

Family Reading.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, I always find in the Book of Life Some lessons I have to learn.

We cannot measure the need Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a single hour;

The path that has once been trod Is never so rough to the feet; And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat.

New Select Serial.

MISTRESS MARGERY: A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

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

CHAPTER X.

GLORIFYING THE LORD IN THE FIRES. "Ah, little is all loss, And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore If thou Lord Jesus, on us lay,

As Lord Marnell sat with Margery, in her cell, in the evening of the 1st of March, she begged him to grant her a favor. Her contrite husband bade her ask what she would.

When Alice returned on the following day from Marnell Place, whither she had been to procure a change of linen for her mistress, she brought with her also a loaf of bread.

The jailer demurred at this, but Alice urged that Lady Marnell did not like the bread made by the prison baker, and surely the jailer would not grudge her a loaf from home, for the few days she had to live.

The jailer shook his head, but let it pass. When Alice was safe in the cell, she broke the loaf, and produced from it, cunningly imbedded in the soft crumb, several sheets of paper folded surprisingly small, a pen, and a little inkhorn.

The last day of Lady Marnell's life sped away as other less eventful days do, and the evening of the 5th of March arrived. Alice, having just returned from her usual journey to the house, was disposing of the articles which she had brought with her, when the jailer's key grated in the lock, and the door was opened.

This felicitous came forward with bent head and joined hands, vouchsafing no reply to Margery's salutation of 'Good even, father,' nor to Alice's humble request for his blessing.

'To look at thee, child of the devil' was the civil answer. Alice, who had just requested the blessing of the priest, was more angry than she could bear with the man.

She was just on the point of saying something sharp, when Lord Marnell's voice behind the Abbot interposed with—

'If thou wouldst see a child of the devil, I trow thou hast little need to look further than thy mirror!'

The Abbot rose calmly, and let Lord Marnell enter.

'It becometh not poor and humble monks, servitors of God, to lend themselves unto the vanity of mirrors,' said he, pulling out a large rosary, and beginning to tell his beads devoutly.

'Servitors of God!' cried Lord Marnell, too angry to be prudent. 'Dost call thyself a servitor of God? If God hath no better servitors than thou, I ween he is evil served!'

The Abbot cast a glance from the corner of his eye at Lord Marnell, but made no answer, save to tell his beads more devoutly than ever.

'Hast no other place to tell thy beads in?' asked that nobleman.

The Abbot rose without a word, and, pausing at the door, stretched his hand over the assembled trio, and muttered some words to himself.

'Away with thee, Lucifer, and thy maledictions!' exclaimed Lord Marnell. 'There be here who are nearer to the angels than ever thou shalt be!'

Suddenly the Abbot was gone. Nobody had seen or heard him depart—he seemed to melt into the night, in some strange mysterious way.

'He is gone, and Satan his master go with him!' said Lord Marnell. 'Ho, jailer! lock the door, I pray, and leave us three alone together.'

The jailer obeyed; and Lord Marnell sat down by the side of Margery's bed, and bade Alice lie down on her own pallet, and sleep if she could. He gave the same counsel to Margery; but the latter smiled, and said she would never sleep again in this world.

'Now, Madge!' said her husband, 'hast aught on thy mind, good wife, that thou wouldst say ere morn? Aught that I can do for thee? Trust me, I will do the same right gladly.'

Margery thanked him fervently; there was a heartiness in his tone which was not often audible.

'There be a few matters, mine own good Lord, which under thy good pleasure I would willingly have done. I would that all my servants might have a year's pay; and for Alice, poor lass! who hath tended me so well and truly, I pray that a smaller matter of money may be given her by the year, moreover, I would like, if she will—for I would not lay her under bond—that she would keep with Geoffrey while she liveth, or at least until he be a man. And, good husband, I would that thou wouldst teach my poor child to remember me his mother, but above all, to remember the Lord for whom I die, and who, having loved me in the world, loveth me unto the end.'

'Tell him to count nought too good for Christ. I trust Christ hath set His heart upon him—I have prayed for him too much else—and He promised me that whatever thing I should ask the Father in His name He would do that thing.'

'Hast thou prayed ever for me, good wife?' asked Lord Marnell. 'Many times, my good-Lord, and I will do so till I die.'

'The Church teacheth that dying stoppeth not praying,' said he. 'I wis well that the Church so teacheth; but I saw it not in the book; however, if I find it to be so, I will pray God for thee there also.'

