Samily Reading.

For the Christian Messenger. The Call Obeyed.

There came a wail from heathen lands, And it burst upon our ears, Far o'er from India's burning sands. Where caste has ruled these many years

It bade us view the shackled souls, Of millions bound by Satan's thongs; And cried, awake—the death knell tolls— Oh came and heals us with your songs.

From o'er our darkened land of woe, Withdraw false dagon's diresome veil, That through the rift, the sun may glow, Before whose face all mockeries pale.

Far o'er the seas that voice was heard. Our hearts were quickened at the sound Acadia's maidens caught the word. And in their hearts an echo found

From out their ranks a chosen few, Stepped promptly forward at the call: To him whose gifts their hearts imbue, They sacrifice their all in all.

In reverent mood they bow their head, Obedient to the will Divine, Content to lead or to be lead, Where'er their Master's face doth shine.

From home, and friends, and kindred ties, Their gaze with fixed intent they turn, Their prayers, like holy incence, rise Whilst o'er the lost their spirits yearn.

Far from the lands that nursed their youth, To lands whose youths are nursed in sin, They haste with seeds of precious truth, Their dusky sisters' souls to win.

For a brief space they linger near, Those scenes made sacred by the past; But check in Faith the falling tear, That comes unbidden at the last.

Soon, soon, they toss upon the seas, In charge of Him who quelled the storm And wafted by the gentle breeze, They reach that land where errors swarm

There face to face they see their task, They meet it in their Saviour's name From error's face they draw the mask, And error's gods expose to shame.

Whilst ever and anon they tell, Of Him who reigns above unseen; Of Him who deigned on earth to dwell, And by His blood now maketh clean.

Oh let us who at home abide, Be roused to action by the thought, Of those, who, far beyond the tide. Have gone to seek such arduous lot.

We may assist them by our prayers, And by our votive offerings too; In spirit we may share their cares, Thus calling down the heavenly dew.

May none neglect the heathen's wail, But each one answer as he may, If bodies prove a gift too frail, Then haste by prayer the breaking day.

Rem Seleck Serial.

MISTRESS MARGERY:

A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

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

CHAPTER IX.

AN OBDURATE HERETIC.

"Great your strength, if great your need."

-HENRY KIRKE WHITE. In the evening of the same day, the council sent a physician to report on the prisoner's health. Not gentle Master Simon, but a stern. ironhanded, iron-hearted man, from whom Margery and Alice shrank instinctively. The physician reported that the Lady Marnell had undoubtedly been very ill, but was now better, and ailed nothing but weakness; he accordingly reccommeded that the examination should take place, but that the prisoner, in consideration of her extreme debility, should be indulged with a seat. Master. Simon tried hard to obtain a little further postponement; but this time the powerful Abbot was against him, and he gained nothing by his motion. So, on the morning of the 17th, Margery rose from her sick-bed to appear before the council. Lord though well-meant conduct had originally created, assisted his wife into her | the capital sentence. litter, and rode beside it during the short journey. On arriving at the her clear voice, always distinct, howdoor, where they found a steep flight over feeble, to what ye will. I fear of steps to mount, Lord Marnell would | you not. I wis ye have power to kill not allow Margery to try her strength. my body, but my soul never shall ye but carried her up in his arms. He have power to touch. That is Christ's, knew and so did she, that she would who witteth full well how to keep it; need all the strength she could muster | and to His blessed hands, not yours, I for the trial which was to come. The commit myself, body and soul." council chamber was hung with red

For one moment Margery shrank back at the sight of so many strange faces; her pale cheek as Lord Marnell led | the 6th day of March next ensuing. her forward to her chair. In the president's seat was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on his left hand Abbot Bilson. Several Abbots, priors, and other legal and ecclesiastical dignitaries, made up the remainder of the council.

For eight weary hours, with very kept that fragile prisoner before them, and all the time she never quailed, nor evaded any of their questions. Twice Master Simon interfered, and begged would not answer for her further recovery; and once she herself asked for a glass of water, and for a few minutes seemed about to faint,

Abbot Bilson came out in his true colours at this examination. He was no longer the mild, persuasive teacher; he now showed himself the unforgiving revenger. The archbishop pressed the prisoner hard with questions, many of them irrevelant to the indictment; and most of the other members of the council put queries to her.

