was his reply. Scotland?" asked

## THE SCOTTISH THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MONASTERY OF FALKIRK. No eye closed that night in th monastery of Falkirk. The earl of Mar awakened about the twelfth hour, and sent to call Lord Ruthven, Wallace and his nephews to attend him. As they approached, the priests, who had just ointed his head with the sacred unction, drew back. The countess and Lady Ruthven, supported his pillow. smiled as he heard the steps of those so dear to him. "I sent for you," said he, "to give you the blessing of a true Scot and a Christian. May all who are here in thy blessed presence, Father of Righteousness, die as I do, rather than Scotland enslaved. But rather may they live under that liberty perpetuated, which Wallace has again given to his country : peaceful will then be their last moments on earth, and ful of joy their entrance into heaven!" His closed. Lady Ruthven bent her face to his, but he breathed no more and she fell into a swoon. The soul of the veteran was fied. The countess was taken shricking out of the apart-ment; but Wallace, Edwin, and Murray remained, kneeling around the corpse. Anthems for the departed were raised over the body, and the mourners with-drew.

By daybreak Wallace met Murray by appointment, in the cloisters. nains of his beloved father had been brought to the convent; and Murray now prepared to take them to Bothwell Chatle to be interred in the cemetery of tors. Wallace entered bim into the court-yard, where the warearriage stood which was to convey deceased earl to Clydesdale. As laid the venerable chieftain's ord and helmet on his bier, he covered the whole with a flag he had torn from the standard of England in the " None other shroud is last victory. worthy of thy virtues!" cried he for Scotland, thus let the men erial of her glory be the witness of thine." "O my friend!" answered Murray, "thy gracious spirit can divest even death of its gloom! My father yet lives in his fame !

The solemn procession with Murray at its head, departed towards the of Clydesdale, and Wallace re turned to his chamber. Two hours be fore noon, he was summoned by the toll f the chapel bell; the Earl of Bute and his dearer friend were to be laid in their last bed. With a spirit that did no murmur, he saw the earth closed over botl their graves, when a monk approached nded by a shepherd boy. "This ag man," said the father, "brings atches to the Lord Regent." Walyoung man, lace rose; and the youth presented the packet. He broke the seal and read to

My father and myself are in the eastle of Durham, and both under ar arrest. We are to remain so till our arrival in London renders its sovereig own opinion, more secure; you shall hear from me again. Mean while, be on your guard; the gold of Edward has found its way into your councils. Beware of them who, with patriotism in their mouths, are pur ed to betray you and their country into the hands of your enemy! True moblest, best of Scots, farewell!must not write more explicitly.'

"P.S. — The messenger who takes this is a simple border shepherd; he knows not whence comes the packet ence he can bring no answer.'

Wallace closed the letter, and, put ting gold into the shepherd's hand, Ruthven met him in the cloisters. He was just returning from Stirling, where he had been to inform the lords of the council of the arrival of the Regent. "When I summo to the council ball," continued he, informed them that you had not only defeated Edward on the Carron, bu and driven him over the borders, and so had gained a double victory over a foreign usurper and domestic traitorsinstead of the usual gratulations at such tidings, a low whisper murmured through the hall, and the young Badenoch, rising from his seat, gave utterance to so many invectives against the assassin of his father—as he chose to call you-that I should deem it treason to your sacred person even to repeat them. Suffice it to say that, out of five hundred chieftains who were present, not one of those parasites who used to fawn on you a week ago, and make the love of honest men seem doubtful, now breathes one word for Sir Wallace. But this ingratitude, vile as it is, I bore with patience, till Baden och, growing in insolency, declared that, late last night, de patches arrived from the King of France to the Regent, and that he (in right of his birth, assuming to himself that dig-nity) had put their bearer, Sir Alex-ander Ramsay, under confinement, for having dared to dispute his authority to withhold them from your view."

