

place men in many country who are thor- ough to discuss every every possible sub- ular, in a general e best knowledge of ted thoroughly with been and is done, right? We must do

these men, year after our various col- lutions of learning, to another, learn from r various views and sjects and plans, that n and gaining inspir- new courage. they h year determined to with which they are ther and higher effi- above all, if they h anything of worth more and more—all of Catholic colleges of the United States more form a solid i to build up one iversity in America, they will fail to do entary or secondary Unless our colleges where young men, received the degree arts, feel that they un and clamor for real, more living, eater minds to lead and broader truths, turn out into the who will sink back and become merely ry, routine men. It e time the youth en- come capable of re- look to the univer- sity where, at last, the waters of the

How many eager been willing to cross to wander about the me one man, some knowledge really st potency, where wisdom enter- ough and into every

hoodies of Catholic finished in the they have merely an apprenticeship, that sort of educa- admit them into the e greatest and the e most cultivated not have representa- to bear upon all the science and every virtue and all shall not be able multitude of our usiasm which is ir- as the multitude of id drop back into factories would be d to have men of of practical know- in operation, so our Catholics will d abiding love of at pride in the pow- vilized the world, er to console us in e, to strengthen us tions, to guide us ough every possible unhurt. If we bring them they will crowd more and more we nder. God has never s came down upon er, offered such a olic religion as is America. It is a e ready to learn eard. It is a in this democracy, most and most com- been organized, no n be despised, that can reach men. confirm men, upheld bearing them even pling them in living Him; that no pow- erty other than di- efficacy. It is in s there as the gold ans, as in nourish- life is in our rich at power of awak- and love in the but unless there b g it forth it will the germ in the weeds, destroyed m coming to matu-

iversity, therefore, partnership. Every man, every mother and every one who action, and every that God's night- eetest and holiest influence is found in ch ought to centre University of ours me. There is room e. There is in all Am- than is in the world—more ever been in the so direct, to guide, toward God and to- this mighty demo- nica.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE Times of Queen Elizabeth.

The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon,

By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S.J.

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CHAPTER XXXIII. CONTINUED.

"Not unless it was re-written from beginning to end by the forger," I remarked.

"Do not interrupt me," Walsingham said, angrily knitting his brows. "Moreover, an apparent contradiction in a woman's letter by no means proves it to be a forgery. Some word is probably omitted, overlooked by the decipherer, which would entirely alter the sense. Besides, logic is not a woman's strong point."

"The letter before us bears every mark of forethought and deliberation. But listen to my other proof. Amongst the papers belonging to Mary Stuart that were seized, there was, happily for her, a draft in her own handwriting of that very letter to Babington. There is not a word of all that in it. I brought the letter in a separate envelope. Here it is." I detached the precious document from the packet, and handed it to my uncle.

He took it eagerly. I noticed that his hand shook, and his countenance fell.

"Has any one except Wade seen this draft?" he inquired.

"Only Queen Mary's secretaries," I replied.

"Nau and Curle will not give me much trouble, and Wade is one of Mary's bitterest enemies," my uncle rejoined. "Besides, after all, a rough draft proves nothing; it may easily have been altered afterwards."

"I know that this was not," I exclaimed triumphantly. "Here is deciphered the copy of the letter, which I wrote from Philipps dictation at the Green Dragon; it is word for word the same. Now is the falsification proved or not?" Thereupon I gave the copy to my uncle, that he might collate it with the other. He ran his eye over them, complimented me sarcastically on my skill in the defence, and remarked it was well that the English law allowed no counsel for the prisoner in charge of high treason, or these documents in the hands of her lawyers, might give us some trouble. Then he enjoined on me, for the good of the State, to preserve strict silence on the subject. This speech revealed to me that Walsingham was a party to this forgery, that he might even have given orders for it, and intended to make use of it for the condemnation of an innocent person. I broke forth in indignant expostulations against such flagrant injustice, and declared my determination to proclaim the truth at whatever cost to myself.

