

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure that He will give them back—bright, pure and beautiful. We know He will, but keep our own and His until we fall asleep. We know He does not mean to break the strands reaching between the Here and There. He does not mean—through Heaven's fair—To change the spirits entering there, that they forget. The eyes unraised and wet, The lips too still for prayer, The mute despair. He will not take The spirits which He gave, and make The glorified so low That they are lost to me and you. I do believe They will rejoice Us—you and me—and be so glad To meet us that when most I would grow sad I just begin to think about that gladness. And the day When they shall tell us all about the way That they have learned to go—Heaven's pathways show.

My lot, my own, and I Shall have so much to see together by and by. I do believe that just the same sweet face, But glorified, is waiting in the place Where we shall meet, if only I Am counted worthy that by and by. I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise. To tear strained, saddened eyes, And that His Heaven will be Most glad, more glad, through with joy for you and me, As we have suffered most. God never made Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade. And placed them side by side—So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—And meant to break The quivering threads between. When I am quite sure, I will be very glad To see that little while we were so sad. —George Klinge.

Little Margery's Crusade.

A STORY OF THE BAY OF THE LION-HEART.

BY FRED HENRY COLBY.

"Is that Jerusalem, mother?" asked a pretty, rosy cheeked little girl, her black eyes dancing with delight and expectation, at the sight of the towers and spires of a city rising up from the sea. "It is the holy city where the Lord Jesus was killed by those wicked Jews!" "Hush, my Margery," answered a stately woman, bending down to kiss the eager, upturned face. "That is not Jerusalem, but St. Jean d'Acres. Solyma the holy city where the Lord Jesus was killed by those wicked Jews!" "Shall we never get there?" asked the child, plaintively. "I did not know Jerusalem was such a long way off, and I wish so much to see the Holy Sepulchre."

"Yes, we shall go there in good time, Margery, and you shall kneel at the sepulchre of Christ, that is, if King Richard succeeds in wresting the city from the infidels." "And King Richard will," cried Margery, "he is so brave and brave, none can resist him. Oh, will it not be grand to drive out the pagans, and go to pray at the place where our Lord was laid?" "It will, indeed. Every Christian heart will rejoice when the holy city is once more free to the humble pilgrims can visit our Lord's tomb without danger of insult or injury from infidel hands. The dear Christ will certainly aid his cause."

"Mother," said Margery, looking up, "when I was a little child, I used to read of the crown of thorns when He was on earth. If King Richard conquers Jerusalem will he wear a crown of thorns, too?" "Every crown has its thorns, my child, and our brave king doubtless finds them in the royal diadem of England and Aquitaine. But Richard is not a claimant of the throne of Jerusalem, although it may rest with him to say who shall wear the golden circlet of the Baldwin's."

"Let us hope that his choice may fall on a good man and a true. Oh, will it not be a grand thing to see the Jerusalem look as grand as that?" and Margery pointed to the shore, now drawing near, where the fair Syrian city should like gold in the light of the morning sun. "Yes, much grander, my Margery. The City of the Great King is the most beautiful place on earth. They say it is like a glimpse of paradise, the sight of its golden walls and shining spires."

"And it may be grand to reign there," murmured the young girl. "Sir Richard where our Lord once spoke his wondrous sayings?" "It is greater to be a king in heaven, my daughter," said the noble lady, drawing the slight childish form to her bosom. "There can be few kings on earth, but each one of us can wear a crown of gold and reign with God above, if we only will. The promise is given to every one who leadeth a holy life here. But those who murmur and who fret, who are not content with the things of this world, He will not bless."

"And I have been so wicked!" murmured the little prattler. "Nearly every day I have complained, and yesterday I struck poor Waleran, because he said to me that I was not fit to be a crusader and ought to have stayed at home."

"Your brother ought not to have spoken so," observed Lady Mettingham; "but you also should have kept your temper. I regret that my little daughter did not remember the holy words about 'he that is slow to anger is greater than he that taketh a city.' Above all, pilgrims of the Cross should not quarrel with each other." And she placed her hand significantly on the piece of crimson silk worked in the shape of a cross on the shoulder of the girl's surplisette.

