

ment or death, to worship the God of their fathers, according to the form of words and ceremonial, in which they had been born and brought up.

Among the most zealous of the new church party, appeared our old Knight, whose religion was of such an accommodating nature, it might well be presumed, that he possessed no religion at all. He banished the symbol of the cross from his dwelling, beheaded and defaced all the images of the saints, that for so many ages had graced the niches in the old church, and forbade any of his numerous tenants or servants, to practice any of the Romish rites, on pain of imprisonment, which was only a synonymous word for utter ruin.

Though Catholic at heart, most of these people submitted to his commands in sullen silence; for they well knew that it was as much as their lives were worth to disobey. One alone, of his large household, dared to dispute his authority; and that individual was his only daughter and heiress, a bright sparkling girl of fifteen, the idol of his heart and the delight of his eyes. Monica Conway had been a spoiled child from her cradle. The last survivor of a large family of sons and daughters, it had pleased God to save the infant in the sad hour which hurried the mother to the grave. Unlike the rest of her family, Monica was healthy and robust, and possessed an energetic, masculine mind, united to a nobly proportioned form, and a face of striking beauty.

The doating old man, for he had married late in life, and was sixty when Monica was born, could see no fault in his darling child; and from the time she had strength to pull his beard and scratch his face, she was suffered to have her own way. Her will being thus fostered, as it were, in a hot-bed of parental love, it could not be wondered at, that the young precocious damsel should strive to maintain that in girlhood, which she had enjoyed with unrestrained freedom as a child.

"It shall be so—I insist upon it—I will do it!" were tunes to which she had so often danced, that they had become fixed traits of character, which no after exertion could efface.

A Catholic foster-mother had nursed her—a Catholic priest, the most amiable of men, had instructed her, and Catholics had tended her cradle, and awake in her young heart all those tender emotions of love and gratitude which glow spontaneously from a generous, warm nature like hers. What she would not yield to force, could always be coaxed out of her by gentle and affectionate words; and the clenched hand which had shook defiance at those who had dared to oppose

her will, would as readily be cast around the neck of the opposers; and the fire in the bright, flashing dark blue eyes, be quenched in tears, at one word—one little word of kindness, or conciliation. It was this beautiful frankness which formed the great charm in Monica's character. She scorned to act, think, or utter a lie. All was clear and straight-forward with her. If she loved, it was expressed with the utmost warmth and sincerity; and if she hated, it was told with proud and bitter scorn, without reflecting for a moment on the mischief that such a confession might occasion. Hatred with her was no settled vindictive passion. It was the child of the moment, and generally died with the circumstances that called it forth.

The Queen's edict had just been issued, commanding all persons, under a heavy penalty, to go to church; and Monica had laughed aloud when her father read the parchment to the assembled villagers. She declared that she would not go; and Sir Luke, for the first time in his life, had ordered her to her chamber, and given her a severe reprimand.

That afternoon, a Protestant clergyman was expected at Conway Place, to officiate, for the first time, in the parish church, and to act as chaplain to Sir Luke's family, and superintend the education of his daughter.

"I wonder what he is like—whether he is young or old, handsome or ugly, Barbara!" cried Monica, as she turned from the mirror, in which she had been arranging her rich brown curls, and addressed an orphan cousin, two years her senior, who had been brought up with her from infancy. "But if he is a saint, and as beautiful as Adonis, I am determined never to like him, after dear father Godfrey!"

"I hope he is a man of God!" said Barbara Heatherton. "Since all religion has been banished from the place, we have been living in a state of heathenish darkness.

"Better that than in heretical error, Barbara! I verily believe that Satan has seduced you into becoming a Protestant!"

"Not Satan, but the blessed word of God."

"And do you expect me to love you still, after this confession?" cried her impetuous companion, holding her cousin fast by the arm, and looking into her very soul, with her clear, bright eyes.

"I trust my change of opinion will be followed by your own. Oh, Monica, dear! if you would but read that blessed book with me!"

"Away, Satanas! Tempt me not! Here is my safeguard," (taking a crucifix from her breast, and pressing it devoutly to her lips.) "With this I can defy thee! What! Have we traitors within our own citadel? Does she, who holds the