They inquired, amongst other things, if she believed that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the bread and wine became the very body and blood of Christ.

' For if Christ, being in life, could hold His own body, and give the same unto His disciples, then were it no true human body, for a natural and true body cannot be in two several places at the selfsame moment of time. Moreover, if the bread of the host be verily the body of Christ, then did He eat His own body, and that is contrary to very reason."

'The mysteries of the faith be above reason.' said Arundel.

Of a truth, and farther above it. maybe, than we wit; but in no wise contrary thereunto.'

'Believe you in Purgatory?'

'The Church teacheth the same, and I say not that it may not be true; but I find it not in the book.

'Pray you unto the blessed Virgin Saint Mary, the holy angels, and the saints?'

'Soothly, no: it is not in the book. · Whatever thing ye axen the Fadir in my name, I schal do that thing,' said Christ: but I hear not a word of whatever thing you shall ask Saint Michael, or Saint Anne.'

"Account your confession unto priests to be right or evil?'

saw it not in the book. I pray you, reverened fathers, if any other part of God His Book do name these things, and give leave for the same, that you show it unto me and thereupon I will believe them, but no else.'

The above is, of course, a mere sample of the innumerable questions which were put to the prisoner. Towards the close of the day, the Archbishop and abbots consulted together for a few minutes; and then Arundel turned to the accused.

'Margery Marnell, Baroness of Lymington, the Court demands of you whether you will put your name to this than I should be on King Henry's paper, and hold to all things therein throne!' answered Margery, with a

Archbishop, and then I will give you

an answer.' read the paper; but Margery steadily spoken to ghou, that ghe have pees in declined to sign anything in the dark. me. In the world ghe schulen haue At length the council permitted it to be read to her. It contained a the world." promise to abjure all Lollard doctrines, and to perform a severe penance, such that evening, he hastened to Court, as the council should lay on her, for and attempted to gain the ear of the Marnell, who had lately shown her the scandal which she had caused to King. Since the deposition of his extraordinary kindness, as though with the church. Margery at once refused friend and master, King Richard, he the view of undoing, so far as lay in to sign anything of the kind. The his power, the evil which his rash Archbishop warned her that in that case she must be prepared to submit to

The Archbishop then passed sentence.

cloth, and the benches appropriated to The Court found Margery, Baroness spectators were filled to overflowing. Marnell of Lymington, guilty of all crimes whereof she stood indicted, and sentenced her to death by burning, in and a faint tinge of color mounted to the open place called Tower Hill, on

The prisoner bowed her head when the sentence had been pronounced, and then said as she rose, and stretched Marnell. out her hand to Lord Marnell, who came forward and supported her, 'I greatly fear, reverened fathers, that your day is yet to come, when you short intervals for refreshment, they shall receive sentence from a Court whence there is no appeal, and shall be doomed to a dreader fire!'

When Lord Marnell had assisted his wife back into her dungeon, and laid that wine might be given her, or he her gently on the bed, he turned and shook his fist at the wall.

> · If I, Ralph Marnell of I-ymington, had thee here, Abbot Thomas Bilson

'Thou wouldst forgive him, my

good Lord,' faintly said Margery. 'Who? I? Forgive him? What a woman art thou, Madge! Nay by the bones of Saint Matthew, I would break every bone in his body! Forsooth, Madge, those knaves the Archbishop and the Abbot have played me a scurvy trick, and gone many times further than I looked for, when I called them into this business. But it is so always, as I have heard, -- thy chirurgeon the hand in thy matters, will never let to risk their own necks. Even 'Nay, certes,' was Margery's answer, thee go till they have choked thee. King's sons said they dared not comply I fear I shall have hard labor to get thee out of this scrape. I will do all I can, be thou sure, but thou wist that I am not in favour with the new King as I was with King Richard, whose soul God rest! Madge wilt forgive me, wife?"

"With a very good will, my Lord," said Margery. " I wis well that thou wottedst not all that thou didst."

