

## TYBORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES."

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Yes, indeed," said Walter; "introducing the queen's prayer-book instead of the holy sacrifice, and hunting the faithful priests who offer it into prison and to death."

"Hush!" said Mary, suddenly; "there is some one coming." In a few moments they were joined by Lord Beauville.

"Might I crave a few minutes' conversation with Mistress Thoresby?" said he, in his softest tone.

Walter departed, and Mary, with no little trepidation, found herself alone with the formidable Earl; but the interview did not prove an alarming one. Without committing himself in so many words, Lord Beauville gave Mary to understand that if she chose to arrange the baroness's funeral by night, and hide a priest in the house to perform the ceremony, he would engage that himself and his train should affect ignorance of the whole transaction, while their presence insured the latter against any molestation from the civil authorities. When the Earl left her, Mary sought Isabel, but could not rouse her to the slightest effort, or to express any wish on the subject. Walter and herself made all the arrangements; and two days afterwards, Rose Ford, under charge of one of her father's yeomen, came to the castle; and in the same disguise in which he had quitted it, Father Gerard re-entered the home of the De Lisles.

At midnight, a little group gathered in the crypt beneath the beautiful chapel of the castle, now disused and desolate. It was deemed safer that the mourners should only be Rose and Rachel, in addition to the family. Slowly they recited the solemn office of the dead, so full of mingled awe and consolation; then the holy sacrifice was offered up; and at length they laid the corpse of Alice de Lisle by the side of the husband she had mourned so well for many long years. Walter's grief was passionate; and though for long he struggled for control, the barrier broke down at last, and he wept unrestrainedly. Mary, Rose, and Rachel mingled their tears with his, and even Father Gerard was overcome at times. Isabel alone remained unmoved; she shed no tear, uttered no sigh, not even when for ever on earth was hidden from her eyes the form she loved so fondly. When the rites were concluded, all the little party of mourners, except Rose, were anxious to seek consolation from Father Gerard, as it was necessary he should depart at an early hour in the morning. Isabel was the last to come to him, and she did it almost unwillingly, and with such a look of stony endurance written on her face that he would gladly have seen it exchanged for passionate grief.

"Do not, my dear child," said the priest, "exercise so violent a control over your feelings; give way to a natural grief. God does not forbid us to mourn—rather, He saith, Blessed are the mourners—if with our sorrow we but adore His holy will; and He whose submission never man equalled, had with it strong crying and tears. I would fain see you weep, Isabel."

"I cannot, father," was the answer; the words seemed to choke her, and she buried her face in her hands.

Father Gerard spoke of the baroness, of her patient life and holy death, of the perfect submission of her saintly soul to the loving and eternal will of God. "I firmly believe," said he, "she is with the saints in glory."

Still Isabel was not moved; Father Gerard's face grew very sorrowful.

"Isabel," said he, almost immediately, "we must part; and it is unlikely we shall ever meet again on earth. I am an old man, and it cannot be much longer that I can serve my Master in this world. Men seek my life: God grant, in His great mercy, that I may be suffered to lay it down for His sake. My child, over whom I have watched for so many years, listen to me for the last time: I have warned you before, Isabel, of that deadly enemy who tracks your path and lays snares for you. Beside your saintly mother's bed of sickness, there was not much room for his temptations; but the case is different now, Isabel: you are going into scenes of fearful temptation. Firm must be your hold on the anchor of the cross if you would not fall. Isabel, beware of pride."

Isabel raised her head. "My pride would keep me from the fall you hint at, father. Isabel de Lisle is too proud to be a renegade from the faith of her fathers and the traditions of her house."

"Pride keep you close to the faith of the lowly Son of Mary?" answered he. "Oh, never! O my child, lay aside that self-reliance, that haughty nature—too proud to mourn, too proud to seek for aid. I would send a little child into the strife of life with more confidence than I would you."

"I thank you, father, for your trust in me. If I have hitherto been so unfaithful to the religion which none can profess without suffering, as to warrant you to speak thus with justice, I was ignorant of it. You blame me for controlling myself; methinks I need it, and such words from you on my mother's burial night!"

Isabel was burning with indignation.

"It is the night of our parting, and that for ever," rejoined the priest; and he looked up where, through the narrow window, he saw the sun rising. "Something tells me that my time draws near. We must meet once more, Isabel; but then it will be too late for priest to warn. Will you not suffer me to speak, even in chiding and truth, for the last time? I cannot speak falsely even to comfort you, Isabel, though my heart bleeds for you."

"Forgive me, father," said Isabel, bursting into tears; "forgive me for those sinful words. I know I am unworthy you should speak to me. Alas! without you how shall I live, how shall I ever struggle against temptation?" And then Isabel wept long and deeply.