"Fool that you are!" exclaimed Walsingham, unable to control his anger. "Would you betray your uncle, and put him to public shame, and ruin your country, which cannot be at peace while that woman lives? See here, I will make short work of your incontrovertible proofs." So saying he crushed the papers in his hand, and tossed them in the fire.

I will not recall our mutual recriminations. They ended in my being placed in custody in my uncle's house, to consider whether, within forty-eight hours, I would swear to preserve secrecy, and beg pardon on my knees, or be consigned to the Tower for aiding and abetting Windsor's escape.

At the end of that time Walsingham came to me, and asked if I had come to a better mind, and would comply with his wishes. I told him my resolution was un- changed, and I begged him not to stain his conscience with the blood of an innocent person. He would not listen to a word, but said: "A truce to your entreaties! However, before I send you to the Tower—whence, be it remembered, death will be your only release—you shall have a trial of what imprisonment on bread and water is, here in this house. I will give you a month's probation; if you still persist in your obstinacy, in the middle of September you shall be transferred to a living grave." I answered nothing and he left me.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—The time has now come, as my husband reminds me, to let St. Barbe rest, while I continue our narrative, and acquaint the gentle reader with the incidents connected with my flight from England. I must return to that July night, A. D. 1586, when, standing on the deck of the *Jeanette*, beside my bro-

ther Frith, Miss Cecil, and my Uncle Robert, with a heavy heart I watched the skiff that had brought us thither disappear in the darkness. No sooner had we got on board the brig than she weighed anchor, and with all sails set, made for the mouth of the Thames. We had not been more than half an hour under way, when three shots sounded from Gravesend; they were repeated from the forts we had just passed.

"Aha!" said our captain, "that was meant for us! We did not leave Gravesend a minute too soon; had we been any later the guns there would have obliged us to stop. News must have come from London about the contraband goods I have on board, and I shall not be surprised if they send one of their ships after us to stop. They are welcome to do it; the *Jeanette* can run a race with any English craft, so long as they do not put out from Sheerness to take us. All lights must be extinguished, and a sharp lookout kept. The ladies had better go down below."

Miss Cecil and I betook ourselves to the little cabin; Uncle Robert and Frith remained on deck, doing what they could to assist the crew. It was an anxious time for us; for presently we knew from the rolling of the vessel that we had got out of fresh water, and were about to encounter the dangers of a passage across the Channel. From time to time Frith came down and told us what was taking place. Two vessels seemed to be pursuing us, he said; the lights on their bows and on the masts were visible, but our skipper was in good spirits. At day-break we passed Margate. The harbor master must have received orders to stop us, for a vessel was cruising exactly in the track which ships from London generally took.

Our position had become rather critical. There were two ships following us, and the one from Margate, which was just in our course, signalled to us to lay to. Our captain swore a nautical oath, and said one would think he had the Queen of Scots herself on board! But before he gave in, he would lead the English a jolly chase; so he gave orders to hoist all sail and steer to the north-east.

When the cruiser from Margate perceived that no heed was paid to her signals, we saw a flash and a cloud of white smoke issue from one of her port-holes, and a cannon ball struck the water neat the bow of the *Jeanette*. But a stiff west wind filled our shrouds; the vessel list over on her side almost as if she would capsize, as she ploughed through the foaming waves, which dashed over the deck, inundating us, with salt spray. Shot after shot came after us, but only one hit, and that did little damage, merely tearing a hole in the mainstay sail, as I think the sailors called it. For an hour or so we were in great jeopardy, for the three ships pursued us with all their canvas furled; but we outran them, and ere long they fell behind and were gradually lost to sight.

We thanked the Blessed Mother of God, and our brave skipper too, when, all danger past, we landed safe and sound at Dunkirk. Miss Cecil gave him a valuable ring, in consideration of which he procured us a suitable means of conveyance to Paris, where we were next to try our fortunes.

