

Family Reading.

Sunrise never failed us yet.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away,
What though our eyes with tears be wet,
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more,
Sad souls, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

-Celia Thaxter.

New Select Serial.

MISTRESS MARGERY:
A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

BY EMILY SARAH HOLT,

Author of "Sister Rose," "Ashcliffe Hall," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

BEREAVEMENT, BUT NOT DEATH.

"Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away!"

Little Geoffrey slowly recovered from the illness which had brought him to death's door, and though able to run about the house, he was still far from perfect health, when Margery received orders to prepare for another interview with Abbot Bilson. She rightly divined that this would be more stormy than the last. Abbot Bilson came now fully prepared, and not alone. He was accompanied by Archbishop Arundel, a man of violent passions, and a bitter persecutor of all whom he conceived to lean to the opinions of Wycliffe. When Margery entered the room, and saw the Archbishop, she trembled, as well she might. She meekly knelt and asked their blessing—the manner in which priests were commonly greeted. The Abbot gave his, saying, "May God bless thee, and lead thee unto the truth!" "Amen!" responded Margery. Arundel, however, refused his benediction until he had inquired into the matter.

"Be seated, my daughter!" said the Abbot. Margery obeyed. "Holy Church, daughter, hath been sore aggrieved by thine evil doing. She demandeth of thee an instant yielding of yon heretical and pernicious book, the which hath led thee astray; and a renunciation of thy heresy; the which done, thou shalt receive apostolic absolution and benediction."

"I know not, reverend father, what ye clepe* heresy. Wherein have I sinned?"

"In the reading of yon book, and in thy seldom confession. Moreover, I trow thou holdest with the way of John Wycliffe, yon evil reprobate!" replied the Archbishop.

"I cry you mercy, reverend fathers. I take my belief from no man. I crede† the words of Christ as I find the same written, and concern not myself with Master Wycliffe or any other. I know not any Lollards, neither have I allied myself unto them."

The Archbishop and the Abbot both looked at Lord Marnell—a mute inquiry as to whether Margery spoke the truth.

"I wien it is so, reverend fathers," said he. "I wis not of my wife her manner of living ere I wedded her, but soothly sithence‡ she came hither, I know of a surety that she hath never companied with any such evil persons as be these Lollards."

"Hold you not with the way of Wycliffe, daughter?" inquired the Abbot.

"I wis not, reverend father, answered she, 'for of a truth I know not wherein it lieth. I hold that which I find in the book; and I trow an' I keep close by the words of Christ, I cannot stray far from truth.'

"The words in yon book be no words of Christ!" said Arundel. "That evil one Wycliffe, being taught of the devil, hath rendered the holy words of the Latin into pernicious heresy in English."

"I pray you then, father, will you

*Call. †Believe. ‡Since.

give me the book in Latin, for I wis a little the Latin tongue, and moreover I can learn of one that hath the tongues to wit better the same"

This was not by any means what Arundel intended, and it raised his anger.

"I will not give thee the Latin!" exclaimed he. "I forbid thee to read or learn the same, for I well know thou wouldst wrest it to thine evil purposes."

"How can you put a right meaning to the words, my daughter?" mildly suggested the Abbot.

"I know well that I could in no wise do the same," replied Margery humbly, "had I not read the promise of Christ Jesu that He would send unto His own 'thilk Spyryt of treuthe,' who should 'teche them at treuthe,' wherefore by His good help I trust I shall read aright."

"That promise was given, daughter, unto the holy apostles."

"It was given, reverend father, unto weak men and evil, else Peter had never denied his Master, ne§ had all of them left Him and taken to flight, when the servants of the bishops¶ laid hold on Him. I wis that I have an evil heart like as they had, but meseemeth that mine is not worse than were theirs, wherefore I count that promise made unto myself also."

"Thou art lacking in meekness, Madge," said Lord Marnell.

"I trust not so, good my Lord; but an' if I be, I pray God to give it to me."

"Give up the book, Madge!" said her husband, apparently desirous to allay the storm which he had raised, "and thou shalt then receive absolution, and all will go well."

"I will give up the book, my Lord, in obedience to you," replied Margery, "for I wis well that wives be bounden to obey their husbands; and soothly it is no great matter, for I know every word therein. But under your good leave, my Lord, the truth which this book hath taught me, neither you or any other man shall have power to take from me, for it is of God, and not of men!"

She drew the book from her pocket—ladies wore much larger pockets in those days than they now do—kissed it, and handed it to her husband.

"Thou hast well done, Madge!" said Lord Marnell, more kindly than before, as he passed the book to the Archbishop. Arundel, with a muttered curse upon all evil teaching, took the book from Lord Marnell with his hand folded in the corner of his gown, as if he thought its very touch would communicate pollution, and flung it into the fire. The fire was a large one, and in a minute the volume was consumed. Margery watched the destruction of her treasure with swimming eyes.

