

ALL FOR THE FAITH.

There is a mystery, an evangel, in suffering; and this fiery evangel, God's message to our immortality, prepares and perfects the soul for the long hereafter.

In a humble room sat Sir Ralph de Mohun and the Lady Beatrice. The soft sunlight of Provence was fading, and athwart the rose leaves the dying flush rested on this fairest type of girlish loveliness. Absorbed in her rosary, she sat at the open window; while, bending near, Sir Ralph watched the gorgeous heavens, gazing with no thought of the surroundings, and thinking—thinking as we so often do in the hours that fate allows us for decision.

Glimpses of his proud English home stole upon the old man's vision; of the shadowy oak-lined halls and stately corridors where, as a boy, he had looked with childish pride upon portraits of a brave line that had passed their own childhood there; the cross of the old chapel glittered in his dreams, for beneath it the mother of his children slept. But now, homeless and an alien, he would never again see the white cliffs of the land his heart loved best.

The battle of the Boyne had crushed the lingering hopes of the Cavaliers who had forsaken home and kindred to follow the last Stuart king. If James had only possessed average tact, he might have retained the affection of his subjects; but strong-willed without discrimination, zealous without wisdom, his whole reign was a succession of errors which could not but alienate the middle classes, always practical and struggling against the encroachments of the aristocracy.

Nobly did the Cavaliers rally to the rescue of this last Catholic king, when, forsaken even by those of his blood, he stood alone, held at bay by the same subjects who had sworn him fealty. All through the darkness of his mistaken flight, through the changeful, disastrous campaign, and, so trying to their haughty spirit, even unto the court of Louis, where sneering courtiers dared to greet them with slights and contumely, they neither swerved nor varied.

All this had tested their loyalty, tried their faith; yet they neither changed nor forsook him; and of this band none had suffered more than gallant Sir Ralph de Mohun. A very pleasant life was that of the Catholic gentry in England; they hunted, they were jovial at their meetings, but devout in the chapel, and no class of the English subjects were more orderly and refined. But when the old crown rested on other than the brow of a Stuart, they left the broad moors and sunny downs, and fled with the monarch who represented not only their government, but their faith, in old England.

Stripped of the wealth that had given him comfort, despoiled of all that makes a man's position a blessing, the brave knight steadily, defiantly met an adverse fate. "No-blesse oblige!" spoke in every phase of his stormy life; he would suffer, ay, die, as a gentleman, with no murmur to the world of the sorrow and strife within. But an uncontrolled, unsubdued feeling warred with the iron resolve which supported him, and this was his devotion to the last, bairn left him by his fair Scottish wife.

Twenty summers had deepened her girlhood into that rare womanhood, refined through suffering, strengthened by discipline; and the sweet eyes shone with a softer light, a more earnest loveliness, as they gazed from under the long, dark lashes; while the gentle, low voice owned a subdued tone, very different from the light-some carol that had gladdened bluff Sir Ralph at the gay meet in old Suffolk. But times were different now, and the table was becoming scantier, while the silver grew very low; and the soldier who had rallied the dragoons at the Boyne, had stood unmoved when advancing squadrons of the English, his own blood in the front ranks, swept on to attack him, felt his eyes dim as he watched his frail, fast blossom, and knew that soon she would be in a strange land all alone.

The aft-noon faded into night, and the scanty fire could not warm the chill and bare chamber in which the old man lay. He was dozing in the great arm-chair, and Beatrice was crouched on a low cushion near, when softly the door opened. Was the young girl dreaming, as with her large eyes larger still, she rose instinctively, rose as though swayed by an unseen spirit, and walked out upon the terrace?

"Beatrice, I have risked life, almost honor for this."
"Philip Strathorne, life belongs to honor, and honor should never be risked."
The speech cost her an effort, for her voice was faint and very low.
"I have come to offer peace and comfort, my darling, and—dare I whisper the story which you used to listen to, under the elms at home?"
"Sir Philip Strathorne, you forget the past; you will not remember the blood that lies between us."
"My darling! my darling! we have no past save what you gave to me. Life belongs to honor, your own sweet voice has told me, and we are commanded to love without dissimulation; therefore the logic of courts and battle-fields shall claim no power here."

"Philip Philip!" was all the maiden could find speech to answer, uttered in a tone meant to be reproachful.
Two years of sorrow had passed since the fatal battle of the Boyne, and the heart of the maiden was very sore, very lonely, very hungry for the one love that made her life.
"Beatrice!" called from the room, and she entered.
"Come and sing to me, little one:

for I have been dreaming sad dreams of the old home." And so she sat on her cushion at his feet, and sang in her soft alto:

"It was a' for our rightful king,
We left fair Scotia's strand;
It was a' for our rightful king,
We'er saw Irish land,
We'er saw Irish land!

