

God whispered to Frank that he need not fear, "only believe," and he felt his faith, like the feet of a drowning man, find a sure resting place and firm hold on the promise.

"I suppose you have often heard Ben singing his hymns, Grimston, haven't you?"

"Yes, Master Frank; and very comforting they are too."

"There's one comes to my memory now, and it does me good. Shall I tell it you?"

"Captain of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath thy shadow we abide—  
The cloud of thy protecting love,  
Our strength thy grace; our rule thy Word;  
Our end the glory of the Lord.

"By thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray,  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love, is near."

Frank had just finished repeating these lines when Grimston called his attention to the Squire, walking very swiftly and excitedly towards them.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked the gamekeeper, touching his hat.

"Matter, Grimston! Why, much is the matter. My boy, George, has bolted, and his mother is at home half out of her mind lest he should never come back again."

"Gone! Why Master Frank and I were just coming up to see him."

"Ah, Frank, I'm afraid my boy is not the sort you care for. He has given me a lot of trouble, and now to run away like this is really too bad."

"Has he left any message?"

"None; at least I never saw him. But the stableman says he came home very late, with his clothes torn and muddy, as though he had been in some scrape."

"Then you've no idea which way he went?"

"None. But I tell you what, Grimston, I know you're a good hand at finding things out, and mean well towards everybody; if you can hear anything of George, so that I can get a clue, there's a sovereign for you—and more if you want it."

"Thank you, Squire, all the same; but I don't want the money—though I'll do my best, you may depend on it."

A few minutes more, and the distressed father was hurrying to the village, leaving Frank and Grimston wondering what next to do. One thing was evident—George had gone, and there was no chance of Frank being cleared in that quarter.

The next day Captain Starkie closely questioned his gamekeeper as to the trespassing in the Church Meadows, and, as Grimston expected, asked for the rod which was picked up. He looked earnestly at the name on it, and ordered Grimston to bring Frank to him at once.

(To be continued.)

### The Gunpowder Plot.

ENGLAND, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was a very uncomfortable place for those who clung to the Roman Catholic religion. Severe laws oppressed them, and gave rise to great dissatisfaction. When James I. came to the throne, the Roman Catholics hoped for some form of relief; but they soon discovered that the king was not disposed to help them. Spurred on by the growing discontent, a man, by the name of Robert Catesby—with more zeal than wisdom—thought he could help matters along by blowing up the king and parliament with gunpowder. This was a novel way to work on their feelings, but it promised to be effectual, and Catesby went to work with grim determination.

He first secured the services of a desperate villain by the name of Guy Fawkes, who, by reason of his experience in crime, was well fitted to carry out the details of the plot. Then he took into his confidence a number of men who were as eager as he to help along the Roman Catholic cause.

After a secret meeting, in a lonely house, the conspirators hired a building back of Parliament House, and began to dig through the cellar wall, in order that they might place their powder beneath the room where parliament was to meet. But it was hard and slow work, for the wall was nine feet thick. It was not pleasant work either, for the cellar was damp and dismal; and, to their excited imaginations, the slightest noise seemed to be a human voice, and filled them with fear lest they should be discovered.

Learning one day that the cellar underneath Parliament House was vacant, they hired it at once, thereby saving themselves the labour of digging through the wall. Into their new quarters they cautiously carried thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, and covered them up with coal and wood. Then Guy Fawkes mounted guard, waiting for the proper time to fire the mine.

The fifth of November, 1605, was the day appointed for the meeting of parliament. Before that day came, however, one of the conspirators, becoming frightened, sent a letter to a relative—who was a member of the House of Lords—warning him to keep away from parliament at the opening session. This letter, although not disclosing the plot, gave rise to suspicions which led to its discovery.

On the night of November 4th, Guy Fawkes was captured at the entrance of the cellar, and was taken to the Tower. There he was tortured, but would make no confession save as to his own guilt. The other conspirators attempted to escape, but were too late in starting. Some were shot while trying to get away. Others were taken alive, and, with Guy Fawkes, were tried for treason, and sentenced to death.

