

a butcher, and commanded him to set up the faggots; but he said, "I am lame, sir, and not able to lit a faggot." The sheriff threatened to send him to prison, but the man refused to obey his command notwithstanding. Then the sheriff appointed to this labour one Mulleine, of Careey, "a man for his virtues fit to be a hangman." Soyce, a very drunkard, a man named Warwick, and one Robert King, "a deviser of interludes." These four set up the faggots, and prepared for making ready the fire, and Warwick cast a faggot at the martyr, which lit upon his head and wounded his face, so that the blood ran down. Taylor said, "O, friend! I have harm enough, what needeth that?" Then, while he repeated the psalm *Miserere*, in English, Sir John Shelton struck him on the mouth. "You knave," said he, "speak Latin, or I will make thee." At last they set the faggots on fire; and Taylor, holding up both his hands, called on God, crying, "Merciful Father of Heaven! for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands!" He stood during his burning, without crying or moving, till Soyce struck him on the head with a halbert, and the brains falling out, the corpse fell down into the fire.

While some may deem this narrative of Rowland Taylor's conduct too circumstantial, others, perhaps, may not so deem. It is to be considered as exemplifying the manners of the period wherein the event occurred, and may at least be acceptable to many. It will assuredly be approved by a few who regard inflexible adherence to principle, at the hazard of death itself, as preferable to a conscience-consuming subserviency, which, while it truckles to what the mind judges to be false, depraves the heart, and saps the foundations of public virtue.

#### THE BLIND BOY.

The day was bright and beautiful—  
The boys to play had gone—  
Save one, who sat beside the door,  
Dejected and alone;  
And as the tone of merry sport  
Came faintly to his ear,  
He sighed, and from his swelling lids  
He brushed the falling tear.

His little heart was rent with pain—  
He could not join their play;  
He could not run about the fields,  
And by the brook side stray.  
The rolling hoop—the bounding ball—  
The kite borne by the wind—  
The acorn hunt—were nought to him;  
For he, alas! was blind.

He could not see the setting sun,  
And watch the glowing skies—  
The beauty of the moon and stars  
Fell not upon his eyes.  
The rainbow, when it spanned the clouds,  
Was lost unto his sight—  
And waving woods, and sparkling streams—  
For all to him was night!

These truths came fresh into his mind,  
While sitting thus apart—  
No wonder that the tear drop fell,  
And heavy was his heart.  
Ah, little did the youthful throng,  
Whose hearts were full of joy,  
Reflect upon the lonely state  
Of that poor, sightless boy!

#### LIBRARY.

When I look around upon my library, consisting of the literary remains of the most eminent authors that once lived, what an enormous wealth of intellect I behold before me, bequeathed by them to their posterity, which is often as much squandered and neglected by thousands of its thankless heirs, who care as little for the inheritance as for the memory of the testator. It is only a choice few, as it is in family inheritances, who appreciate and improve the treasures, and with the servant in the parable, put out their talent to usury.

If a library be the wardrobe of literature, it is a wardrobe that manifests the taste and intellect of the possessor, as the character of an individual may be generally estimated by his dress and company with which he usually associates. Some wardrobes contain clothing all decorated with tinsel and ornaments, but too flimsy and thin to conceal the wearer's nudity, and protect him from the inclemency of the elements. Such are works of the depraved imagination, which neither edify the understanding nor benefit the heart. Others are more substantial, and destined perhaps to outlast the wearer, but they are too cumbersome to put on, and, consequently, useless.—These are works on speculative metaphysics and subtle theories of philosophy, which, living only in the brains of their inventors, are found to be of no practical utility, and are, therefore, only remembered for the sake of the genius which devised them. Some dresses are coloured with so precarious a dye as to soil the individuals who put them on; and such are all works which offend the eye of moral delicacy and tend to demoralize the mind and the heart of the reader. Others again are not only durable but beautiful in their appearance and texture, affording a warmth, dignity and grace to all who wear them; and such are all those works which tend to improve the powers of the mental and moral understanding, and to call forth a kindred spirit of love and admiration from all who contemplate the moral picture. It is in the wardrobe of literature, as it has been at the marriage feasts of the orientals, every one is privileged to obtain the richest suit without cost; and all that is required of him is simply to enter the temple of knowledge, and wait upon the goddess till she grants him the unpurchasable boon.

Books may be also termed the chests or repositories of thought. And as we would not estimate a chest by the richness of the external ornaments, but by the value of what it contains, so those books which have nothing to recommend them but their outward dress, are only ornamented chests, destitute of any thing that is worth possessing. Yet who does not now-a-days enter rooms misnamed libraries, containing books, it is true, but proving, on examination, to be merely empty chests, neither benefiting the owner nor his enquiring friends. Let my literary trunks be ever so unsightly, as it respects their covers, if only they contain plenty of the pure mental coin within them. I surrender to any one who pleases the empty satisfaction of possessing golden caskets, but mock jewels, gaudy frames, but daubed-up pictures to disgust the eye of the discriminating critic.

#### BEAUTY AND POETRY.

Beauty is to a woman what poetry is to a language, and their similarity accounts for their conjunction; for there never yet existed a female, possessed of personal loveliness, who was not only poetical in herself, but the cause of poetry in others. Were the subject to be properly examined, it would be discovered that the first dawn of poetical genius in a man proceeds almost invariably from his acquaintance with the other sex. Where love exists, poetry must exist also; for one cannot possibly have being without the fellowship of the other—they live together, and together they perish.