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Under Henry 'Beauclerc.'

I think some of my young readers can tell me who Henry 'Beauclerc' was, who was his father, and when he began to reign, and how he lost his only son, Prince William. But it is not of King Henry I have to tell you, but of a great Norman Baron, Ralph de Cours, who lived in his reign, and was one of his richest nobles. De Cours had a strong castle by the seashore, but it has long since crumbled to decay.

There was once a very sore feeling between the Norman and Saxons, and in the hamlet

every Norman could be blotted out from the earth!

Arthur kept his dark resolve, and, drawing his bow, shot at De Cours as he rode among the trees; but the Baron had perceived his intention, and swerved aside, calling him by name.

Finding he was recognized, Arthur made his escape, and hid himself for weeks in the thick woods, only coming at evening sometimes to see his wife and his little daughter. His life now was wretched; for ever on the watch against capture by De Cours, not able

voice ere long beside him. 'You are called the Thane Arthur, are you not? I know you—a forester of gentle blood, but vengeful nature.'

'Take my freedom, my life,' cried Arthur, throwing himself at the Baron's feet, 'but spare my little Freda. I surrender myself to you, for my child is in your power. Even now, perchance, she is tortured; or, tell me the worst, is she killed?'

'You think ill of me, but come and see her,' said the Baron, leading the way up a stone staircase to a spacious room. And Arthur followed, half blind with agony and suspense.

In the arms of the lady of the castle lay little Freda, nestled to sleep. The Baron and his lady had lost three little ones, and the stray bird had been most tenderly sheltered by them. Arthur, strong man as he was, burst into tears as he saw his child so fondly cared for in the house of his enemy.

'Do you think I war with babes?' asked the Baron, smiling. 'Arthur, you erred when you drew that arrow. I am no enemy to the Saxon race. I long to heal their wounds, and to feel that the whole country is at peace. Go home in safety; I shall not revenge myself by hurting you. Next time you will know me better, and you will not repeat such an attempt.'

'I will not go home, noble heart!' cried Arthur. 'I will devote myself to your service, and protect you from your foes. I have misjudged you too long; let me learn nobility and honor from you now.'

The Baron looked well pleased, and answered:

'Your friendship will calm the fears of every Saxon round me; at present they will not believe I am anxious to satisfy their pleas. Arthur, I have heard you can use a bow right well, and there are other weapons in which you will soon be skilled, though Heaven forbid that warfare should ever be heard around these walls. Come to the castle as my esquire, and the Lady de Cours will find room for the good lady whom this little one calls 'Mother.' As for sweet Freda, she shall be dear to me as my own.'

The time came when little Freda inherited the Baron's wealth and lands, and was proclaimed mistress of the castle. The Saxons around were satisfied that one of their own race ruled them, and strong, stern hearts were moved when she told them that the great Norman Baron's dying words had been, as his retainers wept for the loss of one so mighty and so merciful, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'—Margaret Haycraft in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

The Courage That Can Face Failure.

A few years ago a strong man felt the approaches of incipient disease, and consulted his family physician. The doctor looked more grave than he expected, and after several office visits suggested a visit to a specialist. He also looked grave, and the patient said:

'You needn't hesitate to tell me the truth.'



to take advantage of his happy home, he was indeed most miserable.

One morning his wife sought him in the thicket where he was living, outlawed by his guilty attempt, and told him that wee Freda had strayed away, and she had heard that De Cours had found her in the woodland paths, and caught her up beside him on horseback.

'They will kill my darling, my birdie!' groaned the unhappy father. 'De Cours will have her tortured to death when he discovers whose child she is. I must go up to the castle and surrender myself; thus only can I save my child.'

'But, Arthur, they say these Normans have deep, dark dungeons. What will become of you? Shall I never see you again?'

'I must save our child,' was his only answer. And the poor wife knew her only help was in fervent prayer to the God alike of strong and weak.

Arthur entered the courtyard of the castle for the first time, and besought audience of De Cours. As he waited, watched by the sentinel, who wondered what the Saxon's business could be, and knew not this was the man who had nearly murdered the Baron, he looked across to the fair country where his forefathers had been Thanes so long, and he took a yearning farewell of sunshine, home, and sky.

'What want you with me?' asked the Baron's

near the forest lived a young Saxon named Arthur, who hated De Cours, and who cherished this angry feeling to such an extent that he made up his mind to kill him. Not that he would have helped the Saxons by doing so, but he wickedly longed to gratify his hatred of the Baron who lived at the castle. Arthur had a good wife, and she asked God to soften her husband's heart; but she shuddered one day when Arthur told her he had heard the Baron would be hunting in the forest before long. 'And then,' he said, 'let him meet the same fate as William Rufus. Would that