

cal tale. It carries us back to the old heroic days of England, 450 years ago, when, amid persecution and violence, the principles of the Reformation were leavening all classes of society, from the lordly castle to the peasant's cot, long before the days of Luther. The central figure is Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the leader of the Lollard party, who for their love of God's pure word bore the noble name of Gospellers, bestowed in scorn by their persecutors. Around him are grouped gallant knights and squires, fair ladies and sweet damozels. Joust and tourney and banquet reproduce for us the castle life of mediæval England. This glimpse into the dim old past, reveals the warm pulsating hearts of the vanished generations long since turned to dust—their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, so akin to those that move our souls to-day. An air of verisimilitude is given to the narrative by the use of the quaint old English of the period and by quotations from Wickliffe's Bible, in which were first spoken in our mother tongue the words of life which have made England what she has been through the ages, the bulwark of liberty, and the sanctuary of the truth. We discern therein the mighty principle that enbraved the hearts of even weak women to bear persecution for Christ's sake, and that nerved the souls of the confessors to endure the fires of Smithfield. Few eyes will be unwet with tears as they read of the death in the dungeon of the Lollard maiden, and few hearts will not throb with sympathy at the gallant ride of the faithful squire, sore wounded, yet in mortal agony pressing on to the succour of Coulyng Castle. The story closes with the martyrdom of good Lord Cobham, when the smouldering embers of Protestantism seemed quenched in blood. But from those embers has sprung the immortal fire which by God's grace shall never be put out. "Coulyng Castle" is as graphic

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