"The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae' parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
Never to meet again.

"When day is done, and night is come,
And a' things wrapt in sleep;
I think o' one who's far away,
The lee lang night, an' weep,
The lee lang night, an' weep."

"Will Sir Ralph Mohun welcome the son of an old friend?"

The old man turned hastily, and Philip Strathorne stood before him.

"The time was, Sir Philip, when I should have grasped your hand with all the feeling which my love for the boy inspired. Now, you are under the roof of what is left me, and therefore I am silent."

There was a stately courtesy in all this which embarrassed and wounded the young man.

"This, certainly, is not my former welcome, but the times have changed the manners, Sir Ralph, and we must accept the change."

"True, Sir Philip. There is little that I can offer you now; yet methinks there is a seat for you."

The young man hesitated, and then sat down.

"I have not learned diplomacy on battle-fields, Sir Ralph, therefore I will without preamble tell you what is heavy on my heart. First, to be selfishly eager, I have come to ask you for what you promised years ago—your daughter, Sir Ralph de Mohun, you were once young, and blood coursed as fiery then as now. Can you find it in your heart to separate us? Then, secondly, your old friends at court offer entire restitution and pardon, if you will accept the new 'regime,' with England's faith."

"If I have been true to my country, then must I still be true to my God! Philip Strathorne, if I had not loved you from your boyhood, the words that would come to my lips would tell you what my heart wills to speak to 'all' who have proved false! For the rest, my daughter has the Mohun blood, and she knows what her church teaches."

And Beatrice sat silent, crushed as a lily powerless from the storm. She knew her duty, she left her love. Reason-honor told her that even love could not span the chasm through which the blood of her gallant brothers flowed. They, too, had followed the fortunes of the Stuart king, and one lay dead before the bastions of Londonderry, while another gave up his young life with the war-shout on his fearless lips, in the van of his father's regiment at Newtown-butler.

It was Philip Strathorne who led the detachment of Eniskillen men that rode down the mere handful of Irish dragoons, inspired by Guy Mohun's ringing cry; and Sir Ralph had listened to Philip Strathorne's voice, as clear and steady, it rallied the Eniskilleners to the charge that had snatched that last son from him. Not only for the Stuart had he yielded his glorious life, but for the cross, for the faith, in the defence of which centuries had borne brave testimony for the Mohuns, not only in Bonnie England, but on every battle-field in Christendom.

A stern self-control subdued the old man; but the girl, the woman was suffering; honor commanded, duty pleaded, but a wilder, stronger, stormier feeling fought within her now. The color crimsoned the fair face, and the sweet eyes turned, rested for one moment, on the young man with all the girl's tenderness, all the woman's passion—a mute appeal, a dying cry for help; then with the delicate hands clasped tightly over her breast, as though to keep down the heart's mad struggling, she spoke so low that the words seemed almost inarticulate, yet to the man listening with such painful eagerness each sound knelled the death which knows no "resurgam!" Only the simple words came faltering forth, came sobbing as the wind sighs the prelude to destruction, ere the lightning scathes its fiery death; and so in this whisper he heard.

"Were I a false Mohun, I could not be a true Strathorne."
Then without a word she left them, and when the old man sought her, he found her lying as one dead before

her crucifix. Tenderly he raised her, and from his lips sounded the prayer:
"May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands, to the praise and glory of his name, and to the benefit both of us and of his holy church."
"Amen!" whispered a low voice, and the soft eyes unclosed all dim with tears.

No murmur escaped her lips, no regret was ever spoken, but fairer and frazier in her rare loveliness, the old man trembled as he watched her, and he cried in the bitterness of his agony.
"Save me, O God! for the waters are come in even unto my soul."
It was Holy-week, the most solemn of the Lenten season, and Beatrice Mohun knelt in the old cathedral during the impressive "Tenebrae," and as the fourteen candles were extinguished, and the solemn "Miserere" rose from the depths of her heart came the prayer:
"Let not the tempest of wafer drown me, nor the deep swallow me up."

And the pervading gloom corresponded with her own spirit; her life owned no brightness, and the one left her seemed fast wearing away. Trouble had weakened the iron constitution of Sir Ralph; for more exhausting than mere physical pain is the ceaseless care that preys upon the vitals, claiming life as its tribute.

He felt that he could buy back ease and comfort for his darling, and he knew that for him earth held but a very few years; but to obtain all this, he must barter his honor, yield his creed, and the old blood still owned the fierceness of a changeless fidelity. No Mohun had ever swerved, not even in the dark days of the last Tudor, nor after, when his graceless daughter held the sceptre. And now, though bereft of home, with his gallant sons lying far from their kindred, his fair young daughter life-wrecked, his own existence a burden, when even starvation mocked them, the loyal spirit knew no change; but staunchly by the old faith, true to the weak king, the brave knight still fought his adverse destiny.

