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Fortescue, ostensibly to get recruits

for the army in the Netherlands, in

realty to collect information for the

exisles in Paris concerning the view

taken in England of Parma's pro-

jected invasion. Naturally I was de-

together, and this has been done by

means of Gifford, who is a clever fel-

low and most useful to me, as he is

murderous scheme."

unprincipled and unscrupul-

Ballard is living with Babing-

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,

alle

By Rev. Joseph Spillman. S.J.

Glizabeth.

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CHAPTER XXVII. CONTINUED. man of ungoverned passions, enchildren, Frank, shut up in Nawa Reflecting thus, I no longer wonmilitary garb, under the name of sirous to bring him and Babington

"Then hitherto there has been nothing in the prisoner's letters by which she incriminates herself?" I

"Not a single word," Walsingham replied. "There is the whole correspondence transcribed by Philipps. replied. The dexterity that fellow displays in deciphering and imitating handwriting is really marvelous. She has heard of Parma's plan and approves knows something of Babington's even with the charming Judith for plot, too, and encourages him in general terms. But she is a shrewd woman, and does not make use of disposal, one of the highest offices of an expression hostile to Elizabeth State as my reward? nor one that could be called treas-The thing that astonishes me most in her is the tenacity with which she clings to the Popish creed. Amongst the letters lying there you will find one addressed to the Archbishop of Glasgow, in Paris, wherein she makes the stipulation that, Philip of Spain should conquer England and Scotland, her should be instructed in the Catholic religion, 'which!' she says, 'is the thing of this world I most desire, affecting a great deal rather the salvation of his soul, than to see him nonarch of all Europe.' A singular

infatuation, is it not?" "She said the same to me," I answered. "She told me that it was on account of her adhesion to her religion that she was compelled to in captivity than give up her faith. She stands out, besides, for the recognition of her royal rank, and the privileges attaching to it, I do not

"She is wise in doing that, for were she to renounce these rights, the very next day she would be tried for complicity in Darnley's murder, and condemned to death."

"Do you seriously believe in her She told a different story to

"To tell the truth, I do not. But it is not a question of that now. There is no chance that she would be acquitted; she would be made to appear guilty, and public opinion is against her. However, as I said, she will never be tried for that. As as we have got proof that she is in any way implicated in thedesign matured. against Elizabeth's life, the new bill the report to-night of a general massacre of the Papists."

'CHAPTER XXVIII.—That same night, the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, when the tremendous storm broke over London I could not sleep. I rose, accordingly, and busied myself with the perusal of Mary Stuart's letters. Was she really the my mind: By their fruits ye shall know them. I could not help contrasting this woman Burghley, who abjured his beliefs, sacrificed his friends, whenever he could thereby promote his own interests. Or with my uncle, personally a man of honor, not, like Burgh-

dered at the project of the young English nobles, the development of which my uncle and I were watching and I actually began to hope that it might succeed. And how easily I might ensure its success. Walsingham had as good as put into my hand the key of Mary Stuart's prison. I had only to say a word to Windsor, a man whom I could not do otherwise but esteem, and we two could convey her out of England, beton now, and I devoutly hope that fore my uncle and Lord Burghley in his foolish zeal, he will listen to had an inkling of it. There would in his footier and involve both be no difficulty in locking that old Scottish Queen and Babington bear Paulet up in his own den. And with all his associates in Savage's when once the royal lady was at liberty, safe in Parma's camp, how would Elizabeth be able to withstand the onslaught of the victorious army of Flanders, which would immediately descend upon our shores? What would follow then? The forcible extirpation of the Reformed religion-to which, despite all my doubts, I still clung-a Spanish reign of terror-the Inquisitionthe rekindling of the fires of Smithfield, and all the woes with the tale of it, as a master of course; she of which my youthful fancy was fed. Could I bear to witness all this,

