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## Reading. Hamily

The Trodden Violet.

A violet in the morning dew, With sunshine melting in its spheres, Whose honey all the wild bees knew, And birds and breezes, happy crew-A violet in the morning dew Was like her in the early years.

A violet trodden under foot. Its breath with piercing perfume rife The birds and bees and breezes mute, And only tears about the root-A violet trodden under foot Was like her in her later life.

Sweetness past telling did she shed, When day by day brought darker dole, And sorrows with a heavy tread Crushed her and bruised the lovely head-Sweetness past telling did she shed, As the bruised violet sheds its soul.

So was the spikenard bruised and crushed, And so the precious ointment filled With odor that about it gushed As if, within, the whole gardens blushed-So was the spikenard bruised and crushed That over the Lord's feet was spilled. -Harriet Prescott Spofford.

## Aem Seleck Serial.

MISTRESS MARGERY: A TALE OF THE LOLLARDS.

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

CHAPTER II .- Continued.

The great man from London, who sat in a large oak chair in the hall, was a great man in all corporeal senses. He was very tall, and stout in proportion; an older man than his cousin Sir Ralph, perhaps ten or fifteen years older; and there was something in his eyes in an instant. It was a very curious face. The upper part-the and showed at least an average amount of intellect; but from the nose downwards the form and expression of the features were suggestive only of the animal,—a brutal, sensual, repelling look. Margery, who had looked for any true thing as taught by Holy the great man from London with girlish curiosity, suddenly felt an unconquerable and causeless dislike to him swell up in her heart, a something which she could neither define nor account for, that made her wish to avoid sitting near him, and turn her eyes away whenever his were directed towards her.

Sir Geoffrey presented his wife and daughter to Lord Marnell, and Sir Ralph came forward with a cordial greeting; after which they took their seats at table, for Richard Pynson was already bringing in the 'farsure of hare,' and Mistress Katherine following with the pottage. The occupants of the high table, on the dais, consisted of Sir Geoffrey and Dame Lovell, Lord Marnell, Sir Ralph Marston, Margery, Richard Pynson, Mistress Katherine, and Friar Andrew Rous, Sir Geoffrey's chaplain. The maids sat at the second table, and the farmservants at a third, lower down the hall. Sir Ralph, as usual, was full of fun, and spared nobody, keeping the whole table in a roar of laughter, excepting Lord Marnell, who neither laughed at his cousin's jokes, nor offered any observation of his own, being wholly occupied with the discussion of the various dishes as they were presented to him, and consuming. according to the joint testimony of Dame Lovell and Friar Andrew after the feast, 'enough to last seven men for a week.' When dinner was over, and 'the tables lifted,' the company gathered round the fire, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Sir Ralph sang songs, and told funny anecdotes, and cracked jokes with the young people; while Lord Marnell, in conversation with Sir Gcoffrey, showed that the promise of neither half of his face was entirely unfulfilled, by proving himself a shrewd observer, and not bad talker. In the midst of this conversation Sir Ralph, turning round to Sir Geoffery, inquired if he had heard anything of a certain sermon that had been preached the day before at Bostock Church.

heard it not. Some of mine, methinks, heard the same, Madge, wentest not thou thereto?'

'Ay, good father, I went with Master Pynson.'

"Ah! said Sir Ralph. 'I went Strate,' and that England could not since he came into it. Of course, in this not, for the which I now grieve, the last very long, her only business being more as my good cousin telleth me that Master Sastre is accounted a great one by some-but these seem not of the best.'

'Misconceive me not, fair cousin,' said Lord Marnell. 'It is only the Lollards that think well of the man, and thou wottest that Holy Church looketh not kindly on their evil doings.

That ill priest, John Wycliffe, who is accounted their leader, bath done more hurt to the faith than any heretic these many years.'

I trow,' said Sir Ralph jokingly.

'Ill affected!' exclaimed Lord Marnell, bringing down his violently upon the arm of his chair, it I knew of any among my kin or meynie\* that leaned that way-sy, of Kennington-I tell thee, Ralph, would have her up before the King's Grace's council, and well whipped !'

Margery shuddered slightly. Sir Ralph leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.

I pray thee, tell me what doctrines hold these men that thou wouldst have Pynson.' them all up afore the King's Grace's council, and well whipped?"

of the Altar is in no wise the true body of Christ, but only a piece of bread blessed by the priest, and to be eaten in memory of His death; for the which reason also they would allow the lay folk to drink Christ's blood. face which made Margery drop her Moreover, they say that the blessed angels and God's saints be not to be worshipped, but only to be held in eyes and forehead-was finely formed, reverence, and kindly memory. Also, they give to the common people the Scriptures of God's Word for to read, which we wot well is only fit for priests. And in all things which they do, I find not that these evil wretches do hold Church, but one, which is masses for souls departed. I wis not much concerning them, for they move mine

> 'I pray your good Lordship,' asked Sir Geoffrey, 'can you tell me whether these men be in great force in London or thereabouts at this time? Find they any favour in the Court?'

