

circuit, 300 were hanged and 800 sold into slavery in the West Indies, 100 were awarded to the Queen, and the profit she made on them was 1,000 guineas. Great sums were realized by the judge himself and others from the sale of pardons. Twenty-four (some say twenty-seven) young girls of Taunton who presented flowers and banners to Monmouth when he entered their town, were arrested and given to the maids of honor of the court as their share of the spoils. Two thousand pounds were paid for their escape."

Truly, even thus pithily told, has not the story many elements of tragedy within it?

SOME RECORDS FROM THE OLD CABINET AT CULLESTON.

Dorothea writes: "June 20th, 1685, Castle Green School.—My flag is finished at last, and I have been able to help Bettina with hers. There was more work on hers than on mine, because she had to embroider the arms of Taunton, whilst mine was just a drawn sword and a motto. We chose our own designs, and some were mightily pretty ones, each meaning more than did seem at a glance. That with the biggest meaning of all had a crown worked upon it, and, oh, if our cause is lost, it will go harder with our dear little Letitia Lamorne than with the rest of us. For though we keep saying, "We shall win! We shall win!" we older girls do know that there may be real danger for us, even in the very small share we are allowed to take in England's great deliverance. You see there is such a mighty enthusiasm over the whole countryside, men, either duly equipped with arms or with no other weapons than scythes and reaping hooks; men on horseback, men on foot, men springing up like mushrooms by day-dawn from hill and dale, shouting, "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!", that we believe the cause is as good as won already. The King's militia have fallen back, those who are still known to be Royalists keep within doors, and it is confidently asserted that the King himself trembles on his throne. If it is all true, it will be something, indeed, to be proud of that the maids of Taunton were allowed a share in the hour of triumph."

Bettina writes: "The great day is over—a day, the memory of which must ever remain in our hearts, whatever may betide. I thought no girl so sweet in face and graceful in carriage as sister Dorothea. No wonder that she should be the favorite of the mistress and pupils alike of Castle Green School; no wonder young Ned Halliday, of Barton Regis, never has eyes for any other when our Dorothea is by, and no wonder was it to any one of us that the great Duke himself should single her out amongst us all for a mark of special favor. We, none of us grudged her the honor, least of all, stately Letitia, who bore the golden banner, and presented it with fitting words to him who was presently to be announced as King of England, and whose proclamation was to be read, after the blowing of trumpets and shouts of rejoicing, in the market place of Taunton Town. I think, too, we were all proud of our mistress, as, with bent knee, she offered the hero of the day the Bible and sword, both emblematic of the beneficent rule under which he pledged to his people his royal word that they should henceforth live and prosper."

Later on, Madam Culleston writes: "Alack a day! What a fool's paradise we have lived in! What a jay in peacock's feathers has the Duke of Monmouth proved himself, and how deluded have been his followers! It is true that they nearly won the cause for which they fought, and which they honestly believed to be a just one and true, and they could, nay, would have won it, had not the weakest spot in their armour been the unworthiness of the man whom they had made their hero. His vacillation, his pusillanimity—nay, his craven heart—has

brought to despair and death his blind and gallant followers. The battle of Sedgemoor has been fought and lost. My husband lies wounded, my sons are, where? But, thank God, my dear little daughters are

safe, must be safe, with Mistress Tredgood at Castle Green School. But here comes news of them at last."

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)



"In Due Season We Shall Reap."

Having said so much lately about sowing, I will now give you some selections from Miss Havergal's poem, "The Sowers," which throws some light on the joy of the harvest.

One who though she had little to sow, but did what she could because she loved the Master, gave only quiet words, spoken, or "traced with timid pen." Her seed sprang up, often unknown to the sower, and

"She, who timidly had scattered Trembling line or whispered word, Till the holy work grew dearer, And the sacred courage clearer, Now her Master's own voice heard Calling shining throngs around her, All her own fair harvest found. Then, her humble name confessing, With His radiant smile of blessing, All her dower of gladness crowned."

One had planned to sow much seed, "to fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring, and water it with care," but God gave him other and less attractive work to do. The willing laborer was laid, weak and helpless, on a bed of sickness, but he was not idle. From that silent room floated winged seeds of thought and prayer. When he at last laid down the heavy cross of pain, he was met by a grateful throng of happy souls.

"Who art thou? I never saw thee In my pilgrimage below," Said he, marvelling."

And what an answer he received! Well might he marvel and rejoice when he saw how the tiny seeds had grown and increased. These are the words he heard:

"Words that issued from thy chamber Turned my darkness into light, Guided footsteps weak and weary, Through the desert wild and dreary, Through the valley of the night. Come! for many another waits thee! All unfolded thou shalt see, Through the ecstatic revelation Of their endless exultation, What our God hath wrought by thee."

Another consecrated his musical talent to the Master's service, and to him also came the joy of harvest, for:

"Hark! a voice all joy-inspiring Peals down the golden floor, Leading on a white-robed chorus, Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous, As the many waters' roar. He who sang for Jesus heard it! 'Tis the echo of thy song!' Said the leader. 'As we listened, Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glinted, And we learned to love and long Till the longing and the loving Soared to Him of whom you sang. Till our Alleluia, swelling, Through the glory all-excelling, Up the Jasper arches rang.'"