"I will release Ramsay," replied Wallace, "and meet these violent men. But it must be alone, my lord," continued he; "you and my chieftains may wait my return at the city gates; but the sword of Edward, if needs be, shall de-fend me against his gold." Ashe spoke, he laid his hand on the jewelled weapon which hung at his side, and which he had wrested from that monarch in the

CHIEFS; his sword: "Proud upstart!" cried he; betrayer of my father! set a foot fur-

betrayer of my lather; set a loot lur-ther towards this chair, and the chas-tisement of every arm in this council shall fall on you for your presumption." "It is not in the arms or thousands to put me from my right," replied Wallace putting forth his hand, and drawing the

Regent's chair towards him.
"Will ye bear this?" cried Badenoch stamping and plucking forth his sword; "is the man to exist who thus braves the assembled lords of Scotland? spoke, he made a plunge at the egent's breast. Wallace caught the he spoke, he ma Regent's breast. blade in his hand, and, wrenching it from his adversary, broke it into shiver and cast the pieces at his feet; then turning resolutely towards the chieftain who stood appalled and looking at each other, he said, "I, your duly elected Regent, left you, only a few days ago, to repel the enemy whom the treason Lord March would have introduced to these very walls. Many brave chief-tains followed me; and more, whom I see now, loaded me as I passed with benedictions. Portentous was the day of Falkirk to Scotland. Then did the mighty fall, and the heads of council perish; but treason was the parricide! perish; but treason was the parricide! The late Lord Badenoch stood the ground like a true Scot; but Athol and Buchan deserted to Edward." He turned towards Badenoch, who, gnash ing his teeth in impotent rage, stood listening to the inflaming whispers of Macdougal of Lorn. "Young chieftain, cried he, "from this treachery date th fate of your brave father, and the whole of our grievous loss of that day; but the wide destruction has been avenged More than chief for chief have perished in the Southron ranks; and thousands of the meaner sort now swell the bank of the Carron! Edward himself fel wounded by my arm, and fled his squadrons over the wastes of North umberland. Thus have I -eturned to you, with my duties achieved in a man worthy of your Regent! What then, means the arrest of my ambassador What this silence when the represent ative of your power is insulted to you face ?

"They mean," cried Badenoch, "that my words are the utterance of their sentiments." "They mean," cried Lorn that the prowess of their haught boaster, whom their intoxicated grat tude raised from the dust, shall no avail him against the indignation of nation over which he dares to arrogate

a right."
"Mean what they will," returns Wallace, "they cannot dispossess me of the rights with which assembled Scotland invested me on the plains of Stir ling. And again I demand by what authority do you and they presume to imprison my officer, and withhold from And again I demand by what me the papers sent by the King of France to the Regent of Scotland?"

"By an authority that we will main in," replied Badecoch; "by the right tain. of my royal blood, and by the sword of very brave Scot who spurns the name William Wallace!"—" And as a proof that we speak not more than we act. cried Lorn, "you are our prisoner!"
Many weapons were instantly un sheathed, and their bearers, hurrying to the side of Badenoch and Lorn, attemp ted to lay hands on Wallace; but he drawing the sword of Edward, set hi back against the wall, and exclaimed, "He that first makes a stroke at me, shall find his death on this Southron steel! This sword I made the puissant arm of the usurper yield to me; and this sword shall defend the Regent of Scotland against his ungrateful country

The chieftains recoiled at these words but Badenoch and Lorn waved them for "Desist, young men," continued vard. e, "and provoke me not beyond my With a single blast bearing. With a single blast of my bugle, I could surround this building with a band of warriors, who, at sight of heir chief being thus assaulted, would lay this tumult in blood. Let me pass, await the consequences!"
"Through my breast, then," exclaimed

Badenoch; "for with my consent you pass not here but on your bier. What is n the arm of a single man." cried he to the lords, "that ye cannot fall on him at once, and cut him down?

"I would not hurt a son of the virtuous Badenoch," returned Wallace; "but his life be on your heads," said he, turning to the chieftains, "if one of yo point a sword to impede my passage.' And wilt thou dare it, usurper of my lower and honour!" cried Badenoch, Lorn, stand by your friend; all here who are true to the Cummin and Mac dougal interest, hem in the tyrant.

Many a traitor hand now drew forth its dagger; and Badedoch, snatching a sword from one of his accomplices, made another plunge at Wallace; but its another plunge at wallace; but its metal flew in splinters on the guard stroke of the Regent, and left Badenoch at his mercy. "Defend me, chieftains, or I am slain!" cried he. Wallace did not let his hand follow its advantage. With the dignity of conscious desert, he turned from the vanquished, and, casting Lorn from him, who had thrown himself in his way, he exclaimed. "That arm will wither which dares to point its steel at me." The crowd, struck in astonishment, parted before him, and, unimpeded, he passed to the door.

