

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Nay, hush, my Arthur," said Walter, in answer to his words of burning indignation; "it pains me to hear thee rave thus. I thank God from my heart for permitting me to witness for his name. You know not how near it seems to bring me to the cross; how it makes me realize in some sort the anguish of Calvary."

"But it is not witnessing for Christ," cried Arthur indignantly, "think you not that in history it will be recorded only that ye died as traitors? think ye not that Walsingham can cast a veil over the atrocities of Elizabeth's reign?"

"There is One stronger than an earthly governor," replied Walter. "In His own good time the truth shall be told, and England know for what cause we suffer. Give me some water, Arthur, an' it please you,—my thirst is burning; ah my friend, there was One who thirsted and had no water to drink."

"I am determined to conquer him," said Eliot, "even if I kill him in the torture, I will do it."

And so, day after day Walter was dragged forth,—sometimes stretched on the rack, sometimes suspended by the gauntlets, till Eliot, wearied with his patience and endurance, resolved to resort to the fearful punishment known as the scavenger's daughter, which being of so frightful a nature, was seldom used. The governor of Newgate shrank back when this design was mentioned, but De Lisle's torturing had been given into Eliot's hands, and he had no power to interfere.

Walter, who had been allowed some day's respite from torment, had partially recovered strength; moreover, by Arthur's contrivance a disguised priest had gained admittance to him, and he had thus received absolution and communion, and his spirit was strengthened within him. And he went calmly when he was called, feeling sure something more could than usual was in prospect.

In the centre of the room there was a large hoop of iron, which opened and fastened with a hinge. Walter was made to kneel on the pavement and compress his body as much as possible. One executioner knelt upon his shoulders, while others passed the hoop under his legs. They then pressed the victim's body till they were able to fasten the hoop over the back. This done they began to question the sufferer: "One word, one name," went on the tempter, and the reply was only in a low moan, and sometimes the words would come out, "Jesu, Jesu." The blood gushed plentifully from Walter's nostrils, and the governor turned away in horror. Eliot went on unconcernedly.

"Tis thy own fault. Answer me but one word—the names of recusants whom thou hast received to confession—and thou art free."

"Dear Lord and Master," said the martyr, "remember me."

Near the entrance of the chamber stood a man wrapped in a cloak, who had hitherto passed as one of the prison attendants; he had been quivering with agony, and now came forward and throwing himself by Walter, said in a broken voice, "I can bear it no longer; speak father, I entreat thee, and save thyself."

Walter's half-glazing eyes were turned upon him. "His rod and His staff, they comfort me. More pain, Lord, if thou wilt, and more patience," he said.

"Ah, who is this that dares interrupt the scene?" cried Eliot furiously: "another recusant, I dare say. To prison with him."

"An' by your leave, not so fast, Master Eliot," said the governor; "'tis a kinsman of mine, and a Protestant, but a young man of noble parts, who loves not to witness such hang-dog work. Is it your will the torture ceases? it hath lasted an hour, and it were too long to my mind."

"The time allowed in extreme cases of obstinacy is an hour and a half," said Eliot, "and I shall insist on it today."

For another half-hour the anguish went on; at its close Walter was taken out insensible, and with drops of blood trickling from hands and feet—it was his last racking.

A few days later the governor entered Walter's cell.

"Tomorrow being Sunday, good Master de Lisle, some of our divines are anxious to hold a disputation with you on the doctrines of Popery, being desirous to convince you of the error of your ways. Doth it please you to attend?"

"At any other time, sir," returned Walter, "I will gladly do my poor best to defend our cause; but now I am so enfeebled, I perceive I have scarce power of utterance."

"True, true," said the governor, compassionately; "I see it, and I am sorry, for it will be said, of course, that you fear to come."

"Nay, then," said Walter, "I will essay to be there, at all events, and when the good masters perceive my state, they will see clearly how unfit an antagonist I am. Where is the meeting to be?"

"In the chapel," answered the governor; "at one of the clock you shall be sent for."

