

# FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

The names of the jury were then called over, in compliance with the form of giving the accused the right to object to any of them; but every one knew it was only a form, and that such a jury as would obey the judge alone would be chosen. When, however, Walter was called upon to make the usual answer, he said—and the court was again thrilled by the sound of that clear, sweet voice—

"My lord, I object to be tried by any but my peers; I claim the right of my rank as Baron de Lisle, and altogether plead against being tried in this court, or by such a jury."

"No," said the judge, "a bill of attainder hath been long since passed against you and you can be tried by no other tribunal than this. Let the jury be sworn, and then let the bill of indictment be read."

In a few minutes the clerk commenced.

"The jury present, on the part of our sovereign lady the Queen, that Walter de Lisle, born within the kingdom of England, and made and ordained priest by authority derived and pretended from the see of Rome, not holding the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England, without any regard to the penalty therein contained, on the twenty-fourth day of May, in the thirty-fourth year of our lady the Queen, at Paddington, in the county of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our said lady the Queen, was and remained, contrary to the form of the statute in such case set forth and provided, and contrary to the peace of our said lady the Queen, her crown and dignities."

"Answer prisoner at the bar, whether guilty or not guilty, and hold up thy hand."

Walter attempted to obey and to raise his right hand as he proclaimed his innocence; but his arms were so benumbed by the constant racking, that the effort was unavailing, and his hand would have fallen back had not Arthur Leslie, who was standing close beside the bar, leant over and, taking the hand "so abused for the confession of Christ," he reverently kissed it, and then raised his arm as high as possible. "Not guilty," said Walter. "I protest before God and His Holy angels, before heaven and earth, before the world and this bar whereat I stand, which is but a small resemblance of the terrible judgment of the next life, that I am not guilty of any fact of any treason whatsoever."

"What!" said the Bishop of London, "wilt thou deny thou art a priest?"

"Oh, my lord," said Walter, looking at him, "surely it becomes not one, bound as you are, to forward religion only, to interfere in a cause of life and death."

To this the bishop made no answer; but turning to the judge, exclaimed, "A bag was found among the prisoner's effects; in it were a Roman breviary and a paper of faculties to hear confessions, and also to say Mass either above or below ground."

"Pray you my lord," said Walter, "was my name mentioned in this paper you speak of; for if not, it surely is no argument against me?"

"That is nothing to the point," answered the bishop hotly; "say out at once, art thou a priest or no?"

"Suffer me, my lord," answered Walter, "to demand first one question of you: are 'you' a priest?"

"No," said the bishop.

"No priest, no bishop," replied Father de Lisle.

"I am a priest," replied the bishop, "but not a massing priest."

"But," returned Walter, "if you are a priest, you are a sacrificing priest, for sacrificing is essential to priesthood; and if you are a

sacrificing priest you are a massing priest, for what other sacrifice have the priests of the new law, as distinct from mere laics, to God, but that of the Eucharist, which we call the Mass? If, then you are no massing priest, you are no sacrificing priest; if no sacrificing priest, then no priest at all, and consequently no bishop."

The bishop moved uneasily in his seat during this address, which was delivered with a sudden burst of eloquence that enforced silence.

"What dost thou mean by this, prisoner?" "art thou a priest of Rome, and thus a traitor?"

"I am," said Walter, "a Catholic priest; ordained by authority from the Pope, who alone has power to send forth priests, but I am no traitor. And according to this law you would condemn Christ himself, seeing He also was a priest according to the order of Melchisedec."

"This fine language and pleading will avail thee nothing; you will not acknowledge the supremacy of the queen."

"Not so, my lord," answered Walter; "I acknowledge Elizabeth my queen in all temporal matters, God be my witness; I have ever prayed for her, and would serve her to the best of my poor powers. I have never incited anyone to rebellion against her, but have ever taught and maintained our duty to her as our sovereign."

"But," said the judge, "thou wilt not confess her to be the supreme governess of the Church of England?"

"No," answered Walter, "for it is contrary to Scripture that any woman can be the head of the Church, seeing that Christ himself gave that dignity to St. Peter and his successors forever."

"Tush, tush," answered the judge "this is folly. Wilt thou take the oath of supremacy or not?"

"No, my lord."

"Then thou must die."

"My lord, I am ready," said the prisoner; "for it is better to die with a good conscience for the faith of Christ than to live in this miserable world having denied Him."