That their Regent had entered the eep, was soon rumoured through the city; and, when he appeared from the gate, he was hailed b the acclamations of the people. Now it was that, when surrounded by the grateful citizens of Stirling ( whom it would have been as Aware that treason, aimed at him, would strike his country, unless timely warded off, he took his resolution, and, requesting Ruthven not to communicate to have inhalmed to the construction. Wallace might be induced to accompany that he blew the summons for his chiefrocal trains. Every man in the keep now with tears. Had any one seen the two, and or company that he blew the summons for his chiefrontal trains. Every man in the keep now with tears. Had any one seen the two, and been called upon to judge, by their norse, and struck into the road for was returning upon them with the ho

don, unless he be immediately set liberty. Let them deliver to you Sir Alexander Ramsay, and then I permit you Sir them to hear my final decision. If they refuse obedience, they are all my prisoners, and, but for my pity on their blindness, should perish by the laws."
Eager to open the prison-doors of his friend Ramsay, and little suspecting to

what he was calling the insurge Scrymgeour hastened to obey. and Badenoch gave him a very rough reception, and uttered such rebellious defiance of the Regent, that the brave standard bearer lost all patience, and denounced the death of the whole re-fractory assembly. "The court-yard," cried he, "is armed with thousands of your necks: obey, or this will be a mor grievous day for Scotland than ever that of Falkirk; for the Castle of Stirling will run with Scottish blood ! At this menace, Badenoch became mor enraged; and Scrymgeour, seeing n chance of prevailing by argument, sent a messenger, privately, to tell the re-sult to Wallace. The regent placed himself at the head of twenty men, and, himself at the head of twenty men, and re-entering t e keep, made direct to the warder, and ordering him, on his allegiance to the laws, to deliver Sir Alexander Ramsay into his hands, he was o seved, and returned with his recovere chieftain to the platform. When Sery mgeour was apprised of the knight's re he turned to Badenoch, whom he was still contending in furious debate, and demanded, "Will you, or will you not, attend me to the Regent He of you all who in this simple duty disobeys, shall receive from him

Badenoch and Lorn affected to deride this menace, and replied they would the usurper the homage moment's attention; but if any of their followers chose to view the mockery, they were at liberty. A very few, and of the least turbule ventured forth. They began to fear they had embarked in a desperate cause, and were willing to deprecate the wrath of Wallace, while sure of not exciting the esentment of Badenoch.

Wallace then addressed the people Brother soldiers! Friends! And.

am I so to distinguish Scots?—enemies!"

At this word, a loud cry of "Perish all who are the enemies of our gloriou shook the keep to its centre. egent!" Wallace proceeded, and, with calm dignity, announced the hatred that was ow poured upon him, by a large part of that nobility which had be eager to invest him with the dignity he then held. "Though they have broken then held. "Though they have broker their oaths," cried he, "I have fulfilled mine! They vowed to me all lawful obedience: I swore to free Scotland to die. Every castle in this kingdom is restored to its ancient lord; every fortress is filled with a native garrison; sea is covered with our ships; and the kingdom, one in itself, sits secure hind her well-defended bulwarks. have I, through the strength of the Almighty arm, made Scotland! Beloved by a grateful people, I could wield half her power to the destruction of the rest; but I would not pluck one stone out of the building I have raised. Today I deliver up my commission, since its design is accomplished. I resign the Regency." As he spoke, he took off his helmet, and stood uncovered be fore the people.

"No. no!" resounded from every lip we will acknowledge no other power

we will obey no other leader!" Wallace expressed his sense of their ttachment, but, repeating that he had iulfilled the end of his office, by setting them free, he explained that his retaining it was no longer necessary. "Should I remain your Regent,' continued the country would be involved in ruinous dissensions. The majority of your nobles now find a vice in the virtue they once extolled, and, seeing its power no longer needful, seek to my upholders with myself. I therefore remove the cause of contention. I quit the Regency; and equeath your liberty to the care of the chieftains. But should it be again in danger, remember that, while life breathes in this heart, the spirit of Wallace will be with you still!" With these words, he descended the mound and mounted his horse, amidst the cries

and tears of the populace.