Mother and daughter stood on the deck of one of the vessels of King Richard's fleet that was sailing from Marseilles to the Holy Land, bearing the warriors of the third crusade. Sir Gildard Mettingham was one of the valiant

Norman chiefs, and had command of one of the one hundred great vessels that constituted the fleet of the English King. And although it was to be an enterprise of war and conquest, and not a gentle fishing crew on board, King Richard's own wife, Queen Berengaria, and his sister, Queen Joanna of Sicily, being among the number.

It was in the month of May when the English fleet, first anchored before the walls of Acre, which was then in a state of league, and for twenty thousand Mussulmen were in the city, and the great Saladin was expected every day to give his aid to the garrison. The arrival of the mighty Plantagenet changed the aspect of affairs, however, and a month afterwards Acre surrendered to the combined Christian forces, June 12, 1191.

It had been somewhat tedious to those on board the ships during the siege, and many wistful glances cast toward the green Syrian shore; thus as soon as Acre was delivered to the Christians, every person was eager to go to land.

It was a bright, beautiful day, albeit the hot sun of the East shone on its intense beams upon the city when the crusaders went ashore. The sparkling waters of the harbor were covered with countless boats, and the quays were crowded with countless throngs of people. The banners of England and France floated together from the battlements of Acre and the churches of the city, long profaned by the prayers of the infidel, now listened to the praises of Christian worshippers.

Among the crowd of eager and restless wanderers, now mingling with the armed knights and soldiers, now stopping to chat with the dark, handsome oriental women and children, might have been Margery and her brother Waleran. Every one wore his holiday garb, and Margery was dressed in a green robe with tight sleeves, and a loose girde of silver. On her feet she had short boots, embroidered, and her pretty face was half concealed by the wimple, or veil of silk that she wore bound to her forehead by a golden fillet. The young lad sported hose of black velvet, green boots, a tunic of violet color, a crimson dalmatica, and a black cap with a feather in it.

"What ho! my merry pilgrims, whither away?" cried a pleasant voice above them, as the two children passed under the balcony of a dark, towering palace over whose roof floated the three lions of Normandy and England.

They looked up at the friendly, young face of a boy about the same own age; whom they recognized as having seen once before on the warship in the harbor, where he had come with one of King Richard's knights with a message to their father.

"Hello, yourself, Master Rene," answered Waleran to the young Provencal page of Richard of Aquitaine. "Come within," shouted Rene; and the next moment he was rushing down the stairs among the guards and officers stationed at the door of the royal abode.

"The lady of Lusignan," he said to the steward of the house who had his place in front of the doorway, and at the waterword the guardian drew back, allowing the children to enter.

"Come up to my chamber," said the page. "From the window you can behold the sea and everything that passeth in the street below. King Richard will be here anon, and with him King of Lusignan."

"He that is to be king of Jerusalem," inquired Margery. "He that is already king," answered Rene, "for our lord King Richard hath ordained it. I am glad, therefore, for I fancy not that dark churning Italian, Conrad of Montferrat."

"Nay, but they say he is the better knight," said Margery, in her impetuous manner. "That mayeth be, but I will not. However, he of Lusignan was the husband of Queen Sybilla of glorious memory and hath been regent of the kingdom. Conrad hath taken himself to Antioch, so I speak truly that Guy of Lusignan is king."

"There comes the train of our king," cried Waleran, excitedly, as the blast of a trumpet rang out; and as the children rushed to the casement they beheld the feudal array riding up the street.

It was a sight to fire the heart and quicken the pulses of even older people, that martial troop of knights and barons and men-at-arms, arrayed in the splendid panoply of the age, and led by the bravest king and most perfect knight of Christendom, Richard the Lion-Heart himself. The king tall and strong, bearded his mighty warsteed like Colossus, dwarfing every one else that rode beside him.