" Not I, by Saint James of Compostella!" exclaimed Lord Marnell. "Were the good King Richard alive and reigning, I would soon let both the Archbishop and the Abbot feel the place too hot for to hold them. But I can do nothing with Harry of Bolingbroke, looking, too, that he hateth the Lollards as he hateth the devil-and a deal more, I trow, for I count that that prince and he be old friends,' added Lord Marnell, all these repulses, exerted himself with an air of great disgust.

sorry for her husband, who she was very miserable himself at the able. If the Lady Marnell had chosen unexpected result of his conduct; but to ally herself with Lollards, she well she did not allow herself for an instant knew what she was doing and must to hope that he could save her.

pray you torment not yourself in , It may be right—I wis not; but I assaying my relief, neither in thinking that you be the cause of my trouble; for I forgive you as freely as Christ hath forgiven me, and I count that is free enough.'

Lord Marnell stood leaning against the wall, and looking at Margery, who lay outside the bed.

Of a truth, wife, I conceive thee not. Thou art here in the Tower dungeon, and thou lookest for no good outcoming, and lo! thou art calm and peaceful as if thou wert on King Henry's throne! What means it Madge?

smile. 'Christ is with me, good 'Let me read the paper, my Lord husband, and where Christ is, is peace. · Pees I leeve to ghou, my pees I ghyue to ghou; not as the world ghyueth I The Archbishop did not wish her to ghyue to ghou.'* 'These hingis I have disese; but triste ghe, I have overcome

When Lord Marnell quitted Margery had never appeared there. He was consequently a stranger to the pages and porters, who tried to get rid of him as politely as they could. At length 'Ye may sentence me,' she said, in Lord Marnell caught sight of the Earl of Surrey, who with some hesitation consented to introduce him into the privy chamber. Henry listened to Lord Marnell only until he comprehended the nature of his plea; then met him with a frown and an angry-

'Pardon a Lollard? Never!' ' Please it, your Grace, your noble *John xiv. 27. †John xvi. 33.

predecessor, King Richard, though no Lollard, would have granted me at once, in consideration of my long, and faithful services unto him.'

'I am not Richard of Bordeaux, but Henry of Bolingbroke!' was the haughty answer, as the King turned round abruptly, and quitted Lord

'By our Lady of Walsingham, wis full well that,' replied the latter,

As Lord Marnell quitted the palace,

he met in the corridor with the Prince of Wales,‡ who stopped and saluted him, and Lord Marnell at once begged for his intercession with his father. The Prince readily promised it, but on learning particulars, the son's brow darkened as the father's had done. He was very sorry, but he could not ask the King's pardon for a Lollard, Lord Marnell would have given his whole fortune to undo his own work of the last eighteen months. He had never dreamed that Abbot Bilson would have summoned the Archbishop to his aid, nor that Margery would have stood half as firmly as she had done. He only knew her as a fragile, gentle, submissive girl, and never expected to find in her material for the heroine or the martyr. Lord Marnell tried to procure the mediation of everybody about the Court; but all, while expressand thy confessor, if they once bear ing great sympathy with him, declined with his request. Prince Thomas§ was extremely kind -- very much grieved that he could not help him; but Prince Humphrey turned scornfully from him, and Prince John¶ coldly bade him take heed to his own safety. The Earl of Somerset, the king's halfbrother, shook his head, and said he was already suspected by the King to be a Lollard himself, and such an application from him would probably seal his own doom. Lord Marnell applied to the Queen;† but she seemed most afraid of all to whom he had spoken, lest she should incur the King's anger, and possibly endanger herself.

The interval between the day of the examination and that appointed for the execution passed drearily to all parties. Lord Marnell, notwithstanding unremittingly to procure a commutation Margery smiled gravely. She felt of the sentence, at least to beheading; but in vain. The King was inexorabide the consequences. Vainly did 'Mine own good Lord,' she said, 'I Lord Marnell represent how young and inexperienced she was; in vain did he urge that the Act which made the Lollards amenable to capital punishment had been passed since her indictment, and only a few week, before. Henry was not naturally disposed to hear his pleasure called in question; and Abbot Bilson had had possession of the royal ear already.

When Alice returned from Marnell Place on the evening of the 26th of February, Margery saw, by the expression of her face, that she had heard something, which shocked her. She

asked what it was. 'You mind, good my Lady, the day 'I trow I am much happier here that you went with Master Pynson to boy? Did you see a snake?'

hear a sermon in Bostock Church?' 'I trow I shall not lightly forget it,'

was Margery's answer. 'Master Sastre was a-preaching, was

· Ay. Wherefore?'

