THE PAGE OF JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Translated from the French by S. A. C., with

CHAPTER IX.

THE MORASS OF DUNSE. Knowing as we now do that our here s failen into the hands of Angus, and having also learnt how it about that Cossford was substitu ted for Percy, the Cardinal's envoy, n made acquainted with and having b the plans and intrigues of Beaton and Angus, let us follow the fortunes of those we had left for a while—one in the power of the formidable chief, the other on his way to the rendezvous with Lord Home of Wedderburn, on the border of the lake which skirts Morass of Dunse. If you, dear readers, are at all interested in the fate of Francis, I am sorry for you, as we shall have to leave him for a time

we shall have to leave him for a time in his perilous position in order to follow Sir Antony D Arcy, who first claims our attention.

On leaving the castle, Sir Antony directed his course towards the appointed place of meeting; he spurred his horse to a gallop, and his home was his horse to a gallop, and his home was soon left far behind. It would seem as if he thus urged on his steed to pre vent his resolution from giving way, and to render it impossible for him to change his mind and retain his son-Suddenly he checked his speed, and wiping his eyes, full of tears, said:

wiping his eyes, full of tears, said:

"Poor boy! he must have started
by this time. Who knows if I shall
ever see him again? Oh, that hor
rible dream! it is always in my mind.
How is it that I, who have never
feared the tunult or danger of the
battlefield, am now so disturbed by a
mere dream that I tramble—yes,
tremble? This nervous agitation can
only be caused by my uneasiness as to only be caused by my uneasiness as to my son's fate. Yet Lord Home, whom I shall soon meet, may perhaps attri-bute it to fear of him. Fear! yes, he used that word in his insolent letter. At all costs I must surmount this ner vous feeling, so that he may not per-ceive it; I must try to forget for the present both my son and my fears in his regard. Besides, what harm can befall him? He is now on the road to Edinburgh, well escorted by the Car-dinal's faithful servants. There! I will think no more of him, but only of the meeting with this insolent lord, who dared to speak of fear in connection with me. By St. Antony! I shall teach him a lesson."

And in order entirely to recover his composure the knight spurred his horse composure the knight spurred his accomposure the knight spurred his accomposure to a gallep, and rode rapidly up anew to a gallep, and rode rapidly up and down for some minutes. windent exercise having produced the desired effect, he said to himself: "Now for Lord Home, and let him "Now for Lord Home, and the Home moderate his language, or, by St. Antony! I will measure swords with him:" then quite himself again, he directed his course straight to the morass. Meanwhile, Home of Wedder burn was advancing towards the same spot, accompanied by ten of his re-tainers. Between two of these attend ants walked poor Gauthier, tied to a horse's tail, his hands bound behind him, and brutally maltreated by the men,

him, and brutally maltreated by the men, each vying with the other as to which of them could insult him the most.

Gauthier had been informed that morning that Wedderburn had sent enced him to death. In vain had he protested that Lord Home had no right to judge him or dispose of his line; in vain had he threatened them with the anger of his master and the severity of the law, which would never regard them as his lawful judges, but regard them as his lawful judges, but only as his assassins. In reply to his protests, he was told that their lord had condemned him, whether he had the right to do so or not; that, as to the vengeance of his master, they feared it not, and that their lord recognized no other law than his own will.

Poor Gauthier knew, therefore, that he was proceeding to certain death, and, paying no heed to the insults heaped upon him, as he walked along, maintained a dignified silence. Not content, however, with insulting him with words, one of the mea struck him with his riding-whip, saving :

"Walk on, you clown, or you shall feel the point of my sword." Turning towards the man, Gauthier answered in a grave tone:
"The Gospel says, 'He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Eh, what signifies the Gospel?" replied the man with a blasphemous oath. "The Gospel won't prevent your dying: walk on, walk, I say;" and he struck him again.

and he struck him again.
"I do not allow," cried Gauthier,
"that your master has any right to
put me to death; nevertheless I go to eet my fate without cursing him. But the curse of Heaven will surely fall on the coward who strikes a man incapab e of defending himself." I'll brave that curse," interrupted

the ferocious bandit; master's right, yours shall judge just now how far it extends."

now how far it extends."