The welcome we received was of the warmest nature, when, on our arrival in the French metropolis, we sought out the Jesuit College, and delivered the letter wherewith Father Weston had furnished us. The name of Woxindon was familiar to the Fathers, as that of a house where many of their brethren in religion had found a refuge. And when we spoke to them of Edmund Campion, of Parsons and other venerated Confessors who had been our guests, they said repeatedly, how rejoiced they were to have an opportunity of returning in some slight degree the kindness we had shown to their brethren. They were also delighted to hear that the young lady with us was a daughter of Lord Burghley, the inveterate enemy of the Jesuits, and indeed, of all Catholics, and that by God's grace, she had had the courage to forsake home and country for the sake of the true faith. The Father Provincial, a venerable, white-haired old man, as well as the Father Rector,

lifted up their hands in joyful wonder, and would not listen to a word Miss Cecil said, when with tears she entreated them to forgive the part her father had acted, in shedding the blood of Campion and other martyrs.

Meanwhile the lay-brothers had prepared a repast for us in one of the parlors, to which my little brother Frith did great credit, for he was in high spirits, the Rector having consented to take him into the College. And when, on the sound of a bell, merry voices were heard in the courtyard below, and Frith, looking out of the window, saw a number of boys playing at football, nothing would do but that he must join at once his future comrades. To this the Fathers had no objection; the Rector went down to introduce him to his play-fellows, and the boy was in such a hurry that he would hardly wait to bid us good-bye.

Thus for the present Frith was provided for. About uncle Robert we had no cause for anxiety. He intended, after he had seen us safely housed in Paris, to take service under Parma in the Netherlands, for he was still in the prime of life, and well trained in the use of arms. But what was to become of us two girls? we timidly asked the Fathers. There was no difficulty about that, they said; a messenger had already been sent to the Benedictine nuns in Montmartre, who would willingly take us in. Thereupon I thought myself obliged to say that I had no wish to become a nun; on the contrary, I was engaged to be married. I could not help coloring as I said that; but the Father Provincial answered smilingly he would not compel, or even persuade us to embrace the religious life, for to enter a convent without a vocation was to ensure misery for oneself and for others. We were only to be the nun's guests for two or three days, until a home could be found for us in the house of some persons of quality. While we were still at table, a note of kind invitation came from the lady-abbess for the English ladies, and we immediately proceeded to the Convent, after taking grateful leave of the good Fathers. Uncle Robert remained behind, as he was to stay under their hospitable roof for a few days.

At the door of the Convent we were met by the Abbess, and aged and venerable lady, who welcomed us with motherly kindness, and knew how to set us at our ease at once. Taking us by the hand, she conducted us through the long, cool corridors into the garden, bright with summer flowers, and shaded by spreading yew trees. At the entrance there stood a time-honored image of the Mother of God, holding the Divine Child in her arms, looking down graciously upon us from a bosquet of elegant foliage and fragrant lilies. In passing we paused to kneel for a moment, and utter the prayer the Church places on her children's lips:

"Nos cum prole pia, Benedicat Virgo Maria."

The Abbess led us to an arbor, where the whole community were assembled at recreation, and introduced us to them, saying, "See, my children, God has sent us these young ladies from England, who for love of the Holy Church have left father and mother, brother and sister, house and home, what will their reward be? Tell us, Sister Hedwig, our youngest novice!"

At these words a youthful nun, about the age of my Sister Anne, rose up and looking at us with smiling blue eyes, replied: "Our Lord Himself tells us, Reverend Mother; a hundredfold and eternal life." "True, Sister, centuplum et vitam eternam! Now let us do our part to prove the truth of the words." Then she bade the lay sister bring fruit and cakes, the nuns laid their needlework aside, all tongues were unloosed, and we chatted merrily until a graver topic was introduced, and with deep interest and sympathy our recital of the woes of Catholics in England was listened to by all present.

