

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

I had been kept a close prisoner in Walsingham's house for a fortnight, when he came to me one morning, and talked quite kindly to me at first; presently, however, he asked me if I had not yet come to a better mind. Quietly and firmly I replied that I could not do better than follow my conscience, even if by so doing I destroyed my earthly prospects. Thereupon he rose up and said: "Very well. As you please. To the Tower you will go this very evening." With these words he left me.

When darkness had closed in, old Gray came in. Placing upon the table a link that he carried, he began: "Mr. St. Barbé, His Excellency the Secretary of State desires me to ask whether what you said this morning is your final decision. Upon my giving an answer in the affirmative, he shook his gray head and besought me to have pity on my youth. "It is useless to swim against the current. Your evidence will not be taken against that of the Secretary of State; the proofs are destroyed. Look at those two secretaries, Nau and Ourlé; they began by protesting they would rather die than prove faithless to their gracious mistress. Now they have gradually taken down their pride, for fear of prison and rack they have already asserted that the letter shown them by Walsingham appears to be genuine, or is at any rate the same in its main features as the original. Some further revelations to their mistress's disadvantage may presently be expected from them. What would you have! Life is sweet and the rack very bitter. Another thing, young sir, you cannot possibly save Mary Stuart, you will only ruin yourself and bring your uncle into disgrace with the Queen. And one who has known you from a boy tells you in confidence, your uncle's monetary affairs are in a bad state. You know how parsimonious the Queen is in regard to grants of money for political purposes, lavish as she is in her expenditure on dress. Consequently Walsingham has been compelled to pay the hundreds of spies he pays in Paris, Madrid, Rome, and even in the seminaries and convents, to a great extent out of his private means. This last conspiracy, the progress of which he has watched by means of his emissaries, and utilized to his own ends has cost him a mint of money. Unless he gets some gift from the Queen, he is undone. He means to ask her Majesty to bestow Babington's estate, which is said to be the finest property in Derbyshire on you; and he will probably get it because he ascribed to you the principal part in the disclosure of the conspiracy. You had only some high in the favor of the Queen, whom God preserved. She has twice sent messengers to inquire after your well-being, each time your uncle had to answer that you were still suffering from the fever you had contracted in her Majesty's service."

"The next report will be that I am dead and buried," I rejoined, "it will be true; for once the gates of the Tower are closed on me, I shall be dead and buried, as far as this world goes. You mean kindly and I thank you for your good intentions; but I would rather be buried alive than incur the guilt of innocent blood. I am sorry that my uncle should get into trouble on my account, but we all know that ingratitude is the worldling's reward."

Thereupon Gray drew a paper from his doublet, and laying his hand on my arm, said: "I arrest you in the Queen's name by order of the Secretary of State."

I followed him without resistance. At the door of the house two armed men placed themselves on either side of me, and we passed through the narrow alleys to the river-side, where a boat was waiting. We soon reached the Tower, on whose turrets and battlements the calm moonlight rested. Once more I looked up at the glorious moon and the starry firmament; once more I inhaled the cool, fresh air, as a light wind from the sea fanned my temples; once more I heard the sound of mirth and music wafted on the breeze from the southward side.

"A few moments," I said to myself, "and you will be cast into God knows what underground dungeon, never again to behold the clear sky, to breathe the fresh air, or hear the sound of merry laughter!" Passing the King's stairs and the Traitor's gate, we stopped at a land-place opposite the Cradle tower the one side and most of the fortress on the other. As we stepped out of the boat, Gray, who sat beside

me without speaking, laid his hand on my arm, and said: "One word and we go back!" I shook my head; the narrow drawbridge over the moat was let down. A man came forward from the shadow of the gateway to meet us. It was the Lieutenant of the Tower, he conducted me in silence into the interior of the fortress, past the Bloody Tower, where a sentry challenged us, and across the green to the Bell Tower, where he unlocked the door of a prison, which was, I thought, to be my abode for an unlimited time, probably until the day of my death.

This cell I recognized at the first glance as the one wherein, in Henry VIII's reign, John Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, was confined. He with the learned Chancellor Thomas More, and a few Carthusian monks, had the courage to adhere to the old faith, and refused to acknowledge the Royal Supremacy. The dungeon in question is a vaulted apartment not more than five feet square occupying the upper story of the round tower. The walls are of enormous thickness; several loophole-like windows look onto the Thames, onto the Beward tower opposite, or across the broad moat to the heights of Tower hill. Before a clumsy chimney-place some bundles of straw were piled to form a bed; the floor was composed of rough paving stones. It was considered one of the best cells in the Tower, yet I shivered when I thought of spending the winter, ay, many a winter too, within its damp, cold walls. Only the remembrance of the holy Bishop, an old man of 75 years, who half a century before, had inhabited and sanctified by his presence this dismal place, inspired me with courage and resolution.