"That is the lord of Lusignan, that is the king of Jerusalem," said Rene, pointing to a knight who rode close to Richard, and was even more sumptuously dressed than the great chief of the crusade himself.

"Oh, he is indeed a gallant monarch," exclaimed Rene, admiringly; "and though he can countenance and wield axe so bravely, yet can he sing songs and touch a lute as rarely as a princess might. His queen is a noble lady, too; 'Mary bless her starry eyes!'"

"But she is not as fair as he is handsome," said Margery. "How tall he is, and isn't his hair beautiful! I wish I were his wife, for I like him. If ever I marry, my husband shall have hair and eyes just like King Richard's." And the little lady looked as if her mind was made up and would be unchangeable.

"Then he will probably look more like the old Man of the Mountains," declared Rene, smiling; for they say that a woman always marries just opposite to what she says she will. But I have forgotten to tell you that tomorrow is to be the greatest day of all. Six thousand captive infidels are in the camp, in chains, and every one of them will lose his head by the executioner's axe outside the walls of Jerusalem."

"That will be serving those Turks right," said Waleran. "They have been killing the Christians like hogs; they ought to be butchered."

"He is good to your enemies?" It will dishonor Christian knighthood to suffer such an inhuman massacre."

"They are only infidels," said Rene. "Yes, but they are also human beings," asserted Margery, "made in the image of God. He will be angry, and we shall not prosper if this great wrong is done."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if you did marry a Saracen after all, Margery," said her brother scornfully. "Perhaps you will get the same of Saladin himself. I can imagine it, you take their part so valiantly."

"Waleran!" she cried indignantly, a dash of red appearing on each cheek. Then she desisted, for her mother's words about the danger of Saladin himself. "Why, he will order his squires to carry you home to your mother!"

"King Richard is a knight and a gentleman," answered Margery. "You may laugh at me, Waleran, but I shall do as I say. It is what a knight should do; and I am not his disciple."

And all through the excitement of that day she could not keep out of her mind the thought of all those captive Turks butchered in cold blood. Her determination only grew stronger all the time to visit the king and implore him to forbid the execution. She meant to see her confidant, not even her mother; but that evening, just as the stars were coming out in the Syrian sky and the waters of Acre cast deep shadows in the towers of the Mediterranean, unattended, she sought the quarters of King Richard.

Some suggestive facts respecting the ordinary length of human life are given in an article in Cassell's Family Magazine. It was once remarked by an astute observer of the laws that govern human life that "before an individual was born it was 20,000 to 1 against his dying at a given age of a given malady; and this is still, and must ever remain, true. Scientific investigation has led to the discovery of a series of facts connected with the length of life, not only astonishing with the minuteness of their details, but astounding us with their wonderful accuracy. By such means we know that, for instance, a clergyman who has attained thirty years of age has an expectation of thirty-five more; that an agricultural laborer of the same age has an expectation of forty more; while a sovereign can claim no more than twenty-two or twenty-three years beyond that given age. This last fact would seem to demonstrate the truth that while royalty comes upon its possessors all the advantages and enjoyments of the world in the highest degree, it certainly does not confer on them that which is to be esteemed as far more precious than them all—the blessing of long life. The chronological table, showing the number of the kings and queens of England from William the Conqueror downward, their ages at death, in addition to the probable cause or manner of death, would appear to support this assertion.

It is a strange, though by no means unaccountable, that the physicians who practice are shorter-lived than almost any other of the professional classes. The solution of this has been offered by one of themselves, as follows: "Physicians have the best opportunity of observing those prudential rules and precautions for preserving health which they lay down for others, and there are fewer employments in which the powers both of the body and mind are exposed to so much consumption as this. Head and feet must be always exercised in common. But the greatest mortality prevails during the first ten years of their practice. And after that they become inured to the fatigue, and almost impervious to the noxious effluvia, infectious disorders, or even the melting scenes, or men which their professional duties call them." Still there are some who have attained to a great age.

