

# FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

## CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Then I shall see her ere you do," answered Walter gently. "Oh! my poor child, how is it that that deep mother's love of yours, which could not part with her on earth, can consent to part with her for aye?"

A groan of anguish burst from Maud.

"Why not turn now to God, and after leading a life of penance here, rejoin your child in the light of God's kingdom? As for me, re-approach not yourself so bitterly. You did not intend to work my death; and it was but a few days sooner. Eliot would speedily have tracked me; but if you think you have wronged me so much, grant me a favor that shall cancel the debt."

"I will, father," she said, looking up eagerly; "but what is it possible I can do?"

"Repent," said the priest solemnly, "not with the wildness of despair, but with the utter abasement of hope. See Rose Ford, tell her you have seen me, and I commend you to her care. She will hide you from Eliot, teach you the new path you are about to enter and bring you to a priest. Wilt promise this, my child?"

"Oh! call me not that father," she said, shrinking back,—"I the outcast."

"Nay," said Walter, "the Gospel tells us that 'when he was yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion on him.' Are 'we' not the 'faint' shadows only of His fatherly heart? Be of good cheer, my daughter, and give me thy promise," and it was given, and Maud quitted the cell.

## CHAPTER XXII.

1893

"Death, kind angel watching by,  
Gently close his tranquil eye;  
Whilst the free spirit wing'd her flight  
From beam to beam of endless light."

"In thy bridal crown display'd  
In thy wedding robe array'd  
Of thy purple life-blood wove  
For the slain one's feast of love."  
—Lyra Catholica.

The evening of the same day had come. Walter was lying down, and Arthur Leslie sat at the same table engaged in writing letters from Walter's dictation. They were interrupted by the entrance of the jailer. "I bring thee bad news, Master de Lisle," said he.

"Indeed!" said Walter, with his usual smile; "let me hear them, friend."

"Thou art to die tomorrow."  
"Impossible!" cried Arthur, starting up, "the sentence said three days, and lo! tomorrow is only the second."

"'Tis no fault of mine," returned the man; "but express orders hath come that the execution take place tomorrow."

"'Tis well!" said Walter. "Arthur, hold thy peace for an instant. My friend," said he to the jailer, "thou hast brought me the joy-fullest tidings that ever I heard! At what hour, I pray thee, must I be ready?"

"Thou art to leave this at eight o'clock; and for tonight, sir, whatever indulgence thou dost crave, thou shalt have. Most prisoners like to feast the night before they are executed, and to take leave merrily of earth. Wouldst like a flask of wine for thy supper?"

"No, friend," said Walter, "I am going to my 'feasting' not to leave it."

"I trust me, good master," returned the jailer, "thou wilt not forget my poor services; I have been as lenient as mine office permits."

"Thou hast," said Walter, "be sure I will not forget thee, and ere I die, I will give thee the best reward I can."

The jailer left the cell; and as he went along the passage he muttered

to himself,—"They are a strange set. How he rejoices to die! Hark, how those wretches who are to die with him howl and rage! Alack, 'now from the saint I must go to the devils.'"

"Dear Arthur," said Walter to his friend, "I desire to pass the night in prayer and vigil; wilt thou ask Father Travers to come to me if possible, at sunrise tomorrow?"

"Yes, father," said Arthur, "but I know now why this new order hath come. The Queen takes boat tomorrow from Westminster to Greenwich, and it is designed to draw off the people's attention from Tyborne. I will hasten, however to let all I can know of the trick."

"Ah, Arthur," said Walter, laying his hand caressingly upon him, "didst thou but know the joy this news gives me, thou wouldst not be so angry with Walsingham."

But as the night passed on, the calm and happiness that surrounded Walter departed, and as great heaviness and agony overshadowed him; it was often thus with the martyrs, the more to liken them to their Lord. Into such an agony we cannot enter, or attempt to sound its mysterious depths. The early dawn brought with it a comforter, better than an angel. Basil Travers said Mass in Walter's cell, and Arthur served; and thus Walter received his "viaticum." From that moment peace returned, and, happy as he had always been, until the night before, he seemed now filled with a celestial joy.

