

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON. An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth. BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF B. HERDER, ST. LOUIS, MO (Reproduced from the Montreal True Witness.) "Spare me the description of the ORAPTER IV .- (Continued.)

horrible butchery that followed. I went down and mixed in the My tears blinded me, when I saw crowd, and by good use of my elbows contrived to get pretty close to the the executioner tear the heart out of hurdle. But when we got to the the martyr's breast, and hold it up. vicinity of Tyburn, the throng of still palpitating, to the gaze of the people was so dense that I was un- multitude, with the words: "This able to get near to the condemned. is the heart of a traitor :" And then as he drew it in the face of the dead My friends here were more fortunate, man, I could not belp thinking with to let the m tell you about the execuwhat love for friend and foe that tion of the sentence." noule heart had been an mated !

Babington then took up the narrative. "My companions and I," he said, "were so near that we not only saw every gesture, but heard every word of the two priests. We had ridden out early, and taken our stand not as much as ten nace from the gallows. Thus we had a full view of the horrible preparations for the cruel tragedy. I could not help thinking that very likely my gates.' own life might be ended in that way,

"And I hope to see the heads and considering that in the present day no Catholic can feel sure that he quarters of all of you in the very will not under some pretext or other same place before long !" These be arraigned for high treason, and words, uttered in a harsh voice which came out of the deep shadows delivered over to the hangman. The servants had already lighted a that lay across the hall, just as Babhuge fire underneath the vast caul. ington finished speaking, caused us dron into which the head and quart. all to spring from our seats startled ers of the martyrs were to be thrown, and terrified. "It is Topcliffe!" and the bystanders began to indulge Annie exclaimed.

in coarse jokes about the kind fore-"None other than he, my fair sight of the Queen, who had the young lady," said the pursuivant. raven's foot cooked for them, There- advancing out of the gloom with a upon our friend Windsor here, who chuckle. "We are old acquainthas all the Latin poets at his finger's ances, eb, sweetheart?" And the ends, observed to me in an ironical brute actually tried to pinch my sister's cheek familiarly. But quick tone:

Principe nil ista mitius orbis as thought the girl snatched the dagger which Uncle Barthy, who habet!

was standing by, wore in his belt, (Never did a more gracious Prinand brandished it in the face of the cess walk this earth ()

insolent fellow, shrieking with pale I for my part stooped over my horse's neck and dealt the principal lips, but flashing eyes: "If you speaker a blow on the mouth, that dare to touch me with one of your bloodstained fingers I will strike you would have felled him to the ground, had not the crowd been so thickly to the heart."

At this unexpected sally Topeliffe packed together. At the same time I told him to beware bow he let his fell back two or three paces. Meantongue wag about the Queen's Ma- while my father and all the other gentlemen had drawn their swords.

jesty. But my zeal nearly got me into and the hall was in an uproar with trouble, for the mob raised the ory the clatter of arms. The intruder that I and my friends, who stood by retreated to the door, and shouted to me bravely, were papists, and called his retainers who entered at his call. upon the Captain of the Guard to "Lay down your swords," he then arrest us as traitors. God knows said, "or I will bring you all to the what would have come of it had not gallows, or else shoot you down on at that moment a murmur run this very spot like a herd of swine !" To give more effect to his words, he through the multitude behind us. discharged his pistol over our heads, Here they come, here they come. Sure enough, the mournful processo that the bullets struck our ances tor Godelac, whose portrait hung sion was close at hand. It was a touching sight to behold the rage of over the chimney piece, full in the the populace on the one side, the face. I thought at the first moment peaceful seronity of the victims on that my father had been struck, for the other. The hurdle stopped just he grasped at a chair for support. in front of us, so that I had the pri- and he sank into it, every vestige of vilege of throwing my handkerchief color leaving his face. I flew to his to the priests, in order that they side and asked if he were hurt! He said no, but whispered, pressing his might wipe the mud off their faces. hand to his heart. "The oramp Father Thompson recognized me, and smiled his thanks; he endeav. again !" I was going to run up ored to say something to me, but the stairs to fetch the drops he was in hubbub was so great that I could the babit of taking, but to my not catch a word. Most probabl. asionishment I was not allowed to he wished to reiterate the warning leave the hall; that wretch Torwhich he gave me shorily before cliff, cooly stepped in front of me. this arrest, not to mix myself up in "Not a soul shall leave this hall," he said, "until I have minutely any dangerous plots. He wanted to give me back the handkerchief, but examined everyone present, for it is the sheriff would not allow of it. "Nothing of the sort!" he exclaimed. "We shall have a fresh St. Veronica perhaps, and more popish idolatries carried on with the dirty rag. Do you take care! The rope is not far from the neck of every CHILD Papist." One of the soldiers, who were loosing the ropes that bound

the condemned to the hurdle, thrust the handkerchief into his pocket. and looked at me with a knowing wink, which I was not at a loss interpret. A few hours later b turned up at the Red Lion, a well known popish hoatelry, and gave m the handkerchief for a crown pier Here it is "

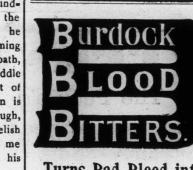
With these words Babington tool from the breast pocket of his double the handkerchief in question, and w. pressed around him to touch th venerated relic. "It is covere with spots of blood," he said. "Tr scoundrel acknowledged that h wiped his hands on it, after the butchery was over. Will Mr. Bellamy accept it as a memorial of the saintly priest, whose last Manwas said in her house ?"

ing again is responsible.

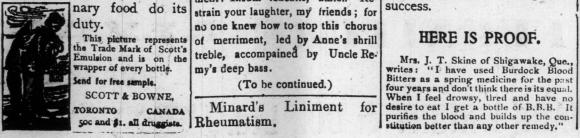
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"I shall value it more than gold and precious stones," answered the dear old lady, as she pressed th handkerchief to her lips, and passed it round for all the others to kiss. "We will divide it presently, for doubtless you and your friends won! like to keep a portion. Then b the priests met dea b with forti a and resignation ?"

"They died I ke true saints and martyrs for God. It was said openly that the fact of being Priests was their only crime. They prayed or the scaffold and pardoned all their enemies. "Jesus, be thou a Jesus to me," were Sergeant's last words. Thompson's were : "Into thy hands i I commend my spirit." His last act was to make the sign of the cross,



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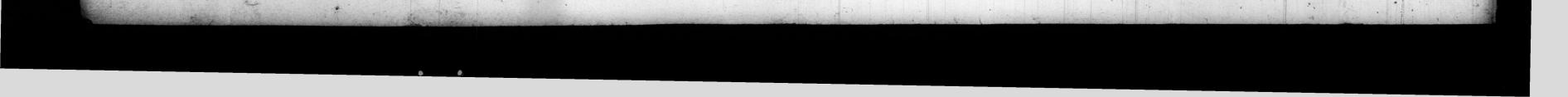
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