The following day, at the appointed hour, Walter was conducted between jailers. The chapel was crowded with people, and one minister was standing in the desk for prayer while the others were seated near him. Close by them, and so conspicuously in sight of all, a chair was placed for Walter. He had hardly reached it when one minister began to read the "Service of Common Prayer." Instantly Walter perceived the trick, and, weak as he was, he endeavored to reach the door and escape; but it was closely shut, and his jailers held him by force in his seat. Then he began to recite aloud the Vespers for the day, and, much as the exertion cost him, his loud and melodious voice drowned that of the reader; there was great confusion, many rose to their feet, many whispered, some talked aloud. The minister raised his voice higher and higher; but, above it all, and through the din, rose up the clear words of triumph and faith—"Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat, et humilia respicit in celo et in terra."

At length the service, if it may be called so, was brought to a conclusion, and the minister, in towering anger descended the stairs. The men released their hold on Walter; he instantly rose, and, getting on the chair, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Heaeken, good people; I call Almighty God and his Holy Angels to be my witness, I came not hither of my own will, but by stratagem; and when I would have departed, have been kept by force; I would rather die a thousand deaths than communicate in a heretical worship."

"Thou art mad," said the governor, coming forward; "thou mightest have life and liberty, hadst thou behaved quietly here today. Your blood be on your head; I wash my hands of ye, and can do no more;—get thee back to prison."

CHAPTER XX.

"Campian I desired to imitate, whom only love for his country, and zeal for the house of God consumed before his time. You shall not want priests. We were three hundred in England; you have put a hundred to death; the other two hundred are left. When they are gone two hundred more are ready to come in their places; and for my part, I hope my death will do more good than ever my life could

have done."—William Harrington, Priest.

On a certain sultry day in July, the court at King's Bench was crowded, for it was understood, the trial of Walter de Lisle would come on that day, and the strong interest always felt at the trials of recusants was heightened in this case.

The gallery was occupied chiefly by ladies, and among them were two who sat forward so as to command a good view of the court and those who knew the great ones of the time might have recognized them as being the French Ambassador and the Duchess of Bertram.

A cause was going on as they entered. A tall, fine looking man was standing at the bar, and clinging to his arm was a lady, pale as death, whose suffering in the position she found herself was evidently extreme.

"Verily, Master Lydar," said the judge, "the charges have been proved against thee, both of obstinately refusing to go to church and also of harboring a priest, one Master Patterson, now awaiting his trial in the prison of Bridewell. Thou art certainly guilty, Master Lydar, and if I give sentence, thou must pay fines which will swallow up, if I mistake not, the whole of thy estate. But the Queen is merciful; repent of thy recusancy, go to church, and all is forgiven."

A red flush burnt on Master Lydar's face; he looked at his wife, whose glance of anguish met his; he thought of his children brought to beggary, and the lie trembled on his lips.

"Very well, my lord, I submit, —I will go to church."

There was a moment's pause, and then, ere the judge could answer, the silence was broken by a clear thrilling voice, both powerful and sweet.

"John Lydar, what hast thou done?"

A sudden rustle ran through the court; every head was turned in one direction. Inside the bar, attended by two jailers, was a tall, graceful figure, of one fearfully emaciated, but who walked without sign of fear, while the fire that flashed from his sunken eyes spoke of undaunted resolution, and the peace written on every feature told of a strength which neither judge nor monarch could subdue.

The effect on John Lydar was electrical, while his wife started from his side, and the color came into her cheeks. The court was so taken by surprise that no one spoke, and Walter continued:

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"My lord," said Lydar, turning to the judge, "I pray you let me have my word back again. I do confess before all men it was through fear of punishment I yielded."

"Look well what thou dost, Master Lydar, and be not deceived; the penalty is hard to bear."

"I know it, nevertheless I will bear it, my lord. Give me back my word."

"Well," said the judge "if thou be so earnest, thou shalt have thy word again, say what thou wilt."

While the judge was speaking, the Lord Mayor, the Recorder of the city, and the Bishop of London were taking their places on the bench in readiness for Walter's trial; and when Lydar had thus reaffirmed his faith, Walter stepped forward and laid his hand on Lydar's head.

"Hold, hold!" cried the Bishop of London; "look ye, my lord judge, he is reconciling a recusant in the open court."

"Separate the prisoners," said the judge—and his order was obeyed, but the deed was done,—the words were spoken—and calmly now did Lydar and his wife listen to their sentence, immediately after which they were removed from court and Walter was placed at the bar.

(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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