"What do you mean?" cried Gauth
ier, his interest at once awakened.

"Is my noble master in danger?"

"What does that matter to you?

Do you care for him?"
"Do I care for him? How can you

"If that is the case, be contented," answered the man, "for death shall not even separate you."

Jh, speak, speak, for God's sake! Surely your lord is not threatening my master's life?"
"Hold your peace there!" cried

Lord Home, who rode in front of the band, and who had overheard the " Hold your conversation. peace, and gag that brawler. His order was instantly

His order was instantly executed, and then, calling to him one of and then, calling to him one of the soldiers who appeared to hold authority over the others, he drew him aside, and conversed with him for some minutes in a low tone.
"Very well, master," said the man

who had been listening attentively "It shall be done as you command."

Then, dividing the troop, he departed with five of the men in the direction of a little wood, which could be seen

from where they stood, and which borfrom where they stood, and which bordered the morass on the opposite side of the lake. Lord Wedderburn and the remainder of the troop were not long in arriving at their destination.

"We shall see," he cried, "if the Sir D'Arcy will be punctual to time, and if he dare present himself before we with only five men."

me with only five men."

Hardly had he finished his speech be

ore Antony D'Arcy, as if in answer to the ir jurious challenge, came up alone at a gallop.
'Alone! He has come alone!' said

Sir Home in surprise. "It is impossible; his escort must be behind."
Antony was now close to him.
"You see me, Sir Home," he said, as he drew up. "I have come alone, and he drew up. "I have come alone, and you can now judge whether or not I am you can now judge whether or not I am afraid, as you dared to say in a cer afraid, as you dared to say in a cer

tain message, a very insolent one which you sent to me at Dunbar." se who write such speeches, Sin D'Arcy, are always ready to bear them

felor, I defy you !'

be known to none

Sir Home.

" Heaven is my vitness

hoping to capitulate honourably, and thus save both his own and his servant's

"I wish to believe that your

life. "I wish to believe that your intentions are peaceable: you, on your side, may easily prove them to be such. Order your men who bar the road to retire; return my horse to me; and what has passed here shall be known to pene save these who have

een witnesses of it."
Ha!" cried Sir Home, at last

throwing off the mask, 'now you im plore my mercy! Had you any mercy

when you arrested my kinsman and conducted him to your Duke of Albany?

Gentleman executioner, did you show any mercy when you lent your hand to

"Sir Home," answered the knight,
"in arresting your relative I only exe-

cuted orders, and I took no part what ever in his trial or condemnation."

"No, cowardly assassin, you hid yourself in the shade, waiting impati

ently the accomplishment of the odious sentence in order to seize his office and

you reckon on pity from me now that I

"A soldier is always ready to die, Sir Home, but, I warn you, i shall de fend my life, and history will one day

" Fall on the Frenchmen !" cried

But the victims did not allow them

selves to be strangled like sheep without a struggle. At the first blow An

tony laid low one of the bandits, whilst

Gauthier, excited by his master's ex ample, engaged with another. It was the same man that had struck him with

his whip and menaced him with his sword. Wishing, at least, to revenge

himself before he died, Gauthier vigor-ously attacked hin, and, and, skilfully

parrying his blow, plunged his dagger into his side. The man fell with a

he who struck with the sword should likewise perish by it."

Alas! that word of Christ which Gauthier had proved to be true in such

sanguinary way was to receive a second fulfilment also, for the unhappy

than he felt himself pierced through

" For a short time only, my brave

man," replied the Chevalier, whose blood was flowing fast from many wounds, but who yet defended himself

so stoutly that, without counting the bandit killed by Gauthier, three other

men lay stretched upon the ground,

one only remaining near the knight,

gave him hard work to do. Sin Home had stood by watching the un

part in it himself. Now, at a sign fro

him, the other five men static

equal combat, but without taking any

the wood galloped up, and Wedderburn

himself drew his sword and rushed to

wards the knight as if to end the

finishing stroke to his remaining ad

versary, but, utterly spent by this supreme effort, he had fallen lifeless to

Thus perished the noble Chevalier

who had always so loyally and courage ously served the kingdom of Scotland. Lured to his death in a peradious am-