> No; my uncle was right; England was now a Protestant country and such it must remain, unless we were to be involved in a terrible civil war, or the best blood of the land shed in quelling a widespread insurrection. The Puritans would not submit to a tenth part of the oppression which the Catholics had endured for a quarter of a century. I came to the conclusion that Mary Stuart's escape must be prevented, or still better, she must be put to death, if only proof could be found against her.

my bride, boundless wealth at my

The next day but one, while I was sitting at breakfast with my uncle, a messenger brought a letter from Gifford, giving an account of all that had passed at the meeting of the conspirators the previous even-When my uncle heard the reexchange the throne for a prison, ing. When my uncle heard the reand she would rather end her days port of the spy, he said Windsor in captivity than give up her faith. tered to him to keep him quiet. He would himself provide the prescription that would cure him, a warrant of arrest, duly signed and sealed, which I should carry down to Chartley with me, and put into execution as soon as Mary Stuart's answer to Babington's next letter was in our hands. The most essential part of the business was Babington, influenced by, Gifford's should and Ballard's persuasions, have the insensate folly to lay the whole plan, in which Savage's offer would be included, before the prisoner, for her sanction. That Babington and Savage understood another was quite certain; the latter was only waiting to carry out his design until the plot was fully

"The whole concern is of a greater will render nugatory all her rights complexion than I at first imaginas a Queen. We must wait and see ed," he continued. "The Papists patched to all the nearest ports, day after to-morrow. I shall com- ley allows; and these young men dismission my emissaries to spread play courage and determination. Notwithstanding the extreme folly of their leader, I have my misgivings as to the final issue of the since their flight, he looked grave. plot. Were any of the measures I have taken to fail of their end, I should answer for it with my head. Remember, our only confederates are despicable rogues like this Gifford, shrewd, artful woman my uncle thought her? Was not her tenacious adherence to the Catholic the 'honest' brewer, Pooley, Philadherence to the Catholic faith, one on the other side offered them which appeared in every letter, the offspring of her most heartfelt conviction? What trails (Charles of the catholic faith, one on the other side offered them a higher tribe. Let us hope our adversaries are too honorable or two stupid to profit by their treachery. the Clink. Yet when I come to think

On the following morning another the Clink, and gone, as it appeared,

whom Topcliffe shut up in Newgate, and who were released at Windsor's and Babington's request? Was not their name

Bellamy?' I remembered the incident quite well; I remembered also, how the two children had seen their uncle in his cell in the Clink, and I told my

uncle about it.
"See there," he rejoined, "Windsor and Babington again! Depend upon it, this is their doing. Well, they shall hear of it some time or other. How and when was the cape discovered?" he inquired of the nessenger.

"They had just pushed off from the bank when Grey spied them,' the man replied.

"Let Grey be taken into custody immediately, on suspicion of connivance," Walsingham ordered.

"How could the man possibly have en the prisoner escape on such a night, if he had not known all about it? Most probably he lent a helping hand, and then gave the alarm to save his own skin!" No sooner had the door closed be

hind this messenger, than

Burghley was announced. My uncle hastened to meet him, as he knew that so unusual an event as a visit from the Lord Treasury, and at so early an hour, presaged some, occurrence of no slight consequence. I bowed when he entered, and was about to withdraw, but Burghley who was in a state of extraordinary perturbation, begged me to remain When he had recovered himself sufficiently to communicate his tidings, he told us what I had already guessed, that his daughter had become a Papist; furthermore that she had absconded from Court in the company of one of the Queen's 'pages, a lad named Bellamy, who for his insolence to the Queen deserved so

be sent to the gallows. "What!" I exclaimed, "can that be possible? Bellamy is not more than ten or twelve years old. How can Miss Judith have eloped with

bim?" "There is no question of an elopement, my daughter doesn't want to be married. She has very different ideas in her head. She says she is going to enter a convent abroad to do penance and pray for my conversion. There is the dutiful epistle I received from her." So saying, the irate father drew a crumpled letter from his pocket and flung it on the table.