### To-Day.

If we knew the woe and heartsache  
Waiting for us down the road,  
If our lips could taste the worm wood,  
If our backs could feel the load,  
Would we waste to-day in wishing  
For a time that never can be?  
Would we wish in such impatience  
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers  
Pressed against the window pane  
Would be cold and still to-morrow,  
Never trouble us again?  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?  
Would the print of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track?  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,  
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one-half so fair  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake their white down in the air.

Hope, from which the seal of silence  
None but God can roll away,  
Never blossomed in such beauty  
As adorns the month to-day;  
And sweet words that freight our memories  
With their beautiful perfume;  
Come o'er us in softer accents  
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path,  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff:  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With the patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.

### "The Great Thomas Campbell."

THE author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, being on a visit to Ayrshire, happened to go into a shop at "Auld Killie," otherwise Kilmarnock. The bookseller, as Campbell entered, whispered something over the counter to a portly and comely old lady, who was making a small purchase of sealing-wax and note-paper.

"Gudeness save us!" said she, in audible whisper. "Ye dinna mean it?"

"It's true, I tell ye!" rejoined the bookseller, also in a whisper.

The old lady turned toward the poet, and said, not without betraying a slight embarrassment: "An' sae ye're the great Thomas Campbell, are ye? I am very proud to meet ye; an' didna think when I left hame in the mornin' that sic a great honour was to befa' me."

The poet felt much flattered by this tribute, but confusion took entire possession of him as the worthy woman continued: "There's no a man in Ayrshire that has the great skill ye hae, Mr. Campbell; an' I will be greatly obleeged to ye if ye will come an' see my coo before ye leave this part o' the country, an' let me know if

ye can do ony thing for her. She's a young beastie and a guid beastie, an' I should na like to lose her."

There was an eminent veterinary surgeon in the neighbouring county of Dumfries, whose name was also Thomas Campbell. The old lady had mistaken the poet for the cow-doctor.

### If She Was Urged.

JENNIE JONES was a very little girl, and it was the first time she had ever been visiting by herself. She was spending the afternoon with one of her school-mates, and when it came tea-time Jennie was invited to stay to tea.

"No, I thank you, ma'am," she said, shyly, in answer to the request.

"I guess you'd better," said her little friend's mother, good, hospitable Mrs. Morse. "Sit right up to the table along with Sairy—won't you now?"

Jennie fidgetted, twisted her apron, put her finger in her mouth, and finally electrified the company by remarking:

"Well, I don't know. Ma said I was to say 'No, thank you,' the first time I was asked; but—but—if you urged me I could stay!"

## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1491] LESSON IV. [JULY 22

FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 35. 20-29. Memory verses, 21, 22

### GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

### OUTLINE.

1. Willing hearts.
2. Ready hands.
3. Rich gifts.

TIME AND PLACE.—As before.  
CONNECTING LINKS.—After the prayer of the last lesson God had commanded Moses to return with two new tables of stone hewn from the granite of Sinai into the mount. He went alone. There he received a vision of the glory of God, and in a new communion received additions to the laws which he was to teach the people. When he returned from the mount to the plain below his face was illumined, and the people were afraid to look upon him, until he had veiled his face. Then Moses detailed to the people the plan for the tabernacle, and asked for the gift to enable him to build it. The way in which they responded to the request of their leader is told in our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The congregation of the children of Israel*—Or, more simply, "all the people." *The Lord's offering*—That is, an offering for the Lord. *Tabernacle of the congregation*—The tent which was to be made as a place for worship. *Bracelets, . . . earrings, etc.*—Personal ornaments which were very much esteemed among the Egyptians. *Wishhearted*—That is, instructed in domestic arts, and skilful in them. *The rulers*—Probably the heads of families in the tribes, or the seventy elders of whom we read in chapter 24.

### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Willing Hearts.*  
What new direction did Moses show the people in which to display activity?  
How large a demand would this work make upon their means?  
What classes joined in this work?  
What was the spirit which prompted this offering?  
What was the Scripture rule for the acceptance of gifts to God? "If there be first," etc. 2 Cor. 8. 12.  
What blest assurance ought to comfort the heart of the cheerful giver? 2 Cor. 9. 7.  
Is there any hint that some did not take part in this service of giving?