"Arthur," he said, "thou must be my groom of the chamber to-day, and tire me bravely, seeing my poor hands cannot help themselves. Let me be well apparelled for my bridal day."

At length, eight o'clock arrived and the jailer came for Walter. The prisoner rose with alacrity, his irons were knocked off, and after giving the jailer some gold pieces he passed, accompanied by Basil and Arthur, into the outer court of the prison. The hurdle was ready, and a companion was waiting for Walter. He was one of a gang of notorious highwaymen, wild and ferocious-looking, with an aspect of sullen despair; it was with some difficulty he was bound down with ropes to the hurdle; and then came Walter's turn. He came forward and making the holy sign, knelt for a moment in prayer and then, without waiting to be forced, or even helped into it, he leapt into the straw, and, "composed himself upon it as if he had been riding in triumph." Many Catholics had gained admission to the prison, and were weeping bitterly.

"Why weep ye for me?" said Walter, "who am glad at heart on this happy day?"

"Well," said one jailer to another, as the hurdle moved from the prison, "assuredly this man dies for a good cause."

Walter was bound to the hurdle by cords passed over his legs only, on account of the already crippled condition of his hands. The prison gates were opened, and the hurdle, closely guarded by pursuivants, made its way into the midst of a vast multitude. Walter raised himself, and blessing the people, exclaimed, "God save you all; God bless you, and make you all good Catholics."

The great multitude swayed to and fro, as the guards beat a passage with their staves, crying, "Back in the Queen's name." As the procession went on, the crowd grew less dense than immediately outside the prison. The windows of the houses on each side were thrown open, and their inhabitants were standing there, some weeping, some gazing with wondering curiosity. At the open window of one large house were collected a remarkable group. The French Ambassador was kneeling forward, near him knelt also his wife, and between her and Rose Ford knelt

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the Duchess of Bertram, holding in her arms her youngest child, while her eldest was by her side.

No word passed between them and Walter. Reverently they all bowed their heads while the mangled hand of the martyr was raised in benediction.

The first feeling of the idle mob had been rather one of compassion for the victims; but as this wore off, the spirit of mischief came into play, and some amused themselves by throwing stones and mud at the hurdle. It roused Walter's companion, who had hitherto lain still, to utter a volley of fearful oaths and curses, and to attempt to defend himself. This, from having both hands and feet bound, was impossible, and his angry and unavailing writhings diverted the mob so much, that they redoubled their annoyance. A shower of mud covered Walter and his companion, and one ruffian in the crowd getting near the hurdle, spat into Walter's face, exclaiming as he did it, "There's holy water for ye." The man by Walter's side was so excited by this, that, broke the cord that bound his arms, and turned towards Walter to wipe off the insult. Walter cast on him his glance of sweet serenity.

"Thank ye, my friend, for this kindly office; I need but few more now."

To be Continued.

There is now little doubt that, with a characteristic refinement of impiety, the government of M. Combes did intend to choose Good Friday for the removal of the Crucifix from the law courts. A Paris firm was asked, at midday on Maundy Thursday, to send some workmen next day to the Palais de Justice, but the manager, suspecting the purpose for which the men were required, refused to allow any of his employees to take part in the impious proceedings. The firm, that of Belloir & Vazelle, deserves to have its name recorded. And what mere laymen think of the infidel government's act is but a faint specimen of the thoughts of lawyers. Already some magistrates have thrown up their commissions, and report says that many barristers will appear at their pleadings armed with crucifixes, as a protest against the Government's attack on a time-honored and venerable decoration of the courts. The barristers of Paris have always been known for their respect for religion, and a solemn and unanimous protest of this kind by them may teach M. Combes a little wisdom.—Catholic Times (Eng.)

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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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