

IN THE FOG.

Voils of pallid mist and grey
 Wrap the world of yesterday;
 The foggy island, rocky cape,
 Yellow sands, and mountain shape,
 Sun and sky, and waters blue,
 All are lost from the view.
 To see we blindly stare;
 No dream that such things were?

No; untouched, and safe and sure,
 All these lovely things endure;
 Underneath that hovering mist,
 All the blue and amethyst,
 All the rocky cliffs and sea,
 All the sunlit rippling foam,
 Mountain form and island green—
 All are there, although unseen.

If we barely bide and wait
 Through this brief eclipse of Fate,
 Smile through the unsmiling fog,
 Keeping heart and hope in tune,
 Shadow shall give place to sun,
 And, out-steering, one by one,
 All the fair things mourned in vain
 Shall be made our own again.

Dear heart, faint heart, who in shade
 Sits there, pale, perplexed, afraid,
 At the brief transience of life,
 Of thy yesterday's content,
 Courage take; for hope endures,
 Though a little mist obscures,
 And behind the fog-wraths dun
 Brightens the eternal sun.

—Rena Ouldridge, in S. S. Times.

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER IV.

AN OPEN DOOR.

Of the anguish and dread of the days that followed what need to speak? There will be few who will read these pages who will not have known some such night of sorrow. By dying pillows or on stormy shores—watching some battle from afar off or waiting outside some prison gate—some or later to every disciple must come the Master's summons. "Can you not watch with me one hour?" And sooner or later, over every quivering heart be cast the same blessed shield, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The keen frosts of February gave way to the windy bugles and budding boughs of March. March blazed in April, and April was waning on the threshold of May, when one morning the secretary of the Intendant Nismes entered the cabinet of his chief.

"M. Laval," he announced.

"I cannot see him. Admit none of the pastor's friends to-day."

"M. de Argouy will hardly obtain the leave Minister Colbert asked if he attends the banquet."

"I will take the risk of that. I would sooner see the arch-bishop himself than M. de Argouy or M. de Rochefort. Tell him I am out—nothing like this."

The subordinate retired slowly to the ante-room, where a stout, grey-haired man in citizen's dress stood waiting. "The Intendant is closeted with a messenger from Paris, and can see no one to-day. If you will be good enough to call to-morrow."

The wealthy banker interrupted him with an impatient gesture, and turned sharply on his heel. He had heard M. de Argouy's complaining voice through the partition, and divined only too easily the real cause of his refusal. He entered his steps down the corridor and was descending the staircase that led to the street, when at a dark turn he felt a hand laid softly on his arm, and turning, confronted a priest wearing the black robe and cowl of a Dominican. The ecclesiastic laid a warning finger upon his lips, and motioned his companion to follow him through a door, which had opened noiselessly into a small cabinet, apparently in connection with the Intendant's office, but which the banker had never entered before. Two clerks sat writing at a table. At a gesture from the priest they retired, and the Dominican motioned the banker to one of the empty seats.

"I beg your pardon for this detention, M. Laval, but I understand you are here in the interests of your country. Doubtless you are a friend or relative, and will be willing to do a slight service for us both."

Considering the man's garb and the character of the times, it is not strange that Pierre Laval changed color, and hesitated. He had not been able to refrain from telling Madame Chevalier that if her husband had listened to the advice of his friends, he would never have brought them and himself into so much trouble. But he had labored night and day to save him, and the same, pouring out gold and influence as freely as M. de La Roche himself. Now, for the first time, it flashed upon him that his warm espousal of the pastor's cause might have brought his own person and opinions into unpleasant notoriety. His companion hastened to reassure him.

"I come to crave a boon, not to spy out the land, monsieur. The heretic pastor has been anxious from the beginning of his imprisonment to communicate with his wife; but as no one knew of her whereabouts, or was willing to appear to know, it has been hitherto impossible. It was with the hope that as a friend or kinsman you might be able to further such a letter on its way, that I ventured to address you. But I see I have made a mistake. I will detain you no further."

"There is no mistake," exclaimed M. Laval impulsively, his fears quite dispelled by this explanation, and his heart swelling at the prospect of carrying back such a cup of comfort to the desolate wife. "I have known your father and your wife for years, and an under great obligations to them both. Entrust the packet to me; I will see that it reaches her in safety."