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head, Richard of England is mortal, and must not be judged with the same judgment as the Saviour. I know that this violence must seem terrible to you. Alas! that the sad necessities of war force us to this extremity. It is not only a punishment, but as a warning that this execution is permitted. The Moslems have hitherto inhumanly murdered men. If we once show them that we can be ruthless, too, it will teach them a lesson, and the lives of Christian prisoners will be safe. It is a sad but a necessary vengeance."

But what said, if your enemy smite you one cheek turn to him the other also," pleaded Margery. "Your faith in humanity is great, little one, and would that my crusaders had your heart and your bravery; but the power is not mine to do as you wish. I wish that it could be otherwise, and for your sake, my little maiden, I will not view the execution. Richard of England promises you that little, and gives you his hand in perfect amity."

And the mighty crusader stooped his lofty figure, and kissed the girl on her forehead with a caress as gentle as though he had kissed a flower. Margery turned to go. She had done all that she could; but the king detained her. "One moment, beloved, you must not return home unattended." He spoke a few words to a gaily dressed young page near him, who disappeared immediately on his errand.

It scarcely seemed a minute, when the heavy draperies were flung aside once more, and a woman entered, serene, gracious, imperial, appraised as became the queen of Richard of England and Aquitaine.

"My Berengaria," said Richard, "here is a brave little pilgrim who would do us much good and protection. See that no evil comes to her." And he dismissed them with a wave of the hand.

Neither the girl crusader nor the great crusading leader ever saw Jerusalem. All the valor of the lion-heart could not win the City of the Great King from the firm grasp of Saladin; and Conrad died his face behind his great shield and would not look upon the city that he could not save. But who can say that the crusade of Margery de Mettingham was less fatal to England than the peerless king. Who knows what influence her pleading words had upon the heart of this gallant and magnificent sovereign? We know that his last act was a generous and a noble one; and as his pardon was given, the young and the arrow wrought his doom, perhaps it was the memory of little Margery's words that melted the stern warrior's heart to mercy and forgiveness.

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All reliable articles, and have held their place in public estimation for many years. My Gold Pain, however, is new, and a superior article, price low. To be had at Chaloner's, 115 St. James Street, Toronto. Business now owned and controlled by S. McDIARMID, Esq.

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Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.: Gentlemen,—In playing Tennis I wrenched my ankle, causing me much suffering and inconvenience, but by using MINARD'S LINIMENT I was not confined to the house a single day. After five days I was able to continue training for the sports at the Halifax Carnival for which I had entered.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. CHANGE OF TIME.

TWO TRIPS per WEEK. AFTER MONDAY, March 9th, 1891, and until further notice, one of the Steamers of this Company will leave

ST. JOHN FOR— BOSTON, Via KASHPORT & PORTLAND.

Every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.30, Eastern Standard Time. Returning, leaves Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 8.30.

Through first and second class Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all Nova Scotia railways, and on board steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.

C. E. LACHLER, Agent, St. John, N. B. E. A. WALDRON, General Agent, Boston. J. B. COYLE, Manager Portland.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '90. Winter Arrangement '91. ON and AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER, 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John, N.B. Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.10 a.m. Accommodation for Point de Chene, 7.16 a.m. Fast Express for Halifax, 7.20 a.m. Express for Sussex, 7.30 a.m. Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12.30 p.m. A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock, and Halifax at 12.30 o'clock. Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.30, and take sleeping cars at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 12.30 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 12.05 p.m. Trains will arrive at Saint John, N.B. Express from Sussex, 8.30 a.m. Accommodation from Point de Chene, 8.35 a.m. (Monday excepted). Fast Express from Halifax, 8.40 a.m. Day Express from Halifax, 8.45 a.m. Fast Express from Halifax, 8.50 a.m.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Quebec and Montreal are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive. All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. J. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, 30th November, 1890.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON and AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, the Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Arrive at Digby at 8.15 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections at Digby with steamer MONTICELLO, to and from Annapolis, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Yarmouth, N.S. J. BRIGGS, Gen. Supt.

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