One cast much seed on the waters, sowing often in weariness and with little apparent prospect of a harvest.

"The tide of human hearts still ebbed and flowed, Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea; He saw not where it fell, and yet he sowed: 'Not void shall it return,' said God, 'to Me!' The precious seed, so swiftly borne away, A singing reaper's hand shall fill with sheaves one day."

When he came joyfully forward to meet his Master's smile of approval and lay the full sheaves at his feet, a glittering throng joined him

"Whose voice had taught them, To the praise of Him who brought them In a new and rapturous psalm."

Another who longed to sow much seed had no bright grains of thought or fiery words of power to give, so he sowed, prayerfully, the words of others—lending books or copying helpful verses. In the harvest time, he only expected to rejoice in the joy of others, but, to his great surprise,

"Great and gracious words were spoken Of his faithful service done, By the voice that thrills all heaven; And mysterious rule was given To that meek and marvelling one."

A little child who loved the King scattered seeds of love and joy, showing a wondering world how glad and happy anyone must be who walks always holding the Father's hand and looking up into His face. He, too, found a rich harvest, for:

"Aged ones and feeble mourners Felt the solace of his smile; Hastened on with footsteps lighter, Battled on with courage brighter, Through the lessening 'little while,' Till they, too, had joined the mansions

Where the weary are at rest. Could that little one forget them? Oh, how joyously he met them In his dear home safe and blest! And the Saviour who had called him, Smiled upon his little one; On his brow, so fair and tender, Set a crown of heavenly splendor, With the gracious word, 'Well done!'"

One who had spent years in a still, darkened room, patiently enduring the weary monotony of helplessness, thinking that she could sow no seed, speak no words for Christ, only, "suffer and be still," found that she also had a share in the great harvest song. Round her, too, were piled golden sheaves, although she had thought herself only a burden to others and no use at all.

"Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon, Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss! While His cup of suffering sharing, All His will so meekly bearing, He was gloriously preparing This for her, and her for this."

God sends many laborers into His vineyard, but he does not give them all the same work to do. Some of King David's men were, on one occasion, unwilling to share the spoils of battle with some of their comrades, who were faint and weary and unable to join in the fight. David settled the question, and made it a law in Israel that "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike." He was only enforcing God's command to Moses to "divide the prey into two parts: between them that took the war upon them, who went out to battle, and between all the congregation."

No one can stand alone. One may be called to preach to great congregations, and another may have the less interesting work of cooking his meals and keeping his house comfortable. Surely the person who does the necessary household work, leaving the preacher free to prepare his sermons in peace and quietness, is helping to preach.

Only God knows who will reap the

richest harvests, but surely a great many people will be surprised on that day. Some who feel satisfied that they have sown much seed may find that they have been watering it with pride and vanity, instead of with prayer and humility. Only God can give the increase, and He loves to honor meek souls who seek to glorify Him rather than themselves. HOPE.

The Right Way.

Dr. Norman Macleod lost his way as he was going to a place called Daffin, to christen an infant, when he met a herd-boy, and the following conversation took place:

"There's gaun to be a fine shine at the Daffin th' meet."

"Aye, what's going to be up at the Daffin?"

"The meenister's cumin' to bapteeze the wean. I've got the cookies i' th' bag."

Norman did not tell the lad that he himself was "the meenister" in question, but said, "Noo, how d'ye get a livin'?"

"Oh, I'm just a herd-laddie. I split the wood, and carry the water, and bring the kye hame, and do just what I'm telt."

There was a moment's silence. Then the boy, turning to Norman, said, with a mark of interrogation in each eye, "Hoo d'ye get a livin'?"

"Well, that's a fair question. I asked ye how ye got a livin', and ye telt me; now, I'll telt ye how I get a livin'. I get a livin' by tellin' auld folk, and young folk, and little folk like ye the way to heaven."

That little boy stood still and simply screamed with laughter. His laughter was uncontrollable. He was doubled up with laughter. When the tumult of merriment was over, he said to Norman, "That's a good 'un." Another burst of laughter, and then this profound inquiry, "Hoo can ye telt the way t' hivven when ye dinna ken th' way t' th' Daffin?"—Chimes.

The Old Rail Fence.

Oh, those blithesome boyhood days With their happy truant ways, When every little sorrow Had its joy to recompense, Excepting just one grief That never found relief From the terror of the "Old Rail Fence."

As soon as spring had come With the sunshine glowing warm, A fear began to haunt us And we waited in suspense, For we knew that it was coming With the yellow hammer's drumming, The moving of that "Old Rail Fence."

Through the warm bright days of spring The birds might build and sing, But all of this, for us, Was of little consequence. For what was springtime joy To a luckless farmer boy Working at an "Old Rail Fence?"

When, midst summer's toil and strain There came a friendly rain With its ever glad promise Of a day of indolence, It only found us wishing That we, too, might go a fishing While fixing up some "Old Rail Fence."

Then come drowsy autumn days With their cobwebs and their haze, When all nature seems a resting From Harvest's toil intense, But our muscles can't relax For we must fence the stacks, Fence them with an "Old Rail Fence."

The "Old Rail Fence" is passing; Oh, quickly speed the day When the last rail Forever shall go hence; No tears of mine would flow If I might look on the glow Of the embers of the last "Rail Fence!"