'My Lady, he suffered death this forenoon by burning.' 'Master Sastre! Who told thee?'

'Christopher it was that told me,and you evil man-for sure though he tain the same to the end.'

The venerable image of Sastre rose up before her, as he leaned forward over the pulpit to say those last words.

'Ah, dear old teacher!' she whispered to herself. 'Thou wilt not have long to look among the multitude in the white apparel, for one face which ly sickness. She was now to prove it was upturned to thee that day !'

‡Afterwards Henry V. §Duke of Clarence. Duke of Gloucester. The great Duke of Bedford. Deanne of Navarre, the second wife of Henry IV.

Fighting Fire. A TRUE STORY OF WESTERN LIFE BY SOUTHWOOD.

· Come here, Johnny, and let me brush your hair. Why, your father wouldn't know his little boy if he was to see him now. Oh, I do hope James will come back soon. My heart aches as I think of him and all my kindred so far away. It is so lonesome here. Only these two little boys,' and she gazed down fondly, though sadly, at her four-year-old Frank taking his afterdinner nap in her lap, and master Johnny standing at her knee, 'and no grown person to speak to. How I wish Mr. Matthews lived nearer !'

Saying which, she sighed and laying down her baby boy, went about her household labors. It was a strange place for Mary Sherwood to be in, gentle, sensitive and educated as she was It was on the border of civilization, where everything was rough and new. Here, in a half-finished farm-house, on the bank of a pretty Iowa stream, with a back-ground of heavy timber, and fore-ground of unending prairie, she sat alone with her habes.

Why was she here? A woman's devotion to a husband's health. One year before his physicians had said to Mr. S. that he must seek some absolutely quiet place or-die. It did not take the wife long to decide. In a few months they were here, living in a log cabin which had just given way to this unpretentious house. Here, free from all thoughts of literary labors in the pleasures of rod and gun, the husband and father was slowly gaining health. It was now fall, and business engagements had imperatively called him

No wonder, then, that she sighed. The days dragged heavily. Her husband, and her fathers home were 1200 miles away. This was thirty years ago, when to travel from New York State to Iowa was more than a journey to Rome is now. It was hard, slow, weary work.

It was a pretty picture Mary Sherwood made standing in her door that bright October afternoon, and straining her eyes across the prairie to catch sight of a human form at Henry Matthews' place a mile away. A delicate, form, a sweet refined face yet full of strength and purpose, and a weary, faraway-look in her eyes. All about her, tall black oaks stood like silent sentinels on guard. Only a moment, and she had gone to her work.

Women on the frontier has little time for indulging in grief and reverie. Her's is a life of action. Only for a moment may you see this sad, wistful look. In hard work many a falr daughter of Eastern parents has outgrown the bitter heartache and the fear of a lone frontier

Who could tell what an hour might bring forth! Surely Mrs. Sherwood had little idea of what was in store for her on that calm Indian summer day.

'Mother! I'm afraid,' was the hurried explanation of six-year-old Johnny. as he came rushing into the kitchen a few minutes later.

What is the matter my dear little

No, no-o-o-o, I hear a great noise like ten thunders, rumble, rumble, rumble: and a rabbit run by me just as fast as he could go, and a flock of pheasants came and lit right over there, and they're all in a flutter. There! I can hear it now. Don't you hear it, mother? Rumble, rumble, rumble. What is it, mother? Don't you know?'

Yes! she knew-knew with a sickening sense of her weakness, danger and be a holy priest, yet is he an evil man, or loss. It was the steady march of fire. would be never else have so dealt with It was rolling right on, up through the your Ladyship-yon evil man, Abott | dark woods to the South. It was near-Bilson was there, and did sore press | ing her home; and unless she could do Master Sastre for to have confessed something, it would soon lay in ashes his error; but Master Sastre did main- all for which she and Mr. Sherwood Margery turned away her head. she do? No neighbor was in sight; no mortal ear could hear. Her babes were but a hindrance. Only to God above and her right arm.

