

Marjory Bruce, and expired. Little that dying father thought that historians would, three centuries later, be still disputing as to the guilt or innocence of that daughter.

With the thought of Mary comes up that of the stern Knox. Could there be a greater contrast? The beautiful queen who "placed her foot upon a triple throne," brought up in gay, pleasure-loving France, and the stern Reformer, scarred with the marks of the cruel whip in the galleys of France for his religion. There must be reformers, and they can not be made of silken materials, with smooth words. But while we honour Knox for his religious zeal and uncompromising condemnation of evil; for his far-reaching wisdom in creating the system of parish schools which, perhaps, has done more for his country than anything else, except, shall we say, his faith—was he not unnecessarily harsh with Mary, as much devoted to her faith as he to his? And was there not (low be it spoken) a good deal of *masculine* intolerance at their assumption of power in his "Blast against the Monstrous Regiment (regimen, government) of Women," touching as severely on Elizabeth as Mary? Little did that father think that the crown placed on that infant head would be placed on that of her son, also an infant, while she was a captive in the power of her rival; and that after so long an imprisonment, her own head should fall on the scaffold, and that her grandson, ruler now on the throne of that rival, should be executed by his own subjects.

Why does a modern historian go out of his way to blame the craft of one queen, and praise the same quality in the other? The reply of Elizabeth, when in danger of her life, to those sent to interrogate her as to her belief in transubstantiation, shows well the subtlety of her mind, her ability and skill in fence:

"Christ's was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what that word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

In a weird word-picture, perhaps unequalled in history, Froude represents the unfortunate queen as going out of life into the mysteries of the world beyond with a lie in her right hand. It is even represented as a crime that she was grey and wrinkled. I protest in the name of all that is kind and good and merciful, against thus hounding down one who differed from us in faith.