bush he became the victim of infamous

One may well ask how it was that Sir Home of Wedderburn, a savage Border

chieftain, so terrible in war, and whose

courage and ferocity were vaunted in

all the surrounding country, had held himself entirely aloof and maintained a neutral position during the scruggle

ust related. The circumstance may

perhaps be explained by a sort of chivalrous susceptibility, false indeed

and pharisaical in the extreme; yet possibly this bandit lord, who had treacherously drawn this noble knight

into the ambash laid for him, and com

manded his death, would have believed

imself dishonored by taking part in

chivalry! As if the man who planned

and commanded such a crime was not

more guilty, if possible, than the ser-

Now, however, that the fell deed was accomplished, Wedderburn did not con-

ceal his satisfaction.

"Be at rest, my worthy uncle!" he

cried. "Your spirit may now rest in peace. But that is not enough. I

wish to publish your revenge from my

castle walls, so as to make known to all that he who dares interfere with a

Wedderburn shall never go unpun-

Then, taking a hunting knife from

one of the men, he cut off the head of

Antony D'Arcy, and, knitting it to his

saddle bow by the long locks which the

knight wore, he remounted his horse,

carried out his orders

such an unequal contest. A stran interpretation indeed of the laws

and cowardly treachery.

But the contest was already combat. But the contest was alread over. Sir Antony had just given th

Sir

who, in spite of his

and through, and fell, exclaiming, "Adieu, my good master!"

nan himself had no sooner pron

"I told you," said Gauthier, " that

dorn yourself with his honors!

his judicial assassination ?

out with the sword."
"And he to whom they were ad dressed, Lord Wedderburn, is ready to demand satisfaction for them with the

e weapon."
That is well," replied Sir Hone "we understand one another; but the meeting I appointed for this morning with the Governor of the Eastern Border is wholly of a pacific nature. It is

der is wholly of a paoine nature. It is about one of your servants."

"Ah, true; I thank you, sir, for reminding me of that, which my indig-nation at a personal offence had caused me for the moment to forget."

Let them bring forward the guilty party," cried Lord Home; and Gauthie dragged to the front.

was dragged to the front.

"And how, sir," exclaimed the knight, indignant at the pitiable state of his servant-" how can you thus treat that unfortunate man for the mere offence of fishing without leave -if, indeed, he committed any offence at all.

"Sir D'Arcy," proudly returned the chief, "Sir Home of Wedderbarn is not answerable to anyone for the justice he exercises in his own domains.

"Let the Lord of Wedderburn," replied the knight, "act as he pleases by his own vassals; but I require that he treat one belonging to me with less severity, and I summon him in the name of the Regent of Scotland to have the hands of that poor man unbound. "Sir D'Arcy may command in the Regent's name in his castle of Dunbar,

where the Scottish people are base enough to obey him, but on the border of a lake belonging to me no one but elf has the right to command. "If you will not, sir, obey a repre sentative of the Regent, I myself will do what you refuse to command to be done;" and, springing from his horse,

the knight advanced towards Gauthier intending to unbind his hands, but hardly had he taken three steps when five muskets were levelled at him.
"In the name of the King and of the Queen Regent," again cried D'Arcy, without, however, drawing back or changing color, "I command you to

vonr arms : or I declare you to be felons and traitors, and will punish you as such."
Unmoved by this threat, the men remained as before, with their muskets

"That will do," cried Wedderburn.
"Now lay aside your muskets and draw your swords."

The bandits obeyed instantly.
"You see, Sir Knight," said Wedderburn, "that the commands of the

" that the commands of the derburn, King and of the Regent of Scotland are of less value here than mine, and to convince you of this I shall have your vassal put to death at once for fishing on my property, and thus prove to you that, even though the law does not accord him the right, Sir Home exer

cises jurisdiction in his own domains in all cases, great or small."