He extended his hand, and the dark eyes, watching him keenly and stealthily from under the black hood, dilated with a sudden flash. A student of men looking on might have said that the priest had tested and now thoroughly understood his tool, but Pierre Laval saw only a dim smile gleam across the wasted face.

ture, and heard no irony in the Dominican's voice as he answered:

"You are in haste, monsieur. M. Chevalier has just written the letter, but if you will tell me where it may be sent, I will see that it is placed in your hands before evening."

The banker mentioned the name and number of the street upon which he lived, and the monk rose as if to indicate that the interview was over. Pierre Laval lingered.

"May I not know the name of the priest who is so bold and humane as to take interest in the wishes of a Huguenot and a prisoner?" Another faint, indefinable smile flitted across the pale lips.

"I am Father Ambrose, the cure of the fortress, and M. Chevalier's spiritual adviser. Rather a nominal position, the last," answering the look of surprise in the other's honest eyes. "But at least I have tormented him less than others of my order might have done, and you may say to Madame Chevalier that her husband has had every alleviation to his condition that it was possible to procure."

"Nay, do not misunderstand me, monsieur," as Pierre Laval would once more eagerly have interrupted him, "there was little in my power to do for one so fanatical as Godfrey Chevalier; and I am a loyal son of my Church. I would have converted him from his heresies, if that had been possible; but since it is not, I have resolved to save him some more than my conscience absolutely required. I owe to Madame Chevalier an old and yet uncancelled debt, for which any slight kindness I show her husband is but scant return."

He glanced pointedly at the door, but Eglantine's grandfather had not been there for some time. "If you are indeed kindly disposed to either Godfrey Chevalier or his wife, give me some tidings of the trial. My mission here has been fruitless. M. de Argouy evades seeing me. When will sentence be passed, and what is it likely to be?"

"Sentence has been already passed, monsieur. The paper lies at this very moment upon the Intendant's table, awaiting his signature. As soon as that is affixed, his fate will be communicated to the prisoner by the commandant of the fortress, and I must myself be in attendance to render what spiritual consolation is possible under the circumstances."

"But the sentence, M. le Cure? Have you heard what the sentence is?"

Father Ambrose fixed his dark, hollow eyes with an inexpressible expression upon the face of his interlocutor.

"Hard labor at the galleys—for life," he replied slowly.

Every vestige of color forsook M. Laval's naturally rosy face.

"Impossible! His enemies could not descend to such a depth of malice as that!"

"It is the penalty attached to the least of M. Chevalier's offences. He disobeyed the king's edict at his peril."

"But Godfrey Chevalier is gently born, and the galleys—no! it is the doom of the vilest of the vile. There must be some outlet—some door of escape," the banker gasped, as if the atmosphere of the room had begun to suffocate him. "You appear to have some influence here, Father; obtain for me an interview with M. de Argouy. He must put his name to that paper. I have means to make him listen to me."

"Impossible, monsieur. The Intendant is not unfriendly to the prisoner; but the pressure brought to bear upon him is such that he dare not refuse his signature. There have been but two chances of escape for the pastor from the first, and through neither of them will he stoop to find exit. The first was a recantation of his errors, which would have procured him a full pardon, or at the least an honorable banishment, with permission for his family to accompany him, but to this he would not listen for a second; and seeing how idle it was, I confess I did not press him much. The other, however, was an appeal to the king's grace, and from this I did at first hope much, supplemented by the intercession of courtiers; but when I heard that he did not labor more earnestly while he was still free, I sincerely pity him, M. Laval, and all who are interested in his fate; but it is impossible to save a man who is resolved to immolate himself."

The color had rushed back to Pierre Laval's face.

"This is madness—fanaticism run to seed," he exclaimed passionately. "A drowning man cannot afford to split hairs. M. le Cure, it still rests with you to save him. Use your influence to get me admitted to the fortress, and give me speech with him for half an hour. I promise you less than that time to do for him, but I will listen to reason. If not for his own sake, then for the sake of his helpless family, he must make the concession."

Father Ambrose considered for a moment, his eyes fixed upon the floor. Then he looked up.