'Thou sayest well, Madge; but I trow thou art more angel presently than shall I be ever. I tell thee; Madge—for mayhap it will comfort thee to know it—thy dealings and sayings of late have caused me to think more on these things than ever did I afore. It seemeth but a small matter to thee, to go through the fire to the glory. I marvel an' it could be so unto me.'

'Say not 'to the glory,' good husband, but to Christ. I would not have the glory and lack Christ. And for thee, I do rejoice and bless God heartily, if He will make my poor doings of any good service unto the welfare of thy soul. And believe me, that if thou art called unto my fiery ordeal, Christ will give thee grace and strength equal unto thy need. It is not much for them who love Christ, if they see

Him stand beyond a little fire, to pluck up heart and go through the fire to Him. O good husband, take these as my dying words, and teach them to the child for the same, 'Christ without everything is an hundredfold better than everything without Christ!'

Those last words were ringing in Lord Marnell's ears when, about eight o'clock in the morning, he stood on the steps of Marnell Place, looking towards the Tower, and fancying the mournful preparations which were going on there. Margery had thought it best that she should be alone for her fiery trial. As Lord Marnell stood there, lost in thought, he suddenly heard his own name spoken. He turned round, and saw two men before him, in travellers' attire. One of them was an old man, with venerable white head and beard; the other was much younger, and Lord Marnell recognised him at once.

'Master Pynson! I pray you what brings you here? Is the boy well?'

'He is well,' answered Richard, in a low tone, 'and Dame Lovell likewise. We came hither on matters pertaining to my friend who here standeth, and a terrible bruit hath reached us that the Lady Marnell will suffer this morn.'

'It is true,' said Lord Marnell sorrowfully. 'Can no help be found?' cried Richard in an agony. 'I would put my life for hers—yes, an hundred times twice-told!'

'And I likewise,' said her husband. 'No—there is no help. The King will hear of no remittance.'

'When is it?'

'At nine o' the clock. You will come into the house and eat?'

Richard declined. He had already secured a chamber at the 'Blue Boar,' and would not trouble his Lordship.

'Come, Master Carew,' said he to his companion, 'let us be on our way.'

'Go ye for to see her?' inquired Lord Marnell.

'I will not lose sight of her,' answered Richard, until she be in the Paradise of God!'

Long before nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th of March, a large crowd was already gathered on Tower Hill. Some came there from a feeling of revenge—glad to see a Lollard burned. Among these was Archbishop Arundel. Some, from a feeling of deep pity for the poor young girl who was to be almost the protomartyr of the new faith. Among these were Pynson and Carew. The chief part of the concourse, however, shared neither of these feelings to any great degree, but came simply to see a sight, just as they would have gone to see a royal procession, or any other pageant.

As nine o'clock struck on the great bell of the Tower, the martyr appeared led forth between the sheriff and Abbot Bilson. She was clothed in one long white garment, falling from her throat to her feet; and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, her head, arms, and feet were bare. No fastening confined her golden hair, which streamed freely over her shoulders and fell around her. She walked slowly, but quite calmly. Arrived at the place of execution, the sheriff urged her to confess.

'I will confess,' said Margery, 'to Him who can alone absolve me.' And lifting up her eyes, she said, 'O Lord God, who art above all things, and hast given Thy Son to die for us, solely and sinfully men, I confess to Thee that I am a vile sinner, utterly unworthy of Thy grace and mercy. That day by day, for twenty-three years have I done what I ought not, and thought what I ought not. That all my life also have I left undone things the which I ought for to have done. Wherefore, O Father, let it please Thee of Thy goodness to forgive me, and to look not on me, but on Thy Son Christ, in whose righteousness I am rightwised, and who hath loved me as Thou hast loved also Him. O Lord God, turn not away the face of Thy servant, whose heart Thou hast moved to pray thus unto Thee!'

The Abbot and the sheriff were extremely annoyed, but they did not dare to silence her, for the multitude hung breathlessly on her words.

'There's none so much harm in that, anyway!' said a woman who stood near Richard Pynson.

'Wilt thou confess, sinful heretic?' asked the Abbot.

'To God I will and have done,' answered Margery; to man I will not.'

There was a short pause, while the sheriff's men, under his direction, heaped the wood in the position most favorable for burning quickly. Then the sheriff read the indictment in a loud voice. It was a long document, and took upwards of twenty minutes to read. After this, they passed a chain round Margery's body, and fastened her to the stake. The sheriff then, with a lighted torch, advanced to set the wood on fire.