Though Sir Antony was exasperated by the audacity of Sir Home, he still controlled himself.

"Sir," he said, addressing him in a gentle tone, 'I beg of you to consider what you are about to do. Gauthier ervant, and I myself serve the King of Scotland ; to take the life of this man is to overpass your powers. Trast me. Leave his punishment in my hands, and if he has caused you loss I will see that reparation is made you. Do not commit an unpar donable crime. I beg and conjure you to spare this man's life, and to demand

for him what ransom you please."
"That is to say," replied Sir Home you take me with a disdainful sneer, "you take m for a bandit. But may it ple se you, am a Scottish lord and Baron, and I will never receive money from a usur

per and an assassin.
"Sir!" said D said D'Arcy, laying his hand on his sword.

hand on his sword.

"Gently, gently, Sir Knight," in-terrupted Wedderburn, "do not so lightly lay your hand on your weapon. I nave behind me brave men, who will not permit it to flash before they are

"What do you say ?" asked D'Arcy. " Have I, then, fallen into a trap?" And he turned to look for his horse

"You need not look for your horse, my fine sir," continued Lord Home in a mocking tone. "My men have taken charge of it, so that we may the longer enjoy your company."
"What, sir!" cried the knight, now

seriously uneasy. " Have you induced me to come here merely in order to entrap me ?

demanded your presence here, Sir Knight, so that this poor creatur might not die alone in the midst o enemies, and that he might before dying at least have the consolation of looking nce more on the face of the master he loves so much.

At a sign from the Baron the mer

removed the gag from Gauthier's mouth and forced him to kneel. "Master! good master!" cried the

poor man as soon as his tongue was free "save yourself! It is a trap; they intend to kill you!" "Pay no heed to the advice of this doomed man," replied Sir Home; "in any case, it is impossible for you to act on it If you will take the trouble to lok behind you, Chevalier, you will see that the road is guarded by my people."
"Then there is treachery," said Sir

and after seeing the bodies of those who had perished in the combat thrown into the lake he set off for Wedder-D'Arcy.
"Not at all," rejoined the Baron "I wish to show you how I treat my enemies, and those who belong to them. This man belongs to you, and you will see him executed."
"You shall kill me first," cried the barn.

CHAPTER X.

A FATHER'S HEAD. knight, whose anger seemed to have doubled his strength; "and if my death, as well as that of my faithful servant, is resolved on, I will die, at least, as a brave man should;" and, quick as thought, the Chevalier, drawing his sward and running to Gaustine. The barbarous act related in the preceding chapter was unhappily at that ep ich too common a practice amongst the Scottish lords for Sir Home to consider it necessary to conceal his crime.
On the contrary, he determined to
make public the striking revenge he
had taken for his relative. In order,
therefore, the more fully to effect his one his sword and running to Gauthier, cut the latter's bonds and handed him his dager. "Join me, Gauthier," he shouted, "and let us show that therefore, the more fully to effect his purpose, he rode through the village of Wedderburn with the head of his enemy hanging from his saddle-bow, and crying aloud as he wenr, "Thus perish the enemies of Sir Home of Wedderburn!" As he passed before the Pine-branch Inn, proclaiming aloud his crime, a heart rending cry issued from one of its lower rooms. Francis through the barred window has recognised the head of his beloved father, and after uttering this pitcous cry fell he shoated, "and let us show that Frenchmen know how to die! To the rescue, and long live France!"
"And now, Sir Home," continued Antony, turning and facing again the Condent of Worddenburn, "coward and Wedderburn, "coward and plans were wholly of a pacific nature, replied Sir Home, joining imposture to cowardice; "so yor, Sir Knight, must take upon yourself the responsibility of and after uttering this piteous cry fell what may happen."
"Listen, sir," said D'Arcy, still

and a territoring down in a swoon.

