

of Wickliff's translation. The following are the views of the writers of our old chronicles:—"In the said parliament," (namely, one held at Leicester,) "the King made a most blasphemous and cruel act, to be law forever, that whatsoever they were that should read the Scriptures, in their mother tongue, (which was then called Wickleu's learning,) they should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods, from their heirs forever, and be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land."—"Townley," page 156.

(To be continued.)

### CHOICE OF COLOURS.

THE other day, as I was walking in one of the streets of Newport, R. I., I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop. It was raining hard, and the irregular pavement was filled with places where the water collected. In the very middle of one of these pools the child was standing quite unmindful of the rain and cold. I was wrapped up in furs and protected by an umbrella, she had on only an old plaid shawl and a hood of knitted wool. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at the articles in the window and talking to some one inside. Being envious to know what it meant, I crossed the road and came silently and unobserved behind her. I saw that the window was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colours. Tap, tap, tap went the little hand against the window-pane, and with every tap she murmured in a half-whispering, half-singing voice, "I choose that colour," "I choose that colour." I stood motionless and wondering. Soon she saw me, and at once the spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at seeing a stranger observing her. She did not run away, however; but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely developed faces of poverty-stricken children.

"What pretty colours those are?" I said. She brightened instantly.

"Yes'm. I'd like a goon av thit blue."

"But you will take cold standing in the wet," I said. "Won't you come under my umbrella?"

She suddenly looked down at her wet dress, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining, and stepping nearer to the window out of the pool of water, she replied, "I'm not going home jist now, mem, I'd like to stop here a bit."

So I left her. But after I had gone a block curiosity impelled me to return and see if the child was still at the window. Tears started to my eyes as I caught sight of the little upright figure, still standing in the same spot, and pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues, and reds and yellows, while from the movement of her lips I could tell she was repeating as before, "I choose that colour," "I choose that colour."

I went quietly on my way without disturbing her evidently pleasant dreams. But I said in my heart, "Little Messenger, Interpreter, Teacher! I will remember you all my life."

Why should days ever be dark, life ever colourless? There is always sun; there are always blue, and scarlet, and yellow, and purple. We cannot reach them, but we can see them, if it is only "through the glass" and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colours. It rains, perhaps; and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet, and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by, who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers nevertheless—who has money in his purse to buy many colours, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colours are too dear for him—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that can look, and colour for those who "choose"—that "godliness" is the colour, that "contentment" is the possession.

### DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

NOT long since I was conversing with a Methodist minister of over forty-one year's experience. He said, "I have never, in all my experience, known of a single instance in which a repentance on what was supposed to be a death-bed proved to be of any value whatever after the person recovered."

This was strong language. I involuntarily exclaimed, "Have you known many such cases?"

"More than I dare remember, and as many more where the person died."

"Did not the bitter failure of these death-bed repentances to bear the tests of time shake your confidence in their value under the tests of eternity?"

He replied, with tears in his eyes, "It did, it does."

His conversation made a deep impression on my mind. It was strong evidence, from a quarter in