'They be ever increasing,' said Lord Marnell, 'so much so that the King's council have seen good to prepare some orders against them-forbidding of their assemblages, and such like-for to present unto the Parliament. These orders provide, as my good friend holy Abbot Bilson did tell me, that all convicted to be Lollards shall suffer close prison, for longer or shorter time, as pleaseth the King's Grace. I trow they find not favor at Court with many, but the few that look well on them be unhaply of the highest. I have heard say that some in the Duke of Lancaster's palace show them favour, and it is no news that the Queen-whose soul God pardon !- did lean that way. In all open hours she was reading of Scripture in the vulgar tongue. Master Sastre, the priest, who my fair cousin telleth me was a-preaching in Bostock Church yestermorn, is, I take it. one of their chief men, and did learn of Master Wycliffe himself. I trow he will find it go hard with him if ever he cometh near London again. He goeth a-preaching of his doctrines up and down the realm, and perverting from the faith evilly-disposed men and selyt damsels who lack something to set their tongues running.'

Sir Ralph here made a remark which turned the conversation; for this Margery was sorry, as it had interested her extremely. Lord Marnell's remarks taught her more about the Lollards than she had ever known before. So the Queen read the Bible in English! thought she. Why should not I do the same? She sat wrapped in her own thoughts for a long time, and when she roused herself from them, she noticed that Dame Lovell had 'I heard of it,' answered he, 'but I quitted the room, and that Sir Ralph and Sir Geoffrey were talking politics. wherein they were occupied in proving, to the unqualified satisfaction of each, that there was 'something rotten in the

\*Household retinue, †Simple, unlearned,

to demolish France. And Margery, finding the conversation now extremely dull-though had she for an instant suspected the turn it would take in her absence, she certainly would never have gone-slipped out, and joined the more noisy party in the kitchen, where she found Dame Lovell seated in the chimney-corner and inveighing tervent ly against late hours.

'An it be not three of the clock already,' said that angry lady, 'I am heathen Jew, and no Christian! Time 'Thou art but ill affected unto them, to prepare supper for Christian folkthat can do nothing in this world but long with his fellow-birds, but comes eat, thinks to sup, I wis not! Marry, back through one of the windows and I trow that nought more will go down begins his search again through the our grandsons will be as great fools as Animals. we be!'

'More, Dame,' answered Mistress were it mine own sister. the Prioress Katherine sententiously. She was woman who very seldom spoke, and when she did, compressed all her ideas into as few words as would serve the purpose.

'Nay, Saint Christopher! I hope not,' said Dame Lovell. 'And what 'Well said, fair cousin mine! But am I for to do now? Madge, lass, open the door and bid hither Richard

Margery softly opened the door into the hall; and as softly called the 'All manner of evil!' answered person who answered to that name. Lord Marnell wrathfully. 'They hold, He rose, and came to her, and Sir lived a century earlier, founded a noted as I hear, that the blessed Sacrament Geoffrey and Lord Marnell, who were in low-toned, earnest conversation, suddenly stopped as she appeared.

'Richard,' said Dame Lovell, in what she doubtlessly intended for a whisper, 'I pray thee, good youth, to go in softly, and privily demand of Sir Ralph what time he list to sup.'

Richard executed the order, and, returning, closed the door behind him. 'Sir Ralph saith, good mistress mine, that the Lord Marnell when at home suppeth not afore six of the clock; but he prayeth you for to sup when you will, to the which he will without doubt accommodate himself.'

'Six of the clock !' cried Dame Lovell in amazement. 'Richard, art sure thou heardest aright?"

'Certes, good mistress.'

Dame Lovell sat in silent horror. · Well!' said she at length, 'if ever in all my days did I hear of a like thing! Cicely, serve a void in my privy chamber at four of the clock. your lecture last evening.' This poor country of ours may well go to wrack, if its rulers sup not afore six of the clock! Dear, dear? I that.' marvel if the blessed Virgin Saint Mary supped not until six of the clock ! May all the saints forgive us that we be such fools!"

## Thurlow Weed's Pigeon.

" How are you progressing with the biography of your father?" a reporter asked the daughter of the late Hon. Thurlow Weed.

Just then the pigeon that was Mr. Weed's pet about six years alighted on the reporter's shoulder, and cheerily cooing, peered round into his face. Suddenly the bird became dumb and flew into an adjoining room.

