

of the duty of allegiance obligatory on those in the high position of the members of the Queen's Government, and of her conscience?"—*English Churchman, London.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ARLETTE, OR, THE CHILD MARTYR.

(A TRUE STORY).

Chained to the martyr pile he stands,—
A man with calm, majestic brow,
Women crowd round with pitying gaze;
What rivets his attention now?
Rigid in silent woe his face,
His lips move—yet is heard no sound—
The life blood rushes from his cheek,
As other victims come forth bound.

Fearless—yet gently—on they come,
And in their midst a maiden fair
(A child in years she might be called).
With loving eyes and golden hair;
Up to the stake she too is led,
A martyr's death awaits her there;
The father gives one long deep groan,
Then softly moved his lips in prayer.

'Arlette, my child, my precious one,
Jesus will carry us through the flame;
A crown of glory waits us both,
Bravely we'll suffer in His name;
The hour is come—the pile is lit;—
'Father,—thy hand—oh! let me clasp;
One last fond kiss he gives, and then—
Enfolds her tightly in his grasp.

But in the crowd are tender hearts,
Parents stand by with children dear,
They cannot—will not—see her die,
And many a one now presses near;
Kind hands are stretched out to the child,
And as the flames begin to spread
From the dense smoke they drag her forth—
'Thank God, in time—she is not dead.

Bow down, poor child, and sign the cross,
The Blessed Saints preserve thy life;
For hard it is that one so young
Should have to meet such fearful strife.
Welcome to our poor home thou art,
To share our children's daily bread.
The words came from a mother's heart,
As from the stake the child was led.

Stern men in awe and pity weep;
One moment paused Arlette for breath,
In vain they held her in their arms—
She struggles—not for life—but death;
'I cannot bow before the cross,
My father's fate I too will share,
The faith for which he dies, I hold,
So let me suffer with him there.'

'Back, back, good folks, press not too near,
Cries an official standing by,
He too connived Arlette's escape,
And cared not that the child should die.
One moment's freedom she hath gained
To reach her father's outstretched hands;
The flames make now the funeral shroud
Their passport to the heavenly land.

The chain—the stake—the fire is past,
The martyr's crown Arlette hath won;
But who could read with heart untouched
That thrilling story of Cologne.
And in the white celestial throng,
Reflected in Christ's diadem,
Shall shine forth many a brilliant jewel,
But foremost there—that tiny gem.

EMMA MOODY TURNER.

Among the contributors to *The Arena* for July are Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina, O. B. Frothingham, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Rev. Carlos Martyn, D.D., Junius Henri Browne, Hamlin Garland, H. O. Pentecost, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Frances E. Willard, and Gen. Marcus J. Wright.

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL,

Author of "Oughts and Crosses," "Wait till it Blooms," etc.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued)

'Ah, but then we should have to know for them in that case,' said Teddie. 'I see what Alice means. It wouldn't be fair to take more than we think the things are worth even if anybody was willing to give it; except, of course, somebody was to say to me, 'These collars would only cost about five shillings in a shop, but I think such a tremendous deal of them being your sister's work that I'll pay you a pound for them!' Why then, I suppose, it would be all right. But I'm not sure. I think I would rather have just exactly a fair price for them, no more and no less.'

I can't tell you how sweet those laces looked when they were at last quite finished; or how happy and full of hope Teddie felt as he set out with them carefully packed in a neat little basket; or how glad Alice was that she had not given way to paltry motives for hesitation; or how Mrs. Tyrrel loved them both, though she did not in her heart believe that anything would come of the venture, and tried to keep Sybbie from counting much upon her promised treat.

'If Teddie is very successful we may perhaps get to the sea for one whole day,' she said; but dared not encourage the little girl to hope for more.

Bravely Teddie trudged through the town and over the bridge, but when he came in sight of the large house he had fixed upon as the first field for his enterprise, a sudden shyness took possession of him, and he felt that someone who knew him, or had known his father, or was a friend of Alice's, was looking out of every one of the windows on both sides of the way, and guessed that he was presently going to ring at the side gate bell to try and sell his sister's work to the maids!

