THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1884.

| family Reading. | Shortly after that, Henry of Boling- broke fulfilled the jailer's prediction, so | restoratives, but told Lord Marnell at once that Margery had fallen and had | "I mean not the fever-death, good | 'My wife, being a peeress, will of force be beheaded ?' | that just as men have learned to recog. |
|--|---|--|--|--|---|
| Uner ual. | I THE ALL AND ANTER OTHER ATO ICU | I I CUCIVCU A HEAVY UIUW UII HIE HEAU | I WEALLY DITCHINGUE TOO COLO OF THE | | |
| In reply to " Alone with Conscience. | i soudou, | by the united care of the physical | LIBDDY UNV. Welcome be the and of | drowing his court closes amon his 1 - 1 | |
| BY AUGUSTA MOORE. | I marter and official and a conso: | 1 to consciousness. not, nowever, juny | 1 ODE AND A SOLA ! However sharp be | as a cold blast of wind came up the street. 'Father, you must use all effort that | The second se |
| To sit alone with his "conscience," | and a set dona on ano through arow | I Then Dord marnen blet over her and | 1 Dath Deen loosed from earth 1 see | the sentence he so pronounced if the | the recognition of the duty of the |
| In the land where time shall cease, Is all that many a sinner | | I CDUAC IO DOL, BUG BUUUCHIV IECOVHIZEU | I DOLDING DOW I WORF DOLDING but I bush | I ID O'O I DO DO DODDIL IL - 1 | |
| Would ask to assure his peace. | most ill-treated and loving-hearted man, | she replied to their inquiries, she had | and to be with Him in the glory. Alice | 'The King's Grace remitteth never | just as a mother ministers to those of |
| His conscience he can manage ; | | | | | |
| He scared it long ago— That is, if he ever had one ; | | | | | |
| And he does not surely know. | | i the the the the cause of the fall was | 'I trow he fareth well, good mistress, but of a long season I have not seen | of Holy Church therefor. And as to | ments. It is as much as the church |
| And if you show him clearly. | Henry. Few men bave had more | hand. The physician asked when her | bim Mr Lord both cont him not seen | my poor efforts, my Lord' | can do to look after what she has got in |
| That the only judgment sure, | | | | | |
| Is that of conscience, gladly | | indiana in the state of t | margery's eyes, rather than her | prolong the contest, walked randly | people amuse themselves if they must |
| That judgement he'll endure. | | and he the | voice, expressed her pleasure at this | away. | to.' |
| There hardly lives a robber Or a murderer in the land | The change of monarchs, however, brought no change for Lady Marnell | "Oh av av let me co!' said Mar- | news. | Abbot Bilson stood looking after him, | "But,' again queried the visitor, "are |
| Who would not jump with pleasure | If anything, it was the worse for her; | gery, 'I would not have delay therein. | here sithence I took sick ?' | with an expression on his face not un- | there not many persons who find in the |
| That pain alone to stand. | for Abbot Bilson was a personal friend | I shall be better by morn, and ' | "Every day, my Lady . and I trow | like that which a triumphant demon might be supposed to exhibit | theatre precisely that kind of recreation |
| Only the tender-hearted | of the new King, who was far more | But as she spoke she fainted away, | he sent away the how for that reason | | and rest which is most useful for the discharge of their daily work? 'It |
| Much suffering would bear ; | violently opposed to the Lollards than his predecessor had been. | and the doctor, turning to Lord Marnell, | lest his coming hither should give him | The second s | may be,' replied Mr. Spurgeon, 'but I |
| And the judgement-day, if that, will be A most unjust affair. | On the 16th of September 1400, | 'She is no wise fit for it, poor lady ! | the sickness ?' | A red Indian's Honesty. | don't know any of them. You see, I |
| | | The inquiry must needs be delayed, | Knoweth my mother of my sickness?'I wis not, my Lady, but I trow that | one abarter a white | live in a world apart from all these |
| What conscience has the villain, Who trades in all that's vile? | Margery's cell, when the jailer admit- | | my Lord would tell her, when he sent | Bro and bould cobacco for his | things, and so do my people. We argue |
| What conscience has the traitor, | ted Abbot Billson, who courteously | 'Then I pray you,' replied Lord | the child down with Master Pynson.' | pipe. The man gave him a loose hand- ful from his pocket. The next day he | fectly safe and profitable for most |
| With murder in his smile ? | greeted Loid Marnell, and replied | Marnell, 'to say the same unto the | | came back and asked for the white man. | go to the theatre, if I go a great number |
| But young, unthinking sinners, | rather more coldly to the salutation of his prisoner. | He answered that he would go to | hither ?' | ' For,' said he, 'I found a quarter of a | of others will go to whom it would do |
| With hasty, generous heart- | | them as soon as he thought that his | 'Yea, good my Lady, he came up, I ween, on Saint Luke's Day, ¶ and took | dollar among the tobacco.' | positive harm. I will not be respon- |
| Ob, theirs would be the torture, The dire, eternal smart. | you induced this wretched girl to see | patient required no further professsional | back the young master with him.' | and and for moop we abacu a | sible for alluring them by my example |
| | the error of her ways?" | assistance. Margery seemed better | | The got a good man and a to to | into a temptation which, but for my |

