

leave London for ever. Smithfield's fires had of late been even more frequent than in the previous years, and with a strong predilection for the principles of the Reformed faith, Mrs. Murray's heart was full of grief and sympathy for the sufferers. She entered warmly into the sorrow of her friend, and entreated her and her son to stay with her during their sojourn in London, an offer which Mrs. Aubrey thankfully accepted.

Before starting for London she had ascertained where her husband was likely to be confined, while waiting to take his trial; and on the morning after her arrival she took Frederic with her, and hastened to Mr. Aubrey's prison. With no little difficulty she obtained an interview with the governor, who, being a tolerably humane man, and not having received any orders to the contrary, allowed her to spend an hour with her captive husband.

The Clergyman was calm and resigned. He felt that his fate was decided; that the joys of home had passed from him for ever in this world, and that a fearful and painful death must soon separate him from all he loved on earth. Sad he was, for life with him had been very happy, and he knew how his dear ones would miss and mourn him. His grief was for them. For himself, he could even almost triumph that his Lord should count *him*, timid and unworthy servant as he felt himself to be, worthy to win the martyr's crown. The trial would take place on the following day. Mrs. Aubrey herself could not doubt the result, but rested her hopes on her interview with the Queen.

On returning to Mrs. Murray's, she found that that lady had already seen Sir Charles Lavee, her cousin, and the friend on whom Mrs. Aubrey depended for access to the stern but suffering Mary. Sir Charles Lavee was a rigid Roman Catholic, but his noble and humane heart revolted at persecution and bloodshed. He had long held a high office at Court. Often he had thought of resigning it as some fresh horror came to his knowledge, but then ambition would tempt him to remain; and perhaps, also, he sometimes thought that his influence might sway that stern council to the side of mercy.

Sir Charles promised that in the event of Mr. Aubrey's condemnation, his wife should be introduced to the Queen's presence, that she might plead for his life, but he could not give any great hope of the success of this appeal.

The day of trial dawned. Mr. Aubrey appeared before his judges. Principal among them were the bishops, Bonner and Gardiner. The accusations were read, and the prisoner asked what he had to say in his defence.

In simple yet eloquent words Mr. Aubrey spoke. The eyes of Father Dymock, who was present, glared on him vindictively, as he told of the snare into which he had been betrayed; of the caution he had ever used, perhaps sinfully and unworthily, to avoid offence. He pleaded earnestly, for life was dear to him, as he thought of the sorrowing hearts in his once happy home. But there was no unbending—no pity—in the stern faces arrayed before him. As he gazed around, he felt that his doom was fixed, he bowed his head, as he raised a fervent prayer for strength to endure.