When Wallace and his weeping train separated at the foot of Falkirk hill, he as met by his veterans of Lanark, who, having heard of what had passed in the citadel, advanced to him, to declare that they never would fight under any other commander. "Wherever you are, my faithful friends," returned he, "you shall still obey my word." When he entered the monastery, the opposition that was made to his resignation of the Regency by the Bishop of Dunkeld, Lord Lochawe, and others, was so vehement, that, had not Wallace been venement, that, had not wallace been steadily principled not to involve his country in domestic war, he must have yielded to their pleading; but, showing the public danger attendant on his pro-voking the ambition of the Cummins and their multitudinous adherents, he ended the debate, saying, "I have yet to perform my vow to our lamented Mar. I shall seek his daughter; and then, my brave companions, you shall hear of me and see me again!"

It being Lady Ruthven's wish that the remains of her brother should be entombed with his ancestors, prepara-tions were made for the mountful cavalcade to set forth towards Braeman easy for him to have inflamed to the Castre. The Countess, hoping that massaere of Badenoch and his council, Wallace might be induced to accompany and been called upon to judge, by their deportment, of the relationship in which each lady stood to the deceased, his horse, and struck into the road for Stirling. He took the plume from his erest, and, closing his visor, enveloped himself in his plaid, that the people might not know him. But casting away his cloak, and unclasping his helmet at the door of the keep, he entered the inner ballium gate. Wallace approached, he fiereely grasped

husband's bier, she determined to seclude herself in her own chamber, till the freshness of Wallace's grief for his friends should have passed away; but when she heard from Edwin of the conduct of Badenoch, and that the Regent had abdicated, her consternation super seded all caution.

"I will soon humble that proud boy! exclaimed she, " and let him know that in opposing the elevation of Sir William Wallace, he treads down his , he treads down his own in-You are beloved by the Regent terest. Edwin! Teach his enthusiastic heart the true interests of his country! the first woman of the blood of the Cum min; and is not that family the most powerful in the kingdom? By the adpowerful in the kingdom? perence of one branch to Edward, the battle of Falkirk was lost; by the rebellion of another, the Regent of Scotland is obliged to relinquish that dignity! It is in my power to move the whole race at my will; and, if Wallace would ningle his blood with theirs espouse me (an overture which the love I bear my country compels me to make), every nerve would then be strained to promote the elevation of their nearest kinswoman. Wallace would rein in Scotland, and the whole men lie at Edwin eyed her with astonishment

All her late conduct to Helen, to his

incle, and to Wallace was now explain-

and he saw in her flushed cheek, that it was not the patriot who desired this match, but the enamoured woma "You do not answer me?" said she. "Have you any apprehension that Sir William Wallace would reject the which would give him a crown? which would dispense happiness to so man thousand people?" "No," replied he I believe that, much as he is devoted the memory of her whom alone he can ever love, could be purchase true happiness to Scotland by the sacrifice e would espouse any virtuous woman who could bring in so blest a dowry bnt in your case, my dear aunt, I see no probability of such a consequence. the first place, I know that now the virtuous Earl of Badenoch is no more, he neither respects nor fears the Cum mins; and that he would scorn to pur chase a crown, or even the people' happiness, by baseness in himself. To rise by their means, who will at any time immolate all that is sacred to man o their caprice and fancied interests would be unworthy of him; therefore I am sure, if you wish to marry Sir William Wallace, you must not urge the use he may make of the Cummins as an argument. He need not stoop to cajole the men he can command. Did he not drive one-half of their clan, with the English host, to seek a shelter from his venge-ance? And for them in the citadel, had he chosen to give the word, they v now all be numbered with the dust! He lays down his power, lady; it is not taken from him. Earthly crowns are taken from him. Earthly crowns are dross to him who looks for a heavenly one. Therefore, dear aunt, believe it n onger necessary to wound your delicacy by offering him a hand which cann produce the good you meditate!" The complexion of the countess varied a thousand times during this answer; her rea on assented to many parts of it, but the passion she could not acknowledge to her nephew urged her to persist. some further conversation, Lord Ruthven entered, and told the countess he to propose her immediate removal from the scene of so many horrors. "My

