

Family Reading.

The Beautiful LaHave.

Let others of Saint Lawrence sing,
And Mississippi grand;
My muse would fain a tribute bring,
To one in Scotia's land.

G. O. H.
Bitcey's Cove, Lunenburg, Aug. '84.
—Progress.

New Select Serial.

MISTRESS MARGERY:

A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAY AFTER AGINCOURT.

"Urbs Coelestis! Urbs Beata!
Super petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te agnito;
Te saluto, te aspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro."

Fourteen years had passed away since the burning of the Lady Marnell.
A new king had risen up, who was not a whit less harshly inclined towards the Lollards than his predecessor had been.

"Saw you yonder knight, Master Wentworth, inquired one of the squires of his next neighbour, 'that we marked a-riding down by the woody knoll to the left, shortly afore the fight! I marvel if he meant to fight.'"

"He had it, if he meant it not," answered the other; "the knight, you would say, who bore three silver arrows?"

"Ay, the same. What befell him?"
"A party of French skirmishers came down upon him and his squire, and they were both forced to draw sword. The knight defended himself like a gallant knight, but—our Lady aid us!—they were twelve to two or thereabouts: it was small marvel that he fell."

"He did fall! And the squire?"
"The squire fought so bravely, that he earned well his gilded spurs." He stood over his master where he fell, and I trow the French got not his body so long as the squire was alive; but I saw not the end of it, for my master bade me thence."

"I pray you," interposed a third squire, "wit you who is yon youth that rideth by the King's left hand?"

"The tall, pale, fair-haired youth on the white horse?"

"He."
"That is the Lord Marnell—a new favourite."

"The Lord Marnell! Is he a kinsman of the Lady Marnell, who—"

"Hush! Yes, her son."
"His father is dead, also, then?"

"His father was beheaded about twelve year gone, on account of having taken part in a rebellion, got up by the

friends of King Richard; but it was said at the time privily, that an' he had not been suspected of Lollardism, his part in the rebellion might have been forgiven."

Where, then, dwelt this youth, his son?"
" In the North, I ween, somewhere, with his grandmother, who hath died not long since. Then the young Lord came down to seek his fortune in London and the King's Grace saw him and fancied him."

The squire's conversation, and themselves as well, came to a sudden stop, for the King and his suite had halted in front of them.

Almost in their way, on the ground lay a wounded man. His visor was raised, and his face visible; but his surcoat was slashed and covered with mire and blood, so that the eye could no longer discern the device embroidered on it. A scallop-shell, fastened to his helmet, intimated that he had at some past time been a pilgrim to the shrine of Saint James of Compostella; while the red cross upon his shoulder was an indisputable indication that he "came from the East Country."

His age would have been difficult to guess. It did not seem to be years which had blanched the hair and beard, and had given to the face a wearied travel-worn look—a look which so changed the countenance from what it might otherwise have been, that even

"—The mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
She had not known her child."

Close to the dying man lay, apparently, his squire—dead; and beside him was a shield, turned with its face to the ground.

"The very same knight whom we saw a-riding down the knoll!" said one of the squires, with an oath. A man was thought very pious in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries if he did not swear pretty freely. "At least I ween it be the same—I should wit well the shield an' I could see it."

King Henry and his nobles were attentively contemplating the wounded knight.

"Light down, my Lord Marnell," said the King, "and see what is the device upon yon shield. We would know which of our faithful servants we have unhappily lost."

As the King spoke, the eyes of the dying man suddenly turned to Geoffrey Marnell, who sprang lightly from his horse to fulfil the royal order. He knelt down by the shield, and lifted it up to examine the arms, and as he turned it, the well-known cognisance of Pynson of Pynsonlee—the three silver arrows—met his eye. An exclamation of mingled sorrow and surprise burst from Geoffrey's lips.

"Who is he?" said Henry eagerly.
"Sir Richard Pynson of Pynsonlee, an' please your Grace."