"You shall have your wish, M. Laval. The prisoner has prepared himself, I know, for a sharp and speedy death, but it is barely possible that the prospect of years of ignominy and toil may shake his resolution. You shall have the opportunity to avail yourself of the weakness—if there be any. Neither he nor his shall ever say I left a stone unturned that might have saved him. Nevertheless, I warn you beforehand that I have small hopes of your success. The rack has not moved him; his breath, and as for the mention of his wife, it seems but to add ardor to his obstinacy. Had I not known Monique de Vaux, I would have found it hard to understand. But they are moving overhead. M. de Argouy has yielded at last, and he is come to summon me. It will not do for you to be found closeted with me. This card will admit you to my private apartments at the fortress. Meet me there an hour hence, and God and the Virgin speed our cause."

He opened the door, and Pierre Laval, thrusting the bit of pasteboard into his breast, hurried down the steps and into the street, barely in time to escape the eyes of an officer, who the moment after descended the stair.

"Functually at the hour named he was at the citadel of St. Eprit, and on presenting Father Ambrose's card, was at once admitted to a small, scantily furnished apartment on the ground floor. The door closed, and he was left alone.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed. Father Ambrose did not appear, neither came there any tidings from him. His visitor, however, began to pace the room restlessly. Once a faint suspicion of the priest's fidelity crossed his mind, but he thrust the thought from him as unworthy. His heart, however, had already begun to misgive him as to the success of his undertaking. With growing uneasiness, he recalled the occasions on which, for one cause or another, he had attempted to make the pastor see things as he saw them—occasions on which he, Pierre Laval, had certainly not come off victorious. But he had put his hand to the plough, and could not turn back; besides, he could never go back to Madame Chevalier with that fatal sentence, without making one more attempt to save her husband. Loudly as he might rail against their fanaticism, he was sincerely attached to them both, and like many another time-server, in his secret heart admired the heroism he dared not imitate.

At last steps were heard without; the door opened and the Dominican entered. His dark eyes glittered with excitement, and the red with which he grasped M. Laval's was icy in its touch.

"Come, monsieur; now is your opportunity, if ever. He has learned his fate with perfect calmness. There seems no limit to his infatuation. He even thanks God for the sentence, and is proud of how much of this may be assumed to blind us, who can say? You are to have an hour with him alone; make the best use of it you can."

He led the way from the room, and Pierre Laval followed, more than ever ashamed of his momentary hesitation. Down many a winding corridor and stair they passed, the light of the upper world receding as they went, until the damp breath of the underground vaults smote upon the banker's overwrought senses, and he was plunged into a gloom, not unlike that of the underworld, which had not Father Ambrose lighted a taper and preceded him the remainder of the way. Before a heavily-barred door at the end of the next passage, the gardener, who stood on duty, withdrew at a whisper, and the priest, opening the door, pushed Pierre Laval silently forward into what appeared to be a gulf of midnight blackness.

"A light! I must have a light!" cried the banker, turning hastily back and attempting to stay the closing door.

There was no answer but the settling of the massive portal, and the creaking of the bolts as they were hastily drawn without, and the echo of a faint laugh down the vaulted corridor. Instantly every slumbering doubt flamed up into open conflagration.

"My God, I am a lost man!" he cried; and his despair was about to precipitate himself down the steps.

"He loathes nothing that loathes not God," answered a calm voice somewhere within the gloom. Faint and altered as it was, M. Laval at once recognized it; it was the woman that loved it, that voice, could not he have sounded more sweet.

"Godfrey, are you indeed here? Thank heaven! I thought for a moment that I had been entrapped, and the moment seemed an eternity. But tell me how I found my way to you in this dark, dark, for I can see no more than an owl at noon."

There was a second's intense silence, then the pastor cried out:

"Is it you, M. Laval? I did not know when I first spoke. Then I will hear of Monique and my children before I go. My God, I thank Thee! Thou knowest I did not look for this—that I had prepared myself to drink the cup without one mitigating drop! But Thou art ever better to us than we can ask or think."

"Guided by the voice and the dull clank of a chain, as the prisoner moved himself upon his iron bed, Pierre Laval groped his way down the steps and across the damp floor of the dungeon to the spot whence the sounds proceeded. The pastor stretched out his hand to the banker, and the two other clutched it eagerly, and the next moment, with a rush of womanlike emotion, threw himself upon his friend's shoulder.

"Good heavens! they have almost killed you with their frenzied cries!" he gasped, shocked to follow his wasted and feeble wail, the frame that had lately been so strong and stalwart.

"The rack is hardly a health-giving couch," was the faint answer; while with a mighty effort Godfrey Chevalier concealed the shock that the embrace had given to wrenched muscles and shattered nerves. "But even that hath its soft side if Christ Jesus turn the screw. Nay, shudder not my friend. They have done their worst, and it is over. God's grace has been once more sufficient for human weakness, and His glory magnified, I trust, in the least of all His saints."

