

III.

The fire glowed bright with heaped-up logs,
Each monk brought forth a light;
"Good dogs!" they cried, "good dogs, good dogs!
Whom bring you here to-night?"

In with a joyous bound they come—
The boy awoke and smiled:
"Ah me!" the stranger cried, "some home
Mourneth for the fair child!"

With morning light the monks and boy
Sought where the village lay—
I dare not try to paint the joy
Their coming gave that day.

MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

WHEN Catherine de Medecis, had persuaded Charles ix to massacre all the Protestants in France, orders were sent to the governors of the different provinces to put the Huguenots to death in their respective districts. One Catholic governor, whose memory will ever be dear to humanity, had the courage to disobey the cruel mandate. "Sire," said he in a letter to his Sovereign, "I have too much respect for your Majesty, not to persuade myself that the order which I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid it should be really the order of your majesty, I have too much respect for the personal character of my Sovereign to obey it."

NOT FAR AWAY.

Two little girls were walking homeward one moonlight evening. I heard one of them say, "Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps up with us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always along with us." So it is with God in heaven; though he seems far away, He is keeping step with us always in the march of life.