dear sister," said he, "I will attend you as far as Perth. After that, Edwin will be your guard to Braemar; and my Janet shall stay with you there, till time has softened your griefs." Lady Mar "And where will be Sin looked at him. "He," answered Ruthven, "will be detained here. Some considerations, consequent to his receiv-ing the French despatches, will hold him some time longer south of the Forth." Lady Mar reminded him that the chiefs in the citadel had withheld the despatches. Lord Ruthven then informed her that, unknown to Wallace, Lord Lochawe had summoned the most powerful of his friends then near Stirling, and, attended by them and a large body of armed men, was carried on a litter to the city. In the same manner he entered the council-hall, and he threatened the assembly with instant death from his troops, un less it would swear fealty to Wallace, and compel Badenoch to give up the French despatches. Violent tumults were the consequence: but Lochawe's litter being guarded by armed chieftains, and the keep being hemmed round with men prepared to put to the sword every Scot hostile to the proposi-tion of their lord, the insurgents at last

complied, and forced Badenoch to relin-quish the royal packet. This effected, Lochawe and his train returned to the monastery. Wallace refused to resume the dignity he had resigned; and the re-investment in which had been extorted from the lords in the citadel. "No," said he to Lochawe; "it is indeed time that I should sink into shades where I cannot be found, since I am become word of contention amongst my country-men." "Finding him not to be shaken, his friends urged him no farther," said Ruthven; "but, having found matter in the French despatches that must be answered without delay, he yet remains a

"Then we will await him here," cried the countess. "That cannot be," answered Ruthven; "it would be against ecclesiastical law to detain the sacred dead so long from his grave. Wallace will doubtless visit Braemar; therefore, to-morrow, I advise your leaving Fal-

Edwin seconded this counsel; and, fearing to make further opposition, she acquiesced; but her spirit was not so quiescent. At night, when she went to her cell, her fancy aroused a thousand images of alarm. She determined to see

she felt not that she had a soul, but what centred in the smiles of the man she was hastening to find.

His door was fastened with a latch she gently opened it, and found herself in his chamber. She trembled : she approached his bed; but he was not there She determined to await his return and nearly three hours she passed there enduring all the torments of guilt and misery, but he appeared not. hearing the matin-bell, she started up fearful that her maids might discover her absence. Compelled by some regard to reputation, she once more crossed the cloisters. As she drew towards the chapel she saw Wallace issue from the door, supporting on his bosom the faint-ing head of Lady Ruthven. Edwin followed them. Lady Mar pulled the monk's cowl over her face, and withdrew lowed them. behind a pillar, "Ah!" thought she, "absenting myself from my duty, I fled She listened with attenfrom thee! Lord Ruthven met them at that in

stant, "This night's watching by the bier of her brother," said Wallace, " has worn out your gentle lady; we strove to support her through these sad vigils, but at last she sank." What Ruthven said in reply, as he took his wife in his arms, the countess could not hear, but Wallace answered, "I have not seen her." "I left her late in the evening, her." rowned in tears," replied Ruthven.
I therefore suppose that, in secret, she offers those prayers for her deceased husband which my tender Janet pours over his grave.'

"Such tears," replied Wallace, " are heaven's own balm. I know they purify the heart whence they flow; and the prayers we breathe for those we love mite our souls the closer to theirs. Look up, dear Lady Ruthven," said he look up, and hear how you may, still on earth, retain the society of your beloved brother! Seek his spirit at the footstool of God. 'Tis thus I live, sister of my most venerated friend! My soul is ever on the wing for heaven-in banquets, as in the solitary hour, in joy as n sorrow-for there my treasure lives!"

"Wallace! Wallace!" cried Lady Ruthven; "and art thou a man and a soldier? Oh! rather say, an angel, lent us here a little while, to teach us to live and to die!" A blush passed over the cheek of Wallace. "I am a soldier of Him Who was indeed brought into the world to show us, by His life and death. how to show the street and happy. Know me, by my life, to be His follower; and David himself wore not a more glorious

Lady Mar, while she contemplated the matchless form before her, exclaimed to herself, "Why was it animated by as faultless a soul !-O! Wallace, less excellent, I might hope; but hell is in my heart, and heaven in thine! She tore her eyes from a view which blasted while it charmed her, and rushed from the cloister.