"I would I could see His judgments visited upon the heads of your tormentors," growled M. Laval fiercely. "Out upon that false priest who dares to tell Madame Chevalier that he has procured for her any possible alleviation. What more could they have done to you, I wonder?"

"Nay, if you speak of Father Ambrose, he has indeed proved himself a friend to me throughout; though why more than I have been able to make out, I should be far weaker than I am, if he had not supplemented my prison fare with nourishing food from his own table, and tendered my hurts ever since I was taken from the rack, with the skill of a leech and the gentleness of a woman."

"But have you lain here all these weeks in this hole in the earth—this pit of darkness? He might have done better for you than that, methinks."

"He has done all for me in his power, I doubt not. I have only been here a few days, monsieur, since they have added a charge of treasonable correspondence to my other crimes. God forgive them the falsehood. My first cell was above ground, and had air and light in plenty; neither is this as dark as it seems to you fresh from the outer world. There is a grange of trees, which lets in a little light from an upper room, and through it, for one instant every day, a sunbeam flashes in. I call that my little Agnes. When my girl is old enough to understand, bid her mother tell her that her father named for her a grange of trees, and that she was in his dungeon. But I waste these priceless moments talking about myself. You have come to bring me tidings of those I love."

M. Laval moved uneasily. "I was in Paris when I heard of your arrest, Godfrey. I lost no time in coming home, but when I reached the hills the cottage was deserted, and I could get nothing out of the weeping, frightened peasants, but that they had found it so the morning after you were taken. I might have had hard work to discover the whereabouts of my little granddaughter, if I had not met M. de La Roche on the street next day, and learned from him that Madame Chevalier and the children were living concealed in the house of M. Rey, the advocate. It seems the young sister followed you that morning to Nismes, and late in the day, retreating a whisper that the Intendant had given an order to take the children into custody, rode back to the hills as for his life. It was midnight when he reached there, but he gave Madame Chevalier the alarm at once, and had them all to the chateau before the first streak of light. They lay hidden there for a day or two until the first search was over, and then the young sister and her father brought them down by night to Nismes. Your wife would have been of nothing else, Godfrey. She must be near you, she said, and though it was running a great risk, M. de La Roche had not the heart to say her nay, especially as M. Rey had offered the protection of his roof, and could be so fully trusted. She has been up well thus far, but I fear she is buoyed up by false hopes of your escape, and that this terrible sentence, which I have just learned, will smite her to the earth."

"I have not prayed for her in vain," was the faint answer. "What of our little Eglantine?"

"She is at La Roche with her grandfather. I sent her there under Nannette's care a month ago. You have nobly discharged the trust my poor daughter placed in you, but your wife has now enough to take care of her own. But it was not to speak of her, Godfrey, that I came to you."

The banker paused. He was painfully conscious that the precious hour was melting away; yet now that the moment had come, he felt strangely reluctant to open the mission he had been so ready to undertake.

(To be continued.)

Granada.

BY REV. CHARLES WOOD.

Possibly it is partly an illusion of the imagination that the natural features of the country seem to be in a constant effort to give warning that in approaching Granada one is drawing near to the grandest and best Spain has to show. Certainly, the towns become more numerous every mile after leaving Cordova. Here are little cities on the line of the railway, or sitting on hills scarcely out of sight, that were strong enough and brave enough four hundred years ago to resist, some of them for months, the armies of King Ferdinand. As we went by we could see in the valley, and far up the slope of the hills, the lights of one of these cities that specially distinguished itself by the skill and pertinacity of its resistance. It was before this city of Loja that Ferdinand received one of the severest repulses that the Christians suffered at the hands of the Moors during the whole war. The old commander of the fortress, a fierce Moor, named Ibrahim Ali Atar, was quick to perceive and take advantage of the unskillful arrangement of the Spanish troops, and it was only by rare good fortune that the king himself was not killed or captured.