" He has done that to every gentleman that has come into the house since father died," said Miss Weed, with sigh. "He takes most kindly to General Bowen, who visits me occasionally, and who has been in feeble things. And I said to myself, Lincoln health some time, and walks slowly, when is a thing proved?' That was a The bird will coo and fly to the general's poser. I could not answer the question. shoulder, but when he sees it is not my | What constitutes proof? Not evidence, father he will stop his cooing and find some other perch. Since the day that father's remains were carried away, the affectionate creature has been seeking for his master. He flies through every German, who was tried for some crime room in the house and fairly haunts the library where father spent most of his able men who swore that they saw the time with his pet.

space on the lounge and then go to the rug, over which he will walk repeatedly | nor two tozen goot men who schwears as if in expectation of his dead master's dey did not see me do it.' coming. He invariably does this at meal times, when our table is set in the back-parlor, of which we now make dining-room. He can see our table from the rug."

"Then you do not put him in a cage?" asked the reporter.

"Oh never" was the response. in Kentucky."

warm weather many of the windows are open, but he will not fly out into the street nor into the large yard below into the church which lies on the east side of the study. But here he does go," added Miss Weed, as she led the way through the dining-room and pointed out of the raised windows. There was a large yard in view, with arbors, running-vines and a profusion of other foliage. | into the book and found it was all about "Other pigeons come here frequently, lines, angles, surface and solids. But and our pet sometimes joins them, but I could not understand it at all I therehe seems to take no pleasure in the free- tore began, very deliberately, at the dom they enjoy, and sits with drooping | beginning. I learned the definitions head while they fly about or perch be- and axioms. I demonstrated the first but when that great bulk of a man, side him and coo. He seldom remains with a blow which made Margery start, his throat until evensong! I marvel if house for my father."—Our Dumb strate every proposition like a book.

> What Geometry will do for a Boy, HOW PRESIDENT LINCOLN BECAME AN EXPERT REASONER.

> > BY PROF. W. A. MOWRY.

Now, boys, let us have a little talk about geometry. You know it has been a famous study for boys for many ages. Euclid was an old Egyptian who lived about three hundred years before Christ. His treatise on geometry has been the foundation for all modern works upon the subject. Plato, who academy at Athens, and it is related that over its entrance he placed the celebrated inscription, Let no one ignor. ant of Geometry enter here.

This branch has been considered an important part of a good education for two thousand years. Yet I hear many boys in these days saying, 'I don't like geometry. I wonder what good it will

I once heard a very interesting story about Abraham Lincoln, which may help you to understand the 'good.' Before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for president, he made a tour through New England and lectured in many cities and towns. Among other places he spoke in Norwich, Ct. A gentleman who heard him, and was struck with his remarkable logical power, rode the next day in the cars with Mr. Lincoln to New Haven. During the ride the following conversation took place:

'Mr. Lincoln, I was delighted with

'Oh, thank you, but that was not much of a lecture, I can do better than

'I have no doubt of it, Mr. Lincoln, for whoever can do so well, must inevitably be able to do better.'

'Well, well, you are a good reasoner aren't you? That is cute.'

But that reminds me, continued the gentleman, 'to ask how you acquired your wonderful logical power. I have heard that you are entirely self-educated and it is seldom that I find a self-educated man who has a good system of logic in his reasoning. How did you acquire such an acute power of analysis?

Well, Mr. G., I will tell you. It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me.'

'Your discouragement-what do you mean?

when I was about eighteen years of age I went into an office to study law-Well, after a little while I saw that a that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof?

'You remember the old story of the and they brought half a dozen respectprisoner commit the crime. 'Vel,' he "He will tread over every inch of replies, vat ef dat? Six men schwears dot dey saw me do it. I prings more

'So, wherein is the proof? I groaned I'd like to get the boy.' over the question, and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought, ' What use is it for me to be thing is proved?' So I gave it up, and head.' left the office and went back home, over

"The run of the house has been his 'So you gave up the law?"

· Oh, Mr. G., don't jump at your conclusions. That isn't logical. But, head?' really, I did give up the law and I thought I should never go back to it. This was in the fall of the year.

Soon after I returned to the old log cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I found out but it was no easy job. I looked per. proposition. I said, that is simple enough. I went on to the next. And before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry and could demon-

'I knew it all from beginning to end. You could not stick me on the bardest of them. Then in the spring when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I anwered right out loud, Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop.' And I went.'

'Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for that story. You have answered my question. I see now where you find your logical acumen, you dug it out of that geometry.'

'Yes, I did, often by the light of pitchpine knots. But I got it. Nothing but geometry will teach you the power of abstract reasoning. Only that will tell you when a thing is proved.'

Said Mr. G.; 'I think this is a remarkable incident. How few men would have thought to ask themselves the question, When is a thing proved? What constitutes proof? And how few young men of eighteen would have been able to master the whole of Euclid in a single winter, without a teacher. And still fewer, after they had done so much, would have realized and acknowledged what geometry had done for them; that it had told them what proof was.'

