LORENZO; OR, THE EMPIRE OF RELIGION. BY A SCOTCH NON-CONFORMIST, A CONVERT TO THE

CATHOLIC FAITH. Translated from the French by a Ludy of Philadelphia. CHAPTER XI.

Matilda and Lady Walsingham hesitated a moment between the joy which the conversion of Arthur inspired, and the painful intelligence of his captivity; but faith was victorious over nature, and a passing grief yielded to the hopes of immortal happiness. At length the generous marchioness observed to Henry: "I have daily begged of God to dispose of our life according to his good pleasure, but not to refuse the grace of salvation to him whom he has given me as a partner; he has now heard my prayer, and may I also...." Here she was interrupted by her

"Let us go and pray for him," said Lorenzo with some emotion: "if we weep, our tears will not be without some consolation; we will ima-

gine that Arthur is with us." Henry pressed my hand: "Ah, you, dear Henry," added Lorenzo, "you know and feel what happiness there is in the expectation of our being all united in heaven!" In returning from the chapel, all seemed to be calm and resigned to the state of things, except myself, who was troubled and agitated. Yes, I must acknowledge, to my confusion, that the conversion of the marquis displeased me, and I viewed still more unfavorably his espousal of the queen's interests, of whom he had always spoken to me in terms of great dissatisfaction, on account of the protection which she extended to her Catholic subjects. I could never have expected so sudden and so thorough a revolution in his political and religious opinions. I asked Mr. Billingham if, at the departure of the marquis, he had any knowledge of his intentions. "Yes," said he, "the morning of the day on which he received the letter which determined him to leave, I was alone in my room in prayer, when suddenly Lord Arthur entered, closed the door, and fell at my feet. 'I am one of yours,' he said with emotion; 'I am a Catholic, and ready to seal my faith with my blood. This I will disclose to you

alone. I know Sidney, his irresolution and pre-

by the arms of grace and faith, there will be no

longer any dangers to fear.' I wished him to

rise; but he remained upon his knees, pronounced

his abjuration, and afterwards made a general

confession with admirable candor and humility. "As we separated, I embraced him, shedding tears of joy and gratitude for this unexpected and signal blessing of heaven. He showed me the queen's note, and told me the contents of lord Maitland's letter, which he had destroyed. He further said that he would fly to the aid of her majesty, and live and die a true Christian .--He left, after making me promise to say nothing of what had passed, until after his departure; he then joined you, and soon bade adieu to Remember Hill."

Mr. Billingham's relation made a strong impression upon me. Henry and I resolved to set out for Edinburg, determined to see, once more, our generous friend, were it at the peril of our lives. "For me," said Lorenzo, "I shall not be able to accompany you." My presence would but retard you, and still further expose you; I must then remain here. O Arthur, O my much loved brother! are we for ever separated on earth, and shall I not see you but in eternity? But, I am too happy with this last hope. Eternity is all! Go, my friends, your presence will sustain and console him; and he may be a benefit to Sidney."

I blushed. The marquis' words before his departure, had forcibly struck me. "He shall at least see," I exclaimed, "that it is not necessary to be a Catholic, in order to love our friends, and expose ourselves for them." A slight smile appeared on Lorenzo's lips. "No, without · doubt," interposed Henry, " pagans have given such examples. But, to pardon an enemy, to sacrifice happiness, liberty, more a thousand times than life, to save him !"

Lorenzo blushed in his turn. Henry sighed deeply, and pressed his hand with an expression which told all the recollections which filled his mind. Lady Walsingham courageously resigned herself to her husband's perilous journey. The marchioness of Rosline praised our design, but did not acquaint us with her intentions. My parting with Lorenzo was extremely afflicting.-He fortified and edified me by his saintly resignation; and I carried with me the remembrance of his virtues, and and the most exalted idea of a religion which inspires so many generous actions.

We reached Edinburg, after having been delayed a day longer on our journey, by an accident which happened to our carriage. We pro- his rightful sovereign."

ceeded lumediately to the governor of the prison, and asked to see the marquis of Rosline.-"It seems," said he, "that people are very much interested in him; it is but a few hours since a young woman asked and obtained the same favor; she is still with him."