Now began for me the monotonous, miserable life of a prisoner, for which the confinement in my uncle's house had but poorly prepared me. There I could sit comfortably at the window, and watch the coming and going in the street below. Here the windows were so high that it was all I could do to lay hold of the iron bars and pull myself up for a moment to catch a glimpse of the river or of Tower hill. Hour after hour I paced up and down, to and fro in the narrow space between the walls of my cell. Then I would throw myself upon my couch of straw to rest, and resume after a while my weary march. Thus day after day, and week after week went by. The autumn passed and winter came, with its short days and long nights, when rough winds raged round the Tower, and drove cold rain or whirling snow through the crevices of the ill fitting casements; or an icy fog rose from the Thames, and enveloped tower and tenement in a damp, white shroud. The joyous fest of Christmas passed, the remembrance of which made my captivity more intolerable, and the New Year, followed with a frost so sharp that the water in my pitcher froze, and I could only quench my thirst with lumps of ice which melted in my mouth.

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free. Be sure that the picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.

And how were my thoughts occupied during all these days, one of which exactly resembled the other, and during the long dreary nights, when the cold prevented one from sleeping? I had leisure to think of my past life, and repent of my disloyal resistance to the known truth. Yes, I had indeed been disloyal. A long time ago in Richmond Park I had acknowledged to myself, that the Church of Christ could never depart from the doctrines of her founder, and Campion's book had strengthened that persuasion. All that I had seen since, the example of the martyred priests; the much-enduring Queen, her innocence, her gentleness and her angelic patience, the heroic courage displayed by Miss Cecil, in giving up all for conscience's sake; Windsor's noble behaviour and Christian forgiveness; all this, in contrast to the conduct of Elizabeth and her ministers, the vile forgery committed by Walsingham—all this had served to confirm my conviction. I now saw how worthless were the arguments wherewith I had sought to combat them, how I had persuaded myself that I was not bound to join the old, proscribed religion, or at least that I might defer giving in my adhesion to it until a more favorable occasion. I remembered the words of Scripture: "I called, and you refused," and the awful threat that followed those words. I felt truly contrite for my sins, besought mercy from God, and accepted my imprisonment as a just chastisement. Such were my meditations throughout the days and nights of that terrible winter.

The old man, Bill Bell, who brought me my food, used often to stay and talk with me awhile, I spoke to him about the old and about the new religion, and soon discovered that he had remained a Catholic at heart, albeit, like thousands of his fellow countrymen, he had yielded to the pressure of persecution, hoping that in time the old religion would be re-established. I tried to set before him the obligation of making profession publicly of his belief, and declared my own readiness to do so, provided an opportunity presented itself. He then told me of Father Crichton, and of the services held by night in the Bar of Arundel's cell, in the Beauchamp tower, which was connected with the Bell tower by what was called the prisoner's way. On my expressing an earnest desire to have an interview with Mr. Crichton, and to assist at the service, Bill Bell said he would mention it to Miss Bellamy, of whose self-sacrificing charity he had already spoken to me. Without a bribe the warden of the Beauchamp would not leave the door open leading to the walk along the ramparts; he hoped Miss Bellamy would give what was required, for he knew I had not so much as a groat in my possession.

This conversation took place towards the end of January. A few days later Bill remarked to me that the morrow was Candlemas Day, and it was quite possible that he might forget to lock my door that evening. If I chose, I might see, about 3 o'clock in the morning, whether the small door of the Beauchamp tower was left ajar, for on a feast of our Lady, Lord Arundel was almost certain to have Mass in the prison. All day long I prayed that this plan might succeed, and all the night I watched anxiously for the clock to strike three. Never did the time appear so long. Before the last stroke of the bell had died away, I left my cell, and felt my way along the dark corridor. It was a stormy night; snow and frozen rain beat over the ramparts, as I crept along beneath them. All at once I heard footsteps behind me; I gave myself up for lost, as there was no means of turning aside. But I perceived the figure following me to be that of a woman, and I conjectured a priori that it was none other than Miss Bellamy, to whom I was indebted for this opportunity of hearing Mass. I attempted to thank her, but she stopped me, saying, for the man who saved Windsor's life, she would do much more. Then I remembered she was Windsor's betrothed, and that she had helped Miss Cecil to leave the country. I would willingly have said a few words more, but she reminded me that it was neither the time nor the place for conversation, and only asked me to pray for her sister, who had died not many hours before.