'Will ye allow me that I may speak unto the people?' asked Margery of the Abbot.

'No, miserable reprobate!' said he 'thou has spoken too much already!'

'I pray Christ forgive you all that you have done unto me!' was the martyr's answer.

The sheriff now applied the torch. Meanwhile Margery stood on the pile of wood, with her hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes lifted up to heaven. What means it? Does she feel no pain? How is it that, as the flames spring up and roar around her, there is no tremor of the clasped hands, no change in the rapturous expression of the white upturned face? And from the very midst of those flames comes a voice, the silver voice of Margery Lovell, as clear and melodious as if she stood quietly in the hall at Lovell Tower—

'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to take virtue, and Godhead, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory'

But the voice fails there, and the 'blessing' is spoken to the angels of God.

And from the outskirts of the crowd comes another voice, which is very like the voice of Richard Pynson—

'I am agen rising and lyf; he that beleueeth in me, yhe though he be deed, he schal lyue; and ech that lyueth and belueth into me, schal not die withouten ende.'

'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,' softly adms old Carew.

Thus did Margery Marnell glorify the Lord in the fires.

*John xi 25.

Proverbial Philosophy.

There is with many of us an instinctive reliance upon the council that comes to us in the incarnation of proverbs. We can quote one of these accepted forms of wisdom as endorsing any procedure of ours; we feel that we stand on firm ground. And, when we are in doubt in respect to a course of action lying before us, if the light from one of these ever luminous rays paves our way, we go forward with resolute will and cheerful confidence.

It is reasonable to argue that when a rule of life has come into one of these abiding statutes, it carries with it the sanction of the best and wisest of the race, and so is clothed with legitimate authority. While, at the same time, it must be admitted that our humanity may now and then plead for some self-indulgent privilege which it shall enact as a law of personal life, and which is weak in mental soundness or moral rectitude, or in both.

'Look before you leap.' Good; many a rash and disastrous plunge would thus be avoided. But if we quote the proverb to justify delay where only instant action would be availing, we abuse its caution.

'All's well that ends well.' Yes; a happy and irreproachable issue rewards an exacting and painful process. But if we argue that 'success sanctions the means,' we may sadly blunder.

'Make hay while the sun shines.' Yes; improve facilities, take advantage of opportunity to secure the end desired. But we need not plead thus for idleness in dark days, and cease diligent endeavor under clouds of disappointment.

'Take time by the forelock.' Good; the old man with the scythe has only one lock of hair; that is in front, and the back of the head is bald. Once past us, we cannot grasp and sway him to our purpose. But not a few act rashly by anticipation, when a cooler patience and a more deliberate effort were wiser and safer.

So with the kindred proverb, 'Strike while the iron is hot'; we may avail ourselves of the ripe and fit occasion

for productive outlay, while we refrain from misleading a neighbor or a rival, under the ardor of passionate excitement.

'Early to bed, and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.' And yet we may have occasion to add to our stock of wisdom by diligent study through the night hours, and may often be called to watch in tender charity by the bedside of the sick and lonely; reaping thus our richest harvests of usefulness and profit after the sun is below the horizon.

But however the logic may halt in these pronouncements of human testimony, in all the oracles of proverbial wisdom one beam of light shines clearly. We may receive and obey the instructions of the heavenly Teacher without faltering or distrust. 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' Let this rule of brotherly charity pervade all our fraternal intercourse. 'Be ye angry and sin not.' Let ours be ever a holy and righteous indignation. 'Render to no man evil for evil,' but rather forgiveness of injuries, seventy times seven. 'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth.' Genuine worth is lowly and modest, and does not vaunt its gifts and graces.

But here the fountain is inexhaustible, and we may draw as freely, and really as absolutely, as we will.—Pacific.

Let no passing fashion mislead you. Let God be your guide in the building of the vessel in which you expect to cross the ocean of life, and enter eternity without wreck. Use no timber that will not bear storm. Never sleep while you skirt the reefs.—Jos. Cook.

The colored sunsets, and the starry heaven, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as the soul that is serving Jesus out of Love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—Frederick W. Faber.

I do wish that all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh—in anchoring the business ships of our daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again.—Anna Warner.

Loving words will cost but little, Journeying up the hill of life; But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife. Do you count them only trifles? What on earth are sun and rain? Never was a kind word spoken, Never was one said in vain. Golden Days.

Temperance.

Alcohol. AND WHAT IT DOES—ONE OF THE GREATEST ENEMIES OF MANKIND.

