

I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But do you know," said the general, "that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir, I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying I'm willing to run the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The general hesitated a moment, but finally said, with emotion: "Kirkland, it's sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go!"

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall and applied himself to his work of Christ-like mercy. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished every one in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot. Hatred forbore its rage in a tribute to a deed of pity.

Execution of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

The following is a brief narration of the incidents connected with the last act of this Royal tragedy, and more particularly of the striking scene which Mr. Gilbert has so happily illustrated:

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, 1587, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, and their attendants, arrived at Fotheringay Castle to execute the warrant for Mary's death. Beale, the clerk of Elizabeth's Council, had brought down the executioner, clad in a complete suit of black, on the 5th, and had settled with Sir Amias Paulet, one of Mary's keepers, the preliminary arrangements for her execution. When the Earls arrived and demanded an audience, Mary, being indisposed, was retiring to bed. "In the name of God," she exclaimed, bowing her head and crossing herself, when the warrant had been read, "these tidings are welcome, and I bless and praise Him that the end of all my bitter sufferings is at hand! I did not think the Queen my sister would ever have consented to my death; but God's will be done." Being told, in answer to her question, that her death was appointed for the following morning at eight o'clock, she asked that the time might be prolonged to enable her to make her will, to provide for her servants, and to perform the offices of her religion. But this was refused, as also was her request that she might be allowed to see her Almoner, De Preau, though he was within the castle. Having then made a disposition of the little money and trinkets and clothes which she possessed, she wrote to De Preau, asking him to recommend such prayers and portions of Scripture as he considered best adapted to her condition, desiring him also to pray with her during the night, that in this way, as no other was permitted, she might make her confession to him and receive absolution. Her will, and a letter to the King of France declaring her innocence and recommending her servants to his care, occupied her till two in the morning; and then, her attendants having washed her feet, she desired that the gospel relating the conversion of the penitent thief might be read to her. After this she lay down, but not to sleep, for her attendants, who stood weeping around her, had observed that, though her eyes were closed and her features settled in the repose of sleep, her lips continued to move as if in prayer, and that a smile every now and then passed over her countenance.

At six o'clock she assembled her household, told her ladies she had but two hours to live, and bade them dress her as for a festival. She read her will to them, distributed her clothes and money among them, and took leave of them, kissing the women, and giving her hand to be kissed by the men. She then repaired with them to her oratory, where they knelt down behind her and spent some time in prayer. About eight o'clock the Sheriff entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking her crucifix in one hand and carrying her prayer-book in the other. Proceeding with the Sheriff to an entry next to the great hall, she was met by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, the two governors of her person, and divers Knights and gentlemen.

A scaffold had been erected in the midst of the great hall of the castle, in which, in the previous October, her trial, so to call it, had taken place. At seven o'clock the doors of the hall had been thrown open, and there were now assembled therein the gentlemen of the county who had been summoned by the Sheriff, though for what object they were not apprised, and Paulet's guard—in all nearly two hundred spectators. Preceded by the Sheriff, supported by two of Paulet's gentlemen, and accompanied by the Lords, Knights, and gentlemen by whom she had been met in the entry, Mary now proceeded to the hall, and willingly stepped up to the scaffold which was prepared for her. The stool being brought to her, she sat down, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent on her right hand, the Sheriff standing on her left; before her stood her executioners, and round about the rails the Knights, gentlemen, and others. Neither the gaze of the spectators as she entered the hall nor the sight of the terrible preparations for her death disturbed the serenity and majesty of her demeanor. As she mounted the scaffold Paulet offered her his arm. "I thank you, Sir," she said; "it is the last

She then began to prepare herself for the block. Her executioners, kneeling before her, desired her to forgive them her death. "I forgive you," she answered, "with all my heart; for now I hope you shall make an end of all my troubles." She then suffered them, with her two women, to disrobe her, observing, with a smile, "that she never had such grooms to make her unready, and that she never put off her clothes before such a company." Bereft of her outer garments, she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet, and camisole, which laced behind, and covered her arms with a pair of crimson velvet sleeves. One act more was necessary to complete her preparations. She had given her woman, Jane Kennedy, a gold-bordered handkerchief to bind her eyes. With this Kennedy placed a *corpus Christi* cloth, folded it cornerwise, and tied it over the face of her mistress. Then both women descended from the scaffold, and the Queen, kneeling down upon the cushion "without any token or feare of death," said aloud the psalm in Latin, "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum." Here, groping for the block, she laid her head down quietly, and, stretching out her

arms, she cried, "In manus tuas, Domine," &c. The Earl of Shrewsbury, as Earl Marshal, then gave the signal by raising his baton; but the executioner was so unnerved by the sobs and groans of the spectators that he trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a frightful wound in the lower part of the skull. At this awful moment the Queen remained motionless; but when, after the third blow, the head was severed from the body, and the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so contorted that the features were no longer recognizable.

"Forgettin'."

The night when last I saw my lad,
His eyes were bright an' wet;
He took my two hands in his own.
"Tis well," says he, "we're met.
Ashore machree! the likes o' me
I bid ye now forget."

Ah! sure the same's a triflin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised, well,
Away on Ballindim,
An' every little while or two
I thry forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do,
An' him not very tall.
'Tis quare the way I'll hear him spake,
A boy that's out o' call;
An' whiles I'll see him stand as plain
As e'er a six-foot wall.

Och, never fear, my jewel!
I'd forget ye now, this minute,
If I only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it;
But, first an' last, it isn't known
The heap o' trouble's in it.

Myself began the night ye went,
An' heant done it yet.
I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For where's the use to fret?
An' the memory's fairly spilt on me
With mindin' to forget!
MOIRA O'NEILL.

