THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

could not venture to show the Princess more than an abstract of the letter, which, as he was no scholar, he had translated with some labour for his information. He offered to give it to her when she spoke to him after he had been hearing Mass in her rooms, a celebration at which she did not belong to his influence. With a merely civil answer she refused to look at the paper till she had dined. After dinner she read it to her, kneeling as she read. She repeated her imperious demands that he should appeal to the Council for her, both then and in the next wall; the couple took; and when he still objected, she cried out that she was worse treated than the worst prisoners in the Tower and in Newgate, since the first could speak to the Lieutenant of the Tower and he wrote to the Council for them; and the second was allowed to have friends to plead their cause.

Sir Henry was struck by the truth of the statement, while he was ready to be thankful for the rain which made Elizabeth break off with the words: "It washeth wet, and therefore I will depart to my lodgings," and delivered him from further implication. He did his best; he took it upon him to forward a copy of the letter to the Lords in Council, who in their turn were sufficiently touched to grant her permission to write to them.

Sir Henry believed he was bringing her greater mischief than he had laid the paper before Elizabeth. But she, in the spirit of contradiction which seems to have taken possession of her at this time, received the tidings with a smile, related to her maid and mortified her beater. She did nothing in the way of availing herself of the permission which he had procured for her with much risk of unsuccess; she took a kind of revenge upon him by hugging her privations, and adopting no means to relieve them, and by addressing to him such taunts as, "that she knew the Lord Chamberlain would laugh in his beard when he found how far Sir Henry carried his scruples."

Then on Sunday, August 26th, 1554, she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, for another gentleman in the Queen's service, and for the Queen's principal woman-servant. They were at a loss to know what she could want with them, and kind enough to receive her order. She took upon her a loud protestation that she had done nothing to endanger the Queen and the State, as God was judge, and immediately afterwards received the Host. She had already confessed to a priest. In whatever manner Elizabeth might explain away, in her tortuous mind, her declaration of having done nothing to imperil the Queen and the State, together with this very Roman Catholic form of belief, it is sufficient to give an example of how little real sympathy she had with the creed which she was thus ostentatiously professing. She was at that time secretly sending money from her privy purse in aid of the prisoners ready to suffer for the Reformed doctrines, lying in sore straits no farther away from her than Oxford. Besides Bishops Latimer and Ridley, Archbishop Cranmer, her father's trusted adviser, her own godfather, her brother Edward's chief guardian, was lying in desperate need in the common Bocardo prison. It was not mere humanity which actuated Elizabeth's charity, in which she was not stinted, since want of money was not her hardships; in fact, she was called upon to pay not only her own expenses and those of her household, but the debts incurred by Sir Henry Bedingfield during her compulsory stay at Woodstock. The fact was that martyrs for the truth were the teachers whose faith she really held. But the long-beloved and fondly-cherished story of her constancy to her creed, under persecution, was now "completely disproven." The tale was credulously promulgated by Strype, Holinhed, and Foxe, all alike determined to invest their Protestant Queen with all the shame. Thus was the love of her partisans and subjects carried away.

So far from making any approach to treasuring the stocks and stripes to which she had been subjected, Elizabeth, as Anne Askew's unwavering feet had traversed, Elizabeth committed more than one deed of apparent apostasy to disarm the Queen's resentment, in which she was more or less successful. But we are told by Miss Strickland that Mary had her doubts of so complete a subjection, and that she requested that Elizabeth might be questioned as to her views on transubstantiation; when the Princess, a mistress of every style of equivocation, got rid of her embarrassment by repeating the thinning lines which committed her to nothing—

"Christ was the Word that spake it; He took the bread and brake it; And what His Word did make it, That were the Body of Christ." How little dependence Sir Henry Bedingfield put upon Elizabeth's sincerity and the permanency of the change in her opinions may be guessed by his waiting three weeks before he reported her act to the Council. The Princess had, however, ingratiated herself in a measure with the Queen, who could not bear to see her so little for her pretences, so that Mary followed the example of the Council in giving her consent to Elizabeth's appeal to them.

One of the great charges against Sir Henry was staggered in his honest gratification at the announcement. Elizabeth received it coldly and indifferently; she did not so much as ask for writing materials till a whole week had passed. In the end, during a walk on a Sunday afternoon, she condescended to request that she might be furnished with the necessary materials, and Sir Henry solemnly entrusted to one of the Queen's women, on the Princess's behalf, an ink-bottle, five pens (of which she took care to return only four) two sheets of good paper, and one of inferior quality, to enclose the other. This was done on condition that Elizabeth should write the letter under the eye of one of the Queen's women. The Princess consented, but put off the letter till another day on the plea of headache. Presently she batted her temples, changed her mind, and as a climax to her pettiness, suddenly declared that she could not write without her left hand. She was given to the Council, therefore she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, and imperiously commanded him to perform the office of her secretary.