"Whatever am I to do now?" he

added. "Get possession of your daphhter again by all means," my uncle answered. "Everything can be manswered. aged then. When she is once under the gentle rule of a good husband, we shall hear no more of these girlish fancies."

"You are quite right, and one object I had in coming here was to urge the bridegroom you proposed for her, to aid me in my search. The marriage shall be concluded as soon as we get her back. What is

to be done first?" Walsingham replied that messen-When he heard that three days and family who were at home were three nights had already elapsed

urer explained. Walsingham, or I should be inclined to connect it with another event, destination. that took place only last night, of which I have just heard, the escape of a prisoner named Bellamy, the brother or uncle of that page, from erosity, what heroic fortitude this Courage, my boy, and prudence! of it, it may be so. They may have conviction produced! The words oc-Woxindon, and waited there or elsenot messenger presented himself, hear-with ing the tidings that during the past his escape, according to a pre-connight a prisoner had escaped from certed plan, and they all could cross the seas together. The boat ur the river. In answer to my uncles queries as to the name of the to have gone up the river, but that prise ner and the nature of his cf- may only have been a feint. The ferce, the man replied that his name probability is that, they are all now was Bellamy, a recusant from Wox- in hiding somewhere in London or

them, as no vessel will leave the mouth of the Thames before ebbtide I will have several houses I know of, strictly watched, and at Woxindon

domiciliary search must be made.' "That search shall be thorough, if aught that I can do will make it so," Burghley said, as he rose to depart. "Will you accompany me, depart. "Wi St. Barbe?"

I assented willingly, and hastened to give the necessary directions to the secretaries, and enjoin on them despatch in transcribing the letters, which were duly signed and sealed by the Lord Treasurer. A little later I found myself riding by his side in the direction of Harrow, followed by a troop of men-ar-arms.

The rain which had been falling all night, had not yet ceased, and the roads were in a terrible state. This did not tend to raise my spirits or those of my companion. were wet through and covered with mud when we reached Harrow, and stopped before the house of Sir Richard Page, the mayor. That corpulent personage was filled with consternation at seeing the Lord Treasurer in person at his door; when he heard what brought him thither, he poured out a flood of denunciations against his Popish relatives. He himself would conduct the search, he said, as he was acquainted with every corner of the manor house, and the whole village should turn out, to form a cordon round it. As soon as this was done, we proceeded to the house, Burghley, Page and myself, with a chosen band of pursuivants, and demanded admittance. The few old servants whom we found there were interrogated first. Not until the Lord Treasurer threatened them with the rack, would Lord they admit that, while the storm was at its height. Master Frith, who had been for a time at Court, returned home, accompanied by a young lady. They had left the next day, whither they went, they did not know. On being asked who had gone with them, the servants parried the question. At length one of the maids, who was trembling with

> employers. I inquired whether it was Mr. Babington? "No," the girl replied, "not the gentleman who married Miss Anne, but another, who had often come with him; rather a short gentleman, with a high color and brown hair."

> fright, said a young gentleman had

come from London and fetched them

away. This she said with the evi-

dent intention of exonerating her

"That must be Windsor!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps that was his name: and heard he was to marry the young lady," the serving-woman added.

I opened my eyes very wide, on hearing this. Burghley simply remarked he had suspected something of the kind, religion could not be the only motive; where young girls were concerned, there was sure to be some love affair in the background. He asked me who this Windsor was?

I replied that he was Lord Windsor's brother, an inveterate Papist, but it was hardly possible that he could be intimately acquainted with Miss Judith.

"Quite possible," the young lady's father rejoined. "I should not be surprised if it was he who gave her that accursed book of Campion's and corresponded with her about These amours often spring up in this way; you know, St. Barbe, you yourself began with something very like it!"

The arrow hit its mark; the fire of jealousy, which such a slight matter kindles, began to consume my heart.