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For such it were sufficient, With conscience all alone, To sit and talk forever; But only make it known.

That there's no God Almighty, Who sees and hears and CARES, And will " avenge," and ruin On all that's righteous stares.

For men are-men; And Satan can hardly be more base Than men who fear not judgment Upon a godless race.

left together.

'No, father.'

he doith servyse to God.' 't

for ye be not of God.' 't

smiting her in the face.

another-

Abbot.

wroth, and forgetting his civilities.

'Take the curse of the Church

But God is God! Forever His promises endure ; And all His awful threatenings Will prove as true and sure.



BY EMILY SARAH HOLT, Author of "Sister Rose," " Ashcliffe Hall," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LODGING ON THE COLD GROUND "Christ is at hand to scorn or bless-Christ suffers in our strife." -Christian Year.

In the evening, as previously ordered. Margery quitted Marnell Place in her litter for her prison in the Tower. The jailer stared at her as Abbot Bilson, who accompanied her, gave her into his charge, and whisperingly asked the reason for which she was to be incarcerated.

"Heresy, good friend."

"Heresy !' said the Jailer, staring more than ever. 'What pity for one so marvelous young! Poor lady! it sorroweth me !'

When Margery was at length locked in, she had time to look round her prison. It was a small, square, whitewashed cell, completely unfurnished; all the furniture had to be brought from Marnell Place. Not much was allowed. A mattress and blanket by way of bed, a stool and a crucifix, were the only articles permitted. The barred window was very small, and very high up. Here Margery was to remain until September. The days rolled wearily on. Lord Marnell occasionally visited her; but not often, and he was her sole visitor. The jailer, for a jailer, was rather kind to his prisoner, whom he evidently pitied; and one day he told her, as he brought her the prison allowance for supper, that "strange ithings" were taking place in the political world. There was a rumor in London that 'my Lord of Hereford' had returned to England before his period of banishment was over, and had possessed himself of the person of King Richard at Flint Castle.

shortly, and Master Simon, for such was my prison, Alice?' 'I assayed it not,' said Lord Marnell somewhat sulkily. ' Farewell, Madge, the doctor's name, repaired at once to I will see thee again ere long.' the council charged with the examina-

'Farewell, good my Lord,' said tion of prisoners accused of heresy, and Margery, and for the first time in her told them that their State prisoner, the life she was sorry to see her husband go. The truth was, that Lord Marnell felt so much vexed with his spiritual before them for at least some weeks advisers, that he was seriously afraid, to come. Arundel, who presided, only

if he remained, of saying something laughed. The doctor insisted. which might cause his own imprison-"Why,' said he, "the poor lady is ment. The jailer locked the door after sickening for a fever; let her alone him, and the Abbot and Margery were how can a woman light-headed answer his usual visit to Margery, Abbott Bilquestions upon doctrine and heresy?'

'You have had time, daughter, to think over your sin, in penitence and still seemed unwilling to grant the prayer. Are you yet conscious that prayer ; when to the surprise of every you have committed a grievous sin?' one present Abbot Bilson, the principal

witness for the Crown, rose and sup-. No are?'† I grieve to hear it. ported the petition. The puzzled coun-Fear you not the ban of holy Church? cil accordingly granted it. Arundel 'I fear it not, so Christ confirm it was very much under Bilson's influence not; He did warn me afore of the and Bilson had a private reason for his same. . Thei schulen make ghou withconduct, which will presently appear. outen the synagogis ; but the our cometh,

So the examination was adjourned that ech man that sleeth ghou deme that until February, and Margery, released for the moment from the struggle with 'Cease thy endless quotations from her enemies, was left to combat the Scripture !' cried the Abbot, waxing fever which had seized her. Lord Marnell and Master Simon begged for But Margery only replied by an order of the council to remove poor Margery home, the latter asserting that | enced."

