

His prayer was heard. No soul ever perished praying. The tempter fled, and the good angels were glad. With a joyous and free spirit he mounted his horse, inwardly praising God, who had helped him out of this temptation, which would have brought a curse and destruction upon him.

As he came to the courtyard of the miller, he stopped and knocked at the door.

The miller opened the window and called out,

"Who is there?"

"An orderly from Flensburg. I want a couple of words with you."

"What is it?" asked the miller, opening the door.

"My dear miller," said the soldier, "as I was riding by, I perceived that you had forgotten to take in your linen which was left on the hedge to bleach. This is no business of mine, but I will conceal nothing from you. I am a very poor soldier and have a wife and five small children, who are nearly naked and starving. My miserable condition induced me to stop when I saw the linen, and I was tempted to approach it too nearly. Three times I dismounted my horse under the influence of temptation. I was assaulted on all sides, and it seemed as if I must submit. Then I looked up to heaven and prayed to the Almighty. He heard me, and gave me power to resist. Friend miller, this is a high road, along which others may come after me, and be similarly tempted, and perhaps fall. This would be a bad thing; therefore I came to ask you to take in your linen. And now I wish you good night."

"My good soldier," said the miller, "come in and take a little refreshment. The air is cold to-night."

The offer was a most acceptable one to the soldier, for he was hungry and thirsty. A bountiful supper was placed before him. As he enjoyed the good fare, he said to himself, "O God, Thou hast hitherto helped me. Thou helpst me now again, and Thou wilt help me to the end."

As he was about to depart, the miller brought out a piece of linen and said, "My good soldier this is the largest and best piece of all those which were left out to bleach. Take it as a remembrance, take it in honor, because you sought help from the Lord, in prayer, and steadfastly resisted sin. If ever you are in great distress again, do not fail to come and see me."

The heart of the bearded veteran was deeply touched, and the tears rolled down his sun-

burnt cheeks. He could not speak, but he took the piece of linen, receiving it as a gift from the Lord.

"Thou, O Lord, has saved me to-night," he said as he stood beneath the moon and the stars. "So wilt Thou keep me always."

He rode away a happy man. It was the battle of his life, and the victory was decisive. The good angels followed him to the end.

AMBITION.

A love for activity, a desire to excel and to gain a position in the world are commendable. They who bless the race, elevate man, inspire him with true courage, soften the indurations of our being and increase mental and moral power, are the true heroes and heroines. They are the benefactors of the world who leave it better for having lived in it. But he who encourages cruelty and delights in blood, either on the field of battle or on the way-side, is the native and true ruffian. He who kills, as prompted by a love of glory (?), is not less a murderer than he who steals stealthily on his victim to gratify an uncontrollable hate, while the enormity of the crime must be graduated by the number of lives sacrificed—the injury sustained. He who robs a nation of its wealth destroys its material growth, abridges its peace, happiness, prosperity, mind, muscle and morals by war, is not less a robber than he who takes the private purse and then kills. The more guilty one is he whose depredations are on the most extensive scale.

Music, gay tinselery and dazzling accoutrements, can never change the real nature of crime. To murder is to maliciously take life. The more lives taken the greater the turpitude, the deeper the criminality. To rob is to take wealth—material, mental or moral—ruthlessly, while the more extensive the scale the more robbery is committed.

Let us love our country, such as it is, with its past as with its present; let us love it with its whole history; let us love its great men, its monuments of all ages, its beliefs, its traditions, its glory, all that it has bequeathed to us, all that our ancestors transmitted to us from the cradle of our history to our own days; let us not despise our fathers for what was wanting to them, but let us love them for what we have received from them, and let us try to keep it carefully, and add to it what is still wanting.