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## POETRY.

### CITY OF GOD.

My feet are worn and weary with the march  
O'er the rough road and up the steep hill-side;  
Oh city of our God! I fain would see  
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, tolling out;  
Day after day for perishable meat;  
Oh city of our God! I fain would rest—  
I sigh to gain Thy glorious mercy seat.

My garment, travel-worn and stained with dust,  
Off rent with briars and thorns that crowd my way,  
Would fain be made, Oh Lord, my righteousness:  
Spotless and white in Heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,  
Empty and scorn upon the earth;  
Oh city of our God, within Thy walls  
All—all are clothed again with Thy new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—  
Sinking, repenting, aching still again;  
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,  
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

Patient, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn:  
The Saviour's heart and hand were weary too,  
His garments stained and travel-worn and old,  
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;  
Toll on, and wait in patience for thy rest;  
Oh city of our God! we soon shall see  
Thy glorious walls—Rome of the loved and blest.

## Tales.

### The Game Without an End.

BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY, AUTHOR OF "LEGENDARY TALES," ETC.

"WHO IS LORD OVER US?"—L.M.H. V. 4

(Concluded.)

"Now, perhaps it was just because so little could be known about these strangers that so much was guessed at concerning them. I don't pretend to speak against them myself, for I never saw them that I know of; and my father, in talking it over with me years after, always seemed to dislike giving his own opinion about them, but used to tell me that so and so was said, or so and so was supposed;—and very dark things were said and supposed, I can tell you; for some bold tongues went so far as to hint at a league between them and the enemy of souls himself. And in one way, certainly, sir, they may have been said to be in league with the enemy of souls: I mean, inasmuch as they went about doing evil instead of good, and making what was already bad enough, worse. But as for what some of the people hereabouts suspected, I don't pretend to give my opinion, any more than my father gave his.

"One thing was certain: the longer those strangers stayed, the fewer visitors went near the castle. It seemed as if they frightened all others away, though nobody ever let out what they said or did. Only a very few, and among them my father's brother, clinging to the old house; and he kept true to the wicked word

he had spoken, and was thicker than ever with his master, and used to be seen going about with him and his friends as if they were all equal in rank.

"You may be sure, sir, my host went on to say, 'there was no end of wondering, and folks wondered, most of all, what there was in those strangers to take the wicked lord's fancy so much, and keep them such fast friends.

"But at last the secret came out. The servants whispered that the foreigners had brought over strange new gambling games from their own country, and that it was these which kept their master's liking alive, and prevented his tiring of their company, as he did of most things else; for you know pleasures a craving appetite, sir, and is always wanting fresh food.

"There was a particular room in the castle, my host proceeded to say, 'where those wicked creatures used to sit all the evening. I have heard my father describe it, though he never saw it himself; but he had heard it spoken about in the family, you understand.'

"I could hardly help smiling in my host's face just then," observed the traveller, turning to the boys; "for he looked as grave as a judge at what he was saying, and yet he must have known, as well as I did, the value of a hearsay account of a room which no one that he knew had ever seen. However, I restrained myself, and listened quite gravely to his description.

"It was a small room, sir—quite a small room for such a place, but very curiously built: it was arched over, like the cloisters of those old cathedrals, and in the middle of it was the fireplace, with the chimney running up to the ceiling, and making a sort of division in the place, so that it seemed like four small rooms joined in one. It was made on purpose so; so that when there was company in the house, four sets of people might play their different games there, in the four divisions, and keep clear of each other, yet meet round the fire when they chose. In one division there were red hangings, sir, and in another blue, in another yellow, and in the last black. And it was in the black division the wicked lord shut himself up with those foreigners and my father's brother, when everybody else had deserted the castle. And one night, sir, the eve of Christmas day

But here, said the traveller, interrupting himself, "my friend the innkeeper stopped short all at once, and exclaimed, 'I declare I hardly like to tell you now I have come to it,' and seemed so uncomfortable at what he had undertaken, and so doubtful of me, that I had serious fears that I might have to leave the place without hearing any more about the wicked Lord Warloch and his friends, which would have been, as I dare say you will understand, boys, a very great disappointment to me. I suppose, for instance, you would not like me to leave off now, and not tell you any more?"

There was almost a shout at the very notion of such a thing, and the Curate laughed, and the tears came into his eyes, at his friend Dela-

field's ingenious way of keeping up the boys' excitement.

After which the traveller proceeded:—  
"Of course, therefore, I did my best to convince my host I was trustworthy, and spoke so seriously of my own feelings in the matter, that his confidence returned, and he went on to tell me all the particulars that had come out concerning that fatal night,—for fatal, indeed, it proved to be!

But first he mentioned that the wicked Lord Warloch had been subject now for many months to occasional fits of the deepest gloom. The servants describe him as sometimes sitting for hours in his chair, like one more dead than alive, and said that on these occasions the foreigners used to bring him strong drinks to rouse him up. And sometimes, when, so roused, he would rave like a madman, and at other times become as jovial as in the old days when he was a light-hearted lad, and would shout and call to old friends he fancied must be somewhere about the house, by name, to come and join in his sports, and look quite blank and disappointed when his eye could light on no one but the two thin-lipped, cold-blooded foreigners, who seemed to rule his fate. But most often they carried him off at once to the excitement of the gaming-table, where all thought was lost in the rattling of the dice, and where they would often sit till the break of dawn.

"Such were the scenes that were constantly occurring at that time, the innkeeper declared; and then he went on:—

And on that particular night that I was speaking of, sir, the wicked lord got into madder spirits than he had ever done before, after his dark fit was over, so much so that the whole castle was ringing with noisy laughter and mirth, and then those four I have told you about, went to the gaming-room, and sat down among the dark hangings, to their revels; and they rang soon after for food and wine; and when the servants brought them they were laughing still, and the wicked lord called out to the men as they were setting down the trays, and told them they might come and join their play, and drink too, for the foreigners had shown him a better game that night than they had ever played before, and he would keep open house and let in all the world, and all should drink the strangers' health. And the servants had to pour out goblets of wine and hand them round, and then were glad to scramble away, as best they could, in the uproar that followed, for one and all hated those foreigners, and durst not have drunk their health for all the world. One of them, however, the head butler, had to come back into the room several times afterwards, and the last time he was there, it was some where about one o'clock in the morning, and they were all deep in the new game, and did not notice his entrance. But all at once, just as he had finished his business, and was slipping away, he saw the wicked lord rise from his chair, his face deadly pale, and his eyes glazed like those of a dead man. And he stood up and swore that this was the finest sport he had ever known, and bade the Almighty let him play on there till the day of doom!—