

stake. What madness had taken possession of the realm! What fury had changed the heart of a kind old man, weak and frail, rapidly approaching his own end, to a bitter, unrelenting, un pitying persecutor! For such was Reginald Pole. Some have tried to make it otherwise, but the fact remains, that during his reign of power with the Queen, when a word from him might have prevented it, the fires of persecution burned the fiercest, and the greatest number of victims fell.


For this there must have been some special reason, and it may be found in the following facts: During the time that he was Archbishop the pope was his deadly enemy. His friend Julius III. had died. The new pope was Paul IV., who in earlier life had never liked Cardinal Pole. That dislike led him, when pope, to accuse Pole of heresy, and to summon him before the Inquisition. The curious fact then exists that Pole, who burned people right and left for heresy, was himself accused of false doctrine, and was under the ban of the Inquisition. This was something which lay heavily upon him. He tried hard to free himself from it. But the pope was immovable, and Pole consented to the burnings that he might prove himself to be no heretic. This seems reasonable. It accounts for much in his conduct as Archbishop that is otherwise inexplicable.

The reign of Queen Mary fortunately drew rapidly to a close. She had become the most unhappy of women. Her husband, for whom she had entertained a mad passion, had practically deserted her; her armies had been unsuccessful, and territory long the property of the British crown was taken from her; her people were unhappy, and her very name she knew was held in abhorrence by many. All this embittered her life. Disease preyed upon her. She ceased to smile, and occasionally would break out into paroxysms of grief and rage terrible to behold, till at last, on the 17th of November, 1558, she died. Her cousin, the Archbishop—whose wife at one time she thought she might be—was himself at the time lying upon his death bed. They told him the Queen was dead. He heard the news quietly, and then himself prepared for the last moments. He fell asleep, and awoke no more on earth. He and Mary—once the little princess whom he had loved—departed this life together—the one within twenty-four hours of the other—and passed to their last and solemn account.

In St. Thomas' Chapel, Canterbury Cathedral, a raised tomb, somewhat conspicuous, is shown as that of Reginald Pole, the last Primate of England that ever wore the red hat of the Roman Cardinal.

Most people succeed, not by doing many things as well as others, but some one thing better than others.

NAGOYA, JAPAN.

 HE Rev. Canon Tristram, in the *Leisure Hour*, gives the following interesting account of Nagoya, where the Rev. J. C. Robinson has his mission:—

"The next day we took the train from Gotemba to Nagoya, 176 miles farther on, and the fourth city of Japan in population, 350,000, a principal seat of the porcelain manufacture. Here the Canadian branch of our Church has a mission, supported by Wycliffe College, Toronto. The journey was accomplished in eight hours, through a rich, fertile plain, the most extensive in the country, thickly peopled and well wooded. Part of our route lay close to the sea, and we crossed the mouths of two rivers, wide and shallow, by trestle bridges, each nearly a mile long. We had among our fellow-passengers Bishop Bickersteth, who was going on beyond us. We had also in our carriage a native lady of very winning and refined appearance, who soon introduced herself to my daughter as a Christian from Osaka. Three officers also entered the carriage, one of whom, a very gentlemanly man, the head of the police at Nagoya, spoke English, and told me he knew our missionaries there. He told me he felt very much complimented by finding that I smoked the light tobacco of the country, which, he said, most foreigners despised. At a roadside station luncheon boxes were purchased. For ten sen, that is fivepence, I had handed to me a beautifully-made oblong chip box with a lid, full of rice, a pair of new wooden chop-sticks, still joined at one end to show they had never been used, in a pretty paper envelope, and another similar box, done up in picturesque paper, containing nine different articles of food, arranged like a bouquet, with strips of green bamboo leaf, cut with scissors, to separate them. It was a perfect gem of Japanese art and neatness. Among the items were a very small boiled cuttle-fish, which was very good, white beans cooked with sugar, boiled seaweed, pickle, a mushroom, a tiny rice-flour pudding, a rice-flour sponge-cake, a lump of Turkish delight, and two vegetables, to me unknown. It is needless to say that the dishes were microscopical, and were not very much larger than the dolls' feasts to which grandchildren invite me. We had a kuruma ride of two miles through the vast city from the station of Nagoya to the hospitable roof of our Canadian friends, the Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Robinson.

"Nagoya is full of interest, ancient and modern, historical and artistic. The central feature, which catches the eye from every part of the city, is the castle, probably the finest specimen of an old Daimio's residence in the country, and as now it is Government property it is one of the few that have been carefully preserved. It is the Alnwick Castle of Japan,