

Shorthose, the occupier of the garden, whom he knew to be a staunch royalist.

"How came you here, Samson?" said he in a whisper.

"I was not able to get into the garrison," said the other, "on the day before yesterday, when they took the town: and I have kept close at home ever since; but it is no longer safe; the roundheads are making search every where for the royalists, women and men and all; and declare they will set them before them to-morrow, when they storm the Close, so that if the garrison fire, they shall kill their own friends. They are desperately hurt at the death of Lord Brooke. It was thought at first that they would have plundered the town, and gone back to Warwick. But some of the officers managed to keep them quiet; and now they swear they will hang Dumb Dyott at the top of the great spire. Captain Fox went post-haste to Derby for Sir John Gell, of Hopton; and he is expected every hour, and more artillery from Coventry. It is said their intention is to begin by a feint at scaling the walls here on the north-east, and make the main attack at the west gate."

"Is your intelligence sure?" said Henry.

"It is what they talk of in the town."

"However, it is well to be prepared for it."

At this moment a party of men passed along the lane, carrying long ladders and planks, and coils of rope, which seemed to confirm Shorthose's information,—so far, at least, as related to the attempt to scale the Close on the north side.

"Shorthose," said Henry, "what say you to taking a journey to-night on the King's service?"

"I must take myself off somewhere, before day-break," said the other; "and if I can serve the King, so much the better."

"Go, then, to Colonel Hastings, at Rushall," said Archbold, "and tell him what the enemy are about. Most likely you will find some friends in Rushall fort, who will vouch for you to be an honest man; as any one who knows you, I am sure, will do. Tell Colonel Hastings, that if he would serve the King's cause, he will do well to have a troop of fifty or sixty men, or more if he can spare them, by about noon to-morrow, at the Cross-of-hands, and keep quiet until he sees a red flag hoisted on the Tantany spire; then let them charge up the Barbican street. If the flag is not hoisted, he can draw off his men without being discovered."

Shorthose, delighted to be of use, promised Archbold to do exactly as he directed, and they parted.

The attention of the roundheads being engaged in their works, Archbold went down cautiously into the moat at the upper end, and crept along it until he came to the spot where his friend was patiently waiting his return, and got up without difficulty into the Close by the same means by which he had descended. "Thank God," said Henry, grasping his friend's hand, "I have got her off safe; I will tell you all about it presently. But now I must go to report to the governor what I have seen. We are like to have sharp work of it to-morrow; but I hope we shall match them yet."

Archbold went immediately to the governor's lodgings. Poor Lord Chesterfield was suffering from a fit of the gout. However, he controlled his pain as well as he could, and listened patiently to all that Henry had to relate. His lordship pondered for a while, when he had heard the statement, and at last said, "Your information seems probable. 'T is well we know their intentions, that we may be prepared to meet them. How sayest thou, Lieutenant Archbold? thou art a man of judgment, and knowest the locality, what steps shall we take?"

"So please you, my lord!" said Henry, "I know every inch of the ground, and, with your lordship's permission, will state what appears to me to be the best means of meeting the attack."

Archbold then explained to the governor the exact nature of the ground, and the means which he thought likely to be the most effectual to defeat the attempt which was meditated.

"Your plan is good," said his lordship; "I will take care that due preparations are made. Now, go and get some rest. We cannot do without your aid. An hour before sunrise you shall be summoned."

(To be continued.)

#### STRONG FOUNDATIONS.

A STORY is told of Lepaux, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion, to be called "Theophilanthropy," a kind of organized Rousseauism, and that being disappointed in its not being readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand of the difficulty he found in introducing it.

"I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do and then perhaps you might succeed."

"What is it? what is it?" asked the other with eagerness.

"It is this," said Talleyrand: "go and be crucified, and then be buried, and then rise again the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end!" And the officer, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.

The anecdote shows, in a fresh and striking light, how firm the foundation on which Christianity and the faith of the Christian rest. "Ransack all history," says an able writer, "and you cannot find a single event more satisfactorily and clearly proved than the resurrection of Christ from the dead." And says another, a distinguished jurist: "If human evidence ever has proved, or ever can prove anything, then the miracles of Christ are proved beyond the shadow of a doubt." And yet the miracles and resurrection of Christ prove His divinity; and as Napoleon said, "His divinity once admitted, Christianity appears with the precision and clearness of algebra; it has the connection and unity of a science."

And on this strong foundation it is that Christianity and the Christian's faith rest. And how absolutely immovable that foundation is, how absolutely convincing the evidence from this source, we hardly realize until, like Talleyrand, we call on the objector himself to be crucified, himself to rise from the dead, and himself to work miracles as Christ did throughout Jerusalem and all Judea in the presence of thousands and tens of thousands, both enemies and friends.