Surprised, we proceeded with our note of admittance, and were instantly conducted to Arthur's apartment. He was sitting near a little table, on which was a light, together with an opened book; his head was resting on his hands. He did not observe us, and continued in the same attitude. A woman was on her knees, reading or praying in a low voice. She arose, approached us, and our suprise equalled our joy in recognising Matilda. The marquis started from his reverie, at our exclamation-" Great God," said he, "to what do you expose your-selves for me!"

Matilda was overjoyed. "Again united, and in the same faith," said she, taking the hands of her husband and brother; "what more have I ings of the prison; "he suffers martyrdom, day to desire upon earth? We can all die, and die without regret."

A melancholy smile strayed over the marquis' lips. He was very pale. He had been wounded in the arm and breast, and was weakened by the loss of blood; but full of courage and resignation. He inquired concerning his brother, of Henry's family, and of the duchess of Salisbury, his mother. This lady, whom I had never seen, resided at Rosline castle, where was also Edmund, Arthur's son, of whom she had taken charge, when Matilda came to Remember Hill.

"I hope," added the marquis, "that Caroline will not delay informing the duchess that I have embraced her religion; and that I die doubly her son, since eternity will more probably unite

"Is there then no means of saving you?" I asked.

"I have not thought of that," he replied; " in what could it serve the queen? she has no longer any party. Some scattered friends could not reinstate her upon the throne; the powers of earth abandon her. To shed our blood for her was our last hope. If I survive my wounds, it will be to ascend the scaffold, which, dyed with the blood of Catholics, and of the faithful subjudice. He must be left free. My example sects of Mary, shall become a throne of glory, would not have upon him the effect which might and the first step, I trust, to Him who awaits us be expected. But circumstances do not permit in heaven. I am tranquil," added he, pressing delay. I have come to ask of you, peace, admy hand; "and my happiness is so much the mission into the true Church, and then, fortified more solid, as founded on eternal hopes, it cannot be disturbed by human vicissitudes. One only wish still is unsatisfied." He paused, and cast upon me an affectionate and expressive glance.

> My eyes were fixed upon him, scarcely able to recognise the marquis of Rosline, so quick, so impetuous, so vindictive and proud, in this captive, wounded, and resigned person; so uncomplaining, and looking forward with so much calmness and grandeur of soul to a painful and ignominious end, which seemed destitute of every aid and consolation. The bare idea of a public execution made me shudder. He spoke of it as a pledge of his happiness. Ah! if Lorenzo had already penetrated me with respect and esteem for his religion, Arthur rapidly accomplished the work of grace. In vain my heart sought after false pretexts, new subterfuges to resist still longer. Celestial light illuminated, dazzled me, and dissipated the clouds of error in which I was enveloped.

> We obtained permission to pass, daily, several hours with Arthur. Matilda wished not to leave him. "I will be your nurse, your servant, all that you want," said she, " but I shall not abandon you. Is not the arrest pronounced against you, the same for me? Am I not the inseparable companion of your life? and if the dearer part of me is in chains, shall I not bear them also? What God has united shall not be divided. I will follow you every where, even unto death. When your persecutors will disperse your friends, whose sex or courage may render them objects of suspicion, they will disdain to remove a woman, who asks no other favor than

> that of dying with you." "Cease, my too dear Matilda," resumed the marquis, with emotion, "return with your brother, and only come with him to visit me; your presence here causes me too keen a pang. I have need of all my strength, and I ought to renounce the attachments of nature." He stopped a moment, leaned his head upon his hand, and continued with ardor, "pardon me, oh! my friends-pardon me, Matilda, the pain which my passionate temper has caused you. Pray all of you for me: He who has enlightened me, desires not that I should be for ever lost; this is why he sends me the occasion of expiating the sins of my life. I relinguish you all and every thing, with joy, for his love. Preserve yourself, my dear Matilda, for your child. Repair my neglect; instruct him in the Catholic faith; let

her brother's advice; and, after Arthur had recovered, we left him, and took lodgings in a hotel, very near the prison.

