

"Ah, then ! that Bible loving few
Re-fused, and held their way,
And me! in caverns far remote,
To read, and praise, and pray.

"But sad to tell, they were betrayed,
And creatures fierce and bold
Came down on that devoted band
Like wolves upon the fold.

"And where a stern tribunal sat,
In priestly pomp and pride,
'Mid mitred heads and shaven crowns,
They dragg'd them to be tried.

"The two sweet sisters, hand in hand,
Amongst them could be seen ;
They both refused the Roman Church,
The Church of England's queen.

"The Bishop said to Margaret,
'Row to the Pontiff's will ;
Abjure thy faith' ; she meekly said,
'Please God, I never will.

"The Pope is but a mortal man,
'Tis Christ who sets us free ;
I need no man save Christ the Lord,
Between my God and me.'

"Hold, for thy life ! the prelate cried,
Fanatic, do you know
What 'tis to die a lingering death
Of agony and woe ?

"She lifted up her calm, blue eyes,
And slowly, firmly said,
'My Saviour gave His life for me,
For *Him* my blood I'll shed.'

"Enough," he cried, 'your doom is sealed,
For mercy vainly cry ;
Your weeping sister shall be spared,
But you, rash girl, shall die.'

"They led her where the tide was out,
And bound her to a stake
With iron chains, as tho' they feared
The frail thing could escape.

"Robed in pure white, serene she stood,
And o'er her shoulder fair
Her long hair fell in golden showers—
Her hands were clasped in prayer.

"A weeping crowd stood on the shore,
For all had loved her well ;
The very wind moaned o'er the rocks,
And seemed to sigh her knell.

"She sees the hungry waves draw nigh—
She hears the breakers roar
In answer to the rising wind,
And roll upon the shore.

"They reach her snowy feet ; then rides
Into the stormy sea,
A man with pardon in his hand
If she'll a Papist be.

"Now, say you will recant," he cried,
'And we will set you free !'
'I love my Lord too well,' she said,
'His love is liberty.'

"The man rides back—the waves rush on,
As eager for a race ;
Her waist they reach, the maddened spray
Now dashes in her face.

"Again they ride—again they cry,
'Revoke your words and live !'
'Tempt me no more,' the maid replied ;
'My life I freely give.'

"Higher and higher rose the tide —
Salt tears stood in her eyes,
They saw her hair like bright sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

"Once more they struggled through the sea ;
'Give in—give up !' they cry ;
'The tide is strong—five minutes more,
And you must surely die !'

"But in that last and bitter trial,
Above the storm and clear,
Her mother's last and dying words,
Were ringing in her ear.

"A radiant smile lit up her face—
She wished, she longed to go ;
And raising her bright eyes to heaven,
She firmly answered 'No !'

"Then bent her head beneath the flood—
A struggle—all is done ;
And her pure spirit winged its flight
To rest beyond the sun."

ADA L. MARTEN.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Japan has appropriated \$630,765 for its representation at the Exposition. A splendid Japanese exhibit is assured.

The World's Fair Board for Kansas is promoting a plan whereby it is expected that the expense of erecting the Exposition building for that State will be borne by school pupils. The proposition is to have all the schools in the State observe a "World's Fair Day," by holding an entertainment with music, recitations, tableaux, etc., to which a small entrance fee will be charged. The proceeds are expected to be sufficient to pay for the State building. Over the main entrance of the structure it is proposed to have the words : "Erected by the School Children of Kansas."