

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"'Tis a shame to treat thee so," muttered the man; "thou hast done no crime, save refusing to chop and change thy religion at the Queen's will. I like thy courage, for my part. Well, good father, it is soon over for both of us now, and then we go—thou to Heaven, I to hell."

Walter, who had been looking earnestly at him said:

"What is thy name, friend?"

"Ralph Woodbine," answered the man roughly.

"Art thou a Catholic?"

"I have served no God, save the devil, all my life. My mother was a Catholic, and my father too, for that matter, in Queen Mary's time, but he changed when Queen Bess came to the crown, and my mother broke her heart and died, because he would bring me up in his fashion."

"And what did he teach thee?"

"Why nothing. Marry, then, what had he to teach? The God he served was to keep his place as steward in the royal buttry, and get rich, and leave his riches to me; and he has lived to see me 'ere'" and Ralph laughed hoarsely.

"Ralph," answered Walter, "we are going together to death, let us go together to heaven."

"Alas! good master, art thou distraught; did I not tell thee I have served the devil well, and am to be hung for my crimes, as I deserve?"

"You have served Satan in life," said Walter, "and it suffices, serve him not in death. Thou hast not forgotten thy mother, and thy childhood, when thou knelt by her side, and heard the Holy Mass. She is dead long since, you say, and is with God; I too had a mother who died praying for me; perchance from that sky above us, they with God's chosen ones are leaning to see us die! Oh, how mightily they pray for us!" and as he spoke he raised his eyes with a look of such rapt faith and devotion, that one might almost dream, like St. Stephen, he saw heaven open. "And another mother prays for you, Ralph," he continued; "Sancta Maria Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae."

The words struck on Ralph's ear with a strange appealing sound. The tears were falling down his rough hard face. "Alas! father, I am too great a sinner, there is no repentance for me, a wretch, a villain! No, no, hell gapes for me! I saw it last night in my sleep, and for the first time in my life I knew what fear was; but there is no hope for me."

"Thou art not a greater sinner," the priest replied, "than he who hung on the Cross by the side of Jesus, or she that washed his feet; thou canst recollect the time when at thy mother's knees, thou hearest the tale of mercy? He has said if thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Ralph thou believest in God, in Christ thy Saviour, and that in His Church he hath left pardon for sins?"

"I believe," sobbed Ralph. The hard heart was broken in the anguish of that hour, and on that rude death-bed the work of reconciliation went on. The mob pelt them still, and jeer them as they pass. The hurdle shakes and jolts along Holborn Hill; but they heed not the one, feel not the other—that sinner who sobs out his sins and his repentance; that priest who for the last time on earth absolves his Master's sheep. Soon, very soon, he must stand before that Master to render his account, and he is winning one more soul to lay before Those Feet.

And now they have reached the top of the hill, and the houses, which have been getting gradually few and straggling, have ceased altogether, and they have reached the Hospital of St. Giles in the fields, and there, according to an old custom, a cup of wine or ale was offered to the prisoners, "their

last refreshment in this life!" Then, for the first time, did Walter betray some emotion. He gazed on the full cup of good red wine, and tears came into his eyes, and he refused to drink. Ralph, parched with thirst, drank eagerly, and then urged Walter to do the same, but he would not, and Arthur Leslie knew that his thoughts were of the "gall and vinegar" of his Lord's last cup on earth. A crowd having collected at this place of stoppage, Walter began to speak to them. "Good people, ye know for what cause I am about to die;" but he was rudely checked by the guards and the hurdle again put on motion.

There will not be any more houses till they reach the little village of Tyborne. On each side of the road now spread the wide green fields, and the tall trees made a pleasant shade. It was a lovely day, one of those cloudless days in summer, when hardly a fleecy cloud can be seen in the clear intensely blue sky. The birds carolled gaily past, unmindful and unknowing of cruelty and wrong on earth, and in the fields, the little flowers, England's own meadow flowers rejoiced in their beauty, and sent up their worship to their Creator. And so the long procession reached Tyborne.