The boy, as we remember, had been conducted to the inn by Cessford, who there awaited the return of Shell from Wedderburn Manor. In the meantime he had been imprisoned in a little room whose windows were protected by iron bars, and against the door of this room, on the outside, the freebooter now placed the heavy table at which he intended to sit whilst drinking. When Sir Home rode through the village Cessford, who had already swallowed three tankards of beer, to say nothing of several stoups of wine, was bawling swearing, and storming at his men who, nearly in the same condition as himself, were making a frightful din. Therefore, it is small wonder that Therefore, it is small wonder that Andrew Cessford neither heard nor Andrew Cessford neither near hor saw his master pass, and remained on awaiting Shell's leturn, which had been necessarily delayed by the absence of Lord Home from his castle.

When the little band surrounding Francis arrived at the village, the inhabitants, hearing the tramp had run to their doors, and stared in wonder at the severe precautions taken against one so young.

"Look: they have gagged him, as if he were mad!" said one woman in whom the youth of Francis excited

you recken on pity from me now that I have you in my power! Fool, to dare to meet me alone, and without escort! Antony D'Arcy, the hour of vengeance has arrived; the spirit of Lord Home calls aloud for your death! Prepare yourself to meet it!" "Why, it's the young French man, the son of Sir D Arcy," remarked some men who had often seen Francis, and sometimes received help from him. "Poor young man! I trust no harm decide which of us merits the name of assassin. Come, my brave Gauthier, let us sell our lives dearly." will come to him.

" Pooh! let bim alone," replied others, and these were mostly people who lived close to the manor. "He is the son of the French usurper, the guardian of the Eastern Border, who nolds that post when by right it should belong to our chief. I am glad he is caught, for he is a wicked good-for the control of the Did he not try to drown nothing. Did he not try to drown Tumkett, the laird's river keeper? Let him be thus treated; he will only get

Amongst the villagers who were gaz-Amongst the villagers who were gaz-ing at the prisoner and his captors was a lad dressed in beggar's clothes. Whoever else might view the scene with indifference, this lad evidently could not. From his looks and his gestures it was apparent that the beggar boy was strongly interested in the prisoner's fate. And well indeed he might be, for he owed his life to the He was, in truth, the lad whom on the previous evening Francis had rescued from being drowned in the lake. Harry, for such was his name, was only a beggar boy; but nature had was only a beggar boy; but hatter had richly endowed him with noble instincts, with courage, loyalty, and, above all, with gratitude. What his captors proposed to do with Francis captors did not know, but that they ill by their prisoner was clear He determined to keep as close to his benefactor as possible, hoping in a vague sort of way that a chance of be-Watching friending him might arise. Cessford asking for a room in which to shut up his prisoner, and had seen the innkeeper pointing to a room below. Saizing an opportunity which presented he said unperceived into the chamber just as Cessford was ordering the table to be moved across the do for greater security, and then, hiding himself under a piece of furniture, waited until the soldiers began to

Francis had been ungagged before being imprisoned in this room, and Harry was just about to make himself known to him, when the Lord of Wedderburn rode by with his horrible trophy. Then came the heart rending cry anguish, after which Francis fell fa ing to the ground. Happily for both, the soldiers were too busy with their beer tankards and their dice to notice either the cry of their captive or the march-past of Lord Home. Seeing his rescuer in a swoon, Harry, whose only wish was to save him, came forth from his retreat to render him assistance. Fortunately, he found some water, which he dashed on the boy's face and hands, and after a time he had the satis-faction of seeing him open his eyes.

"Where am I?" asked Francis in a puzzled tone. "I think I have had a puzzled tone. rightful dream." Then, drawing his hand across his brow as if to recall his confused ideas, he said in a troubled no! it is too true There, there ! that lord who passed by just now on horseback had at his saddle bow a bloody head—my father's head! Oh, yes, I recognized him! They have murdered him! Oh, oh!" And the poor boy broke out into loud sobs

Harry tried in vain to console him, for from the few words uttered by Francis he had understood the cause of

You mustna greet," said his youth ful consoler, using the ordinary phraseology of the Scottish peasantry parts. "Maybe it wasna your head you saw. Maybe you in those parts. father's It could na be." were mistaken. "Yes, yes, I recognized him!" replied Francis with redoubled sobs.