But we are told here that the commission simply came upon him. He had not Elizabeth's adroitness at evasion, and the troubled gentleman could only urge the schoolboy to do his best, and then, when he did not avail him. She constreigned her keeper to "write at her dictation, while she kept the rough copy of the letter turned towards her." After he had finished by writing the date, she added a few lines in her own hand, and would not tell him what she had written. She made him seal, close, and express the letter, and entrusted it to him to place in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. No teasing, mocking schoolgirl could have behaved with more exasperating arrogance and impertinence than did the Royal maiden who was woman grown in her twenty-second year.

On another occasion, when she stormed at Sir Henry as her goatherd, and he defended himself by telling her that he was but one of the Queen's officers, doing his duty to her sovereign, as he would, in the same circumstances, have done to Elizabeth, she cried disdainfully, "God bless the Queen and such officers, good Lord deliver me!" (To be continued.)

IN INDIA WITH MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

By THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

Four miles through a jungle in a buggy, and we reached the bungalow. With a war horse, belonging not to a missionary but to a merchant, we were before our time, and disembarked on to a rough wooden box, and were kindly offered a small bed. The bungalow, with shiny skins set off by loose white clothes hanging round in Indian fashion. It was the work of a few minutes to get out a sketch-book, and then a picture was put there, but fear seized the little archways, and they began to run away. Anxious to know more about them, we said "Ischule hal?"—"Is there school here?"—"No," and we knew that it was not a missionary school. In a few minutes, up the stream, painted by three brown figures, could be seen a long, low "dugout," with the simple lamps of the rice fields. As its name denotes, it is simply the trunk of a tree, twenty-four to thirty feet long, dug out and made into a boat. We recognised this as the native form of the dugout, which we had all seen at home, and which had been pointed out to us by the "pedlar." We were conducted speedily to the school-house, where we found Miss All—seated among brown, ragged, dirty faces, colured jackets and printed linens. But where was the school furniture? Where were the requisite cubic feet of space required by the Board? Where were the desks and chairs, and other things we are accustomed to see in the schools? These requisites in English form no part of an Indian school. The school-house consists of a long, low building, roofed with thatched roof, an open front, with a few rough steps leading up to it, bearing a strong resemblance to a barn. The floor supplies the requisite form of desk, and books are the only requisites of a country school.

On this day the children of five schools were assembled in expectation and excited the" padres." The Hindoos stood while the work of the day was to be sent to God in prayer by a native "padre." Then the best children in each school walked up the step to receive their
IN INDIA WITH MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

prizes, and all were presented with a small packet of cookies and a little bell.

Then came a curious scene; each child dressed in her new bright garment above the loose saree they wore around their legs; little broad-brimmed hat, and long, thick hair. The child's eyes glistened with pleasure as they went off in their little English garment, made at the small cost of a few pence and a few hours' labor, and all were glad to have the full complement of furniture in the room. A "charpoy," or couch, is sufficient for the occasion.

Each patient came in with a paper and a bottle, and received the needed attention: first an old woman suffering from rheumatism, who has implicit confidence in the "Dr. Mem" for her cure; then a young woman, very thin, from a family; a young boy just out of the hospital; another young woman, a new convert; finally a man, with a bottle of medicines, from some village, who required more help than can be obtained at the Dispensary.

The Dispensary is open two days a week, and the Hospital Dispensary other two days; on the fifth the lady doctor visits a village in the neighbourhood. On some days there are as many as seventy patients, besides hospital work and the other patients, there is a medical time is fully occupied; and she needs an assistant, but at present she has to lend help to the Lucknow Zenaia Hospital.

The work of the Sick is to go from day to day in the countryside. Faithful, brave women are toiling on amid the difficulties, danger, ignorance, and infelicities; weary often, because of the burden of love that needs to be taken, longing for more help, yet cut off from the other English residents by the necessities of the work. Is there no way in which this help can be given? Is there much help that cannot be given if only willing hearts would devise ways for doing it?

In India, it will interest the members of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association to know, a special branch has been formed, in which every honorary associate agrees to do something to help the missionaries in their arduous work, and to seek them instead of leaving them in the cold. "I have been two cold seasons in Calcutta, and have never seen a missionary," confessed a lady, and there were ten within a mile of where she was living; and as many more in the vicinity. "I did not know we could help them," said another. "I am too little to do all day, and have plenty of time."

"I have nothing to do," said a third; "I will start the Young Women's Christian Association Branch, and invite them to meet us."

But what can we do at home? Our hearts may be willing, but how can our hands reach them? The Loving Service League has been formed on purpose to answer this question, and to be a link between England's and India's women. There is the need; here is the supply. It is impossible to visit any mission house or school without seeing how much might be done to help. Prizes are needed for the children; of the village, instruction in Bengali, 4,000 are in mission schools, so 4,000 prizes are needed every year. Loving Service League hands might supply them. Zenas have to be helped in many ways. Some villages calling for missionaries must be refused for want of workers. If the Loving Service League cards were in the hands of a thousand residents of our country, the craze for the giving of or collecting of medals, was there, was there a little bell summoning each patient in her turn.

The Dispensary fittings have not cost the mission much; a small table, two chairs and a basket, and a small bed, and a full complement of furniture in the room. A "charpoy," or couch, is sufficient for the occasion.

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