

lives to rescue them. In vain, the priests were then all powerful in Cologne, and they had their will.

Whatever the various sentiments of the dense crowd might be, there was a great silence as every eye turned to gaze on the victims, who were led bound towards the great pile which had been erected in the midst of the place. Their demeanour, fearless but perfectly quiet and gentle, prepossessed the spectators in their favour, and "God help them," "God have mercy on their souls," was uttered aloud or breathed low by many voices.

"Waste not thy breath in prayers for yon heretic dogs," said a black monk to a woman near whom he stood, for alas! for alas there were many women in that crowd.

"Heretics or no," she answered stoutly, "they were good men and kind to the poor. My dying sister"—

"I would pity them as thou dost, good-wife," interrupted a man, "had they been condemned by the council and the clergy for rash words uttered unawares, and without a chance for their lives. But the priests say they have each and all been offered a free pardon if they would but forsake their heresy; yet are they obstinate enough to prefer death of the body and the soul together, to leading Christian lives as good Catholics." "Thou sayest truly friend," rejoined the monk,—"but what of thy sister?"

"One of those clerks hath visited her, and spoken such good words of God and our Saviour that her heart was comforted within her. I trow it was yonder tall, dark man with—Blessed Saints! what have they the poor child among them for? They cannot—no, they surely cannot intend that she should die!"

For little fair-haired Arlette stood amongst those doomed men, pale and calm, in her place beside her father, her hand clasped in his. After all it might be said that he endured the martyrdom for both; for the draught of life that she put aside so quietly she scarcely yet had time to taste; and that other cup about to be borne to her young lips, how could she comprehend or imagine its bitterness? At most it would be but a brief hour of anguish for her, perhaps not even that; for does not the good Shepherd indeed sometimes carry the lambs in his arms, so that their feet do not touch the waters of the dark river?

And now the hour has come, the pile is lit, and not one heart in the steadfast group gives way. But there is a point beyond which our common humanity will not endure to have its instincts outraged. In that crowd there are fathers, ay, and mothers too, in whose homes are loved and tender little ones like the martyr's child. They cannot—they will not—see her perish. An indignant murmur rises, nearer and nearer press the people, and at last strong arms seize the child,—just in time,—and drag her from her place as the flames begin to spread among the fagots. "She is safe—thank God, she is safe!"

"Make the sign of the cross, poor child, and thank the Saints for thy life."

"I cannot, I cannot! Let me go to my father!" wailed Arlette, while with all her little strength she struggled,—struggled for death as others might have done for life.

"Where he dies I must die also. Let me go I cannot give up the Faith!" and an exceeding bitter cry accompanied the words.

"Back, back, good people! ye come too near the pile," shouted two or three of the officials, who were probably not unwilling to connive at the child's escape. But in the recoil that followed this order some confusion naturally occurred; and the man who held Arlette, being rudely pushed by a neighbour, raised his hand to strike him. One moment's freedom for the child, and it is enough. With marvellous quickness she has seized it, she reaches the burning pile, she clasps her father's hand once more—yet once more—and now like a shroud the flames wrap them around. A few minutes and all is over.

So Arlette won the victory, and so those five faithful martyrs of Jesus Christ passed that day—

"From the desolate distress
Of this world's great weariness,
From its withering and its blight,
From the shadow of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright."

No fancy sketch is this; there has floated down to us on the stream of history, like a withered wild flower from a distant land, not the name indeed, but the true story of the child who died for Christ's sake at Cologne, seven hundred years ago, "not accepting deliverance" because of that better and heavenly country towards which her steps were bent. There is no rank, no age, no grade or type of character, from the prince to the peasant, from the old man to the lisping babe, from the mighty philosopher to the least and meanest of our kind, from which the Saviour of Man, when He makes up His jewels, will not take some radiant gems to sparkle in His diadem, and to which He cannot impart, as He pleases, grace and strength to do or to suffer great things for His name's sake.—*Family Treasury*.

SACRED POETRY.

Lament of a Father on the death of his little Son.

Child, by God's sweet mercy given
To thy mother and to me,
Entering this world of sorrows
By his grace, so fair to see;
Fair as some sweet flower in summer,
Till death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorched the beauty from my flower,
Made the tender pearls fade.
Yet I dare not weep or murmur,
For I know the King of kings
Leads thee to his marriage chamber,
To the glorious bridal brings.

Nature fain would have me weeping,
Love asserts her mournful right;
But I answer they have brought thee
To the happy world of light.
And I fear that my lamentings,
As I speak thy cherished name,
Desecrate the royal dwelling;—
Fear to meet deserved blame,
If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.