"Ha! the Lollard knight!" cried the King. "Better he than another! I had bruit of him, and, truly, I looked to have him to the stake when he should return from his Eastern travel. It is well."

The King and his suite rode on; but Geoffrey was not one of them. He had thrown down the shield, and had turned to the dear friend of his youth who lay dying before him.

"Richard! dear, dear Richard!" he said, in trembling accents. "How came you here? Have you only come home to die? O Richard, die not just now! But perchance it were better so," he added in a low tone, recalling the cruel words of the King. "Is it thus that thy God hath granted thee that which thou requestedst, and hath not let thee pass through the fiery trial?"

As Geoffrey thus bemoaned the fate of his old friend, he fancied that he saw Richard's lips move, and he bent his head low to catch his last words. Faintly but audibly, those two last words, so full of meaning, reached his ear. And the first of the two was 'Margery!' and the last 'Jesus!'

The tears fell from Geoffrey's eyes, as he softly kissed the pale brow of the dead; and then, remounting his horse, he galloped after the King. There was no need of his remaining longer; for he could do nothing more for Richard Pynson, when he had clasped hands with Margery Lovell at the gates of the Urbs Beata.

Historical Notes.

The principal historical characters who appear in this story are Saestre and Archbishop Arundel. William Saestre (also called Sawtre) was originally a parish priest in London. Though for many years he was a fearless and uncompromising preacher of the truth (so far as he knew it), yet, when tried, Saestre at first exhibited that timidity which appears to have been one of the chief failings of Wycliffe himself. "When persecution arose, he was offended."

He formally recanted before the Bishop of Norwich the opinions which he had maintained and preached so faithfully before. But Saestre—like Cranmer, two hundred years later—bitterly mourned his criminal weakness. After his recantation, he gave such offence to the Council by again preaching the doctrines of grace, that he was once more brought before them; and this time he continued faithful unto death, which he suffered on the 26th of Feb., 1401.

Archbishop Arundel was that bitterest of all persecutors—a renegade. His own mind had at one time been impressed with Lollard views; but his after-conduct renders it evident that these doctrines had merely occupied his intellect, without in any respect influencing his heart. In 1394, when he was Archbishop of York, we find Arundel preaching a funeral sermon for Queen Anne of Bohemia, in which he highly commended her conduct in constantly reading the Bible in English. The Queen possessed four English translations, which she had laid before Arundel, and had requested his judgment as to their respective fidelity. Arundel's reply was, that no fault could be found with any of them. Yet no sooner was this prelate raised to the See of Canterbury, within a very short period after he preached this sermon, than he enlisted himself, heart and soul, on the side of the persecution, and was indeed, its moving cause and its principal abettor.

The Lollard persecution raged fiercely through the whole reign of Henry V., and may be said to have reached its height with the martyrdom of Lord Cobham, who was an attendant and personal friend of the King. This admirable man suffered in 1417. During the minority of Henry VI., two or three cases of persecution occur; but this gentle King, 'the holy Henry,' was not likely to lend himself to any butchering of men for their faith's sake. The last instance of a Lollard martyr occurs in the reign of Henry VIII. Seven years after this, broke the first dawn of the glorious Reformation; and the few Lollards who remained are not thenceforth to be distinguished from the later Reformers.

It seems almost surprising that so little information should have descended to us regarding these noble confessors of Christ, of whom unquestionably Lord Cobham was the most enlightened and most fearless. Wycliffe himself appears to have been still involved in darkness upon many points. He believed in Purgatory, and it seems doubtful whether he did not sometimes pray for too much with politics, and contented himself with denouncing Popish abuses, rather than providing the antidote. Still, after all, let us remember how much he had to contend with, and how much he did for England in presenting her with the first translation of Scripture into the vulgar tongue. Whatever were the failings of him who has been called 'the Morning Star of the Reformation,' he was still a mighty instrument in God's hand, a great confessor of God's truth, and, there seems no reason to doubt, a true child of God. And what is the greatest man who ever lived, whether king, statesman, hero, or martyr, but a tool in the hand of Him who ordereth all things according to the counsel of His own will?