We were not permitted to see him the next day; and it was not until the evening of the following day that this favor was granted. We learned that the reason of this refusal was, that they were going to send to him preachers of the English reformed church, in the design of bringing him back to Prote-tantism; but he had suffered so much throughout the day, the jailer told us, that this project could not be executed.

"He is not a man, but an angel," continued ings of the prison; "he suffers martyrdom, day geon dressed it so unskilfully, that it was necessary to do it over again this morning; and yet he never complains. Last night I heard him said that I saw all these angels around me, with-moan painfully in his disturbed sleep. I went to out being benefited." him; and, finding him in a state which called for prompt aid, I offered to go for the physician. It was then midnight. He refused to let me, saying that it would be time enough the next day, and he kindly apologized for waking me. Then, seeing that I persisted in remaining with him, since,' said he, 'you are so good, would it be abusing your kindness to ask you to read me a chapter of that book,' pointing to a small volume which lay upon the table, near his bed. I took it up; it was the Sufferings of Jesus Christ. Although I am not a Catholic, yet, the reading of this book made a great impression upon me, and appeared very much to console my prisoner; who feelingly acknowledged his gratitude to me. This morning the surgeon came. Far from making him any reproach, he rather sought excuses for his awkwardness, and thanked hun for his attentions, with a mildness and affability which have characterised him since his abode here."

Whilst the jailer spoke, I was buried in my reflections. I recalled to mind the natural impetuosity of the marquis. I remembered, in a violent fever which he had when I travelled with more solid, as founded on eternal hopes, it can- lobstinacy which I had ever remarked in his character. I imagined the indignation and anger into which a treatment like the present would have thrown him, had he experienced it then .--All these reflections brought me insensibly to the comparison of the reformed religion with that of the Catholic; and I could not but perceive how great is the liberty which the former leaves to the passions, and how efficiently the latter exercises its empire over the affections and movements of the heart.

We found Arthur tranquil, and even gay, not-withstanding the languid expression which extreme and long suffering had left upon his face. He consoled us for not having seen him the previous evening. "We must expect," said he. to be separated soon or late. I could wish you to be present," he added, addressing me, "during the visit of the ministers; but, if it is necessary, God will have it so, despite the opnosition of men; if it enters not into the designs of his providence, I ought not to wish it."

Whilst he was yet speaking, the two persons in question arrived. The jailer made us enter quickly into a room, whence, through the door, which was glazed, we could easily observe what passed in Arthur's apartment. Richard (this was the name of the jailer) stood near the door. after having presented seats to the strangers; these, without pity for the condition of the marquis, conversed for an hour and a half, overwhelming him with reproaches and invectives; attacking his religion with a warmth and vehemence which made them overstep the bounds of common sense.

The marquis of R.... occasionally smiled, and with few words overthrew their false reasoning; they had recourse to menaces, making known the strength of their party. Arthur manifested more of compassion for their errors than fear of their threats; and convinced them that, attached unalterably to the truth, he coveted nothing more than the persecutions which he might suffer it. Confounded and furious, they left him. We returned. "Are you both Catholics?" asked Richard, as soon as they were singhtm's illness.
gone. "Yes, both," I replied quickly, "and this lady also." I shall never forget Arthur's tress. He proceeded, first of all, to Arthur, expression on hearing this.

The jailer supposed this weakness a natural re-

very pale. He made us a sign to remove Ma- and Matilda and Henry also. The latter, alas! thur. We yielded to his wishes, leaving him to tilda, who, bathed in tears, was on her knees be- was never more to see him in this world; and, as the care of a son of Richard, whom we had enside him. Henry took her in his arms, and bore he had a presentiment of it, he could not resolve gaged to relieve Henry's servant. We found

> see each other again, our separation will not be long. Heaven, in mercy, has to-day given us a moment of pure and unalloyed happiness. For holy communion the following day. that all whom I love will be restored to me in heaven. O! Sidney," he continued, " the more you inquire into the Catholic religion, the more clearly will you recognise its truth and divinity. It is now all my happiness, all my consolation." Henry embraced him. "Farewell, my friend, my brother," said Arthur to him. " Watch over yourself, and pray for me!" We left, too much affected to speak, and very uneasy at the condition of the marquis.