In Arundel's cell all was ready for Mass. I knelt down amongst the few persons present, and followed the great act of worship with faith and devotion. What a mystery of faith, that the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth should descend into this poor prison under the form of bread! What a mystery of love that He should accomplish this marvel of divine omnipotence! A mystery worthy of a religion founded by God Himself, at which my heart rejoiced and yet trembled. The short address Father Crichton delivered on the festival of the day, struck me forcibly also. The idea of sacrifice as the root of all that is good and profitable to the soul, sank deep into my mind. After Mass I spoke to Father Crichton, telling him who I was, how unfaithful I had been to grace, and how greatly I desired to return to the fold of the one true Church, founded by Christ Himself. He was extremely kind, and accompanied me to my cell, where he heard my confession and gave me absolution. As he spoke the words of pardon, tears of contrition and repentance streamed from my eyes, and unspoken peace took possession of my heart.

(To be continued.)

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS. Cure Constipation, Cure Biliousness, Clean Coated Tongue. Sweetsen the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system.

MISCELLANEOUS. Wife.—You used to call me the light of your life. Husband.—Ah, but I had no idea then how much it would cost to keep it burning.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

Wife.—I found out something today that I promised never to tell. Husband.—Well, go ahead; I'm listening.

Doan's Kidney Pills act on the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs only. They cure backaches, weak back, rheumatism, diabetes, congestion, inflammation, gravel, Bright's disease and all other diseases arising from wrong action of the kidneys and bladder.

Miss Gush.—What do you suppose the result would be if we could hear what our friends say about us in our absence? Miss Candor.—I think we'd have a trifle more modesty and considerably fewer friends.

The Ladies' Favorite. Laxa Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite medicine. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia without griping, purging or sicking.

The Bride.—(weeping)—Oh, Jack, we've—we've to, j just got to, give up boarding, and g-go to house-keeping. Hubby.—Why, lovey, what's the matter? The Bride.—Mrs. Worrits has been telling me all the afternoon about the trouble she has with cooks, and I didn't have anything to tell her.

Many people say they are "all nerves," easily startled or upset, easily worried and irritated. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just the remedy such people require. They restore perfect harmony of the nerve centres and give new nerve force to shattered nervous system.

"Don't stand on ceremony, come in," said a lady to an old farmer who had called to see her husband. "My gracious! Excuse me, marm," exclaimed the other, jumping hastily aside, "I thought I was only standing on the door-mat."

Suddenly Attacked. Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Colic, Oramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

Barroiling Officer.—What is your name? Recruit.—Oven Espy Casey. Barroiling Officer (with evident irritation).—Shoot a few of those initials! O, N, S, P, K, C. What?

Spring Medicine. As a spring medicine Burdock Blood Bitters has no equal. It tones up the system and removes all impurities from the blood, and takes away that tired, weary feeling so prevalent in the spring.

To the Weary Dyspeptic, We Ask This Question: Why don't you remove that weight at the pit of the Stomach? Why don't you regulate that variable appetite, and condition the digestive organs so that it will not be necessary to starve the stomach to avoid distress after eating? The first step is to regulate the bowels. For this purpose Burdock Blood Bitters Has No Equal. It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion.

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SECOND SIGHT. KATHERINE TYNAN BINKSON IN 8 H REVIEW.

"Sister," said blind Dara, "What do you behold?" Round her and St. Brigid flowed the dawn's gold. "Sister," said blind Dara, "Would that I might see Veils of gold and silver Drawn on hill and lea!"

Over her and Brigid Carolled the lark; Hills were heights of heaven, Though their feet were dark. Dew in the shadow Pearled the gossamer; Kine in the meadow "Gan to low and stir."

Mists from the bogland Curled like silver smoke, Young birds were singing In the arching oak. To the east and southward Scarlet grew the world, And the sun leapt upward As a ball is hurled.

Brigid, lost in praying, Touched her sister's eyes. "Oh!" she said, "my sister, Dove of God, arise! Eyes, no longer sightless, See His glory spread!" Dara with a loud cry Lifted up her head.

Saw the little rivers Glide through bogland brown, Where the yellow iris Flaunteth her gold gown; Saw that sea of scarlet Plush o'er hill and wood; Praised God's name, Rejoicing that His works were good.

"Yet," she said, "my sister, Blind me once again, Least His presence in me Growth less plain, Stars and dawn and sunset Keep till Paradise Here His face sufficeth For my sightless eyes."

"Oh!" she said, "my sister, Night is beautiful, Where His face is shining. Who was mocked as fool, More than star and meteor, More than moon or sun, Is the thorn crowned forehead Of the Holy One."

"Haste," she said, "and plunge me Once again in night, Least perchance I lose Him, Gaining my sight." Brigid, lost in praying, Touched her eyes once more; And the light went fading Off sea and shore.

All His creatures praise Him From daylight to dusk, Stars and moon and cloudland, And Messir, the Sun; Seas and hill and valley And the frozen waste. Dara in her blindness Praiseeth Him the best.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

HERE IS PROOF. Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Que., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

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