The sun had now risen, and Father Gerard was warned he must not linger longer. The parting was brief, as partings with

those who look not to meet again ever must be. Isabel, completely subdued, sought her chamber, as soon as Father Gerard, bestowing a fervent blessing on his children, resumed his disguise, and quitted the castle with Rose.

## CHAPTER V.

"She was a vision of delight,  
When first she burst upon my sight."—*Wordsworth.*

LORD BEAUVILLE began to grow impatient of his long stay at Castle de Lisle, and neither Walter nor Isabel was surprised when he informed them it was his intention they should both accompany him to his house of Apswell Court, situated some thirty miles from London.

"You must remember that you are my wards, by the queen's command," said the Earl—information which both heard in silence.

Preparations for departure began to be made. Walter was really glad, he was weary of the gloom and painful associations of his home; and as he was not to be master, he felt it preferable to submit to the Earl elsewhere than in his ancestral castle. Father Gerard's last advice had been to submit in patience, at least for a while, and Walter strove to curb the impulses of his fiery nature. The squire of Lord Beauville, who was to hold Castle de Lisle in safety, was also charged to receive the rents. This was a fearful blow to the faithful tenantry, Catholic to a man, and many resolved to give up their farms. Among these was Master Ford; for he clearly foresaw that the number of fines which he would be liable to for non-attendance at the Protestant worship at the parish church, and from which, under the new government of the estates, he could find no protection, would soon ruin him; and he deemed it wisest to employ the little money he possessed in starting in some new occupation, whose obscurity should form his protection, and where he could sometimes enjoy the consolations of his faith; and so with his wife and family, which consisted of two sons besides his daughter Rose, he resolved to go to London. Rose knew that her father's circumstances would be greatly impoverished by the change, and she bethought herself of offering to go as serving-maiden to some lady of rank; and having obtained her father's consent, she sought Isabel, to ask her advice how best to set about finding a situation. She found Mistress de Lisle sitting listlessly, as was her wont, over her embroidery, and taking not the slightest interest in the efforts of Rachel and Mary to carry away from the castle all the little articles of her own or her mother's which they imagined would be a comfort to her. When Rose told her errand, Isabel was roused; she grew indignant at the thought of the sufferings of the tenantry, and at length she bade Rose wait for her, and quitted the apartment; and great was the astonishment of the Earl when he heard that Mistress de Lisle craved an interview with him.

She came, she said in her stateliest manner, to make a request: could she be allowed to take with her two serving-women?

"Well, Mistress Isabel," answered the Earl, "it is an attendance beyond your rank; and I fear me our gracious queen, who hears things wondrous quickly, would dislike it."

Isabel coloured with offended pride. "It is not for assumption of higher rank that I ask it, my lord, but I can never suffer Rachel, my mother's attendant, to leave me, and I would fain take under my protection the daughter of our trusty tenant, Master Ford; it is necessary she should seek service, and for early friendship's sake (she was my playmate), I would have taken her with me also."

"Then let her go with you, by all means," said the Earl. "My sister, Lady Anne, will, I warrant me, speedily find her a service with some lady of her acquaintance, and she can be under your protection meanwhile. I would I could pleasure you further, fair Isabel."

But Isabel was in no mood for soft speeches; and without deigning to thank Lord Beauville for the part of her request granted, she withdrew.

Unlike Castle de Lisle, Apswell Court bore every mark of a wealthy owner; around it were spread none of the hills and wooded valleys among which the former proudly stood, but the flat pasture-land bore signs of luxuriance, herds of red deer gambolled in the park, an array of noble chargers filled the stable, numerous retainers were seen in every direction. There was no doubt the sun of fortune was shining here. A large party of riders have arrived at the stately portico, and at the foot of the long flight of marble steps which lead into the grand entrance-hall.

"Welcome to Apswell Court, fair Isabel," said the Earl; "I will suffer no other hand than mine own to place you within its walls. Be assured," he continued, in a lower tone, "all that can be done to supply what you have lost will be offered you."

Isabel bent her head, her only acknowledgment of a speech she deemed an insult; and with a cold and haughty air she ascended the steps and advanced into the entrance-hall. There stood two ladies ready to receive her; Lady Anne Beauville, an elderly and formal-looking dame, advanced slowly towards her, and ere she had reached her (for Isabel stood on the threshold), the path was intercepted, and Isabel felt herself embraced and her face warmly kissed by two rosy lips; and then releasing her not from her grasp, but looking full into her countenance, Isabel beheld a face whose witchery few could withstand. The hazel eyes laughed with glee, and in a voice of silver sweetness the owner of them said—

"Welcome, dear Isabel; I am so glad you are come,—so very glad."

"Lady Constance," said Lady Anne, severely, "you strangely forget yourself in your father's hall. What must Mistress de Lisle think of you?"

It is stated that the surplus after paying all expenses of the O'Mahoney funeral will be set apart as a nucleus of the fund to erect a monument to Macmanus and O'Mahoney in Glasnevin Cemetery.