

In Memory of Luther.

THE people keep a festival,
And rich and poor have met,
And strangers from all countries
Breathe a name that none forget,
And wealth and beauty gather there
To think upon the brave;
And a prince has brought a laurel wreath
And placed it on a grave.

And once again the story
Is told to children's ears,
Of a boy's voice ringing through the street
(We hear it down the years)
In the little town of Eisenach,
And a face with hunger white,
And a soul that looked away to God
In a wistful prayer for light.

To-day they tell in Erfurt
Of a young monk in his cell,
With a care "too heavy to be borne,"
And the Word he loved so well
Of studious thoughts and praying lips;
And eyes that flashed to see
"Jesus has power to pardon sins,
Will He not pardon me!"

Oh, weary conflict of the soul
That had at last an end!
He knew the strange glad peace that seemed
From Heaven to descend!
The man with reverend, grateful heart
Took what his Saviour gave;
And now he sang a triumph-psalm,
"Jesus alone can save."

They talk of him in Wittenberg:
Oh to have heard him preach!
His tongue could not be silent,
God taught him; he must teach:
Had not he halted in the dark
Where the people wandered yet!
Out of his heart he spoke the words
The world can ne'er forget.

That which he knew he uttered,
Conviction made him strong;
And with undaunted courage
He faced and fought the wrong.
No power on earth could silence him
Whom love and faith made brave;
And though four hundred years have gone
Men strew with flowers his grave.

A frail child, born to poverty,
A German miner's son;
A poor monk searching in his cell,
What honours has he won!
The nations crown him Faithful,
A man whom Truth made free:
God give us for these easier times
More men as real as he!

—Marianne Farningham.

Quater-Centenary of Luther.

THE quater-centenary of Martin Luther was celebrated at Wittenberg on last Thursday and Friday. Representatives were present from many lands. On the 13th the doorway of the Augustine Monastery was flanked by Venetian masts. Colossal busts of Luther and Melancthon had been placed on the balcony of the Town Hall, and on stands throughout the city. The Emperor's bust in front of the Town Hall was decorated with flowers. Portraits of Luther, and mottoes from his sayings and writings, were displayed in many windows. The number of visitors is estimated at fifty thousand. They came principally from Thuringia, Saxony, and Brandenburg. On arriving at Wittenberg, the Crown Prince Frederick William, with Prince Albert and Herr von Goessler, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, drove direct to the Stadt Kirche, and attended divine service. Over one thousand clergymen filled the church. After the reading of the liturgy, Superintendent-General Shult delivered a sermon, taking his text from Matt. xxi. 42, 43. The royal party then proceeded to the Schloss Kirche, where the Crown Prince placed a splendid laurel wreath upon Luther's grave. The party afterwards inspected the archives in the Town Hall relating to the Reformation. Meanwhile the long procession marched

to Luther's house, where the Crown Prince subsequently, in the large hall which served formerly as a lecture-room, declared Luther Hall open. In his address the Crown Prince said:

"May this festival serve as a holy exhortation to uphold the great benefits of the Reformation, and to strengthen our resolution to be ready always to defend the evangelical creed, liberty of conscience and religious toleration. May Luther's anniversary help to strengthen the Protestant feeling, preserve the German Evangelical Church from disunion, and lay the foundation of everlasting peace."

Lectures on the life and worth of Luther were delivered in the forenoon, while the evening was devoted to banquets and festive gatherings.

On the evening of the 14th there was a general illumination of Wittenberg. Dense crowds thronged the streets, singing national and religious songs, especially Luther's hymn, "Eine Feste Burg." The cabinet order of the Emperor's and speech of the Crown Prince create a profound impression throughout Protestant Germany. Their emphatic avowal of staunch Protestant conviction and earnest faith in the lasting benefits of the Reformation have been received with sincere sympathy by the entire Protestant world.

The Luther Celebration.

As the Germans of the old country think in these days of their grand Luther, and gather about the hearthstones of the Reformation, and rejoice over the incoming of the Protestant era, American Christians have ample ground to rejoice with them, and be thankful, too, for what it has done for us. The central battlefield was Germany, and the victory everywhere depended on the victory there. Luther was too large for one continent, or for one century. Very beautiful was the way the multitude made their filial offerings to his memory in dear old Wittenberg a fortnight since. Two thousand Protestant ministers, gathered from every land, were there. The very houses were covered with reverent visitors, who spoke many tongues. The streets and alleys and market-places were crowded with guests. The aged Emperor Wilhelm deputed by his son, the Crown Prince "Fritz," to represent the imperial family, and so that son took with him from Berlin an immense laurel wreath, and, proceeding to the church in whose floor lies Luther's dust, laid the wreath upon the slab. The organ pealed out the great warrior's battle-hymn, "A strong tower is our God." The vast audience took it up, the multitude in the streets caught the notes, and the singing echoed far out beyond the walls into the surrounding country. It was a fitting tribute of the royalty of birth to the higher royalty of goodness and worth. It is only a part of the old story—Do the right, in the noonday or the midnight, and the world will honour the deed, and not forget the birthday of the doer.

