

"No, my lord, I am not ready."

Then, stooping down to the prisoners' counsel, he whispered:

"If I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before know, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these tuckered traitors."

The large-hearted man was as good as his word. He procured pardons for all the prisoners on condition of their voluntarily expatriating themselves. One lad alone obstinately refused to accept pardon on such a condition, and was tried, convicted, and executed.

The relatives of that unhappy boy persisted in considering their kinsman as an especial, selected victim, and swore vengeance against the good old judge. On this unfortunate summer night the carriage got embedded in the mob; the pikemen soon closed round it; pistols and blunderbusses were held to the head of the powdered coachman, sunk deeper than usual into his seat with fear, and at the heads of the footmen clustering behind. There was a murderous cry, and a pikeman named Shannon tore open the door of the carriage. It was Shannon, a relation of the boy who would be hanged.

"It is I, Kilwarden, chief-justice of the King's Bench!" the old nobleman blandly cries, as he tried to calm the fears of his frightened daughter.

"Then you're the man I want," roars Shannon, and digs his pike into the old lord's chest. Before it is withdrawn, half a dozen other weapons met the old man's body, and he is trampled underfoot. His daughter, alone and unattended, breaks through the pitying crowd, and is the first to enter the Castle, and sobbingly relate the horrors of that cruel night. Kilwarden's nephew was pursued and piked.

(To be Continued.)

—A four-year-old went to church on the Sabbath, and when he got home his grandmother asked him what the minister said.

"Don't know," said he; "he didn't speak to me."

A good many older people might answer in the same way.

THE BOUNDLESS BENEFICENCE OF THE CREATOR.

The following striking thoughts are from one of the late sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, reported in the N. Y. *Methodist* :—

"If you go into a man's house, though you may not see him, you know something of him; and you know something of the woman who is the housekeeper. If you go into a painter's studio, and see what subjects he is moved to deal with, you see something of the man himself. If you go to a student's table, and see what topics he likes to think upon, you learn something of his nature. If you go into a dwelling and behold order and neatness, and taste in arrangement, you do not need to be told that you see disposition indicated by material things. If you see uncleanness, untidiness, and disorder, you do not simply see filth and a want of order,—you see a mind that was not pained by disorder and uncleanness. If you see, on the other hand, beauty and attractiveness, you do not see these alone, but instantly and spontaneously say: 'Ah! some one lives here that knows how to live.'"

"Years ago, when I travelled in the West, there were hotels there which they called *houses of entertainment*. There was a choice between these hotels and the barn; but it usually lay with the barn. I used to ride frequently several hours rather than to take the first that I met. I watched for houses with flowers in the window. I looked for houses that had something of a yard. For when I found a flower, I found a woman that loved flowers; and when I found a woman that loved flowers, I found a woman that had a natural element of refinement about her. There was something beautiful in her. Now, the flower was not merely a flower to me: it was the sign of a person that had a certain kind of disposition."

"When I look into nature, I see—what? Not sticks, not stones, not flowers, not trees,—I see Him that made them. I see things that were created by Christ Jesus. When I look upon the heavens of the natural world, I behold Him who made the natural world. If I see frugality, narrowness of compass, want of variety, I am not mistaken as to the disposition of the creator; but if, on the other hand, I find abundance, superabundance, endless change, and endless variety, I cannot be mistaken."

"Now, we that see the revelation of nature, see God's disposition. These are his gardens; these are his fields; this is his coloring; this is his frescoing; these are his seasons; and I can, from these elements, infer his disposition, as much as I can infer a man's disposition from those things which go to make up his housekeeping. Is he not a God that does exceeding abundantly beyond what we ask or think?"

"The prodigality of nature; the immensity of those agents which are at work in the natural world; the vast circuits and quantities of heat