"He that is of God hereith the she would never recover in the Towerwordis of God; therefore ye heren not The council refused this application. They then requested that one of her waiting-women should be allowed to miserable reprobate !' cried Bilson, losing all command of bimself, and with such other necessaries as Master Simon might deem fit, might be sup-"Take you heed,' was the answer, plied to the prisoner from her own

house. The council, after a private that you bring not on yourself the curse of Christ, who is the Head and consultation among its member, thought Lord of the Church, for He suffereth fit to grant this reasonable prayer.

not lightly that His sheep be ill handled. Alice Jordan was made very happy 'Aroint thee, sorceress !' said the by an order from Lord Marnell to at-'I am no sorceress,' replied Margery that Marnell Place could furnish, which be heard this awful news.

Master Simon did not absolutely forbid, -and Master Simon was easy of persuasion,-was lavished on the whitewashed cell in the Tower. Alice, however, was carefully searched every time she passed in and out of the Tower, to see that she supplied no books nor writstonde with, and that thei be convertid, ing materials to the prisoner, nor took any letters from her. Poor Margery ! the care was needless, for she was just but now '---then as incapable of writing as if she had never been taught. Margery's illness lasted even longer than Master Simon had anticipated. On a dark, - cold winter night, when snow was falling thickly outside the prison, and a low rushlight burned on the table, dimly lighting up the narrow cell, Margery unexpectedly whispered, ' Who is there ? 'I, dear mistress-Alice Jordan.' 'Alice Jordan ! Where then am I?

'He covered his face, and wept sore.' Margery turned her face to the wall. "A fiery trial !' she murmured, as if to herself-'a fiery trial for him as well Lady Marnell, was very ill in her dun- as me ! Is this the way wherein the geon, and would not be able to appear Father will draw him? If so, Richard I can bear it.'

> The 16th of February came. On the morning of that day, as Lord Marnell stepped out of his own house into open air, with the intention of paying

son came up radiant and smiling, and The council, governed by Arundel, carrying under his arm a large parchment roll.

> 'Ah, my very good Lord, well met ! Whither away?'

'I purpose to see Madge.'

'Ab exclaimed the Abbot, who was occupied with an amusement which comes naturally to men of his disposition and has been wittily defined as ' washing one's hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water.'

'What hast under thine arm, reverend father ?' asked Lord Marnell.

• Ah ! this is the indictment of the Lady Marnell. Your Lordship witteth that she will be examined to-morrow afore the council, and by them sent-

'You will endeavour yourself, reverend father, that the sentence be made as light as may be.'

' My Lord, we have but one sentence attend her, and that bedding and linen for heretics,' said Abbot Bilson, with a smile which showed all his teeth, like a wild beast. 'The Act regarding them was yestermorn sceptred by the King's Grace.'

"One !' remarked Lord Marnell, in some surprise. 'The sentence now, then, is ?'-' Death.'

Lord Marnell hastily laid his hand tend her sick mistress. Everything (on a buttress, to steady himself, when

breast, 'and the good man say, ' It is got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no ! you must keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and

bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good.'

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do myself of the advantages of your every day. Who wins?-The Missionary World.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on the Theatre.

'The ideal Church,' said the visitor, will run a theatre and a public-house. You have not yet got to that ?' ' No,' said Mr. Spurgeon, 'we have not got beyond coffee-houses yet. As for the theatre, I don't know what the ideal theatre may be, but we have nothing whatever in common with the theatre as it exists.' 'Exactly so, but will you ever have the ideal theatre until it is run by the Christian Church?' 'They will never get it from me,' said Mr.

Spurgeon. 'Our aim is to raise men entirely above all that : to elevate them to a higher level, where they will not feel the want of that kind of recreation. Nor have our people time to attend plays. In all these matters we don't go on theories; we look at facts; and we have seen too often the trail of the theatre across the Christian home to have the slightest doubt as to whether it is an institution which makes for righteousness or the reverse. It is not merely the theatre itself, but its concomitants, which render it so painful in its influence. It introduces the young men to what is called gaity, and familiarizes the young women with things which are by no means calculated to preserve their modesty. If any of our church members take to attending the theatre they take themselves off. So far as I know, no person would think of going to a theatre unless he was prepared to sever his connection with us, If a man should come to me and say, 'Mr. Spurgeon, may I go to the theatre?" I should reply, 'Do you want to go to

take it as an evidence that you need

grace in your heart !' 'And then you

immediately cut him off from church

membership, Mr. Spurgeon ?' ' No.'

said the pastor, ' there would be no need

to do that, for if he wished to remain

with us he would not wish to go to the

theatre. People come to me for one

thing, and they get it, and it is no use

my pretending to give them the oppos-

ite as well. I preach to them a Cal-

vinistic creed and a Puritanic morality.