Just at this moment the soldiers ceased from their brawling to listen to some new-comer, who related in all their details the horrible events which

had taken place that morning in the Morass of Dunse. Francis heard all this distinctly. There could no longer be any doubt, and the poor boy gave

be any dubt, and the poor boy gave fresh vent to his grief.

"Oh, my God!" said Harry. "Time is going on, and perhaps what they have done to the father they will do to the son. How—how can I save him? Come, come, 'he said, shaking Francis gently; "you mustna waste precious time in tears. I am sure you ous time in tears. I am sure you are in danger, and later on there may not be a chance of saving you."

But vainly did the poor peasant lad

strive to arouse Francis from his gloomy thoughts. Indifferent to his own fate, the bereaved son could think of nothing but that bloody head hang-ing from the saddle-bow.

The roise had now recommenced on the other side of the door. Jessford struck the table with his fist, and

bawled out:
"By St. Andrew! Sir Home of wedderburn is a brave man, and there wedderburn is a brave man, and therefore I will make peace with him, though it befus me not to receive his orders—me, Andrew Kerr Cessford! Who says it is my duty to receive orders from a Border lord? Is there anyone who says so? Let him speak, and I will kill him, as I break this jug;" and he dashed the crock on the ground. Then, there has no are the freehooter continue; after a pause, the freebooter continue i:
"Yes, by St. Andrew! the Lord of
Wedderburn has done well. Behold how he avenges himself! Woe to our enemies! Here, you scoundrel host, bring a stoup of wine, that we may drink to the health of Sir Home."

A few moments later the stoups were heard clicking, and the noise began

again.
We will now for a few moments leave poor Francis, overwhelmed with his sorrow; Harry, full of grief at his powerless ess to assist his benefactor; and Cessford and his men at their drunken brawl, and follow Sir Home to druggen brawl, and those being in bis manor, which he is just entering in triumph. His first words were: "Let a pike be fixed on the most public part a pike be fixed on the most public part of the ramparts, and this head be placed thereon, to remain until the last shree has been consumed by the crows and other birds of prey."

To insure his orders being obeyed,

To insure his orders delig obeyed, he waited to see them carried out; and when the knight's head had been hoisted on to a pike, he had a trumper sounded to gather from all parts of the castle his household servants and guards, men and women, and with an expression of savage joy more resemb ling that of a satiated tiger than of a man, he pointed out the roble head to

"Thus," he cried again, "perish the enemies of Lord Home of Wedder burn! This is how I do myself justice. Let those who seek to harm me take

After this odious proclamation, he ordered a banquet to be made ready for himself and his chief officers, and gave instructions that the castle gates should be thrown open and two roasted oxen and two casks of beer served up to the villagers in the courtyard. Sir Home was about to re-enter the castle, the major domo announced that a soldier, who declared himself to be ressenger from the Earl of Angus

wished to speak with him.
"Then, by my father's soul!" cried Sir Home, " swords will soon be drawn if Argus has sent me a message." And he bade the man usher in the mes senger, who proved to be none other than Shell.

Having received the letter of which he was the bearer, Lord Home dis-missed him and called for his chaplain. The priest was slow in obeying the summons, and when he at last appeared his countenance expressed both sadness

and displeasure.
"I have been waiting for you a long time, Father," said the Baron in an impatient tone; "and when I give orders, I am accustomed to have them

promptly executed."
"My lord," said the chaplain, "there is another Master Whom I serve, and Whose commands are more important than yours. "And who is he who dares gives

orders over my head in this castle?"
"It is God, sir," replied the chap lain in a grave and severe tone. commanded me to pray for the soul of Sieur D'Arcy, treacherously assassinated by you this morning at the Morass of Dunse. Yes, sir,' continued the chaplain, un noved by the evident anger of Sir Home, "God commanded me to pray for the soul of the murdered night, and for you also, who made tool of me by causing me to write the letter which brought about the death of that Christian man

" Chaplain, chaplain! I did not bid you come here that I might listen to your preachings.

But I, my lord, have come for the purpose of speaking the truth to you, replied the courageous priest. "I you that God has in store terrible shastisements for those who shed their neighbors' blood.'