And Beatrice came back through the darkness, and leaned against the couch on which her father lay.
"Come to me, little one; for I fear that you are not as strong as in the days when wild Bess bore you to the hunt. Have you any regrets for the past, my darling?"
"Duty gives us discipline, papa, and it would not be right to question Providence."

"Bravely spoken, my daughter; you have a courage which was growing too human to be strong. But you grieve at the choice which has kept you the slave of an old man's caprice?"
"O papa!" and a low quick sob stopped her; then with more control she quietly said: "You forget that it was not only to be with you, but to remain firm and loyal to holy church; and papa, I often think that earth is only the high road to a better world; therefore I only pray that the end may be very near."

"Little one, bring the light nearer—let me look upon your face; hold it nearer, darling, Ah God! this is the dimness which brings my warning. Quick, daughter mine, send for Father Paolo. Now, O God! my eyes, darkened with the mist of death, fix their last dying looks on thy crucified image. Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!"

Father Paolo did come, and in the gray dawn of Good-Friday the old knight lay dying.
"Kyrie Eleison!" said the clear voice of the holy father, and, clasping closer the blessed crucifix, the old man's voice was steady as he responded, "Christe eleison!" And alone in her agony the young girl knelt.

A clattering of hoofs sounded in the court-yard, and a quick step, that startled her even then, broke the solemn stillness; then the door was flung open, and Philip Strathorne entered.
"Not too late, thank God! Hold her not away from me. Say now that you die William's subject, and all your own shall be hers."
The closing eyes opened, the old strength came back to them, and a sweet smile illumed his face, with a long low sigh the spirit passed away to God.

With a sob that rent her heart in twain, Beatrice threw herself beside her father.
"My darling, come with me; the last obstacle has passed away, and God has given you as my legacy."
She made no answer. The solemn monotone of the priest alone was heard.
But to all the man was deaf; he only saw the prostrate girl, and listened to her sobs of agony.
"My wife has drifted to her heaven, and I will guard her with my life."
His strong arms were around her, and the voice that thrilled her soul was sounding in her ears. How could she send him from her? "Ah! God help me!" she cried.
"Son, leave her to us," urged the priest, but he would not go till she opened her sweet eyes.
"Daughter!"—and she caught the hand of Father Paolo, as in the desperation of agonized despair. A shadow darkened Philip Strathorne's brow.
"The cursed priest again!" he muttered between his closed teeth. "Tell me when I may see you again, Beatrice, free from these fearful surroundings."
"The Monday of Easter-week," was all she replied, and he left her.
And when the Monday dawned, bright with the carol of birds, he sought her; but the old chateau by the valley was silent, the shutters barred, and the flowers drooping and dead. An aged woman came hobbling to him, who said, with the tears dimming her old eyes, "Ah! the sweet bird has flown, master, and St. Ursula guards her from behind the bars."
"God of heaven, save me! Here is gold if you will prove this false."
"Keep your gold for charity, master; for the truth is strong; and our holy Mother keeps her safe from all evil."
Wild with the horror of losing her, he strode across the valley to the

convent near. The angelus was sounding, and over the hills, up the broad river, the holy prayer-call echoed, for the Easter season rejoiced the earth; her "jubilate" for the blessed link connecting the God-man with humanity.

Blade, and leaf, and blossom gloried in the new life, and the spring sun spread over the natural world the same light with which the resurrection gladdened the soul; but to all this was the young man blind and deaf and dumb—for surging and beating within his heart was the stormy, over-mastering human feeling. He only knew that the woman to whom he bent the knee in this mad, idolatrous love was lost to him, he only felt that fate had snatched her from him for ever! The sister started, as his deathly face presented itself, with scarcely human utterance he asked for the Lady Beatrice, and after a few moments, the messenger returned, and a folded paper was put in his hand. He read:
"The Lord keepeth thee from all evil; may the Lord keep thy soul!"
And she, with her intenser passion, clinging steadily, loving unselfishly, as only a woman can, gave him up, yielded her costly tribute to the faith which taught her that loyalty of God demands, if need be, all that life and love can give. Then, faint and weary, bruised and suffering, yet staunch and true to her faith as she was, the holy church opened its arms to her, comforting the broken spirit, healing the bleeding heart, and blessing her with the precious benediction that brings its calm to those who seek the life that dieth not. In deeds of unselfish love and sacrifice, she passed her days; all the strength within

her clinging to the cross, all the human passion purified, glorified into the worship of the Lamb whose blood had made her whiter than snow. And safe in her haven, the dove of peace rested upon her heart; for the "fellowship of the Holy Ghost" had sanctified her; and this, when her summers were yet in their flush, she passed away to God.
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