The domiciliary visit was not prowhat news Gifford will bring the are a stronger party than Burgh- with a description of the fugitives, chief marked with the initials J. C. and the offer of a reward of £10 to testified to Miss Cecil's having been anyone who should detain them, there. The only members of the old granddame, very infirm and fee-ble, one of her granddaughters and "They were not missed until the one of her sons, a goodnatured fel-Court had removed to Windsor, and low, but partly imbedie. The old not return civily. I feigned not to the news reached me at the same lady did not attempt to deny of hav-Elizabeth will not be trifled with. time as this letter," the Lord Treas- ing given shelter to a stranger durthe recent heavy storm; but "The flight apparently was not that, she said, could be no crime. planned long beforehand," continued The visitor had departed on the morrow, she was not aware of her

On the mayor inquiring as to the whereabouts of her son Remy and her other two grandchildren, she replied with perfect composure, that their absence either was or was not connected with an event concerning which the authorities had a right to make investigation. In the latter case, their absence from home and the place they were in concerned no one; in the former, no law could compel a mother to give evidence against her own child.

Burghley bit his lips with rage, but the old lady was not to be intimidated. From the imbecile son, was Bellamy, a recusant from Woxindon, intending to cross the gain his political ends. Finally what could be greater than the contrast she presented to our Queen, a wo-

chief malady was self-will. Thus the examination of the inhabitants of the house ended without information of any moment having been elicited. The search, in which the outhouses and a ruined castle in the immediate vicinity were included, was equally fruitless. A hiding place, provision ed for case of need, was discovered but there was no one in it. So we to ride back through the rain and mud to London, without having attained our object. The long ride and the annoyance upset the Lord Treasurer so much, that it brought on a violent attack of gout, which confined him to his room for several

We found no tidings awaiting us from Gravesend or any other of the ports. Walsingham told me, as the esult of his inquiries, that neither Babington nor Tichbourne had left town, but nothing could be heard of Windsor. This confirmed my suspicions; they were strengthened still more by a letter that my uncle showed me the next morning. It had been taken from a skipper's boy, who had orders to deliver it into Tichbourne's hands. It was addressed to T hbourne, and ran as follows :

To my faithful and dearly beloved, greeting and brotherly love! These lines, written in haste from the Thames, are to convey to you the joyful tidings that I have placed my sweetheart in safety on board vessel in question, for which thanks be to God. Give the worthy B. B. a gratuity, he has well earned it in truth! He will put me ashore on the Essex coast, whence I shall take horse to Chartley by way of Bedford, as I shall be safer there than in London. Salute Babington and the others from me. Now that I am assured as to the safety of my affianced bride, I shall have a better heart for the carrying out of our scheme

All doubt was now removed. Miss Cecil Windsor's affianced bride! I was consumed with rage, and a missive from the mayor of Gravesend poured oil on the flames. It was to certify that the messenger who carried the despatch, having been accidentally detained en route, did not arrive until an hour after some of the vessels had weighed anchor; amongst these was the Jeanette, bound for Dunkirk, which he thought suspicious, and in pursuit of which a man-of-war had been sent. The other craft had been boarded, but no discovery made.

I ground my teeth in impotent anger, and wanted my uncle to arrest Windsor forthwith. But he shook his head, and bade me have patience, for to put him in prison would be to defeat all our plans for the peace of the country; besides he was guilty of nothing for which he could be Walsingham said, would reveal brought to the gallows. "Let us have patience awhile," he concluded, 'he shall be reckoned with for everything sooner or later. This very day you shall start on your way to Chartley, with a warrant against him and his accomplices in your pocket. But it must not be put into execution, until Mary Stuart has answered Babington's letter, and made herself accessory to his crime."

CHAPTER XXIX.—Nothing reem-ed changed on my return to Chartley; Sir Amias was as surly as ever, his prisoner as gentle and dignified in her manner towards me as heretofore. I thought her however rather more cheerful and animated; loubtless the hope of a speedy reher, gave her fresh life and spirit. I was so angry with Windsor, so cm-bittered against all Papists, that I ended his days after the manner of her as a crafty hypocrite, the unhappy Judas. and made my visits to her as short as possible.