"Burn, poor book!" she said falteringly, "and as thy smoke goeth up to God, leave it tell Him that the reading and the loving of His Word is accounted a sin by those who ought to be His pastors."

"Woman, wilt not hear the truth?" cried Arundel.

"Truly, father, I have heard it, and it shall rest with me unto my dying day. But I trow that if your teaching were truth, ye had never burned with fire the Word of Christ, who hath power, if ye repent not, to consume you also with the like!"

"Told I not thee that the evil book which I gave to the fire was not Christ His Word, but the work of the devil?"

"Yea, truly; and the like said the heathen Jews, 'Wher we seyen not wel that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a deul?'" But I find not that their saying the same made it ever the truer. What saith Christ in answer? "I have not a deul; but I honour my Fadir, and ye han unhonourid me."*

"My daughter," said the Abbot, with even more than his usual gentleness, "I misdoubt greatly that you be obstinate in your error. And if this be so, we shall have necessity of deeds the which we should sore lament. You wit, doubtless, that in case you continue thus obstinate, you will be had up afore the King's Grace's council?"

"I am ready," answered Margery.

"John xvi. †Neither. ‡Wycliffe always renders "Bischopis" the word translated "chief priests" in the authorised version.

*John viii. 48, 49.

"You wit also," pursued the Abbot, no less gently, "that you may be sentenced unto close prison for such time as pleaseth the King's Grace?"

"I am ready," said Margery again. Her examiners looked surprised.

"Moreover," continued the Abbot, in a softer tone than ever, "wit you that we can allow you no longer to have the charge and teaching of your son, who must needs be instructed in the true faith?"

The end of the reverend fathers was at length reached. The quiet words of the Abbot produced an effect which the furious abuse of the Archbishop had been unable to accomplish. A cry of mingled terror, anguish, and despair, broke from poor Margery's lips.

"Ye could not—ye could not be so cruel!" she sobbed. "Take from me all I have in this world—comfort, freedom, yea, life—only leave me my child!"

"Thou seest what thou has brought on thyself!" said Arundel. "How can we, being the ministers of God His truth, suffer the mind of yon innocent child to be poisoned with like evil doctrine?"

"Doth God part the child from the mother?" faltered Margery. "This is none of His doing. My darling! my darling!"

Lord Marnell pitied his wife. Her agony touched all that was soft and gentle in his not too soft heart.

"Well, well, Madge!" he said kindly; "I will see that thy child is not taken from thee, if thou wilt obey these reverend fathers in confessing of thine error, and wilt humbly beg absolution at their hands."

Margery looked up at her husband with an expression of unutterable gratitude beaming in her eyes—but the moment she heard his name, her face fell instantly.

"I conceive you, good my Lord," she said mournfully, "howsoever I thank you. You will give me back my darling, if I will deny that I hold Christ His truth. I cannot. I dare not!"

"Christ His truth," persist you in calling your heresy?" cried Arundel, in a fury. "Choose, then, quickly, for the last time, betwixt 'Christ His truth' and your child!"

She shivered from head to foot as if an ague-fit were on her, and her sobs almost mounted to a scream. No heart that had any pretension to humanity could have helped pitying her. Her husband did pity her; but Arundel was carried away by passion, and Bilson had no heart. Through all this tempest, however agonised, firm and unwavering came the answer—

"CHRIST!"

Arundel, rising, ordered her to kneel. Margery knelt down on the hearth, her hands clasped on her breast, and her eyes looking up to heaven. Solemnly, and with all that terrific majesty which the Church of Rome so well knows how to put into her threats and denunciations, the Archbishop cited her to appear before the council on the 17th day of the next September. In the meantime she was to be confined in one of the State dungeons. Arundel graciously added that he would give her the remainder of that day to make her preparations. Lord Marnell here interposed, and begged the Archbishop to reconsider his decision. He had anticipated Margery's examination by the council, and possibly her being sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but he had not bargained for this previous incarceration. Arundel bluntly refused to alter his sentence.

Margery raised her tearful eyes to Lord Marnell. "My Lord," she said, "and you, reverend fathers. I have one small thing to ask of you. I pray you deny me not."

"What is it, Madge?" asked Lord Marnell.

"My good Lord," she said pleadingly, "suffer me to take one last kiss of my child, ere ye take me where I shall see him no more!"

The Abbot seemed disposed to grant Margery's petition, though the Archbishop demurred; but Lord Marnell settled the matter by authoritatively commanding that the mother should be permitted to take leave of her child. Arundel, with rather a bad grace, gave way on this secondary point. Margery was then dismissed.