In conducting us back, Richard abruptly said, Let what God wills, happen; but I renounce my religion to embrace yours. It shall not be

I could not help smiling at this expression. "You are happy, Richard," said Henry ;your charity towards the prisoners has, without doubt, drawn upon you this grace. I think, however, that considering the circumstances, it would be well to keep it secret, in order that you may still be useful to those whom God entrusts to your care." Henry engaged to procure a priest, who should instruct him secretly; and who would, at the same time, afford Arthur the aid and consolution of his ministry.

All was thus projected; but, God had otherwise disposed. He is often pleased to try those whom he loves. Blessed forever be the inscrutable decrees of his providence.

. CHAPTER XII.

Henry, being of a delicate constitution, and worn out by sorrow, and disquietude, was attacked the same night by a violent fever, which brought him to the point of death. I was overwhelmed at this new distress. Henry, notwithstanding his illness, consoled and comforted me with wonderful resignation. "It is a new trial," said he: "let us receive it from the paternal sent; the number and influence of the partisans him, the impatience he manifested at the least hand which sends it. I feel that I must resign the of the regent held those of the queen in silence. delay in the fulfillment of his desires; the kind of painful happiness of accompanying my brother to The ministers, however, began to trouble the his last moments: it is a great sacrifice; we will offer it with the rest. I am not worthy of this mournful satisfaction, neither am I worthy to precede him into the celestial regions; but, we are all, Sidney, in the hands of God, and I abandon myself entirely to him."

I went alone to Arthur. Matilda remained with her brother. "I shall see my husband later," said she, " the moment Heary's health permits us to go together." I admired in silence the fortitude of the marchioness. Her whole soul was, without doubt, near the marquis, but he had desired her not to come without Henry, and she conformed to his wishes with perfect submission. I found Arthur still suffering extremely. The surgeon was dressing his arm. No moan escaped him, although the pain was excessive .-The surgeon, at leaving, recommended him to be kept perfectly quiet. I could not, however, conceal from him the reason of my being alone, for he read in my expression this new affliction.

"We are the children of God," said he, " the troubles which he sends are proofs of his love. We should endeavor to purify ourselves in tribulation, as gold in the crucible. He who sends it, gives strength to triumph over it."

I apprised him of Richard's conversion, for which he praised God. We spoke also unrelight sleep, I prayed with much faith and interior peace. I left him to return to Henry, whose illness caused us great uneasiness.

We had written twice to Lady Walsingham, iving her the particulars of our stay at Edinsome ecclesiastic to whom we might entrust ourselves, and who would be willing to expose himself to the danger of an interview with Arthur; of religious affairs.

and he arrived the second day of Lord Wal-

who was much affected on seeing him. He was venting him, pressed him to his breast. We peace and love." sult of the fatigue he had endured. We, alone, shed tears of joy and gratitude for so unexpect-

we were about to leave him, I fell upon my nerated friend. The next day, as Henry was animated his. But soon horror of this separa-

Arthur, weakened by his emotions, became knees and asked his blessing, which he gave me more easy, he entreated us all to repair to Arher to an adjoining room, entreating her not to leave him, and argently requested leave to the marquis rather hetter. I made my abjuration in shaking her husband's courage, now so pass the night with him. This was not granted. tion in the prison, together with Richard, to Mr. "Adieu," said the marquis; "if we are not to Billingham. Arthur was present. Afterwards this worthy ecclesiastic heard our confessions in an adjoining room, and told us to prepare for