It is most assuring as well as comforting thought, that this external evidence from without can never be shaken while human testimony has value of meaning. And when we add to this internal evidence—the fact that thousands and millions of Christians have felt, in their own experience, that the gospel is true, just as the hungry man knows when he is fed, or the thirsty when he has drunk—just as we know the existence of the sun because we see its light and feel its heat—then the foundation on which as Christians we rest, stands doubly sure to the soul. Heaven and earth may pass away, but God's word and all that rests upon it shall abide for ever.

#### WEARING BRIGHT FACES.

"Why don't you laugh, mother?" said a three-year-old daughter as her mother, with rather clouded countenance, was dressing the little one. The earnest tone of the child provoked the wished for laugh, and the little heart was happy.

Ah, mothers, I fear we do not laugh enough! The housekeeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerve and temper, the servant most exasperating, and even John, kind good husband as he is, cannot understand our vexations and discouragements; and so, wearied and worried, we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if mother's laugh fails, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of Joanna Baillie's dramas:

Her little child had caught the trick of grief,  
And sighed amid its playthings—

we may catch a glimpse of the stern, expressed life at Bothwell Manse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson." I remember well hearing a lady say: "When a child I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary even to exert the facial muscles, and you have to make a pitiful effort which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel the better for the effort, and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and to themselves, are catching the very phase of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—parlour, nursery, and kitchen will feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down through generations as well as her frown, and when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give than, "She was always bright and cheerful at home."

#### IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape—"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, say-

ing to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that an aggregate is so serious that even the seashore is made up of pretty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even \$36.50 a year, and that is the interest of a capital of \$600. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth \$600; and if invested quarterly does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some one will explain. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say that when a man who wishes to be rich has saved \$10,000 he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought \$10,000 much, but he knew that in making such a sum, a man required habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend \$10,000 in a few years in extra expenses, and then, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poorhouse.

#### PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

THERE are few mothers who grudge any expense of governesses and masters; but having done that, they think they have done enough, and they expect well cultivated minds to spring up from the money they have sown. But no: to work upon the mind of a child you must have moral influence, as much as to work upon the mind of a grown man. And there is no moral influence like that of sympathy and affection; and there is no sympathy and affection like that of a mother. The natural thing would be for the mother to nurse and teach her own offspring. Our state of society prevents this being entirely the case. But the great object in education should be to act upon the grand principles of human nature, and not upon any mere conventional laws; to cultivate the child's nature, to train them as they are, and not to send them forth into the world merely the living impressions of form and custom.

There are some people who never treat children with any seriousness. If they ask a question they are answered with a joke; if they do anything wrong, the subject is treated with the height of merriment. Everything connected with the child is made the subject of eternal ridicule, till you would hardly know whether it is an ape or a reasonable, thinking, feeling, immortal being, who is alluded to. There is a great difference between this and a little good-humoured and affectionate railery, which may be extremely useful in forming the character, and giving decision and self-possession. A child may be laughed out of a bad habit, which scarcely deserves severer reprehension, and a child may learn to be rather glad than sorry if anything he has said causes amusement; and so long as all this is done with perfect good humour, and the child is not made to feel as if he has sunk in the estimation and regard of those around him, it will be advantageous thus to bring him up without too great sensitiveness about being laughed at.

#### A WORD ABOUT CONTRADICTING.

No one likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is absolutely necessary. A few resolutely amiable souls may bear it without visible demonstration of annoyance, but such cases are uncommon and exceptional, and only serve to prove the rule. But too often it happens that contradiction is not only unnecessary but superfluous, as a few samples will prove.

Miss A. and her sister are calling, and Miss A. is speaking of the death of a mutual friend. "Yes, I saw her in July for the last time!" says Miss A.; whereupon her sister immediately interrupts with, "Oh, no, you are mistaken, you saw her in August; I remember very well it was the first day of August."

"Well, in August, then," says Miss A., accepting the correction, and going on with her story. "She seemed very well, and yet it was just one week afterwards that she was taken with—"

"Oh, no, it was eight days after you saw her; you said so at the time," breaks in the accurate sister once more.

Miss A. finally closes the narrative by saying: "And she left such a young family! the baby is only a year old now."

"Why, sister, how can you say so! that child is one year and two months old at the least," and so the dialogue goes on—every remark sandwiched between interruptions of the same sort—the most unimportant dates and facts constantly restated; and the contradictor full of interest and complacency all the while.

Too often the whole point of an amusing anecdote or the force of a remark is destroyed by some such unmeaning and imperfect contradiction, while the effect upon both speaker and hearers is irritating in the extreme. Only lately we were commending exactness of speech, correctness in small details, and the like, but this is a very different matter from that, and should never be confounded with it.