For half a minute he felt as if he couldn't go on; he dared not; everybody who passed seemed staring at him so! He had not expected he would feel like this. 'But anyhow,' he said to himself, 'I'm not going to turn tail now I've come so far. Now then, Ted, my boy, right-about-face for the first door, and, Forward!'

But he gave such an exceedingly modest pull at the bell that it did not ring, and after waiting and listening in a state of violent perspiration for about five minutes, he turned away. 'Perhaps she is busy, or going up stairs, or dressing herself,' he thought, 'and would be vexed at being disturbed.'

Across the road a trim-looking maid was standing at the gate watching for the milkman. Without waiting to let his courage evaporate, Teddie ran up to her. 'If you please,' he said, hurriedly opening his basket, 'would you like to buy a pretty collar, real lace?'

He held it up before her eyes, and she looked at it longingly. Teddie fancied she was going to buy.

'How much is it?' she asked.

'Two-and-sixpence!' Teddie answered, with beating heart.

'Oh no,' returned the young woman, shortly. 'That's far too dear! Hi, master!' (turning to the milkman) 'make haste this way, will you?'

Teddie saw that she meant to say no more to him, and with his hopes considerably dashed, he walked away.

A few houses further on, the front door stood open, and a little girl, elegantly dressed, was coming down the steps. 'I will speak to her!'

thought Ted; 'half a crown, now one comes to think of it, is a good deal for a servant to give. Perhaps she might ask her mamma to look at the laces they are good enough for any lady to wear.'

Somewhat timidly he opened the gate, and approached the little maiden. She had long brown hair, and blue eyes, and very pink cheeks. If Teddie had not been so much taken up with his own business, however, he might have seen that her eyes were bright, but not with joy, and that the carmine of her cheeks burned more hotly than the tender hues of peace.

'Will you ask your mamma to please look at a pretty lace collar?' he began.

'No, I won't!' returned the little girl, angrily. 'Go away!'

Teddie looked at her in genuine surprise. She was so pretty that he could hardly believe his ears when she spoke in so rude a tone.

'Go away, I tell you!' she repeated, with a stamp of her foot. 'Do you hear? What are you standing there for? If you don't go I'll call my papa to turn you out!'

'You need not trouble yourself,' returned Ted, with spirit, 'nor yet put yourself in a passion.' And turning from the little fury with his head held rather higher than usual, he quitted the garden, pulling the gate behind him with a slam.

For the first time he fully realised what his position, in his present character, appeared in the eyes of the world. He and his sisters had, in times gone by, often been petted visitors at houses as good as these. He was the same Teddie Tyrrel now that he was then; he had put on his best suit, with a clean collar and fresh tie; yet, because he was soliciting a purchase of work, a girl, who no doubt imagined herself a lady, dared to speak to him like that! He hoped he had never uttered a rough or scornful refusal to anybody asking him to buy what he did not want, but he could not quite remember. At least, he never would again!

Mortified as he felt, however, he would not give up. 'I'm none the worse, anyhow, if I have been bullied!' he said to himself, recrossing the road again to a door where he had just seen somebody go in. 'But I should be if I let little Sybbie be disappointed because I was afraid of a few hard words. I'm the man of the family still!'

Just then his eye was attracted by a small object, partly dark and partly shining, that was lying at the side of the path.

It was a purse. He picked it up. Very old and worn it was, and on opening it Teddie found only twopence halfpenny, a postage-stamp, and a recipe for curing chapped hands. 'Somebody will be vexed at losing it, though, I daresay,' he thought, 'Wish I could find 'em.'

He looked up the road and down, but not a person was in sight; so he slipped the shabby little *portmonnaie* into his pocket, and braced himself for yet another attempt to dispose of his dainty wares.

This time he was more successful. The maid who opened the area door, asked him into the entry, and gazed with evident admiration and longing at the pretty lace. She also called another girl out of the kitchen to look; the latter came with her hat in her hand, for she had just come in from an errand.

'Ain't they pretty, Susan?' she said, holding the pointed collar up in her hand. 'And not dear either, for what they are.'

Susan picked up one of the cuffs belonging to the set and examined it narrowly. Then she asked the price.

Rather nervously Ted named it, and was delighted to see that she did not appear discouraged; on the contrary, she began, with her head first on this side, then on that, to discuss with herself the merits of the collar which matched the cuff.