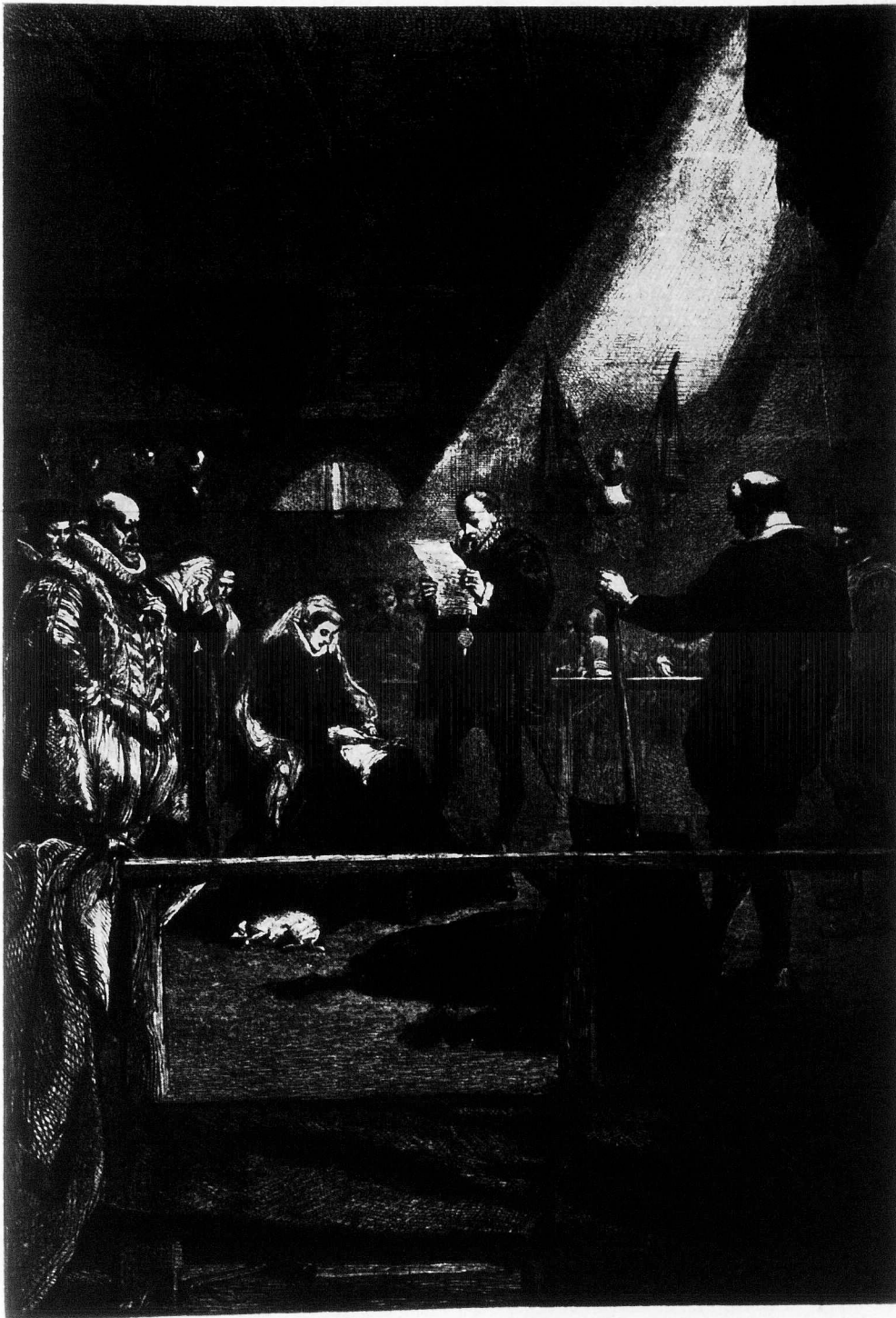
MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Library Table.

No less than seven colored plates appear in the current number of *L'Art de la Mode* in addition to these forty-five other original illustrations. A series of articles especially interesting to dressmakers is begun, making it a most desirable acquisition to any house whose inmates want to know what to wear and how to make fashionable costumes.

Massey's Magazine for March contains a most interesting article by Professor Coleman, of Toronto University, on the Significance of Low Water Levels, explaining the causes for the fluctuations of the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. The Cathode Rays receive their fair share of attention from J. C. McLennan. A panegyric on Lord Leighton, a dissertation on "Curling," and two pathetic little stories by Canadian writers are well worthy of notice. We must not omit to mention "University Life at Cambridge," and "The Encouragement of the Fine Arts, and the Embellishment of Canadian Cities," by Hamilton MacCarthy, both of which tend to make the current number of *Massey's* the success that it is.

Good Housekeeping is always a most welcome visitor, with its numerous recipes, aids to domestic economy, and hints as to the fulfilling of the requirements of social life. In the March number, specially deserving of notice are: "Domestic Economy," "Fitness and Unfitness in Dress," and "Everyday Etiquette." M. M.



EXECUTION OF MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The warrant was now read, and Mary, addressing the assembly, protested that she was a Sovereign Princess, not amenable to the laws of England, but about to suffer by injustice and violence. She declared that she had never compassed nor consented to the death of the Queen of England; that after her death, many things then buried in darkness would come to light, but that she pardoned her enemies with all her heart. On the previous day she had asked to have the service of her Almoner; the Earl of Kent had refused this favor, but offered those of the Dean of Peterborough. She now repeated her request with no better success. The Dean of Peterborough, however, whose services she had the day before declined, was resolved that she should have them with or against her will. Placing himself opposite to her, he launched into a bitter polemical composition of his own, strikingly illustrative, considering the occasion, of the asperity of religious feeling in that age. During his discourse the Queen commenced, with tears, to pray in Latin, and, at the end, she fell upon her knees and prayed in English.