So, my young friends, you may perhaps see by this incident what geometry will do for a boy .- Congregationalist.

"Heapin' Coals."

'Harry, you're cheatin'.' 'I don't care.'

'I won't play.'

'Don't, then.' And Harry Chester picked up his marbles, and those that belonged to his playmate, and ran away.

Willie, his little friend, who was two years old, went in to his mother.

His face was very red, and his hands were clicched, and he had hard worl to keep back the tears.

' Mamma,' he said, ' Harry bas stolen my marbles, and the next time I see him won't I give him a pounding!'

His mother caught his little hards in hers, and, looking down into his flashing eyes, said sadly, 'Is that the kind of a little boy you are? Then you don't love your mother.'

'No, that is not the kind of a little boy I am, and I do love you; but I'll find some big boy, and I'll get him to pound him.

Then his mother took her angry boy 'You see,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that by the hand and told him the story of our Saviour,-how cruel men nailed him to the cross, and put a crown of thorns on his head, and struck him, and lawyer's business was largely to prove pierced him, and spat on him, and taunted him; and how, when Jesus to come and punish them, he only prayed to his Heavenly Father, ' Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Why didn't he send for the angels, mamma?' I would.' Because he loved his enemies, and

wanted to save them; and he could not unless he suffered for them.' 'What did he do mamma?'

'He died, and rose again the third day, and went to prepare a place for us. What does my little son thinks now about pounding Harry?"

"I wouldn't do it myself, mamma, but

Willie, we read in the Bible, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in doing so in a law office, if I can't tell when a thou shalt heap coals of fire on his

> 'What is an enemy, mamma?' A little boy who steals your mar

'And what is heapin' coals on his

'Heaping coals of fire on his head is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get.'

'I believe I'll do it mamma.' Then his mother kissed him, and called him her good little boy; and the bell rang, and they went down to sup-

It rained for two days, and Willie did not go out to play; but the third day about noon he came running in to his mother and exclaimed,

Get me a penny out of my box. Harry's mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and I want to heap coals, -quick !' His mother gave him the penny, and

joyfully he ran to Harry with it. What makes you give it to me?" Harry asked.

"Cause you're my enemy, and I'm heapin' coals.'

·I don't knownothing about your coals, but I know I was awful mean to take your marbles the other day. Here, I'll give you all these,' he added, drawing a handful of marbles from his pocket and presenting them to his playmate. Then Harry and Willie were friends

again. Don't you think 'heaping coals' was much better than Willie finding a big boy to pound Harry ?

Old Times in Pempeii.

The old Pompeians had foldingdoors and hot-water urns; they put grating to their windows and made rockeries in their gardens; their steelyards are exactly like those your own cheese-monger uses to weigh his Cheddars and Glosters. Their children had toys like ours, bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs, made of clay, and sometimes serving as jugs also.

People wrote on walls and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages. In Naples to day, as you walk along the Chiaja, you may find yourself in the midst of a herd of goats, with bells around their necks, exactly like those in the museum. They gave tokens at the doors of the places of entertainmentthe people in the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terra cotta. They put lamps inside of the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grottoes of shells; vulgarity itself is ancient.

They ate sausages, and hung up strings of onions. They had stands for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch to the dunces. They put stepping-stones across the roads, that young patrician gentlemen years younger than he, and only six and the pursy old senators might not spoil their gilded sandals. It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst; but they turned their water on and off with taps, and their cook-shops had marble counters. They clasped their offenders in to the stocks; two gladiators were kept there for 1800

> When their crockery broke they riveted it. At Herculaneum there is a huge wine-jar half buried in the earth. It has been badly broken, but is so neatly riveted-with many rivets -that it no doubt held the wine as well as ever Those rivets have lasted 1800 years. It is a strange thing to think about. What would the housewife have said, if some one had told her that her cracked pot would outlast the Roman empire? - Sunday at Home.

There never was in the history of the world such a 'lost opportunity" as that of the young man who went away sorrowing from Christ, because he had great possessions. Suppose that he had taken the better choice, might have called thousands of angels and followed the Divine Teacher. His name and fame would have filled the whole world till the end of time. His example would have decisively influenced countless millions. His memory would have been blessed unceasingly by widows and orphans, by the poor and needy so long as the race of men existed. Thousands of spire, to rise in the forests of Europe and America, would have borne his name. In riches and honor-in great possessions he would have been beyond any man, and that down through all the centureis. He was offered the highest place in the kingdom of heaven, and he refused it. We do not know his name. His possessions, long centuries ago, vanished utterly. His houses crumbled and fell and the dust of them was blown away on the wind. His acres, broad and rich, became sterile barrens. Everything has vanished but that one striking scene-a young man standing wavering on the threshold of an inheritance possible to none other of the human race, and turning away from it, to disappear forever in darkness and oblivion.