

"You know, perhaps," continued Sir Edmund, "that after he was degraded by the queen's orders, he was taken again to prison, where, when he was sick, no man durst visit him; when he was sad, no man durst comfort him; but where he composed those divine expositions of the Psalms of David, which shall cheer the fainting soul of many a saint in many an age to come. When at last he was informed that he was to be carried to Gloucester to suffer death, he rejoined exceedingly, and raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he blessed and prayed the Lord, that he was to be honoured to confirm among his own people by his death, those precious truths which he had so often taught them in his life. That same night he sent quickly for his servant, directing him to fetch his boots and spurs, and cloak, that he might be ready to ride by dawn. At four of the clock the keeper of the prison came to him, and having searched him, he was led forth, and committed to the charge of ten soldiers of the queen's guard, who brought him to the Angel in Fleet Street, where he breakfasted with them, and eat his morsel with a thankful heart. By break of day they went to horse, when he mounted with a gallant leap into his saddle, as one going to victory and conquest, not to death. All the way he was calm and silent, being much engaged in prayer; and when they halted for the night, he slept his first sleep soundly, and afterwards begging of his guards permission to retire to a private room for prayer; his request was denied him.

"While a pious soldier was relating these few particulars in my hearing, the mayor and sheriff appeared with all the parade and insolence of office," as if going to a banquet, and their hall. But all this was done at the command of the queen's majesty, and to gratify her popish subjects. The venerable man was seen in the procession, with a countenance meek and pensive, unagitated, unstartled, unafraid,—in nothing terrified by his adversaries. The scene that followed no tongue can describe, nor would I wound the feelings of this company even by an allusion to it."—Something he added in an under tone, about the faggots being green, and the sufferings prolonged, but the burst of indignation and horror which followed it, drowned the sounds, and I heard no more.

After this affecting and appalling recital, the good chaplain led the conversation to profit, and addressing himself to all present, observed, that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven, and that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution; and opening up the history of the church, began to relate the various trials through which it had passed from the days of the apostles down to the present time. The good man concluded by observing that the inflexible firmness and immovable courage with which the people of God had suffered in every period of persecution, appeared to have infuriated their enemies even more than the principles for which they died. But while their persecutors thought by cruelty and oppression to erase the true worship of God from the earth, they only confirmed, deepened, and strengthened, the faith of believers; and the old saying had in every age been true—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

This evening which was to have been spent in festivity and music, was turned into weeping and prayer. My young master ordered the

chapel to be lighted, the guests and servants to assemble; and the venerable chaplain, who had led the minds of the careless and the thoughtless to improve the awful circumstances of the times, by reflection and consideration, there conducted the service of the evening, and commending the whole household to the care and keeping of Him who slumbers not nor sleeps, passed the night in his chamber in prayer.

The next day all moved off from the castle, and months and years rolled on, and I saw no more of my young lord, nephew of his widowed mother. They removed for security to a distance, where they abode for a number of years, and silent and dark was my solitary state till one summer day when woods were green, and birds were singing on every bough, a carriage was seen driving up the winding way that led from the village to the castle, and my lord, accompanied by his now aged mother, and a lady who was his wife, descended from it, and a chariot followed from which were conducted two lovely youths, in mere boyhood, and a little girl, all the children of my master.

In the evening when the sun was about to set, my lord and his young ones, accompanied by their mother, were shown the apartments of the castle. When they entered the great hall, the beams of the setting sun were shining through the long and lofty casements. They fell on the sunny ringlets of Lord Richard's flaxen head. His father laid his hand first on the one boy, and then on the other. "Thus," said he, "my children, is the spot where I first heard the word of life with power. It was seated round this table, in the presence of many friends, that the news of the martyrdom of Gloucester reached my ear. I listened to the festal relation with an indignation against the queen, which would have led me to lay my hand upon my sword, and cry to horse! to horse! But the venerable man who sat by my side, retrained the fruitless ardor; and unfolding the ways of God to man, made such an impression on my heart, that the blood of that martyr was life to your father's soul.

"I was then ignorant of the truth of God, and the way of salvation. I knew not that I was born in a state of sin and misery; that there was no redemption but by Jesus Christ. I knew not that whoever continues in a state of nature, is far, far, from God; that we must be born again of the incorruptible seed of the word before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven; that it is by faith in Jesus Christ we receive the redemption; and that it is by the grace of the Holy Spirit we are enabled to believe. All this I have since been taught, as well as to know, that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and though the law as a covenant has no power over us, yet as a rule of life and standard of duty, we must yield it implicit obedience. All this I was taught; in all this I would have you, my children, instructed. We who believe are set for the defence of the gospel, and I trust, my dearest Richard, that when I am gathered to my fathers, and you are heir and lord of this domain, you will never forget the first words of your father in this your first visit to the hall of your ancestors."

Since that day, I, the Oak of the Forest, have seen many a holy festival held around me, more sacred, more deeply hallowed than those witnessed by my ancestors of druid fame of old. I have heard of the progress of the Reformation

and of the triumphs of the virgin queen; of the indomitable courage of the saints of God, both in this now happy land, and beyond the seas. And as a listener I can, and do bear witness, that neither bolts of brass, nor bars of iron; nor fetters of "shame, reproach, or dishonor," forged by the powerful and the cruel; nor oppressions of the wicked, are able to confine the enfranchised spirit, or shake the enduring constancy and holy confidence of those whose trust is in the Lord God of Hosts. Like Levintham of old, the "sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold; the spear the hurt, the habergeon; they esteem iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood; the arrow cannot make them flee, and they laugh at the shaking of a spear.

## THE MIRROR.

### No. II.

"The source from which Detraction springs  
Is, chiefly, unsuccessful competition."

*Esop's Fables.*

Those who are in the habit of studying their own hearts, and are not blind to their own failings and besetting sins, must be convinced by every day's painful experience, of the truth of the apostle James's assertion, that "the tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison." The government of the tongue is one of the Christian's most difficult and arduous, and at the same time most important and imperious duties.

Young people, especially, should be ever vigilantly on their guard against the innumerable evils which arise from too great freedom of speech, amongst which, a spirit of detraction and satire is perhaps the most common, and certainly not the least dangerous. It has been remarked by an admirable writer of the present day, that "the young feel deeply and think superficially. They are peculiarly alive to the ridiculous, in persons and things; they perceive follies immediately; and as they have not yet learnt to feel their own infirmities, they have no mercy on those of others—hence arises a hasty and uncanonid judgment, which being often attended with great powers of ridicule, makes the young of both sexes apt to indulge in satire and detraction." But another, perhaps still more abundant source of detraction is competition. The love of notice and distinction (a common failing with young people) prompts to competition—and when they are conscious that those with whom they are put in competition are more noticed and distinguished than they themselves are, envy is excited in their hearts, and that envy leads to detraction.

But these remarks will be better illustrated by the following example, which is I fear but too accurate a specimen of the kind of conversation which often takes place amongst young people, who have not acquired the difficult art of keeping their tongues in subjection.

"Well, I am glad this stupid evening is over," exclaimed Laura Delany to her friend Emily Vernon, on returning home from a large juvenile party, in which she had passed three or four hours in high spirits, and apparently in high good humour, pleasing, and pleased with every body. How far this was really the case, will be seen from the following conversation. It must be premised, however, that Laura was not naturally an ill-natured girl—but she possessed an unfortunate propensity to satire, which had never been pro-