She went up-stairs as if she were walking in a dream, and found Alice hiding behind the door for the amusement of little Geoffrey, who was in high glee. Margery stood a moment on the threshold, looking at them, and mournfully thinking that it was the last time she would ever look on that sunny little face, or hear that silvery laugh. As she stood there Alice caught sight of her mistress, and her share of the mirth ceased instantly.

"My Lady! my Lady! what have you, I pray you tell me? You look as if sentence of death had been passed on you!"

Margery passed her hand dreamily across her brow.

"Sentence, good Alice, of the evil which is in death!" she said softly, "and henceforth death must needs be a glad thing. But that is to come yet."

She sat down, and took the child on her knee, and he nestled his little golden head into her bosom. For a few minutes she rocked herself and him to and fro in silence, but at length her voice came, and though it trembled a little, it was almost as quiet and silvery as usual.

"Geoffrey, dost love me?"

"Yes, mother, very much."

"Poor child! how wilt do without me!"

"Go you hence, mother?"

"Yes, my child, I go hence. Geoffrey, wilt mind every what I now say unto thee? Wilt never, never forget it, but ever keep it fresh and shene, and think thereof whenever thou dost think of me?"

"Yes, mother, I shan't forget."

"Alice, thou wilt help him to remember, good lass, if thou be not taken from him."

"That will I, good my Lady," said Alice, sobbing, and only comprehending that something painful had happened.

"Geoffrey, darling, thou wilt be a good child to thy father?"

"I'll try, mother, but—he frighteth me."

Margery sighed heavily.

"List me now, my heart. Dost remember what I told thee about Jesus Christ?"

Geoffrey answered that he did.

"Right, my heart. And lovest Jesus Christ, who died for thee?"

"Yes, mother, I love Him and you."

The child's innocent answer nearly upset Margery's half-assumed calmness. She rocked half a minute longer in silence.

"Remember, mine own sweet heart, ever, that nothing but Jesus can save thee. Thou canst not save thyself. Beg of him with all thine heart that He will save thee, and love Him all thy life long, even unto the end."

She ceased an instant.

"Now, sweet heart, kiss me. Give me a brave kiss, mine own—it is the last. Never shall we kiss again till we kiss in the Happy City! Fare-thee-well, dearly beloved! God teach thee in His holy keeping! God teach thee what I cannot—what I by reason of mine ignorance know not, or what thou by reason of thy tender years canst not yet conceive. God forgive thee thy sins, and help thee in all trouble and woe, and bring thee to that blessed home where I shall see thee again, and where they sin not, nor grieve, neither part any more!"

Margery gently detached herself from the child's embrace, and set him down. She desired Alice to take him away, and then to return and assist her in matters respecting which she would tell her particulars when she should have removed the child. She stood looking after the boy as Alice led him away, and he turned his head to say, "God be wi' ye!"

"Never again! never again!" said Margery to herself in a half-whisper.

"The worst part of death is over! I have nothing left now but Christ."

"The farewell phrase which has in modern times been shortened into "good-bye."

A Mohammedan publisher in Delhi, India, proposes to begin a woman's periodical. It is designed for the zenana women, and the prospectus says it will discuss the following subjects: bad customs and their reformation, female education, housekeeping, rights and duties of the wife, moral precepts, the training and duties of children, chastity, industry, etc.

A Visit to the Sandwich Islands.
SOMETHING ABOUT HONOLULU.

BY J. K. M'LEAN, D. D.

It is now much more accessible to tourists than it has ever before been. A line of 3,000 ton iron steamers, well-equipped, well-commanded, and well-served, running fortnightly, make the voyage inside of seven days, and at a cost of \$125, the round trip from San Francisco.

The ships being airy, not crowded, and having a uniformly smooth sea, render sea-going as pleasant as sea-going well can be—which to some minds and bodies may mean very much, and to others very little!

The approach to Honolulu is striking and singularly beautiful. First come into sight the sentinel volcanic cones, desolate and forbidding in themselves, but which, standing in fine contrast with the deep verdure behind them, and often clothed with some soft and mellow-hued lights, are radiantly beautiful themselves. Next is the beautiful long bathing-beach of Waikiki, with its cocoa-nut groves, its white line of surf, its pretty cottages, and its verdurous background of algaroba trees and mountain. Then the deep, emerald green of the sea-water over the coral reefs, a mile or two out from shore, with deep indigo-blue water outside and the white surf breaking within.

One of the first impressions to be welcomed upon landing is, that now at last, and finally, one is really "Out West." There is distant land lying beyond, indeed; but before one can reach it he must cross the 180th parallel, and so will have touched the East. This is the real ultima thule. Clear Out West, at last!

If one were limited to a single descriptive term as more applicable to Honolulu—its climate, aspects, streets, dwellings, life, business—than any other, that term would, I think, be comfortable.