At length the bell sounded for Vespers, and the Sisters betook themselves to the choir. We followed them into the solemn stillness of the sanctuary, dimly lighted by painted windows. Fixing my eyes on the tabernacle, I fervently thanked our hidden God for the protection afford-

ed us on our flight, as well as for the unexpected welcome we had met with amongst those who were dedicated to Him. Then the organ began, and its swelling notes filled the Church, while the psalms and antiphons of the day, sung in choir, sounded to me like the song of angels. A sense of repose and peace came over me; I had never felt so far from earth and so near Heaven. And when the next morning, I assisted for the first time in my life at High Mass, and witnessed the impressive ceremonial the Church appoints for the celebration of the bloody sacrifice of the New Testament, as the clouds of incense ascended at the "Sanctus," tears of devotion ran down my cheeks, and heavenly consolation filled my heart. Miss Cecil, who knelt beside me, was not less affected than myself. Afterwards she said to me: "May God forgive those deluded ones who stigmatize as idolatrous the elevating and beautiful ritual of the Catholic Church! And those, who in the name of liberty of conscience, destroy the monasteries, and drag their inmates out of these dwellings of peace! Oh how happy should I count myself, if I could spend my whole life before the altar of the Lord! How different to attendance at the Court of Elizabeth, in which my early youth was past!"

After a few days passed in tranquility and peace, we heard that the Jesuit Fathers had found a suitable domicile for us. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, offered to receive us into his house as companions for his wife. By this act he took a truly Christian revenge on Lord Burghley, who two years previously had caused him to be ignominiously dismissed from his post of ambassador in England. Miss Cecil would have preferred to remain at Montmartre, since she had never felt so happy in her life as she did there. In fact, she begged the Abbess to admit her as a postulant, but the old lady was too wise to allow her to take such a step in the first flush of youthful fervor. "If in a year's time you are still of the same mind, and you feel that only within these quiet walls will your heart find rest," she said to her, "then come, my child, and you shall try your vocation with us." I too, was so sorry to bid the nuns good-bye, that I almost regretted having pledged my troth to Windsor. It was with a heavy heart that we followed our new guardian to his palace on the banks of the Seine. On the same day my uncle Robert left Paris to join the army at Brussels.

Nothing of importance occurred during several weeks. Count Mendoza and his wife treated us like their own daughters, but I felt uneasy at receiving no tidings from my country. I had written from the Convent to Windsor, no reply reached me, however; and from my host I could learn nothing definite as to the progress of affairs in England. At length the glorious Feast of the Assumption came. We received Holy Communion at an early hour in the private chapel of the embassy, and afterwards accompanied the Count and Countess to solemn High Mass at Notre Dame, where the Archbishop officiated with great pomp and ceremony. But neither the soul-stirring music, nor the other accessories of Christian worship availed that morning to inspire my heart with festive joy. It was filled with sad forebodings, and I felt impelled again and again, to invoke for my loved ones in England our Lady's powerful protection.

On our return to the embassy, a courier was waiting with despatches from England. After what appeared to me a very long time, I was summoned to Mendoza's cabinet, whither he had withdrawn to peruse his letters. I had a presentiment of misfortune, and my fears were confirmed at the sight of his grave countenance.

"The messenger has brought bad news from England," I cried. "The scheme for releasing Mary Stuart has failed—tell me all, Count; the worst cannot be as bad as this painful suspense."

"It was to tell you all that I sent for you, Miss Bellamy," he answered. "It is true, the plan for setting free the Queen of Scots has again been unsuccessful. This time, I fear, the consequences for her will be fatal. The greater number of the conspirators have been arrested."

"Windsor? and Babington?" I inquired eagerly.

"Babington, but not Windsor," Mendoza replied. "But what touches you most nearly is, that, through Babington having unfortunately been taken at Woxindon, all your relatives have been thrown into prison. Chateaufort speaks in his letter of two gentlemen and two gentlewomen."

