I who have made it my study and delight from my youth upwards."

"Not I truly; but your reverence chides me for believing in error, when my belief is daily confirmed by your own instructions and example."

"Who are you that presume to say so? and with these vestments of Satan on your back, to bear witness of your falsehood?" demanded the chaplain.

"Now may the saints defend me from your anger! I did not mean to offend," said the boy, shrinking from his extended hand, and bending his head, as if to count the beads of a rosary which hung around his neck.

"Did I teach you this mummerly?" resumed the irritated Scot; did I teach you to put on these

robes of the devil, and hold that lighted torch to him, as you have but now done!"

"I crave your pardon," returned the boy; "I thought it was my lady's chaplain whom I was lighting across the yard, but your reverence knows the truth better than I do."

As he thus spoke, he waved the torch on high, and the light fell full upon the excited features of Mr. Broadhead. A laugh from De Valette, who had unobserved drawn near enough to overhear them, startled both, and checked the angry reply which was bursting from the chaplain's lips. He surveyed the intruder a moment in stubborn silence, probably aware from former experience, that the gay young catholic had not much veneration for his person or character. The boy hastily extinguished his torch, murmuring half aloud,

"His reverence may find his way back in the dark as he best can, and it will be well if he does not need the light of my torch before he is safe in his own quarters. Light the devil indeed!—a good jest, if he knew all."

"What are you muttering about boy?" asked De Valette.

"About my torch, and the devil, and other good catholics, please your honor," he answered carelessly.

"Have a care, sirrah!" said De Valette; "I allow no one, in my presence, to speak disrespectfully of the religion of my country."

"It is a good cloak," he replied; "and I would not abuse a garment which has just served me, however worthless it may be in reality."

"It may have been worn for false purposes," said De Valette, "but its intrinsic value is not diminished on that account. Would you intimate that you have assumed it to answer some sinister design?"

"And supposing I have?" he asked, "what then?"

"Why, then you are a hypocrite."

"It is well for my lord's lieutenant to speak of hypocrisy," said the boy laughing; "it is like Satan preaching sanctity; tell the good puritans of Boston that the *soi-disant* Hugonot, who worshipped in their conventicle with so much decorum, is a papist, and what, think you, would they say?"

"Who are you, that dare speak to me thus?" asked De Valette angrily.

"That is a question which I do not choose to answer; I care not to let strangers into my secret counsels."

"You are impertinent, boy," returned De Valette; "yet your bearing shows that you have discernment enough to distinguish between right