

Family Reading.

A Wife to her Husband.

After the recent death of the wife of General McQuade, of New York, a slip was found in her purse by one of her daughters, containing the following beautiful poem:

Each Day.

"How many days does a year have, mamma?" "One at a time, dear; One, quickly fleeting, Going out to its meeting Of duties and pleasures, and comfort and joy; One, my boy."

New Select Serial.

MISTRESS MARGERY:

A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

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

CHAPTER III.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

"Ay, sooth we feel too strong in weal to need Thee on that road, But we being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God."

the rough draft of her illuminations, and she had a little of this left. She determined to make use of this paper so far as it would go, and to trust to circumstances for the remainder.

Thinking and contriving, Margery sank to sleep, and dreamed that Sir Geoffrey was reading the book to Lord Marnell, who, by that curious mixture which often takes place in dreams, was also Richard Pynson.

"Why, Mistress Margery!" said the girl in astonishment, "your good mistress-ship is early, considering our late hours. The Dame is not yet risen."

"Eh, Madge! Up and at work? Thou wilt work thy fingers to the bone, child! Is that thy mass-book? Nay, it is paper, I see, and that, I wis, is vellum. What art doing, damsel?"

"I cry you mercy, good mother!" said Margery, descending to equivocation, and blushing more than ever; "I heard you not open my door, and your voice started me."

"All that day Margery sat upon thorns; but Dame Lovell made no mention of the incident, and she accordingly hoped it was forgotten.

"I conceive you not, good master," said the friar. The book is a good book enough, trow."

"Thou art an ass!" was the civil answer. "Seest thou not that it is the translation of Scripture whereof the Lord Marnell spake, by Master John Wycliffe, the Lollard priest? Mindest thou not that which he said about Lollards?"

Margery was exceedingly surprised at the turn which affairs were taking. The truth was, that Friar Andrew was very fond of her; he had been Sir Geoffrey's chaplain before she was born, she had grown under his eye, and she made, moreover, such a kettle of furmety as he declared no one else could make.

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"I have, my child," he answered softly. She rose suddenly, and quickly turned to go up the stairs leading to her own room.

"Carpets were very rare at this time, and only used on state occasions and for invalids. Their place was supplied by fresh green rushes, strewn on the floor. It appears rather doubtful, however, whether carpets were not sometimes used in the winter."

other for week-days? Madge bring us both of them."

Margery left the room, and returned in a few minutes, with both the books in her hand. Sir Geoffrey took them, and opened the illuminated one—the genuine Breviary—first. Margery re-seated herself, and took up her distaff, but the thread was very uneven, and she broke it twice, while her father turned over the leaves of the book, and praised her writing and illuminations.

"What mean I?" said Sir Geoffrey, in the same half-affectionate, half-sarcastic tone. "Why, that I have promised thee to the Lord Marnell, Lord of the Bedchamber to the King's Grace, and knight of the Garter—and thou wilt be a lady and dwell in London town, and hold up thine head with the highest! What sayest to that, child?"

"Truly, my poor lass, I trow we cannot shun it," said he. "I never thought to see thee grieve so sore. The Lord Marnell is a noble gentleman, and will find thee in silken tissues and golden cauls."

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for furnety, and his utter ignorance, combined to dispose him to let her off easily.

Sir Geoffrey took the book from his chaplain with a sort of growl, and threw it into Margery's lap.

"There! take it, damsel!" said he. "I account it Andrew's business to take care of thy soul, and he saith it will not hurt thee. I mind it the less, as thou wilt shortly go to dwell with one who will see to thee in these matters, and will not let thee read Lollard books."

"The thread fell from Margery's hand, and so did the distaff, which rolled over the floor with a clatter. She never heeded it. A terrible, indefinite dread had taken hold of her.

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words of the book—nay, the words of the Lord—into her soul.

"Be not your herte afrayed, ne drade it! And therefore ghe kan now sorowe, but eftsoone I schal se ghou, andghoure herte schal have tois, and no man schal take fro ghou ghoure iaie. Treuly, treuly, I seie to ghou, if ghe axen the Fadur ony thing in my name he schal ghyue to ghou."

Now, Margery had neither teacher nor commentary to interpret to her the words of Scripture; and the result was, that she never dreamed of modifying any of them, but took the words simply and literally.

But when Margery considered the question more minutely, poor child! she knew not what to ask. The constant reference of everything by the Lord Jesus to 'the will of the Father' had struck her forcibly; and now she dared not ask for entire freedom from the crushing blow which had fallen on her, lest it should not be the will of the Father.

"I love him not. O father! I love him not—I cannot love him!"

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her husband was away from home, and then only by reading in a tremulous voice from a book at family prayers. This was the one occasion of her life when self-consciousness came in to terrify her and deprive her of that simple naturalness which was her gift.

Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew, she did not know herself, how much she had done to tend and water and train it.

And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning, each dollar was doubled in expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste; and she cultivated it with fidelity.

Every home she visited she studied, though always unconsciously, as though it was a museum or an art gallery; and from every visit she brought away some thought which came out of the alembic of her loving imagination fitted to its appropriate place in her own home.

She was too genuine to be an imitator; for imitation is always of kin to falsehood; and she abhorred falsehood. She was patient with everything but a lie. So she never copied in her own home or on her own person what she had seen elsewhere; yet everything she saw elsewhere entered into and helped complete the perfect picture of life which she was always painting with deft fingers in everything from the hony-suckle which she trained over the door, to the bureau in the guests room which her designing made a new work of art for every new friend; if it were only by a new nosegay and a change of vases.

Putting her own personality into her home, making every room and almost every article of furniture speak of her, she had the gift to draw out from every guest his personality, and make him at home, and so make him his truest and best self. Neither man nor woman of the world could long resist the subtle influence of that home; the warmth of its truth and love thawed out the frozen propertics from impersonated etiquette; and whatever circle of friends gathered around the open fire in winter knew for a time the rare joy of liberty—the liberty of perfect truth and perfect love.

Her home was hospitable because her heart was large; and any one was her friend to whom she could minister. But her heart was like the old Jewish Temple—strangers only came into the court of the Gentiles; friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of hearts; yet even they knew there was a Holy of Holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her the more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of love, its hospitality and its reserve.

Ah! blessed home-builder! You have no cause to envy women with a 'gift.' For there is nothing so sacred on earth as a home; and no priest on earth so divine as the wife and mother who makes it; and no gift so great as the gift which grafts this bud of heaven on the common stock of earth.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and her praiseth her."

—Christian Union.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drop had been too hastily snatched away and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning on ward to noonday.

"The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upward: "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—Wis, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Richter (Standard Library No. 117).

JULY... FA... Cana... per say... pork, f... of hogs... a larg... cause... fed to... genou... and hog... liable t... exclusiv... An... when v... produc... do to b... market... ing pri... multon... years t... with fa... with th... for me... The... vices f... sharp... machin... require... work a... sharp... the wo... with a... CLEM... rotten... lay the... day bu... a good... caulifo... STRI... unpleas... of the... shoes... some o... the wo... curs wi... clicking... and no... the too... hind le... to get... fore, at... such as... vases t... the hin... leaving... what p... instead... happen... these k... thin a... threate... plan o... and we... to avo... times v... to prev... the toe... cause t... contact... side of... At a... Chartr... both b... books... the be... graftin... injurio... differ... kind... grown... by sig... drawing... in the... by the... the co... ments... books... rural... taught... useful... weeds... MON... the old... plough... town... earth... loads... have... prizing... ten ac... from e... enorm... after... COR... corn i... becom... fed in... produc... are at... to run... some... corn i... suppli... effects