"Neither canst thou deny," said the judge, "having heard confessions of both men and women; having offered the damnable idolatry of the Mass, having blessed beads, and carried about 'Agnus Dei' and crucifixes. Witnesses are here ready to prove it."

"Nay, my lord," said Walter, "let not men perjure themselves for the sake of shedding my blood. Well do I know that the witnesses waiting here can prove nothing against me; but beforehand I am ready to plead guilty to all this. But again I say, in the name of all truth and justice, what 'treason' is there in exercising the functions of my ministry, seeing that Christ Himself gave power to His priests to forgive sins, as we read in the Holy Gospels, and also to offer up the Mass—the unbloody sacrifice of His body and blood and for the rest—"

"Enough, enough," said the judge; "no more of this blasphemous folly. Good master jurors, ye have heard this man condemned out of his own mouth. Ye well know the pestilent rebellions that are fostered by these men, who have presumed, against her Majesty's express command, to be made priests beyond seas, and to return hither to this country and celebrate Masses, which are strictly prohibited, hindering likewise the people from going to church, and beguiling them with Popish fables. And yet my good masters, what need that I speak further? ye know your duty, as loyal and loving subjects of Elizabeth our Queen (whom God preserve), is to bring in the prisoner guilty of the charges laid against him."

There was a short silence, and one of the two ladies in the gallery almost gasped for breath as she bent over into the court below

The suspense was not long; the jury of free England in the days of "good Queen Bess" were too well trained to hesitate.

"My lord, we find the prisoner guilty."

Constance's eager look was directed to the bar; a smile of celestial joy shone on the pale face of the prisoner, and though Constance could not, Arthur Leslie heard him murmur, "Lord I thank thee."

The recorder of London bent forward and said—"Prisoner, thou art a young man; have mercy on thyself, go to church, and thou shalt be pardoned."

Walter turned round towards the crowded court. "Good people I pray you to hearken; if I will go to church I shall be free, how then can I die for 'treason?' See ye well, I die for priesthood alone, and for doing that which our Lord Himself commanded, saying 'Go teach all nations.' I returned into this realm for no other purpose than to administer the Sacraments of Christ and to reclaim to Him such of His sheep as, through ignorance or malice, had strayed from Him. And so it will continue; for this religion, being divine, can never fail, and if you condemn one and put another to death, others will be ready to preach to you the faith of Christ crucified."

"Silence the prisoner," said the judge in wrath. "Stand forth, Master de Lisle, for thou art an obstinate recusant, and listen to thy sentence."

Yes, listen to it, heir of the De Lisles, freeborn Englishman, listen to it;

"Thou art guilty of death, for the sole crime of exercising thy priestly office in this free land under this most just and gracious Queen." "In three days from this thou shalt be carried on a hurdle to Tyburne, there hanged, and thy body disembowelled and quartered; and may God have mercy on thy soul! Amen."

A shudder ran through the court. Many men, as well as women were in tears.

"Courage, my friend," whispered the Ambassador, as she held the half-fainting Constance in her arms "my husband will intercede for him; one so noble shall not die thus; he will be saved." Alone in all that multitude there was one unmoved.

"Like a dog as they die at Tyborne, mother," said the boy baron a few years back, leaning on his mother's breast, and she shuddered.

"Te Deum laudamus: to Dominus confitemur," said the hunted priest in joyous accents; and perchance 'one' voice in the heavenly choirs, as they saw the things on earth pass before their gaze, echoed more exultingly—"Tu, devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum."

## CHAPTER XXI.

"If the love of God is in your heart, you can easily understand that to suffer for God is an enjoyment to which all the pleasures of the world cannot be compared. I assure you there are not in all Salamanca chains or irons enough to prevent me from wishing for more for the love of Him in whose honor I wear this which appears to you too heavy."

—St. Ignatius Loyola.

Condemned to death! O, word of exceeding dread—word that the sick heart of the criminal can hardly realize, even while he shudders with horror! Death, not to the life almost ebbd out by sickness, but to those through whose veins the free blood courses, and who feel within them the vigor and energy of strength. In Walter's case the strong constitution of the De Lisles had triumphed over the sufferings of prison and health was fast returning. His hands were the greatest sufferers; the right wrist was totally dislocated, and he could only with great difficulty use the left. On his return to prison from court, he was placed in a larger and more commodious cell, in which there was a bedstead, table and chairs, and writing materials were furnished to him by the jailer. One mark of severity was still retained, by replacing the irons on his legs, —they could not attempt to put arms already so tortured.

(To be continued.)

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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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