

Henry. Robert rebelled against his father, who raised an army to reduce him to obedience. He besieged his son in a strong castle in Normandy. Sometimes the people in the castle sallied out to fight the besiegers. In those days, when great men went to battle, they cased themselves in armour; that is, defences made of iron and steel, which covered their whole bodies, even the face, so that none could know another except by the devices painted on the shields. Robert, in going out one day to fight, attacked a man in armour, with whom he fought for some time, till at length he wounded him in the arm, and knocked him off his horse. When on the ground the wounded man called out for help, and, by the voice, Robert knew that it was his father who was lying at his feet. He was struck with horror, threw himself off his horse, and entreated the king to forgive him. He gave his father his own horse, and helped him to mount it, and William rode away, giving his son a curse instead of a blessing. He was too angry to forgive him at that time, but soon after he pardoned him, and at William's death, Robert inherited part of his father's possessions.

But he had not much comfort in his riches. He had many quarrels and wars with his brothers, with whom he was never on very good terms. Robert, however, appears to have had some touches of natural feeling. Once when he and William were besieging their brother Henry in a castle in Cornwall, the latter suffered severely for want of water. When Robert heard of his distress, he allowed him to supply himself with water, and sent him wine from his own table. William reproved him for this act of generosity, on which Robert exclaimed, "What! shall I suffer my brother to die of thirst? Where shall we find another when he is gone?" Young reader, if you are ever disposed to quarrel with your brothers or sisters, remember this question; try to live together, so that you may have no cause to grieve over the past should your brothers and sisters be removed by the hand of death. "Where will you find another when they are gone?" Our present business is with Robert. Shortly afterwards he went to Palestine to fight with the Saracens, who had obtained possession of Jerusalem. Whilst he was absent, his brother William was killed by an arrow, when hunting in the New Forest in Hampshire, which his father had made by driving many poor families from their homes and properties.—After William's death, Robert ought to have reigned in England, but Henry seized the crown; and when Robert returned to fight for his inheritance, Henry took him prisoner and kept him in captivity during the rest of his life; and his only son, Prince William, was cut off in the flower of his age. His father's curse clung to him, and none of his ways prospered. We may hope that during his long captivity, he thought of his deeds with sorrow and repentance; and, perchance, little as the Word of God was then known, that command was brought to his mind,

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

Whether Henry ever repented of his unjust and cruel treatment of his brother, we are not told, but a heavy judgment fell on him, which clouded all the latter days of his life. The crown which he had wrongfully obtained, was not to descend to his only son. This young prince was drowned in his passage from Normandy at the age of eighteen, and Henry was never afterwards seen to smile.

The bark that held a prince went down,  
The sweeping waves rolled on,  
And what was England's crown  
To him who wept a son?  
He lived—for life may long be borne  
Ere sorrow break its chain—  
Why comes not death to those that mourn?  
"He never smiled again."

#### THE PERSIAN, THE JEW, AND THE CHRISTIAN.

A Jew went into a Persian temple, and saw there the holy fire. He said to the priest, "What! do you pray to the fire?" "Not to the fire," answered the priest, "it is to us an emblem of the sun and of his warming light." Then asked the Jew, "Do you honour the sun as your God? Do you not know that this too is a creature of the Almighty?" "We do know it," replied the priest, "but the material man needs material emblems, that he may comprehend the Most High. And is not the sun the image of the invisible, incomprehensible Source of Light, who sustains and blesses all things?"—Then answered the Israelite, "But do your people distinguish the image from the reality? They already call the sun their God, and descending from this to a still lower image, they kneel before an earthly flame. You charm their outward and blind their inward eye; and while you hold before them the earthly light, you take away from the heavenly,—Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor any likeness." "How then do you represent the Highest Being?" asked the Persian. The Jew answered, "We call him Jehovah Adonai, that is, the Lord, who is, and who was, and who is to come." "Your term is great and noble," said the Persian, "but it is terrible."

Then entered a Christian, and said, "We call him, Abba, Father." The Heathen and the Jew looked at each other with astonishment, and said, "Your term is the nearest and yet the loftiest! But who gave you the boldness so to name the Eternal?" "Who else?" said the Christian, "but He who is himself the Father!" Then he explained to them both, the mystery of the manifestation of the Father in the Son, and the word of reconciliation. And when they understood it to be so, they believed, and raised their eyes to heaven, and said full of ardour and spirit, "Father, dear Father!" And then they all three stretched out their hands to each other, and called each other brother.