



THE PENANCE OF CHARLES V.

LAST DAYS OF CHARLES V.

The two prodigious schemes of Emperor Charles, to restore the union of Christendom under the Pope, and to make himself secular head of Europe, had dropped into dust and ashes. Upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Augsburg, which guaranteed the Protestant liberties of Europe, the Emperor determined to abdicate. Precisely a month after the conclusion of peace, he published an edict conferring on his son Philip II, the kingdom of the Netherlands. On the 15th of the following January he resigned to him also the crowns of Spain, Naples, and the Indies, then taking ship to the Spanish dominions, he left the world behind him, and as soon as possible sought refuge from the recollection of his own glory and vanished hopes, in the monastery of San Yuste. Here he passed the remaining two years of his life as a sort of imperial monk, taking part with the brothers in their daily service, working in the garden, submitting to flagellation—the sometime lord of the world scourged on his naked shoulders in expiation for his sins—watching the growth of his trees, and occa-

sionally corresponding with the dignitaries of the outside world.

"Sometimes he amused himself with trifles. He was something of a mechanic, and spent days and weeks in the attempt to regulate two clocks so that they should keep precisely the same time. 'What a fool I have been,' was his comment. 'I have spent all my life in trying to make men go together, and I cannot succeed with even two pieces of dumb machinery.' As he felt his end approaching, he became possessed with the grotesque notion of witnessing his own funeral. He accordingly had all the preparations made for that event, and the ceremony carefully re-

hearsed, himself taking part, joining in the chant of the requiem, and having himself properly adjusted in the coffin. A short time afterwards, namely, on the 21st of September, 1558, the rehearsal became an actual drama, and the principal personage did not join in the requiem. For he had gone to that land where the voice of ambition can no more provoke to action, "Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death."

WAS IT RIP'S FAULT?

"Nina, Nina, what are you doing to Rip?" cried a voice from the window.

But Nina would not listen; her face was red with anger, and with one doubled-up fist she was beating poor Rip, who had slunk down at her feet, looking very miserable.

"Nina, stop beating Rip at once," said the voice, sternly now, "and come up to me."

And presently the flushed face appeared in the doorway. "Rip has brought me bad luck, mamma," said Nina; "I wish you would let me whip him hard."

Poor Rip was rubbing up against her hand with his wet nose; he felt that the little mistress was in a bad humor with him, and he was trying in his dumb, d-fashion to please her.

"Bad luck!" exclaimed mamma in surprise; "what do you mean?"

"Yes, mamma, I've had bad luck all day. I lost my gold pencil this morning and I tore my dress, and I broke grandma's spectacles, and just now I fell down and scratched my wrist."

"But what in the world has Rip to do with all that?" asked mamma.

Nina began to look rather sheepish. She had all seemed plain enough when she took it over to Mammy Cass, the black nurse who believed in a thousand signs of good and bad omen; but in the light of mamma's clear eyes it seemed different.

"Why, Rip howled when I was practising this morning, and wouldn't stop, and Mammy Cass says that always brings bad luck."

"Did Rip's howling make a hole in your pocket?"

"No'm, I guess not."

"But it was the unended hole that lost your pencil. Did Rip's howling make you climb through the barbed wire fence?"

"No'm."

"But the fence tore your dress. What were you doing with grandma's glasses when you broke them?"

"I—I was trying them on."

"Which grandma told you not to do? And how did you come to fall down?"

But Nina's eyes were on the floor now for some reason she did not want to answer that question.

"Never mind, then," said mamma; "think you see now that if anybody is to be punished for your bad luck it is not Rip it is my little girl herself."

"Mammy Cass says,"—began Nina, not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his permission. Do you think he lets the poor dumb brutes govern this world? The only signs to believe in are his blessed signs, day by day, that his kind care is over all his creatures—over you, and over poor little Rip as well."

"But God says, little daughter, that happy doggie, for Nina had her arms tight round his neck, begging his pardon, and he was wagging his tail almost off for joy.

GOD SEES.

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees, God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
While I lie awake and hark,
God sees, God sees.

Need I never know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near;
God sees, God sees.

—Jewels.