Mrs. Sherwood was a resolute woman. She proved that when she decided to come West; she had proved it in dead-

'Johnny, wake up Frankie and bring him along and keep close to me.'

And the little six-year old boy, with | would break

a sense of responsibility, obeyed implicitly. At the same time she seized a water-pail in one hand and a mop in the other, and keeping a watchful eye on her children, started out to fight the

the !

ing

the

leav

cove

sun

have

boys

sleep

Her

blac

is a

gloo

Wom

tired

ers

ly d

blac

quer safe.

and and boys.

THE

two

pari

by a

to r

wet

and

war

the

will

othe

on

ties

g00

imp

is (

and

WOO

acco

resi

soaj

belt

har

nes

ness

gre

ing

dre

of I

ber

two

the

fire

add

whi

of l

thr

me

a d

can

reli

eith

par

it i

wit

ing lon

din

or

of

kee

dro

liq

and

you

cas

wil

bas

dea

fro

ho

80

aft

na

ø is u

It is hard work to fight fire. Men seldom perform such exhaustive labor as while the excitement of the fire is upon them. Such work is harder for women than for men; and Mary Sherwood was a delicate woman, and bearing burdens only mothers know of. Nor was she used to severe labor. Her arm was not strong; she had been tenderly reared; nor did she weigh one hundred pounds. But if she had not the strength of some, she had what was betternerve and pluck and quick wit.

The fire was making much headway, feeding on dry autumn leaves, that many a woman or man would not have dared to go near it. But she felt that it must be done, and so did it. Filling her pail at the creek, she rapidly dipped her mop in it, and then began to put out the fire. The fire ran rapidly along the ground, licking up the leaves, fallow trees and other debris. But the brave woman met it unflinchingly, and as fast as her mop touched it, a little of the flame went out; and on that scorched and burnt ground the little boys stood, following her as she so heroically met that line of fire and stopped it.

Mrs. Partington could not wipe out the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. But there are times when a mop will quench a prairie fire. The fire of which we speak came from the prairie, swept into and up through the woods and was passing out on to the prairie beyond.

Here was a scene fit for a painter. That long line of forked flame, laughing, cracking, devouring, surmounting every obstacle, and hurrying forward faster and faster, as the breath of the distant mountains began to be felt. And in their lurid glare a solitary woman, battling that long, hot line of fire, alone, and conquering.

The minutes sped away into hours. The sun sank down and lingered at the horizon. Over and over again had she travelled the ever-lengthening distance to the creek to replenish her pail of water. The fire in the woods was all out. The house was safe unless the flames should be turned by the rising western wind, and sweep down from the North-west.

But now a new danger arose. For as it swept out on to the prairie, Mr. Sherwood's corn field and haystacks stood right in its path, and towards these the bright flames were steadily moving. Might they be destroyed? The little family could ill afford to loose corn and hay this fall. And so this brave woman toiled on; fighting the fire across the prairie; fighting it oftentimes at the very border lines; mopping it off of the burning rails which fenced in the corn and hay. But never giving up, never ceasing, ever winning inch by inch in the terrible struggle.

Hour after hour the little feet dragged after her. Often she heard their com-

'Mamma, I'se so tired. Mamma, Frankie's cold.' But she had only time to give the

little fellows a hasty caress and the 'Hold on a little longer, baby boy. Mama's most through.'

Pretty soon: 'Mother, I'm awful hungry. Can't I have something to

'Not yet, Johnny. We must put out the big fire, and save the hay and the corn and the house.'

But words could not long pacify

'Mamma, I'se tired. I want go home; I want go home.'

'Yes, yes, baby boy, mamma knows you're tired. Mamma's tired too; oh, so tired. But be a good little boy, and we'll soon be going home.'

'I am a good little boy, and I want had toiled all summer. But what could go home. Come, mamma, I want go

'Mother! I've hurt my foot. Oh, oh-o-o-o. And I'm hungry'n an owl, Can't we go home?"

"No! Johnny, not just yet. There there, Johnny be a brave boy, and I guess it won't burt long. Remember papa wants his little man to be brave."

"I can't be brave. I'm so hungry." And, then, cold, tired hungry and hurt, the poor little fellows lay down together, weeping as if their hearts