I have in the ensuing pages, in charity to my readers, avoided shocking their sensibilities with the worst features of a Romish persecution. The stake, however, was in reality only the end of a long previous martyrdom. The rack, the pulleys, and all the numberless and nameless instruments employed by the craft and subtlety of the devil or man for the torture of God's saints, have been carefully kept out of sight in these pages—not because they did

not exist, nor with the least view to conceal the iniquity of her who is 'drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus,' but simply from a desire to spare the feelings of my readers.

Six men and one woman were burned in the reign of Henry IV., for teaching their children the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in English. A most instructive comment on this fact is the celebrated sentence in the canon law of Rome, which then prevailed in the Church of England—"THE CHURCH NEVER HAS CHANGED, NOR CAN CHANGE!"

Polly Gardner and the Draw-bridge.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been 'perfectly happy,' but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off to a visit to a sick neighbor.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, looking up, found it was the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and fumbling slowly in his coat drew out a white envelope, and read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked, sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's me!" cried Polly, jumping from the horse-block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunty. Please give me my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, of course," said Polly, indignantly. "I'm nine next week."

This was the letter:

DEAREST POLLY—Papa finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4.30 P. M., on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us if she has time.

Love to all, and a thousand kisses from

MAMMA AND PAPA.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station, and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the man open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week before, and the flowers were not then open, and now, as Polly ran down the road, she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock saw that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw some distance down the river a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out: "Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

Polly thanked him and ran on. In

about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt, and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge, when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the center of the bridge, and called out with a smile: "Couldn't you get any more flowers than those? If I had time to go to the pond you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave away.

There was a sudden scream and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him Polly heard the cry: "The train!—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the crew of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground, just by the small wooden house where the flagman generally sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! O, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed, I don't care to live," she said to herself, as she approached the great black noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting, and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine and gasped out, "The bridge is open, and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train or you'll be drowned!"

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about, and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable

figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised, and scratched as though he had been drawn through briars, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses.

"You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head upon the kind flagman's shoulder, whispered, "Please take me away to find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets, and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out, "Really I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unnoticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the station while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterwards Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely enamelled medal, with these words engraved on it:

Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives.

—Harper's Young People.

A Proper Estimate.

People make a great mistake when they attempt to estimate the guilt of sin by the painfulness of its punishment. The most painful diseases are not always the most fatal; nor are those sins which are most quickly followed by the sharp strokes of suffering necessarily those which war with most fatal effect against the soul. Rather, those sins are to be feared which act upon the moral nature like a dull narcotic, robbing it of its power to discern the evil, and to feel that pain and abhorrence which a pure nature must feel at the touch of what is morally loathsome. So long as a man can suffer keenly for his sin he has not reached the lower depth; that belongs to those who sin, and are happy and content in their sinning. And the way to avoid that lower depth is to hate the sin for itself, rather than for the suffering which it causes; and to choose, if need be, to suffer rather than to sin. There is need for prayer and watchfulness in every department of Christian duty; but never is it more necessary than with reference to those sins which put the divine within us to sleep, and which carry us with never a pang and never a jolt, straight on to the gates of destruction.—S. S. Times.

Jerusalem is a city where every week has three Sundays. On Friday the Mohammedan stores are shut, on Saturday the Jewish, and on Sunday the Christian. The effect is bewildering. Such frequency of Sundays would exactly suit the ball-playing youth of Chicago.

Richard Baxter said of a class of people of his time that they had a "wheelbarrow religion"; they went on only when they were pushed.

The natural growth of the metropolis adds annually 21,110 houses to the habitations of London, or, say roughly, sixty new houses every day in the year.