It was a sight, in very truth; the place of execution were filled with people; it was one dense mass of heads. Nearer the gallows and scaffold, which were on the edge of the road, were numerous coaches and horsemen. It was roughly computed, afterwards, that of these there were from six to seven hundred, and the crowd of people on foot about twenty thousand. However many people had gone to see the queen, step into her royal barge, there were enough left to be a more numerous body of witnesses than Elizabeth would have desired. Among the horsemen there was one mounted on a dark grey horse, who was determined in his efforts to place himself in good sight of the gallows, and by great perseverance, and many winning words, he succeeded in his purpose. Arthur Leslie, on foot, was close beside the scaffold, he had struggled through the crowd with the strength love ever gives to be near the loved and suffering. The tall gallows rose grim and dark before the spectator's eyes, but before the hands had endeavored to rob it of some of its horrors, for it was twined with wreaths of green and summer flowers, and the ground directly around was strewn with green leaves and sweet-smelling herbs. The affectionate hearts who had prepared these tokens were rewarded when they heard of the smile of pleasure which lit up the martyr's face as he perceived them. Close to the gallows stood the scaffold, raised some feet from the ground, and formed of rough planks. The two hangman's assistants were there, holding in their hands the cords for binding the victims, and the long knives for the inhuman butchery which was to ensue. The hangman himself was busy at the gallows. On one side of the scaffold was the sheriff of the county and some of his officers, together with three or four Protestant ministers, who had come thither with the hope of winning a recantation from Walter, or of preventing any dying words of his having weight with the people. The hurdle stopped; the prisoners were released and led to the scaffold. There was a great hum among the crowd when Walter made his appearance. Despite all he had gone through, there was a majesty and a patrician grace about his tall and noble figure, and though torture and suffering had done their work, there lingered much of that manly beauty which had gladdened his mother's eye long years before.

"Let the highwayman be put to death first," said the sheriff; "and

perchance, sir, thou by this grievous sight may be led to crave the Queen's grace even now."

"Farewell, then, my son," said Walter, turning to Ralph; and he would have embraced him, had not the latter fallen at his feet and kissed them with many tears.

And now Walter was compelled to witness the horrible spectacle of Ralph's death.

"Make him look at it all," whispered one of the ministers to the sheriff.

No need for such counsel. The priest knew his duty too well, and faltered not; he held up the crucifix before Ralph's eyes, and bade him call on his Lord for patience. The agony was fearful, and shrieks and cries burst from the dying sufferer. Walter prayed earnestly for Ralph, and for himself: Lord give us grace to endure unto the end."

At length one frightful cry, and then it ended. Upon the poor panting, bleeding corpse earth could do more.

"Now, Master de Lisle," said the sheriff, "'tis thy turn, unless, indeed, thou wilt repent and go to church."

"Nay," said Walter, "better a thousand deaths than deny Christ. I desire of your favor but a short space to speak to the people."

"No," cried the ministers with one voice; "let him not, Master Sheriff, let him not pervert the people."

The Sheriff was quite willing to forbid it; but the people were determined to hear the speech—and the will of a great mob is generally omnipotent—and so Walter stepped forward and began his address:

(To be Continued).

PIUS X. AND THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

Those who are misled by press dispatches to speak of Pius X. as less diplomatic than his predecessor, should remember that some of our own statesmen have made the so-called new diplomacy of outspokenness very fashionable and effective the past few years. What other course was open to him but to protest against men who, even before they had succeeded in carrying their bill against the Congregations through the Chamber and Senate, had announced that they would exercise their intention to do away with Christianity by removing the crucifixes from their courts of justice? Now that the whole world is recognizing the fact that the conflict in France is not merely political, but religious, and that it is only the first move in a war against Christianity, how could the head of Christendom refrain from declaring it to his Senate, and through that body to the world.—Editorial in the Messenger for May.

If there be the slightest evidence to prove that "the system of education permitted or nurtured by the Concordat has been found to produce public servants who are not free agents to act in accordance with their oaths made to the republic," how can the French government tolerate this treason for an hour? Why is it actually extending the time from five to ten years for closing the novitiates in which the traitorous professors are formed? Why will it permit such teachings in the colonies, where alien people must be won over to loyalty? Better no schools at all, then schools of treason! Why did M. Combes hesitate to adopt, and why did the Chamber defeat the amendment offered by M. Girard to the Chaumie Educational Bill, excluding priests as well as religious, from maintaining, as they are actually doing, the schools and colleges which the religious have turned over to the bishops, and which are now, owing to the preference of the majority of French parents, far more flourishing than ever?—Editorial in the Messenger for May.

"What is the end of man?" asked the Sunday school teacher, impressively.

"His feet!" replied the new scholar.

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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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