"What!" I exclaimed, bursting into tears, "the barbarians have had the cruelty to take my dear old grandmother, and poor uncle Barty, who is as simple as a child, to the

Tower! I must go to them, I must go to London immediately, to see what can be done for them. There is not a soul to succour them. Our cousin Page is a miserable apostate, who only wants to get our estate for himself. Help me, for mercy's sake, to get back to London! You know what our prisons are, you know by the Queen's command, the prisoners are allowed nothing but bread and water, and rotten straw. Every alleviation must be paid for heavily by the captives or their friends. Alas! my poor grandmother, and my sister too, whose health is much shaken, will perish miserably in the course of a few weeks, if I cannot hasten to their assistance."

The ambassador listened to me patiently. Then he said: "If you are recognized, you will only share their fate. Believe me, Lord Burghley will never forgive you for having facilitated his daughter's flight. A better plan would be to write to Chateaufort, and ask him to send someone to look after the prisoners."

"No, that will never do! If needs be, I would rather die with them, than remain here without stirring a hand to help them. I simply could not endure it, and if I have to beg my way, to London I must go. How could one of Chateaufort's agents care properly for my unhappy friends?"

Mendoza was touched; but he said nothing must be done in a hurry, we must think the matter over. He also desired me to ask the advice of my confessor; if he approved of my resolution, and I still adhered to it on the morrow, he would provide me with all that I needed. Accordingly I betook myself to the Jesuit College, and submitted my project to the Father Provincial for his decision. He sanctioned it fully, and gave me his blessing, only he asked me to say nothing to Frith, of whose behaviour he spoke with great praise about my departure. He would tell him of it in due time, and bid him pray for the success of my undertaking.

The next morning Mendoza gave his consent, and supplied me with good advice and the necessary funds, in cash and bills of exchange on a London banker. Before nightfall I left Paris, in the suite of a gentleman of rank, who with his wife, was journeying to London.

CHAPTER XXXV.—On arriving at my destination, I lost no time in making my way to the Tower. It was with a heavy heart that I approached its gloomy portals, clad in my oldest, simplest gown, and carrying in my arms a basket filled with small loaves, to give myself the appearance of a maid servant. I had no difficulty in passing the guard at the postern, at the entrance of the footway that crosses the broad moat; at the Middle tower and the Bye-ward tower, which give admittance to the inner circumference, I was also permitted to pass unchallenged. But when I was about to go through the frowning gateway of the Bloody tower, into the interior of the fortress, one of the watchmen suddenly lowered his halberd, and pointing it directly at my breast, called to me to halt. Startled and alarmed, I nearly let fall the basket I was carrying; but one of the other soldiers interfered, saying to his comrade: "Out upon you for an unmannerly knave! Is that the way to deal with a fair maiden? Let her go by; I will wager it is our commandant's new serving room. I did not think Madam would have got another so soon. By my troth, 'tis the third since midsummer! We shall see how long she can put up with the old dragon. Go on your way, mistress; but first you must give me a kiss or pay me a groat as your ransom."

I willingly put the required coin into the man's hand, and with a sense of relief hastened through the dark archway into the open space, in the midst of which rose the so-called White tower, flanked with four turrets. The watchman's speech contained a suggestion which was a god-send to me. I resolutely walked over the turf to the residence of the Commandant, or Lieutenant of the Tower, as he was called, and knocked at the door. It was opened by an elderly serving man, who asked my business. With a beating heart I said I had heard that a serving-maid was wanted, and had come after the place. He scanned me closely from head to foot, and left me standing in the hall, while he went into the kitchen, whence the cook, a tall, raw-boned woman, presently issued, and subjected me to a similar scrutiny. Finally she fetched a thin, sharp featured lady, the expression of whose restless eye bespoke a love of fault finding and scolding. She too looked me over, and then in a high pitched falsetto voice, asked my name. To have given my real name would have been to defeat my object and hazard my liberty; so I gave as my own my mother's maiden name, Mary Forster.