The Young Chaplain.

One night in 1825, a clergyman was taking tea with John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. Suddenly, Mr. Calhoun said to his guest,—
"Will you accept the place of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at West Point? If you will, I will appoint you at once."

The clergyman was Charles P. McIlvaine, then but twenty-five years of age, and subsequently known as the Bishop of Ohio. He accepted the appointment, because West Point then had an unsavoury reputation. There was not a Christian among officers and cadets. Many of them were skeptics, and the others, were coolly indifferent to religion.

He was received as gentlemen receive a gentleman. But no one showed the least sympathy with him as a clergyman. For months his preaching seemed as words spoken in the air. His first encouragement was an offensive expression.

He was walking home from church one Sunday, a few feet in advance of several junior officers. "The chaplain's preaching is getting hotter and hotter," he heard one of them say.

In a few days, he received another bit of encouragement. He was dining with a company at the house of an officer. A lieutenant, a scoffer, hurled a bitter sneer at clergymen. The chaplain left the table.

The officers threatened to send the lieutenant to "Coventry," if he did not apologize. He called and asked the chaplain's pardon.

Another officer took offence at one of the chaplain's sermons, and wrote him a bold avowal of skeptical opinions.

The chaplain, seeing in these evidence that the chronic indifference was giving way to opposition, persevered. But opposition was all the encouragement he received during the year.

Then came the Master's promise, "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Not a cadet had visited him or even sought his acquaintance. But one Saturday, the only day on which the cadets were allowed to visit an officer, without special permission, one of the most popular of the cadets knocked at the chaplain's door. He wished to begin a Christian life, then and there, and asked for counsel.

In a day or two, another cadet called on a similar errand; then another, and another. Then several officers came. A meeting for prayer was appointed, twice a week. It was the first public prayer-meeting held at West Point.

Officers and cadets crowded it, though all who came professed thereby to begin a religious life. At first, it required as much courage to enter that room as to lead a forlorn hope.

One of the cadets was Leonidas Polk, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee. Intelligent, high-toned, and commanding in person, he was the conspicuous cadet. Seeing that it was his duty to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, he asked for baptism.

After baptizing him, the chaplain made a brief address, closing with a charge to be faithful. "Amen!" responded Polk, in a voice that rang through the chapel. The "Amen" was from the heart. Immediately the baptized cadet became a missionary to his comrades.

A solemnity pervaded the Academy during the two remaining years that the devoted clergyman served as chaplain. Half the corps became Christian men. Several of them, leaving the army, were promoted to the ministry. Many of those who entered the army rose to eminence. They adorned their profession and the Christian religion.

This era in West Point was created, through the divine aid, by a young man who simply did his duty, patiently, and left the result with God.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

45.—Coward ice. Wag ner.

46.—
A
ARM
ARROW
MOP
W

M
MAN
MANOR
MANSION
NOISE
ROE
N

47.— ROCKY

THE

I

ALE

PRINT

NEW PUZZLES.

48.—CHARADES.

An exclamation; wicked; a pronoun; an interjection. A prophet. Two books of the Old Testament; a meadow. A Methodist Bishop.

49.—HIDDEN CITIES.

All on Donald!

Waiter, omelettes for two.

He walked over the bridge.

You always bang or slam the door.

Who owns the cymbals? Tim or Ed?

50.—PRINTER'S PI.

Sit risft het rute, adn hetn teh caubftul.

Otn irtfs eht tuasbfiful nad tneh het teur.

51.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a noun, and leave hasty; again, and leave a tree.

Behead a grain, and leave warmth; again, and leave to take food; again, a preposition.

Varieties.

WHO says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken, and see how tough he is.

THE best description we have ever heard of a slow man was that he was too slow to get out of his own way.—*Lowell Courier.*

A MEDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

A NEW DEFINITION.—"What did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he is a sort of animal upholsterer."

NAUTICAL.—Husband (jokingly): "O, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife: "Yes, and the jibboom—and the—and the—" Small boy (from experience): "And the spanker, too, mamma."

GETTING HIS ANSWER.—Young Tompkins, thinking to take a rise out of Pat, "Why, you've got that paper upside down, Paddy!" Pat: "Bedad! any fule cud rade it the other way oop!" Calmly goes on with his reading.

WHEN a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him: "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing for him to answer: "No, I'm blacking the stove," but it is in human nature to so reply.