The most beautiful and most famous of all the Spanish plains is the so-called Vega, that stretches for miles around Granada. We could see as we entered it that we were in a great valley, but the night was far too dark for us to distinguish anything more than that. When Granada was reached, and we had begun to climb the long hill that overhangs the town, it half seemed to us as if these dimly lighted streets might reasonably be the staking ground of all the ghosts of the 800,000 Moors who once made this city the glory of Spain. We should not at the moment have looked upon it as a very remarkable occurrence if from out the shadow of the wall of trees planted by the command of the Duke of Wellington the gallant young Musa on his coal-black horse, followed by the bravest of the Moorish warriors, had dashed upon us with the old war-cry that sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of some of Ferdinand's noblest cavaliers. We felt we were on enchanted ground. We were prepared to see enacted before our eyes any or all of the thrilling and astounding incidents of the Arabian Nights. But we saw and heard nothing. We had no experiences which would authorize us to give a confident denial to the belief of the Spaniards, that the Moorish army has been thrown by enchantment into a perpetual sleep and imprisoned in some deep cave of the Sierra.

Like all good Americans, we went to the hotel under the walls of the Alhambra, which has honored itself by appropriating the name of our countryman, Washington Irving. At an early hour next morning I walked around the picturesque old wall that encircled the numerous buildings connected with the palace of the Moorish kings, and then, losing my way, I turned through one of the gates and passed what I supposed was a stable; but returning later with a friend, who had offered to act as guide through the Alhambra, he took me directly to an opening in the yellow stuccoed wall of this barn-like edifice, and before I could express my surprise we had entered a court as exquisitely beautiful as has ever been built by the hand of man. This building with the repelling exterior was the Alhambra itself, and we were in the court of the lions. Around this square, open to the sky, run rows of marble columns so gracefully and so gracefully that, for the number, they would scarcely be able to uphold the structure resting upon them. In the centre is a huge bowl-shaped fountain placed on the back of carved lions, from which the court takes its name. Not only in this court, but everywhere through all the halls and chambers of the Alhambra, there is a sense of light, airy beauty such as musicians know how to imprison in some soft, sweet melody. In such an atmosphere at this one can understand, if not pardon, that reputation which Boswell, the last of the Moorish kings, felt to the stern, rugged activities by which alone his kingdom might have been preserved. The Alhambra could not be a fitting birthplace

for anything ruder than a dream or a poem.

From this house of the Moorish monarchs we went to the tomb of their conquerors. In a beautiful chapel of the massive old cathedral, almost under the shadow of the Alhambra, Ferdinand and Isabella sleep side by side in a great mausoleum exquisitely carved marble, on whose broad top repose the life-like effigies of the mighty king and queen. Surely here, in the centre of their greatest conquest, rather than at Seville, or the Escorial, is the most appropriate resting place for their dust.

Just before sunset, after we had visited two or three other famous churches and convents, we hurried back to the Alhambra, and climbing one of the trees, we witnessed a scene which alone would have repaid us for all the annoyance we had suffered since entering Spain. Only a narrow golden rim of the sun was still above the blue mountains in the west. The shadows had already begun to fall upon the plain, but the whole valley and every hill encircling it were covered with exquisitely soft and delicate tints. Half an hour of nothing else, Godfrey, under our feet and under the mountains, we could see the church spires of the little town built by the Spanish king and queen as their royal residence during the many months they were besieging Granada. And further on, almost indistinguishable, the bridge where Isabella's messengers overtook Columbus hastening away discouraged and told him that the queen had resolved to sell her jewels that he might have ships for the discovery of a new world. On a peak, to our left, that looked as if covered with finest velvet of some rare blue, Boabdil turned and looked for the last time upon the city that had been torn from his feeble hands. "Thou doest well," said his stern mother, as she watched the tears falling upon his cheek, "to weep like a woman for the kingdom thou couldst not defend like a man." Behind us the Sierras stretched away for leagues, their sharp black backs wrapped in a huge mantle of pure white snow. While we looked the valley was suddenly filled with the music of bells, and the mountains, that a moment before had been only blue or white, seemed flooded for an instant with molten silver and gold, and then, as the music ceased, all the hills shrouded themselves in the sombre garments of night and lights glimmered in the valley, and we turned away with a sigh, like Boswell's, from this vision of surpassing splendor.—The Presbyterian.

—A Wichita teacher who commanded one of her pupils to purchase a grammar, received the following letter from the girl's mother: "I do not desire that Mattie shall engage in grammar as I prefer her to engage in more useful studies and can learn her to speak and write proper myself. I have went through two grammars and can't say as they did me no good—I prefer Mattie to engage in German and draw and play vocal music on the piano."—Kansas City Star.

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