The lady began to find fault immediately, protesting against the use of so Popish an appellation, which recalled the dreadful days of the Spanish queen, the persecutor of the people of the Lord, and reminded her too of the Queen of Scots, who envied into her toils a party of young men, and had nearly been the cause of deluging England with blood. Only on condition that I would change my name for one of the biblical names of the Old Testament, such as Sarah, Rebecca or Ruth, would she consent to take me. I expressed my readiness to be called by whatever appellation she might please to assign me. This pacified her for a time; she gave me the name of Ruth. Then a fresh difficulty arose; she saw my white hands, and cried out that I was surely an impostor, no honest meadow. I acknowledged that until then there had been no necessity for me to earn my bread, but that family misfortunes and the successive loss of all my near relatives within a short period, obliged me to take service. If she would engage me, she would find me trusty and industrious, and willing to do the roughest work.

Thereupon she consented to try me, and I was told what would be required of me. The tasks enumerated were neither few nor light; yet I could hardly conceal my joy when my mistress, Lady Hopton (the wife of Sir Owen Hopton, to whom the command of the Tower, with its hundreds of prisoners, was committed) mentioned amongst my other duties that of looking after the female Catholic prisoners. This determined me that it should not be my fault if I did not remain there; so I followed the cook into the kitchen, rolled up my sleeves, put on an apron, and set about washing the dishes and sweeping the house.

As I was descending the stairs, after putting in order the Council Chamber, where a meeting of ministers was shortly to be held, I met my master, Sir Owen, a rough-looking, thick-set man, who was coming up, accompanied by Walsingham. I could not help overhearing their conversation. "So you want me to find board and lodging for your nephew St. Barbe, Sir Francis," my master said. "Well, it can be done for the sum you mention. And the other members of the Privy Council are to know nothing about it? Very good, a written order from yourself will be enough. There is a cell close by vacant now, the one occupied by Bellamy, who died from the injuries he received on the rack. Of course we gave out that he strangled himself; but, between ourselves, he died a most happy death, with a Popish canticle to the Virgin on his lips. Well, he was a poor simpleton at the best."

The effect these words produced on me may be imagined. I was obliged to lean on the balusters, to keep myself from falling. I could not conceal my agitation from the two men who had now turned the corner. The Lieutenant attributed my tears to his wife's scolding, and told me I must get accustomed to her spiteful tongue. I put my apron up to my eyes, but not before Walsingham's keen eye had rested on me. "Who may that be?" he inquired.

"Our new maid. My wife has a fresh one every week, so I am tired of asking their names." Hopton replied, as they went on. And I was thankful to hear him say, in answer to Walsingham's remark that I looked more like a gentlewoman than a serving-maid, as for that, no one of gentle birth would stay an hour in their house.

They then passed into the corridor, and I went back to the kitchen, where the cook, who had a kinder heart than one would imagine from her rough exterior, likewise ascribed my woe-begone appearance to my having incurred her mistress's displeasure. The old skin-flint, she declared, was getting quite intolerable; then she advised me to go back into the city at once, and fetch my chest with my clothes. She gave me a pass, which had served my predecessor, exhorting me not to lose it, or I might have difficulty in getting in again, and above all to return punctually by four o'clock, as the gates were closed at that hour.

Whilst I was crossing the Tower Green, I saw a young man coming towards the house I had just left, between two sheriff's officers. His countenance was pale and haggard, his clothes torn and soiled, his arms were pinioned behind his back. I recognized him instantly, it was Babington. A pang went through my heart at the sight of him. What a contrast he looked to the handsome young fellow who espoused my poor sister? I hurried away with averted face, lest he should identify me, and unwittingly say something that would compromise me. Alas! I must be prepared for sad sights in that terrible prison house, and must be most cautious to preserve my disguise.

(To be continued.)