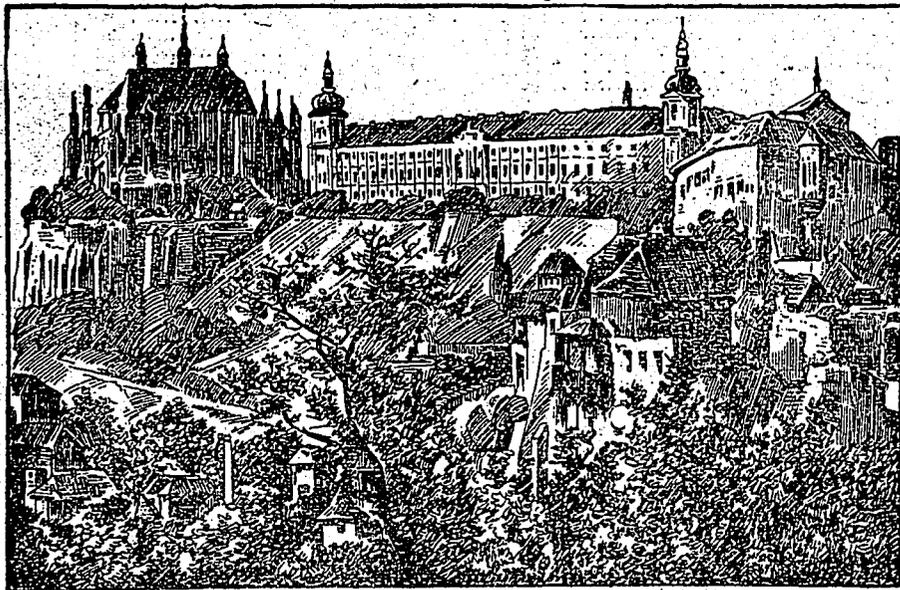


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KUTTENBERG CASTLE.

'Kuttenberg, in Bohemia, in the old days, was a favorite residence of emperors and kings. It was from here that the leader of the Taborites, Zizka, drove King Sigismund, and Kuttenberg was afterwards a favorite town of King George of Podiebrad. Its inhabitants of to-day reverence its past vigorous history, and their schools and institutions show an intellectual life that is yet full of vigor, and provocative of much thought to a stranger.

'The crowning beauty of Kuttenberg is the very remarkable church, or rather fragment of a church, dedicated to St. Barbara. It is really only the choir of a great cathedral, but this choir is so great in its proportions that it is nearly as large as some of our English cathedrals. The approach to it is along a terrace with a barrack on one hand and groups of Renaissance figures along the parapet on the other. The barrack was formerly a Jesuit college, and most of the Renaissance work in Kuttenberg is due to Jesuit influence.

'It was here that John Huss, in 1409, heard King Wenzel's judgment against him and his prophetic warning that he did not incur the 'proof of Fire.' Huss says Pa'acky, left Kuttenberg nearly hopeless, and fell into so terrible a sickness that men doubted for his life.

'In 1419, the miners of Kuttenberg, then the second town in Bohemia, were the most terrible enemies of the Chalciers, as the more moderate of the two Hussite parties were called. The name refers to the belief that the laity in the communion should take both the bread and wine.

'Leave was given to kill Hussit's without trial and a reward offered of one shock of groschen (i.e., sixty shillings) for a lay heretic, and five shocks for a Hussite priest; and this had the effect of making the prisoners so numerous that some were burnt, others beheaded, and others thrown down the pit shafts. . . History asserts that no less than 5,496 human beings were hurled down one shaft.'—From 'Pictures from Bohemia.'

In Her Place.

(By Margaret P. Boyle, in 'Presbyterian Witness'.)

Arthur Robinson was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. He had always been a good son to her, and because of his devotion, she loved him with that blind adoration which mothers often feel for an only child. He was all the world to her, and, if she thought at all upon the other side of the question, she supposed she was to him.

So she gave a little start of surprise as he said at breakfast one morning: 'Mother, I'd like to bring you some company this afternoon, may I?'

'Certainly, dear; who is it, one of the boys from the office?'

Arthur's face flushed as he answered: 'Oh, no, mother, it's Mr. Taylor's daughter, Mary. You know, Mr. Taylor has invited me there a good many times, and every time I went I liked her better, until, mother, I knew I couldn't be happy without her, and so I told her so, and she has promised to come

here to stay some day. So I want to bring her to see you. I know you will like her. Aren't you glad?' he added in the boyish way his mother had always thought especially charming.

'I am always glad when you are happy, Arthur,' answered his mother. But her tone lacked the fervor that Arthur had expected.

So he went away a little disappointed. And all the morning Mrs. Robinson went sorrowfully about her simple household duties. These new hopes of Arthur's had been such a surprise to her. True, she had often heard him speak of going to Mr. Taylor's home to dinner and to spend the evening, but she had never thought that the Miss Taylor she had heard him mention was more to him than any other acquaintance. Mr. Taylor filled a responsible position in the office where Arthur was employed, commanded a large salary, and was able to give his family a much more luxurious home than this modest one of hers.

As she carefully washed and set away the delicate china which had been her mother's,

she wondered how long it would be before they all were broken, for, of course, brought up as Miss Taylor had been she would know nothing of housekeeping.

Then, with the unselfishness which is such a beautiful characteristic of mother-love, she said: 'There, how silly I am! I chose for myself, and never regretted it, and I guess Arthur can do the same.' She must be a nice girl, or he wouldn't love her. So I'll do my best this afternoon.'

Accordingly she met them with her sweet and gracious courtesy, brought out slices of the pound cake on which she prided herself, and served tea in her delicate cups. But still Arthur was conscious that the call was not all he had hoped. The world in which his mother had lived was too different from Mary's for them to blend intimately.

Next day his mother praised her sweet face and stately form, and Arthur said: 'Yes, she is lovely, and when she is your daughter she will be such a help and comfort to you, mother.'

'And the mother answered: 'Yes, I hope we'll all be very happy.'

'Indeed we will, mother dear, only three months more.'

The three months sped away, and one golden October day, in the presence of loving friends, Arthur Robinson and Mary Taylor made the solemn promises which were to affect their whole lives for better or for worse, and it was all over. Rather, it had just begun, for another new home was founded with all its almost limitless possibilities for good or ill.

As soon as Arthur brought his bride home, Mrs. Robinson resigned her place as mistress saying:

'Here, my dear, this is Arthur's house, and it is only right that you should be at its head. I'll try never to interfere with you, but if you want my advice, I will be glad to give it. However, I think you will get on nicely, for I have Lucy well trained now.'

'Thank you, I hope to,' answered young Mrs. Robinson.

Thus her mother-in-law, old Mrs. Robinson now, became an observer in the house where she had long been chief actor. From her quiet post of observation she began to see strange things. It seemed that Lucy's training on which she had so prided herself, had been all wrong. The very first day changes began.

'Don't set the table in that old-fashioned way, Lucy. It takes away my appetite to see it. Put the knives and forks here, like this.'

So Lucy began learning the new ways. All the dishes upon which Mrs. Robinson had prided herself, and whose preparation she had so carefully taught Lucy, were set aside, and concoctions from a modern cook-book were substituted. Mary had been taught a course at cooking-school, so thought advice quite unnecessary, though the family were in imminent peril of indigestion as a result of her crude efforts.

Arthur, like the average man, was very susceptible to well-cooked meals, and one day, when a more pronounced failure than usual appeared at the table he said: