

# FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

## CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The long-trying and loving hearts were one at last, bound together in sacramental union. They were one now, hand clasped in hand, and heads bowed low, no power can part them now—none save the angel of death can ever break that bond. The Mass goes on; and we, in these days of peace, who can scarce keep out distracting thoughts, who think the too frequent Mass almost a weariness, might envy those breathless worshippers while they followed every act of that stupendous mystery, might envy the rapt devotion of those communicants. The Mass was ended, the altar was removed, all trace was gone of the holy occupation, and Father de Lisle turned to give a short and parting exhortation to the little flock he was to leave on the morrow, when suddenly a violent knocking at the outer gate silenced him. There was a hasty glance around; each knew well it was the coming of the pursuers. Then Mary, coming forward quickly, proposed her plan.

The porter was sent to prolong as best he might, by excuses, the entrance of the unwelcome guests. Some of the servants hurried to bed, with the hope of having been supposed to be there all the time. The others trusted that the sudden alarm would itself form an excuse for their appearance. Mary's bridal dress was hastily dragged off, and she sat down by the side of Blanche. While this was going on, some planks of the flooring had been raised, and Father de Lisle at once sprang into the living grave that apparently yawned before him.

"Are you safe?" whispered Henry Thoresby from above.

"Yes, quite, thank you," answered Walter.

"Is there space enough?"

"Yes, just enough," he answered. "It is like a coffin, but it is high, and there is plenty of air. Think no more of me for the present."

The plank was laid down again, and Henry hurried after his father, who stood in the hall ready to receive the visitors that were now entering.

"Ha, Sir Robert," said Mr. Sheriff Parker, "I am sorry to disturb you at this time; but, indeed, good sir, these infringements of the law must not be permitted; if you will persist in disobeying her Majesty's Privy Council's most excellent commands—"

"We will not argue that point, good Mr. Sheriff," said Sir Robert with his calm, dignified manner; "but let me enquire the cause of this unwonted disturbance at night. To a man in whose house there lies as you know well, a daughter ill as mine, it is truly a matter of serious annoyance."

"Well, well, Sir Robert," said the Sheriff, drawing himself up, "if you will harbor Popish priests in your house, you must bear the penalty. Now, produce him at once, I pray you, my good sir."

"Nay, nay, Master Sheriff," said Sir Robert, "and thou hast come with—let me see how many—three clerks and four pursuivants to find one man, it would be a pity to do their work. Search for him ye want, good masters, with all the speed ye can."

Then ensued one of those scenes so frequent then and for two centuries afterwards in Catholic houses; the pursuivants scattered themselves over the house, every chamber was entered, cupboards opened, tapestry rent aside; they struck their wands on the walls in order to find out hidden panels, and stamped on the floor to see if that too were hollow. When they reached the door of Blanche's chamber, Henry was there.

"I pray you good sir, to enter gently, if you must enter the sick chamber of my sister."

"Most certainly we must," returned the sheriff; "'tis the most likely place to find the rebel we trow. The ladies are ever compassionate towards the unfortunate."

Henry's color rose at the taunt; but resistance being useless and suspicious, he suffered them to enter. The sight of Blanche's pale face and helpless form, and Mary, scarce less pale, sitting by her side, moderated a little the fury of the searchers. Still they walked round the room, pulled aside the tapestry looked under Blanche's bed, opened a closet that stood in one corner, and finally struck their staves against the wall, behind which Walter was sheltered. Each blow went like a sharp pain through the hearts of the listeners; but the good walls of Thoresby were true, and gave back no echo.

"Nothing there" said one of the men; "'tis an unlikely place for tricks of that kind, for 'tis the very centre of the house. Upstairs, nearer the roof, is the more likely place for these kind of animals to burrow. I have routed out two or three in my time."

The men withdrew from Blanche's chamber, and rushed upstairs. For the next hour or two the most frightful riot ensued, shouting and hallooing to each other, and turning to curses as they found their game was missing.

"I shall be under the necessity, Sir Robert," said the Sheriff pompously, "of leaving three men in your house on guard, for the information I received was too certain to be mistaken, that there is a popish priest in your house, and we are determined he shall not escape."

"As you will, Mr. Sheriff," said Sir Robert indifferently; "'tis a heavy expense and trouble, but to that I must submit as best I may. You will find however, your precautions useless."

The three men did stay, and kept so sharp a watch that during the whole day no communication could possibly be held with Walter, and the keenest anxiety was entertained on his account by his friends. It had a terrible effect upon poor Blanche, and Mary was terrified at the burning fever that came on, and the restless starts of agony at every noise. At supper time the servants contrived to drug the wine, taken in plentiful quantity by the sheriff's men, and their sleep in consequence was too sound to be easily broken. The planks were again removed, and Henry, kneeling down, called for Walter.

"Father, are you alive?"

"Yes, and very happy," answered Walter cheerfully. "There is plenty of air; not much light, truly but I can say my office by heart."

"Here is some food."

"Thank you, thank you; I should like some of that."

And a basket was lowered by a string.

"How are you all?" said the priest. "How is Blanche? Poor child; it is hard for her. Tell her to be of good courage, and to think of the days of old. It is not prudent to speak longer, I suppose. God bless you all, my children, and comfort you."

This miserable state of affairs lasted for several days, and at night only could a brief communication be held with Walter. At length, finding that the men slept so soundly at night, it was determined to attempt an escape, and so, one night, Walter, by cords put under his arms, was drawn up from his living grave. He was covered with dust, and presented a singular appearance. Blanche was extremely ill with fever. Walter would stay to pray beside her, then blessing her and all the others of the sorrowing household, he quitted Thoresby in company with Arthur Leslie.

Note—"The house was searched upon All Soul's Day, when Mr. Bavin was making a sermon. The next day the house where I remained was searched; but we both escaped by a secret place, which was made at the foot of the stairs where we lay, going into a hay-barn."—Life of Thomas Holford, Priest.

"In the year 1577, in the month of June, the Bishop of Exeter, being in his visitation at Truro was requested by Mr. Greenfield, the sheriff of the county, and other busy men, to aid and assist them to search Mr. Treggan's house, where Mr. Maine did lay. After some deliberation it was concluded that the sheriff and the bishop's chancellor, with divers gentlemen and their servants, should take the matter in hand."—Life of Cuthbert Maine, Priest.

(To be continued.)

## THE PRINCELY VISIT TO IRELAND.

By Samuel Lover.

When whisper came,  
In friendship's name,  
Across the wave careering,  
That Dublin's Earl  
And Denmark's Pearl  
For Innisfail was steering,  
To ev'ry heart  
It did impart  
A joy as rare as thrilling;  
Tho' pen be weak  
Such joy to speak,  
The spirit's more than willing,  
Oh! old Erin!  
That home of hearts, sweet Erin,  
A kindly deed  
Will find its meed  
Forever in old Erin!

Oh! not in vain  
In Patrick's fane,  
Should be the installation  
That makes a knight  
Of order bright  
Amidst a gallant nation:  
By knighthood's vow  
Reminding how  
The accolade imposes—  
That shamrocks share  
The Royal care  
As well as England's roses.  
Oh, old Erin!  
That home of hearts, sweet Erin!  
The righteous deed  
Will have its meed  
Forever in old Erin!

In history's page,  
From age to age,  
What changes vast, may strike us;  
The foreign foes  
Oft met with blows,  
May come at last to like us.  
In days of yore,  
From Erin's shore,  
We drove the Danes before us;  
But now a Dane,  
Will surely gain  
A smiling victory o'er us.  
Oh, old Erin!  
That home of hearts, sweet Erin!  
A gentle deed  
Will find its meed  
Forever in old Erin!

## SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

Good morning. It is a very simple matter, yet acquaintances would wonder, or possibly be offended, if anyone forgot this simple act of politeness and token of friendship. Now, there is One who is always more near to us than any of our friends; One who loves us more dearly than the fondest mother; One who just yearns for that mark of affection, the "Good morning." It is God Almighty Himself.

How often people pass Him by without as much as noticing Him. Yet they demand, as a matter of course, that He should provide for their minutest wants during that very day. They demand the enjoyment of His company in heaven, though they slight Him days without number on earth. What if they slighted their friends and neighbors in like manner? Would they be welcome at the banquet table, or at some game, after such rudeness, not to say unfriendliness?

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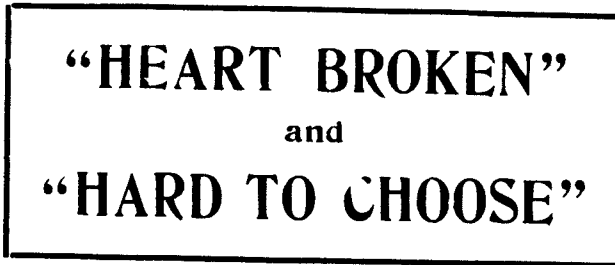
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One of the pictures is called

## "Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

## "Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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