- 1. Alcohol is a stimulant and a narcotic. 2. Alcohol interferes with appetite for food. 3. Digestion is delayed and made imperfect by alcohol. 4. Disease of the stomach and organs of digestion is caused by alcohol. 5. Alcohol unduly hastens the circulation of the blood vessels. 6. Alcohol increases the work of the hearts and thereby exhausts its power. 7. Alcohol softens the muscular fibers of the heart, and weakens it by changing the fibres into fat. 8. Alcohol relaxes the small arteries, and unfits them for their work. 9. Alcohol weakens the plasma of the blood, and overcomes its nourishing properties. 10. The corpuscles of the blood are contracted by alcohol, their size and form are changed, and their capability to supply oxygen, and remove carbonic acid, is diminished. 11. Alcohol interferes with the burning of waste-matter in the capillaries, and thus poisons the blood, and prevents it from feeding the body. 12. Alcohol congests the blood-vessels of the brain, and causes apoplexy. 13. The substance of the brain is hardened by alcohol, and its thought-producing power injured. 14. Alcohol collects in the brain, and causes paralysis and death. 15. Alcohol affects the size, shape, and color of the cells of the brain, and produces insanity.

16. Alcohol absorbs water from the nerves and paralyzes their action.

17. Alcohol by its effects on the nerves interferes with and weakens muscular movements.

18. Alcohol diminishes the heat of the body, and makes it sensitive to severe cold. It is not a protection against cold.

19. Alcohol affects injuriously men of all the different temperaments.

20. Alcohol intoxicates.

21. Alcohol causes delirium-tremens, and leads to other forms of insanity.

22. Alcohol tends to injure the moral sense, and leads to crime.

23. Appetite for alcohol liquor may be inherited.

The Children's Pleadings.

For an Evening's Entertainment.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

Get a number of cards about eight inches square, and have printed upon each one letter in bold large type. Attach a ribbon to each card, all of equal length. Enlist the services of thirteen little girls as near in height as can be got. These may remain in an ante-room, or may be seated at the back row of the seats on the platform. Each girl must have one of the cards hanging suspended by the ribbon from the neck. Each letter on the cards will be the same as the first letter of the verse the girl has to recite. Do not let the girls, if they have to be on the platform, sit in the order they have to recite, because that would inform the audience what was coming, and greater interest is excited if they do not know this. The girl with the card bearing the letter S comes first forward, placing herself at the right hand of the chairman, and looking full in front of the audience, recites the first verse. The girl with I upon her card next comes and stands in a line with the first girl; the next with the letter G in the same order, and so with the letter N, etc.

"SIGN THE PLEDGE."

Enter First Girl.

See the little ones are coming Forward in the temperance fight; Hear our little voices pleading, Ob; give up the drink to-night.

Second Girl

In our songs and recitations This grand end we have in view, We ourselves are staunch abstainers; Such we want to make you too.

Third Girl

Gazing on us as we stand here, Young and fair, from drink chains free, Which of us would you be willing In the drunkard's ranks to see?

Fourth Girl

"None!" we think we hear you saying, But, O fathers, mothers, dear! If we follow your examples, Shall we shun or like the beer?

Fifth Girl

Treading in your footsteps shall we Sober, temperate, happy grow? Will you not for our sakes banish That which causes sin and woe?

Sixth Girl

Hearken how the widows' wailings, How the orphans' cries ascend! Drink-made widows, drink-made orphans, Will you still the drink defend?

Seventh Girl

Earnestly your children ask you, Join our noble temperance band! Help to chase the fearful monster From our own devoted land.

Eighth Girl

Put your names to our grand pledge-roll; Vow you'll never taste again That which fills sad hearts with anguish, Homes with weeping, graves with slain.

Ninth Girl

Let our pleadings be successful As we earnestly beseech All who hear us to consider The great lesson we would teach.

Tenth Girl

Every drunkard that we pity As we meet him in the street Once, like us, was young and happy Till sin snared his heedless feet.

Eleventh Girl

Dreadful truth! he did as you do— You who take your little drop— Drank at first in moderation, Till he knew not where to stop.

Twelfth Girl

God save us from ever tasting! God help you, dear friends, to see That alone in total abstinence There can total safety be.

Thirteenth Girl

Each has brought her letter with her; Heed, oh! heed these words of light. Drink with us heaven's sparkling water; [All Exclaim.] Sign, oh! sign the pledge to-night.

—Youth's Temperance Banner.