The climate (I may speak of April and May) is not quite delicious. It is a trifle too moist for that. But it is an exceedingly comfortable climate. The rain is tepid. The night air has no chill. The noonday heat is not over-ardent. Windows and doors stand open day and night twelve months in the year. The sea breeze is full of balm. The atmosphere, as I experienced it, is not only lacking in all elements of discomfort, but has in it all the positive qualities of comfort.

So of the houses. They are not elegant, many of them; they are better, they are marvelously comfortable; and so with life in general. It is not specially vigorous, nor forth-putting, nor energetic; nor, upon the other hand, does it appear feeble. It is an extremely comfortable kind of life; on the whole, altogether the most so I have ever seen. It is in most marked contrast with the rushing, heated, frantic life of San Francisco and California.

There is scarcely a door-bell in Honolulu or on the Islands. To one who is habitually pursued by this implement of torture for fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, this one circumstance has in itself the promise and potency of all physical and mental peace. It there is any exception to be made to physical comfort in Honolulu, it is furnished by the mosquitoes, and possibly, to some minds, by cockroaches. These latter do scamper about the floors a good deal, and gnaw the covers of books and the like. But perhaps the books could serve little better use. And, after all, as the cockney waiter on an Australian steamer declared to a roach-horrified passenger:

"I do h'assure you, ma'am, they are 'armless."

"That may be," was the reply, "but my trouble about them is that they are not also legless."

As for the mosquitoes, from dark until bedtime, they are exasperating. But after bedtime, well tucked in behind an island netting, the Honolulu people assure me it is one of their greatest comforts in life to be soothed to sleep by the ineffectual droning of the discomfited blood-hunters!

One's impressions of social life in Honolulu will be moulded according to the door by which he enters it. In Honolulu and throughout the islands there are two great antagonistic parties, two social and political segments,

two contestant influences, the missionary and anti-missionary. These designations are used in a very wide and comprehensive sense. The missionary party stands for, not only religion in the technical sense, but for morality in all its forms and degrees; for good order, social and political purity, for frugality, good government, temperance, industry and sobriety. The anti-missionary party reach out directly and indirectly for all the things opposed to these. They are anti-Sabbath, anti-temperance, and many of them are against all purity, decency, and order.

Entering Honolulu society through the missionary door, one finds a numerous community of intelligent, cultivated, hospitable, generous, Christian people, many of them prominent in business circles, in all educational matters, in politics, and in the government. They have delightful homes, are refined and cordial in manners, staunch in moral principle, and steadfast in Christian faith—as excellent and admirable a community of people as can be found in any continent or in any clime. Churches and prayer-meetings are well attended by them, the Sabbath is sacredly observed, and their personal influence is made positive and pronounced on all matters, moral, social, and political. Many of these are descendants of the old missionary families, many more have been drawn to the islands in later years by business or in pursuit of health.

In a word, whoever visits Honolulu under favorable auspices cannot fail to have a royal time, even though he do not come into immediate contact with royalty itself. The city has much of beauty in its tropical door-yards, its beautiful flowers, its stately palms. It is surrounded by some of the most charming natural scenery the world has to show. It is doubtful if any city has, within a six-mile drive, such a magnificent view as is to be gained by looking down Honolulu's Pali, as it is called, a precipice 1,200 feet high, framed in between overhanging volcanic cliffs, and opening upon a prospect of indescribable loveliness. And, surely, no city possesses warmer, worthier hearts, more hospitable homes, or more excellent and delightful people. If any doubt it, let them go and see.—The Advance.

Canals.

The Imperial Canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1681 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe, the Canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; its length is 148 miles, it has more than 100 locks, and about 50 aqueducts; and in its highest part it is no less than 600 feet above the sea; it is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland canal, completed in 1825. It is 124 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 feet; it extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonian canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including 3 lakes. The Suez Canal is 80 miles long, of which 66 miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long; the Ohio canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374. The Suez Canal is 26 feet 4 inches deep, 72 feet 5 inches wide at bottom, 329 feet wide at water surface. Length a little short of 100 miles. The Panama Canal is to be 45½ miles in length.

An interesting story comes from Washington. There was a baptism in the Potomac; an excursion steamer, passing at the moment, stopped and "dipped her colours" as a token of respect for solemnity. This demonstration was the more noteworthy from the fact that those who were taking part in the baptism were coloured persons. How much of serious tribute was intended in this act by the excursionists we, of course, cannot determine. What seems obvious enough is, that the steamer did a graceful thing, and that it must have been prompted by an instinct of delicacy and reverence commendable in itself, and even morally suggestive.

Blessed is the man whom eternal truth teacheth, not by obscure figures and transient sound, but by direct and full communications.—Thomas A. Kempis.