CHAATER XXXIV. WALLACE, DISGUISED, VISITS BRUCE AT

The sun rose as the funeral procession of the Earl of Mar moved from before the gates of the monastery. Lord Ruthven and Edwin mounted their horses. The maids of the two ladies led them towards the litters which were to convey them. Lady Ruthven came first, and Wallace placed her tenderly in her carriage. The countess next ap peared, clad in the deep weeds of widow-hood. Her child followed, in the arms of its nurse. At sight of the babe, tears rushed into the eyes of Wallace. Lady Mar hid the tumult of her feelings on the shoulder of her maid. He advanced to her respectfully, and handing her to her vehicle, urged her to cherish life for the sake of her child. threw herself with agitation on her pillow; and Wallace, deeming the pres of her babe the surest comforter, laid it tenderly by her side. At that moment before he had relinquished it, she ben her face upon his hands, and, bathing them with her tears, faintly murmured, "O Wallace, remember me!" Lord Ruth-ven rode up to bid adieu to his friend, Wallace pro and the litters moved on. mised that both he and Edwin should hear of him in the course of a few days,

the latter, bade him farewell. Hear of him they should, but not see him; for it was his determination to set off that night for Durham, where Edward now lay, and, joined by his young queen, meant to sojourn till his wounds were healed. Believing that his presence in Scotland would engender continual division, Wallace did not hesitate in fixing his course. His first object was to fulfil his vow to Lord Mar (and he thought it probable that Helen might be carried to the English court), and then attempt an interview with young Bruce, to learn how far he had succeeded in persuading his father to leave the vassalage of Edward, and to resume the scentre of his ancestors

On the disappearance of the funeral cavalcade, he retired to his apartment to address a letter to Lord Ruthven He told the chief he was going on an expedition which he hoped would prove beneficial to his country, but, as it was an enterprise of rashness, he would not make any one his companion. He therefore begged Lord Ruthven to teach his friends to consider with candour a flight they might otherwise deem un-

All the brother was in his letter to Edwin, conjuring him to prove his affec-tion for his friend by quietly abiding at home till they should meet again in Scotland.

He wrote to Andrew Murray ( now Lord Bothwell), addressing him as the first of his compatriots who had struck a blow for Scotland; and as his dear friend and brother soldier he confided to his care the valiant troop which followed him from Lanark "Tell them," said he, "that in obeying you, they still sorted with me the still sorted without benefit from the doctors' pre-

These letters he enclosed in one to Scr-ymgeour, with orders to despatch two of ymgeour, with orders to despatch two of them according to their directions; but that to Murray, Scrymgeour was himself to deliver at the head of the Lanark veterans.

nousework. I am grateful to by so wonderful a remedy.

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At the approach of twilight, Wallace At the approach quitted the monastery, leaving his pac-ket with the porter, to present to Serymgeour when he should arrive at his usual hour. As the chief meant to as sume a minstrel's garb, that he might travel the country unrecognised, he took his way toward a cave in Torwood, where he had deposited his means of disguise. When arrived there he disarmed himself of all but his sword, dirk, When arrived there he and breast-plate; he covered his tartan gambeson with a minstrel's cas sock, and staining his complexion with the juice of a nut, concealed his locks beneath a a nut, concealed ms locks of the close bonnet. Thus equipped, he threw close bonnet, and having in that deep solitude where no eye be held, no ear heard but that of God, in voked a blessing on his enterpris pursued his way along the hills of Muir-

He stopped at a cabin on a burn side beneath Craig-castle in Mid-Lothian, and was hospitably entertained by its inhabitants. Wallace repaid their kindness with a few ballads, which he sang accompanied by his harp. In this manner, sitting at the board of the lowly, did Wallace pursue his way through Tweeddale and Ettrick forest till reached the Cheviots. Having des-cended into Northumberland, his well replenished scrip was his provider; and when it was exhausted, he purchased food from the peasantry. He would not accept the hospitality of a country he accept the hospitality of a count had so lately trodden as an enemy