"Have a care, chaplain!" shouted Sir Home. "If God has in reserve chastisements for those who rid them selves of their enemies, Sir Home of those who have the audacity to censure his actions." What are the punishments of Sir

Home in comparison with those of said the priest calmly. "You shall judge for yourself!" cried the Baron, beside himself with rage. "Here!" he shouted, "here!"

Do as you will, my lord. You can strike the body; God will take care of the soul," said the priest, without moving his place. Calm and serene he stood there.

awaiting the results of the Baron's fury. But the latter, much astonished at the firmness of the priest, checked the order he was about to utter "Go out, all of you!" he thundered forth to those who had entered at his " or, by my father's soul, I will-

"Blood still, my son, and more threats," interrupted the chaplain. "Go, I say!" repeated Wedderburn, mastering his anger for the moment.

"You see, my son," continued the priest, when they were once more alone, "God has heard my prayer, for generations will erect his monument.

He has given you strength to overcome the fiery temper which urges you to do evil. May He one day grant you for-giveness for the infamous murder you giveness for the infamous committed this morning!"

"Again!" thundered forth the Baron, but once more he restrained himself, remembering that he needed the services of the chaplain to discover the purport of the Earl of Angus's being no other in the castle who was able to read, so he continued: "Very well, Father; we must do what is necessary to obtain this pardon, and we will ask your good advice in the matter."

"Sincere repentance, my son, is the only way by which you can obtain for-

"We will think about it, Father

but just now that is not the important affair. I sent for you that you might make known to me without delay the contents of this letter."

"Give it to me, my son. I will read it to you; but I convent only upon this express condition: that, if there is any further question of murder, you must promise not to mix me up in the promise not to mix me up in the matter, for quite enough blood has been shed to day.

"I promise all you wish, Father." replied Wedderburn hastily, impatient to hear the letter.

The chaplain then read as follows 'To my loyal and very dear Home of Wedderburn, greeting.

" Our vassal, Sir Andrew Kerr Cess ford, from whom you will receive this letter, will, at the time this reaches you, have in his hands the son of your particular enemy, Antony D'Arcy. Beaton designed to supplant me in the Beaton designed to suppose the in the affections of the young King by attaching this boy to his person. I give him over to your care. Take good care that he never again appears in public. So much for myself. But I have thought also of your interests. You will find also on the child some papers which may perhaps enable you to ruin the knight D'Arcy. You are forewarned. Act!
"Archibald Douglas,

Earl of Angus.

"Well, my son," asked the priest as he finished reading, "what are you

going to do?"
" fbat which my duty demands," replied Sir Home, rising.
"Do not forget your promise," said

the chaplain.
"I shall forget nothing that has taken place here to-day—be sure of that, Father," answered the Baron with

meaning look.

Then, proceeding to the antechamber, he commanded the Earl's messenger to be brought to him, and, when Shell appeared, gave him the following intructions before all who were assembled " Let the child be put into a sack

and carried by one of you to the sea. Let him be thrown therein to serve as food for the fishes. Go! As to the papers, I have no longer any need of them. What I possess on the ramparts is my surest guarantee against Sir D'Arcy." Faithless to his word !" murmured

the priest, throwing up his arms with a gesture of despair.

Shell left the manor to carry to Cessford these iniquitous orders; whilst Sir Home, summoning his major dome,

was in his confidence, said : "Hoggie, seek through the county for a layman who knows how to read and write. Offer him a situation here, and promise him a salary proportionate to his acquirements. If follow you, have him carried here by the men I will order to accompany

The man departed, and when quite

alone Sir Home added : " I will manage without this disputatious clerk; and when I have a layman to replace him, then—then I will find means to rid myself of him."