That is what they want and what they

get. If they want anything else they

must go elsewere.' 'But, Mr. . Spur-

'I've got a good man and a bad man self-indulgence, they would entirely eshere,' said the Indian, pointing to his cape. I will give you an instance of how this works out. When I go to not mine; give it back to the owner.' Monaco, the grounds of the gambling The bad man say, 'Never mind, you hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never go near them; and why? Not because I think there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gambling-tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me :-- One day M. Blanc met me, and asked me how it

was I never entered his grounds. 'Well, you see,' I said, ' I never play, and as I make no return whatever to you I hardly feel justified in availing grounds.' 'You make a great mistake,' said M. Blanc. " If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds I should lose very many of my customers who

attend my gambling saloons. Do not imagine that because you do not play yourself that you do not by your presence in the grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment feel themselves quite safe in following you into my garden; and from thence to the gambling-table the transition is very easy.' After I heard that,' continued Mr. Spurgeon, 'I never went near the gardens. And the same argument applies to the theatre.' - Pall Mall Gazette.

A boy twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said :

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he ?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

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"Soothly I wis not,' answered the jailer. 'I trow he will make himself king. Any way, I trust it may hap for your Ladyship's good, for it is the wont to release prisoners at the beginning of a new reign.'

quietly, 'neithar do I use evil arts; speak unto you in the words of Christ -bear you the sin if you will not hear. But lo ! it is even that which is written, 'He hath blyndid her yghen,§ and he hath maad hard the herte of hem ; that thei see not with yghen, and undirand I heele hem.' '

The Abbot could bear no more. He struck her furiously-a blow which stretched her senseless on the stone floor of the cell. Having by this primitive means silenced Margery's endless quotations,' he let himself out with a private key.

When Lord Marnell returned to the prison that evening, he found Margery in what he supposed to be a swoon. He summoned the jailer, and through him sent for a physician, who applied

*Henry had previously conspired against the King three times, and had even plotted the death of his own father. His father sentenced him to death, and if Richard had "What will he do?" asked Margery. not interposed, Henry would not have lived to dispose his benefactor. "How true is the saying," cried poor Richard in his agony, "that we have no greater enemy than the man whom we save from the gallows !"-See Creton's MS. Bibl. Imp. 8448-2-Ambassades.

ti.e., Are you not. 1John xvi. 2. ‡John viii. 47. §Their eyes. |Jonn xii 40, | vellous better now.'

Or was it all a terrible dream? Is this Lovell Tower?'

Alice's voice trembled as she said, commanded by the new Act. " No.'

'What then? Oh! I know now. It is the Tower of London, and the end cometh nigh.'

Nay, dearest mistress, you fare mar- of straws.

'You have deceived me, father! You have deceived me !' he cried. 'You told me, some months gone, when first I called you into this matter, that the sentence on heretics was prison.'

' My good Lord, I pray you remember that I told you but a moment back, that the new Act is just passed. Ere that the sentence truly was close prison :

Our finding himself thus inveigled by the cunning of Abbot Bilson, Lord Marnell was beside himself with passion. He burst into a torrent of the most fearful language. Abbot Bilson stood calmly by, as if quite accustomed to such a scene.

'My good Lord, I pray you blaspheme not, or I must needs appoint you a sore penance,' was all that he mildly observed.

Lord Marnell recovered himself by a strong effort, and asked, as politely as he could, what description of death was

"Burning or beheading, at the pleasure of the King's Grace,' replied the Abbot, as unconcernedly as though the choice in question lay between a couple

There are living in the vast city of London about four million eight hundred thousand people. That is more than in all Norway, Sweden or Switerland, twice as many as in Denmark, nearly three times as many as in Greece three-quarters of a million more than in Holland. the theatre? If so, you must go, and

> Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived on the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.-Jeremy Taylor.

It is doubtful if people would be so very much better or happier it they were all healthy and full-fed and able to read Homer in the original. It is grace, it is goodness, that makes life geon,' pleaded his visitor, ' do you think sweet .- Christian Leader.

TOctober 18.