

most deeply-cherished piece of heart-music—the words full of love and devotion—love of home and country—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. And never had the king heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ears with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangely awakening power. As the charming melody swelled to grander and grander tones, and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hushed with awe. And finally, when the last rich cadence died away in mellow, melting echoes upon the upper air, he pressed his hands over his eyes and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head, and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent, he saw the family upon their knees, and heard the voice of the old man raised in prayer. He listened for a few seconds, and then turned and strode away toward his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up waiting for him. To one of them he said: "Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme northwestern corner of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven; and of that family is a girl named Hermoine. Bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messenger had gone, the king turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials, he went to work at writing. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas, and he had just finished his work when the colonel appeared, with the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the king said, as the maiden stood trembling before him. "I have sent for you because I wish to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of the Vasas—the hymn of the Fatherland?"

"Yes, your majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing; and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here, take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners. Colonel Forsby will go with you. And, my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasa, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard nor cold."

The girl looked up into the monarch's face as he held forth the paper, and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old general to whom the order was directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned, and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He caught the beautiful messenger in his arms and kissed her, and went with her to the tent where her father was held, and allowed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners—to the number of over two hundred—were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom.

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell it. We will only add, that Gustavus Adolphus, by that act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in coming time. And one other thing. In less than a year from that time Colonel Ulric Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.

An Effectual Temperance Lecturer.

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spiritous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would have been drunk, but the young lady asked.

"Did you call upon me, or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer:

"We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added:

"Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents undisturbed. After leaving the house one of the party exclaimed:

"That is the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard."

The young man from whom these facts were obtained broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and is now a clergyman, preaching temperance and religion. He still holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully and resolutely gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

Pure Tobacco, Free from all Ingredients.

The *Sunday-School Times* makes the following good point against tobacco:—

"Once in a while a dealer in harmful things is frank enough to tell the plain truth about the stuff he sells. There is a Philadelphia tobacconist, for example—Vetterlein of Chestnut Street—who distributes cheap fans on which he advertises his wares after this sort. 'The consumer in buying our segars can rely upon getting the pure tobacco free from all ingredients, which injures the health and breaks down the constitution.' Possibly if he had been more careful of his grammar and punctuation, he would have said something else, but it is better as it stands. In tobacco, as in liquors, it is the pure article that works the mischief. There is never any adulteration that makes the thing worse than the original sample. It is the pure liquor or the pure tobacco which injures the health and breaks down the constitution."

The Highland Land Steward and His Clever Family.

We take the following from a paper entitled "Reminiscences of a Commercial Traveller"—A Mr. David, from Edinburgh, in the nursery and seedsman line, paid a visit once in five years to a nobleman's estate in the far north, for the purpose of getting orders for the replanting of the fir tree, which the rough blasts of the previous winters had destroyed. Upon the occasion in question the land steward, or grieve, was a man called Alexander Mackintosh; he was a quite inoffensive, and singularly reticent individual, and the utmost Mr. David could extract from him were the monosyllabic answers "yes" and "no," as the case might be. As usual, when the bargain was completed, the nurseryman asked the land steward to clench the bargain with, of course, a glass of whiskey. Mackintosh never spoke, and even the electrifying influence of the "usquebaugh" availed not; his lips seemed hermetically sealed. Turning over in his mind some subject to get the Highlander to speak upon, he said—

"Oh! by the by, Mr. Mackintosh, I saw in the *Scotsman*, the other day, that a young man from this district had passed his examination as Master of Arts of the University of Edinburgh. I saw it was the same name as your own, Alex. Mackintosh. Is he any relation of yours?"

"My son."

"Your son!" exclaimed Mr. David. "Why, he must be a clever chiel; the examination is by no means easy; it requires preparation, study, and above all, indomitable perseverance. Why, you must be proud of your son?"

"Yes, yes," said the Highlander, and then relapsed into silence.

"Well, I only wish I had a son who could pass with such honors," remarked the Edinburgh gentleman.

"Yes, yes," nodded the grieve, and added, "I am very proud of Alexander, but it is my other son I think most of."

"What, have you another son?" asked Mr. David "and what may he be?"

"Oh, yes; I have another son; and he is a physician in Liverpool, in England, where he has a large practice, not among poor people, but in the most aristocratic part of the town. He makes much money, and is not old yet."