Having pronounced this last threat aloud, Sir Home entered the banqueting hall.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"CHANGED" HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

There was once a Holy Pope named regory. To him came Primus, a Gregory. To him came Primus, a Roman, and said, "Holy Father, in my youth the fortune of war took me Britain, and I married a maiden of the Angles who is now a Christian. In my old age I am minded to go back to the country of the Angles. I humbly beg your Holiness to send us a missionary to convert to Christianity the countrymen of my wife." To Primus replied the Holy Father,

"No, my son, the work of missionaries is here in Rome. Generations will have to come and go before there can be any missionary work among the Angles. There was a priest named Augustin

who asked to be sent to the Angles, but I felt bound to say him nay, be cause the time was not vet So Primus returned to Britain and he

and his house kept the faith as best they could, but were the only Christians there.
Primus died in time, and his some Secondus lived and died, leaving a son

Tertius, and Tertius had a son named Quatuor, the great grandson of Pirmus, and Quatuor asked his father Tertius whether they could not have missionaries sent among them. But Tertius said he feared not, because his grandfather, Primus, had been refused. So Quatuo said, Father, may I not ask the Holy Father at Rome for missionaries?' But Tertius said, "It is useless, my son. The great Gregory said to your great grandfather 'generations will have to come and go before there can be any missionary work among the Angles,' and the generations have come and gone, and there has been little, if any, missionary work among the wonderful foresight and perspica city of the great Pope Gregory

There are in this day the rosy faced light hearted people in the Southland still crying for missionaries to come How long, O Lord, must they wait?—The Missionary.

Whosoever uplifts civilization is rich

THE DELUSION OF SCIENCE.

Mrs. Eddy is still a po Even her existence is d turnishes matter for the news is dull. Her followe ons, running, it is assert the millions. That they astic cannot be doubted ago it was the fashion t pilgrimages to her shrine paper on one of those or escribes what took place tors came from all quarter to visit the Mother. sented every class and life," and the writer has "Among them were men most intellectual and exc of Boston, a British espersons of title from Euro "Over three thousand

there. More would have

ven the extra trains

overcrowded. The dista

walked it in the hot sun

mometer at 90 degrees admitted to the ground and spent several hours those used by Mrs. Ed citement was caused at report that Mrs. Eddy appear to her followers unfounded. It was n 2 o'clock that she ap balcony. The vast the around, anxious not to n gord of the ' Mother.' on the balcony with a fi She looked well, in spit years. She was handso silk dress and wore with gold trimmings. Sa minute. She then box that all the throng which intently at her, might eyes. Half an hour la aught a glimpse of her of the house to enter All uncovered their he drove away. Afterware ite armchair, at her fav at other objects and pla esting by intimate as her." This is a veritab relics. Gazing in the eyes is very loving and Besides being enthus animated by conviction

mother 'left in power her fine house? Is not her fine house? somely attired in a silk she not wear her bligold trimmings? Does in her carriage from throng, and is not th lating about her wea nember to have the fait book of "Science an apparently renew it wi 1901, the two hunds edition had already bee pusiness it is splendidl On all these points i but in other respects i drst place its title whether intentionally ittle. It is called C It certainly is not scie by any possible exten be considered Christia

splendid temples, some millions of dollars, wi

erected

Science, in its pres sooffs at metaphysics, soofs at metaphysics, boasts of having " seven years over the College in Boston, whe were trained in the tea gospel." "Divine Sures us, "rising above ies, excludes matter, that thoughts and res nto thoughts, and rep

Again, Huxley, Tyn expositors of science, but matter and insist study of its laws is truth. They are ag spiritual. But Mrs. I chummy with them inced that "natural commonly called, is n or scientific, because it the evidence of the With physiology she is and tells "i horse." (72) "it is not Moreover, whether

system of teaching. orderly fashion fr in the acquisition of t of knowledge which to tion professes to impa-called "Science and the gospel of this thorough acquaintan declared essential for the most indescribat connected untruths tracted printer put forced to examine. frankly informs us the That must come from up when half dead a ntellectuals, and se with copious margina

or metaphysical, it su

Here are specimen notes in a couple random: "Odor and Divinity Childless; Reptilian Demand. ot allure or illumin than agree with the cannot grasp even thitions, much less wa describable chaos book, for which, no be grateful. We h

once; have escape never try it again. Such things as that every step: "I as revealed to my me that all is mind Nothing that we c is true. " Electri fluid, but the leas illusive consciousnes