Late in the evening he arrived on the banks of the river that surrounds the city of Durham. He crossed Framlinggate Bridge. His minstrel garb prevented his being stopped by the guard at the gate; but, as he entered its porch, a horse started at his appearance, Its rider exclaimed, "Fool, thou dost not see Sir William Wallace! turning to the disguised knight, "Harper," cried he, " you frighten my draw back till I pass." to find the terror of him so amongst the enemies of Scotland, that they even addressed their animals as sharers in their dread, Wallace stood out of the way, and saw the speaker to be a young Southron knight, who wi h difficulty kept a seat on the restive steed. Rearing and plunging, it would have thrown its rider, had not Wallace seized the bridle. By his assistance, the horse was soothed; and the young lord, thanking him for his service him that as a reward, he would introduce him to play before the queen, who that day held a feast at the bishop's palace. Wallace thought it probable ne might see or hear of Lady Helen in assembly, or find access to Bruce, and he gladly accepted the offer. The knight, knight, who was Sir Piers Gaveston, ordering him to follow, turned his horse towards the city and conducted him to On entering the banqueting-hall, he

was placed by the knight in the musigallery, there to await his summons to her majesty. The entertainment being spread, and the room filled with guests, the queen was led in by the bishop; the king being too ill of his wounds to allow of his joining so large a company. The beauties of the lovely sister of Philip le Bel seemed to fill the gaze and hearts of all the bystanders: and none appeared to remember that Edward was absent. Wallace hardly glanced on her youthful charms; h eyes roamed from side to side in quest of the daughter of his dead friend! She was not there, neither was De Valence; but Buchan, Athol, and Soulis were near the royal Margaret. As soon as the royal band had ceased to play, Gaveston pressed towards the queen, and told her he had presumed to introduce a travelling minstrel into the gallery, hoping that she would order him to perform for her amusement, as he could sing legends rom the descent of the Romans to the victories of her royal Edward. She commanded him to be brought to her. Gaveston having presented him, Wallace bowed with the respect due to her sex and dignity, and to the esteem in which he held her royal brother. Margaret desired him to place his harp before her and begin to sing. As he knelt on one knee, and struck its chords, she stopped him by the inquiry of whence he came. "From the north country,

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paralysis. Now the very best authorities claim as did Dr. Chase that the only way to cure diseases of the nerves is to make the blood rich, red and nutritious and to build up the wasted nerve cells by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes: "In 1903 I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly to the floor and had to be carried to bed. The without benefit from the doctors' pre-scriptions. My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by uso serve with me—they perform their duty to Scotland at home, I abroad; our aim is the same, and we shall meet again at of this treatment all the symptoms discovered. Learn row talk plainly, my appeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do all my own

The young lor hear this dialogue lowliness. She s them said, "Do n alty; but I hav another question majesty wishes t Beck, "can be am cried she, " (for y see all great peo how could you them ?) did you hem?) did yoliam Wallace in madam." "Praylike; you, projudiced, and that expect in this clords." Wallac never seen him enabled to pro majesty's opinic "Cannot you sin him?" inquired a little poetica excuse you, as n this bold Scot w ly in a fairer c ledicated to gl returned Wall William Wallace not be song by very young man not old, and yo viving him. I vaddressing Bed king would ha

have supped vonce rebellion of Back made so did not hear; turning to him, French la beauty; and I reconciled to the you tell me he ome as any on whom you see lace replied, " liam Wallace I tender heart ; the eyes of pe not to be horrence to th The minstrel laughing, said within the influ ne some Scot promise, where treat him with valour."
-- Wallace stru and sang the to queen fixed h If the voice

Wallace's true

at the disco

almost tempte

as the warlik

seemed to cha She arose, a ring to the The lords c the musicians gallery, seate who had dis Bruce, gladly vite the stran their fare. V and, as the co voted to the it not difficu he wented t Bruce was s arrest; "and shall feel no! obliged, in to relinquish

gloomy dutie CARDINAL "It was a sir fter the death o igious brilliand he history of th

At the tw

Society, whi Moran open branch of t

Among the Fathers O'County Kern in his addre Year afte exceeded in strations of minor cities reports, an bration was cles every curring cel Apostle wa just it shou pect of St had often e was ever at 8t. Patrick whom he features of were many might dwe only four of The first

he imparte sanctity, a whole race apostolate his wonde stained by marvelous ized his ca his herois Inheriting the weste nations of Saints. T terious was itself the throughout serve these of after the

It was centuries Ireland s that had history of if prepare was to co of Europ sancity peoples, island of