

paper coverings of which he quickly unfolded, and showing a parchment on which Rosanna could see the impress of the Great Seal.

'There is my commission to search out through all the Queen's dominions in Ireland, and bring to condign punishment those obstinate heretics who have fled from England rather than receive the faith, as well as those of the same evil opinions who have been settled there since the time of King Henry; but, as I have said, no man must hear or know of it till I present it to the Lord Deputy in his Council Chamber in Dublin, that so the heretics may be taken un-awares and at once.'

'It is truly a great preferment for thee, and much rejoices my heart,' said the chaplain, on perusing it, though he looked a great deal more envious than joyful.

'Ay, and will lead to greater,' said Turnstile, giving the parchment, after it was returned to him, a triumphant flourish. 'If I can manage this business to the Queen's mind, thou may'st see me Lord Deputy some day, or at least Chief Secretary.'

'Maybe so,' said the chaplain; 'but let me advise thee as a friend, not to be too much puffed up by the breath of fickle fortune; and put away thy commission, for methinks I hear the footstep of Dame Jackson.'

Imagining that he might have caught a glimpse of her, Rosanna made a great effort to look unconscious as she entered the room, served her guests with the Valencia wine, and retired to a dark corner beyond the massive sideboard, while Master Turnstile responded to his friend's advice with a muttered oath at him and fortune, refolded his parchment in its wrappers, and thrust it into the saddle-bag, which he locked and returned to its place beneath the table. But Rosanna perceived that when doing so he allowed the key to slip from his uncertain fingers and fall among the rushes on the floor.

Rosanna's thoughts were with her poor relatives in the old village overlooking Dublin Bay, with the poor exiles for her own faith who had found refuge in it and its neighborhood. What oppression and suffering would be brought upon them by that commission which Turnstile carried in his saddle-bag!

Rosanna rose from her place as a sudden thought crossed her mind. The room had become silent, but for a sound of heavy breathing—the wine had done its work at last on both the worthies. Dr. Feathernest lay like a snoring heap where he had slipped off his chair at one side of the table; Master Turnstile reposed in the very same fashion at the other.

Nobody but Dame Jackson knew how long they remained in that position, or what was done within the tapestried chamber when there was neither eye nor ear to take account; but she came down with her usual unembarrassed look, and told her husband the state of the case, which, indeed, was nothing new at any inn of the period.

He immediately summoned four pages and as many men-at-arms, the soberest to be found among the following, to convey the gentlemen to bed, and with his customary caution insisted on Master Turnstile's saddle-bags being taken up also and placed by his bed-side, at the same time restoring with his own hands to the pocket of the great man a small key which his wife said she had seen him drop among the rushes.

Early in the morning there was a mighty knocking at the outer door. The master of the good ship 'Pearl of the Sea,' in which Turnstile meant to sail, had sent word that his passengers must get on board as quickly as they could. There was some difficulty in getting master and men aroused from the

effects of their over-night festivities; but they were all fairly got off at last.

There was nearly as much trouble in getting Dr. Feathernest to pay his share of the reckoning when he got up at noon; but after a good deal of haggling nothing remained in dispute between him and Giles save the pack of new cards, not one of which could be found, and high words were imminent, when Rosanna suggested that it was unwise to incur the wrath of the bishop's chaplain for such a trifle, and her prudent husband immediately discovered that some of the pages must have stolen them.

A few days from that date the good ship 'Pearl of the Sea,' anchored in Dublin Bay, and Master Turnstile proceeded on his mission to Dublin Castle, with no less pomp than he had displayed at Chester. The Lord Deputy and his council were sitting in deep deliberation on provincial affairs.

Followed by his pages and men-at-arms, and carrying the precious packet, which, in his own belief, had never been opened since it was placed in his hands in London, he marched up to the Lord Deputy's seat, and saying, 'Will my Lord Deputy and the lords of the council please to read the commission I bear from our most gracious sovereign Queen Mary the First?' he presented it with a low bow, and retired to a seat assigned him by the usher.

'We are pleased at all times to receive the commands of our sovereign lady, and welcome any commissioner her grace may please to send,' said the Lord Deputy, unfolding the packet; while his secretary rose and stood ready to read the important contents.