me, I desire nothing in this world. I have lived long enough, since I have the well-founded hope of day to the marquis. Mr. Billingham there offered the divine sacrifice; he had brought from Remember-Hill all that was necessary for this purpose. He administered communion to Arthur, Matilda, Richard, and myself. The tervor and entire recollection of the marquis edified and consoled me. We were at the height of happiness. On our return, we gave Henry the particulars of this delightful morning. Henry was frequently delirious, and his condition greatly alarmed us. Mr. Billingham wrote regularly to Caroline or Hidalla, and spoke of our attentions to Arthur, which prevented her from suspecting her husband's illness, who until then, had maintained the correspondence. We generally passed three hours of the morning at prison; afterwards returned to Henry; then, about six o'clock in the evening, again went, at Arthur's request, to pray with him. Mr. Billingham said the rosary, to which we responded. This was a devotion which Arthur preferred to many others, "Because." said he, "it distinguishes the children of the true Church from all the separated sects, who reject the veneration of the blessed vergin and the

> Arthur's strength was now returning; his nights were better; he was able to leave the bed, and even walk in his room. Our conversation was only of religion or the queen. The marquis' desire to die in so just a cause was alike lively and sincere. We still esteemed ourselves happy in the melst of our misfortunes. And from the frightful perspective opening before us, we flew, on rapid wing, above this present life, and contemplated a felicity which reanimated our courage. Alas! there was a heart-rending sacrifice soon to be required of us; but divine goodness gave us strength to prepare for it.

> Scotland seemed peaceable. Mary was ab-Catholics. Lord ----, the relative and friend o the marquis of Rosline, made an attempt to rescue the prisoners. He obtained some advantages, which renewed hostilities. Sentence of death was declared against all guilty of rabellion and of attempts on the liberties of the nation; it was thus they designated the defenders of the

> Arthur was on the fatal list. Mr. Billingham charged himself with the announcement of it to him. Henry had been delirious, for two days, without a lucid interval. The anguish which rent our hearts was spared him. I was witness of the interview between Mr. Billingham and the marquis. The former, having entered the prison, gave the marquis his blessing, as usual .--Then, with a calm yet sad air, "My son," said he, "the end of your sufferings is not far distant. Redouble your courage; there is but a step to advance, and heaven is yours."

Arthur took his hand and kissed it. Then without changing color, he said: "My sentence is pronounced." Mr. Billingham made no answer. My tears and sobs replied for him.-"Why so much weakness, my dear Sidney?" said he, with an angelic smile. "Is not my fate enviable? What death more sweet, more consoling and precious could be granted me? Man, servedly of mine. I afterwards read to him according to the ordinary course of nature, is "The sufferings of Christ," until seeing him in a surprised by death when he least expects it .--The languors of sickness, the insensible decay of the powers of mind and body, anticipate, and lead to his last hour, often without being received as warnings to prepare for that awful moment, which will decide his fate for eternity. To burg. Henry, in his last, had enclosed a note for Mr. Billingham, inquiring if he knew not given the unspeakable favor of foreseeing the exact moment when I shall quit this perishable world. My health is much improved. The strength and vigor of youth permit me, on this this was a great risk in the present critical state subject, to concentrate all my thoughts, to bring to it every care and necessary disposition. Full Mr. Billingham immediately formed the ge- of faith and hope, sustained by Him who redeemnerous resolution of coming herself to join us; ed me with his blood, happy to give my life a thousand times to Him, I behold with joy the eternity opening to which my soul aspires. A moment, which will be quick as lightning, shall burst the barrier of death, which shuts me out from eternal life. Without alarm or dread, I I was still regarding him with a thoughtful air, better, and out of ped. He was about to cast hope, with grace from above, to cast myself into when I observed him become pale and insensible. himself at the feet of Mr. Billingham, who, pre- the arms of him who awaits me with words of

Celestral joy irradiated the marquis' face .-The devotion of his sentiments, the unction; and him, at some future day, know that his father was knew the strong emotion my words had caused et a blessing from heaven.

The devotion of his sentiments, the unction and called by multiplied graces to the church of him. Restored to consciousness, the marquis On quitting Arthur, we went to Henry, who fervor with which he expressed them, caused for Christ; and that he shed his blood for it and warmly pressed my hand. It was late, and as shared the joy caused by the arriv l of our ve- a moment in my soul, the same transport which

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