The day following my arrival I met Windsor in the inn. I was astonished at the frank cordiality of his greeting, which, for all the conclined his invitation to drink a tankard of ale with him. He asked in some surprise, if he had unwillingly offended me! I answered, "Mr. Windsor, you appear to think all is fair in love as in war. But we have not got to the end of the day yet.

"I do not understand you," he replied. "It is true that I am engaged to a young lady"-

"Whom you have conveyed to a safe hiding place!" I broke in. "You expect me to wish you can hardly joy, and drink a bumper to the success of your courtship."

He changed color, and said nothing; I turned my back on him and walked away. He hurried after me and laying his hand on my arm, be-saying: "Keep your distance, sir! No Popish sneak shall treat me as a friend!

"A sneak!" he exclaimed, flushing

no right to insult me, seeing I have always professed it openly.'

"I do not call you a sneak on account of your religion," I replied, but because with your Jesuitical wiles you have perverted the young from her belief, and under cover of concern for her soul wormed a way into her affections. Out upon you for a hypocrite and sanctimonious dissembler! You shall answer for it one day!"

Restraining his anger, he said :-"Mr. St. Barbe, you are under a strange misapprehension, and do me grievous wrong. But you are too much excited now to listen to reason. Let me assure you thing; I never had the slightest idea that you paid your addresses to my affianced bride, or that you were ever acquainted with her. I assure you on my word of honor."-

This was a little too much. Every lady at Court knew that I aspired to Miss Cecil's hand. We were as good as engaged, for both the Queen and her father were known to favor my suit. And this man had the effrontery to tell me he knew nothing of it! I turned on my heel and left him there, in the midst of his protestations. The next day I note from him: it was sent back unopened; nor when we met by chance would I return his salutation.

About a week passed without anything noteworthy occurring. I heard of Windsor's goings on from the waiter at the Mayflower. He went out a great deal to Babington's place at Dethick, and the principal towns in the neighborhood; from all I heard, I gathered that the conspirators thought the time for action was come, and were collecting their forces to strike. I thought it advisable to take some precautions against the meditated blow. Without attracting attention, the garrison in the Castle was strengthened, and a body of men-at-arms were ordered to take up their quarters in the neighboring town of Burton. watch at the city gate had directions to keep a sharp look out, and should they at any time see the flag hoisted on the tower of Chartley, they were to hasten to the assistance of the garrison. Thus all was prepared on both sides, when one evening the fat brewer sent me word that Babington's epistle had been delivered to the royal prisoner and she had let him know through her secretary that he should have an answer in three day's time.

On the day when this letter from the Queen was expected, I betook myself, as agreed, to the Green Dragon in Burton, where I found Philipps and Gregory, whom my uncle had sent down from London. As soon as it arrived, they were to open and decipher this letter, which, us Mary Stuart's inmost heart.

It was with keen anticipation that we waited until the brewer should return, bringing with him the document upon which so much depended. Philipps and Gregory sat at a table on which pens and paper, small sharp knives and other implements lay ready, for removing the seal and copying the contents of the letter. The two rogues were playing a game of cards to while away the time, while I paced impatiently down the room. Gifford was waiting below, prepared to carry the epistle to London the same night, after it had been re-sealed with all the skill for which Gregory was noted. It makes me sick now to think of those fellows. Gifford soon received the reward of his iniquity. lease, which her friends held out to Before twelve months had passed he was thrown into prison in Paris for

At last the heavy dray rolled into the yard, and we heard the empty casks taken out. I began to think that no letter was forthcoming, for more than an hour elapsed before the heavy tread of the obese brewer was heard ascending the stairs. He entered, and sinking into the nearest seat, began to wipe the prespiration from his brow, remarking that it was really too much for him to mount so high. If Jacob's ladder, leaching to Heaven, about which his favorite preacher had recently discoursed with such unction, were half as steep as that staircase, he must decline the ascent altogether.

(To be continued.)

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