But a shout of laughter burst from the gazing council, and another of 'What does this mean?' from the Lord Deputy, as, instead of a parchment impressed with the great seal, and written in good Latin, he laid open a neatly put-up pack of cards.

Master Turnstile bounded from his seat, but could find no words in which to express himself, nor could they have been heard if he had found them, for peal after peal of laughter ran through the council chamber at the ridiculous mingling of amazement and chagrin in his face.

'My lords, my lords!' he cried at last, 'I have been robbed, I have been plundered of the Queen's commission, which I swear I got from the hands of Bishop Bonner himself.'

'Truly, Master Commissioner,' said the Lord Deputy, who now believed that a trick had been played on his self-conceit by some courtier, 'we were not aware that my lord bishop was of such a facetious mind; though it may be his reverence thought this'—and he held up the pack of cards—'the most fitting commission for thee to bear.'

Again the roof rang with a chorus of laughter.

'Am I to get no justice on the robbers?' shouted Turnstile, losing his temper, and almost his reason.

'That must be enquired after where the trick was played,' said the Lord Deputy; 'we have no more time to spend on a jest at present, but must needs proceed to business. Usher, clear the council chamber of strangers.'

Master Turnstile accused every man in his service, every man on board the ship that brought him, of stealing his commission; but at length settled upon Dr. Feathernest as having taken the key from his pocket and opened the saddle-bag when he was overcome with the strong wine of the Blue Posts. In the meantime the only course that remained for him was to go back by the way he came, substantiate the charge, if possible, against the chaplain, and get a new commission from the Queen.

Turnstile was in haste enough to do so,

but the wind and tide were against him, and nearly five weeks elapsed before he got back to Chester.

It was a gloomy day in November. The town, like all others in England, was agitated by rumors of the Queen's sickness, which some said was known to be mortal, but kept secret by her attendants and ministers, least, in case of her death before her always absent husband, King Phillip, could arrive, the Princess Elizabeth, might be proclaimed by the people.

In Chester it was known that the bishop looked for a post to arrive at noon, but had been disappointed, and towards evening his chaplain dropped into the public-room of the Blue Posts, as many of the citizens did, to inquire if any news had reached the principal inn.

They were discussing the scraps of intelligence with cautious words and sober faces when in rushed Master Turnstile, exclaiming, as he seized Dr. Feathernest by the collar,

'Where is my commission? I demand it in the name of the Queen.'

What the chaplain would have said or done to his dear friend was cut short by a sound of ringing cheers, which seemed to rise from all parts of the city. In another moment all Bridge street rushed out of doors, and a crowd came on, shouting, 'Long live Elizabeth! long live the Protestant Queen!'

'God be praised!' said prudent Giles, as he rushed into the little parlor where his wife sat at work; 'honest people will get breathing now.'

'Amèn, husband!' Rosanna said, her hands clasped, and her lips moving in wordless thanksgiving for the safety of the poor Protestants in her native land.

Giles knew what personal reason his wife had for rejoicing in the accession of the new Queen, but he had no time to congratulate her. His attention was caught by a great shout outside of, 'There is the turn-coat!'

The crowd had recognized Master Turnstile, and the man who was welcomed with such cheers on his former visit to Chester proved how short was the triumph of the wicked, by being chased from street to street, and escaping the hands of his pursuers, and the ducking they promised him, only by speed of foot, for which few would have given him credit.

The public of Chester were best acquainted with the ludicrous part of our story, for the facts are historical, though of course the names are not, and they were accustomed to say of any boasted or over-promising project,

'It will end in a pack of cards, like Master Turnstile's commission.'

Who Knows Best?

It struck us as a remarkable fact, when we had the pleasure of hearing a Christian worker among actors and actresses, that in every case where anyone following that profession became converted, he or she left the stage and sought some work more congenial to the new-born life. Quite as remarkable, on the other side, is the desire of many professing Christians to go to the theatre. What conclusion are we to draw? That the converted actors do not know what a useful profession they are leaving? or that the professing Christians do not know what an injurious pleasure they are permitting themselves? One would suppose that he who has walked the stage knows better than an outsider what a theatre is when judged by a Christian standard.