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No. 1.

Labor.

F. S. OSGOOD.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill;
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Drop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to the blue heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy day'sness, a clod.
Work—for some good, let it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower; be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

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Soldiers of Liberty.

By EMILY WEAVER,
Author of "My Lady Nell," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"A deafening clamor in the slippery clouds."

"I am confident that we shall win at last, Albrecht. We have the right on our side. We cannot be finally conquered. Life would not be worth living, if I could think that. How can you believe that oppression is to last forever? We are not slaves to be trampled under foot with impunity; we are men—free men and soldiers—and we will *not* submit."

"We may be conquered, though we do not voluntarily submit."

"Never, Albrecht!—if we are but true to ourselves. I will not believe it. What! can you think of the slavery in which they would bind us, the mockery which they would force on us, in the name of religion!—can you think of our ruined homes, murdered friends, and dishonored country, and still believe that Spain will have power to crush us down forever? As there is a God above, I do not believe it for a moment."

"If it is to be, He will strengthen us to bear it, Bertrand. I know no more than that!"

"That we shall be strengthened, I do not doubt; but, please God, it shall be to throw off the yoke of these accursed Spaniards. It madens me to hear you talk of submission. Think of Maestricht, and Naarden, and Harlem! I tell you, Albrecht, that if we should submit, every town, every village in the country would be condemned to suffer the same horrors. We cannot draw back; we must

fight until we conquer or die! If we submit, it will be to the Council of Blood, the rack, and the stake. It was not our wish to take up arms (we endured much before we did so), but now it would be madness to throw them down until our freedom is secured!"

"How can we hope to secure it, Bertrand? The strife is unequal; we are matched against the whole power of the greatest and richest empire that this world has ever seen, and we are not even united amongst ourselves. Our Prince is almost without money and without resources. If this last venture fails, nothing can save either him or us; we shall be ruined irretrievably."

"But it will not fail! Don't be so faint-hearted, Albrecht!"

"We must face our position, Bertrand. It would be no help to us to delude ourselves with false hopes."

"If I had given up hope, as you have," replied Bertrand, rather impatiently, "I would thank the first Spaniard I met to put a bullet through me."

"If it were not for Marie and Helène, I should be glad to die," said Albrecht; "even with them, life is almost unendurable. I would to God it were His will to call us home together. What is there left to live for? Our country is a reeking shambles. Our homes are foul with blood. Robbery and murder, Spain and the "Holy Office," are turning Holland into a veritable hell on earth. Bertrand, I have cried to Heaven for help, and I am still unanswered! Nay! my prayers are mocked—they bring back nought but greater misery. Now, Leyden (our own beloved city) is surrounded by the foe; it is doomed to be the next victim! Soon my own home will be in ashes—my wife, my child, will be at the mercy of those who have less mercy than the lost spirits of Satan!"

"Oh, Albrecht! how could you leave her? It was wrong to leave her alone in Leyden. What if Valdez should force his way into the city? What if he—"

"Bertrand, I have thought of all! Cost what it may, I have done right to come. Not even for Marie will I forget the duty I owe to my country."

"Forgive me, Albrecht. I ought not to have spoken so; but it is such an awful risk and—and—I could not help fearing that you were growing careless of your life. Heaven send you a safe journey home!"

"I have no fear for that," he replied, calmly;

"I shall live until my time has come to die, and I think that that will not be yet. I wish my errand had been successful, but I can do nothing more; and unless I get a special message from the Count, I shall start from Utrecht the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, Albrecht, I do hope you will get home safely. I cannot bear to think of what may happen if you are taken."

"I am not afraid," said Albrecht; "with care, I hope I shall pass the Spanish lines with as little difficulty as I had in coming."

"Nevertheless, I shall be glad when I know that you are safe in Leyden again."

"I wish," replied Albrecht, thinking of his wife and child, "that to be in Leyden *was* to be safe."

"Things might be much worse. We are sure to bring relief. Trust in God and Count Louis. Leyden will never be taken!"

They walked on in silence for some minutes after this, until Bertrand exclaimed, suddenly, "Look how the clouds are gathering, Albrecht. I am afraid that we shall have an awful storm."

It was almost midnight, but the brothers were still pacing the silent and deserted streets. It was their last night together; for Bertrand was to leave Utrecht before noon on the following day, and neither knew what lay before him. They were only certain that danger and difficulty were in store for both.

They were Netherlanders of good family, and were firm supporters of the Prince of Orange in his brave attempts to save his unhappy country. Like him, they had lost much in the cause of freedom, but had refused with contempt Philip's offer of pardon and reward on the condition of their return to his service.

Albrecht van Hessfeldt was now about thirty years of age; his brother was some five or six years younger. Both were tall and dark; Albrecht was unquestionably the handsomer of the two, but Bertrand was much more generally liked and admired. The misery of his surroundings had been too much for Albrecht; his face was set stern and melancholy—no jest could move his dark eyes to laughter, no light or careless words were heard from his lips. If he had not been a good man, he would have been an utterly repellent one; as it was, he was feared more generally than loved, for the gentler side of his nature was warped by the intense hatred he bore to his foes, and crushed down by the weight of his despair.

Bertrand was different. An ideal soldier, he won all hearts by his impetuous courage, his

frank generosity, and his careless gaiety. In his philosophy there was no place for despair.

When they left the house, the sky had been clear; but now black clouds were drifting across the blue, starlit vault above them. There was no wind in the streets, but, above, a gale was blowing, to judge by the flying clouds. Their homeward way lay for some little distance along the wall of the city; and, as they gained the top of the steps that led up to it, both turned, with one consent, to look at the signs of the strange tempest raging overhead. But, as they gazed, the wind was stilled, and the clouds gathered themselves into dark and heavy masses, surrounding on every side a single space of blue, directly overhead. Longer and broader it grew, as the heavy clouds rolled back into banks of more than thunderous blackness. The space within took shape, until it hung, a gigantic oblong, over the whole length of the city. The stars faded out of sight, the blue grew pale, clear, and bright as the colors of a summer sunset—yet the clouds were dark as ever, and the city below was still wrapped in the hush and gloom of midnight.

The brothers stood spell-bound, with the sleeping town at their feet, waiting and watching in awestruck silence. Suddenly the sound of trumpets burst on their astonished ears, for it was not from the silent city, nor from the misty fields beyond the wall—no mortal lips blew those unearthly notes—their weird music called not the sons of men to war—yet warriors gathered at the call; whether they were denizens of heaven or hell, or phantoms less substantial, the watchers could not tell. They only knew that far above them in the "blue depth of ether" the semblance of an army was gathering to war. Its lances flashed in seeming sunlight, its banners waved as in a breeze. On it marched, a mighty host!—footmen and horsemen, spearmen and musketeers—accompanied by trains of heavy artillery. They marched in haste, but, before they had crossed the blue, another army came slowly forward from the south-east, from what appeared to be a camp, entrenched and strongly fortified.

Another moment and they met. The shock of the encounter shook the heavens. The cannon roared, the combatants shouted as they closed. Down went horse and rider, knight and general, in the fierce hand-to-hand fight that followed. Heavy smoke obscured the view, and when it cleared the attacking force was in full retreat—the other, triumphant and victorious.