

Pastor and People.

BE STRONG.

Be strong to hope, O heart !
Though day is bright,
The star can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O heart of mine,
Look toward the light !

Be strong to bear, O heart !
Nothing is vain ;
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain ;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain !

Be strong to love, O heart !
Love knows not wrong :
Didst thou love creatures even,
Life were not long ;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

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THE BRAVE PELIGNIAN.

(Continued.)

Herennius starts and rises and all the councillors with him, for the sound of trumpets comes pealing along the valleys and re-echoing from the mountains. The trumpets sound the Roman missio, the glad dismissal, release from service. Soon the cohort comes in sight, the very standard gleaming aloft that had been thrown into the camp near Beneventum, and along with it the banner of each company eleven in all. The shouldered pikes are polished, and from the centre of each bull hide target, borne on the left arm shines a brazen spike. It is a goodly sight to look at the veterans, with resolute air and firm step, keeping their military formation even while coming back to the arts of peace. The maidens and boys strew their flowers and branches in the road before the trim horseman that lead the procession, Accaeus the one, and Pedanius the other. The bands come forth and sing the praises of the brave ; the pipes and flute resound ; the horns blow from every shepherd's and herdsman's retreat ; the mountain fires blaze joyously and old Herennius, good old Herennius now, feels that his heart is almost failing him for very gladness. On they come, winding up the hill that leads to Nersae, that, with gates flung wide open, welcome's the gallant cohort.

The cohort is dismissed, the ranks are broken, and friends long parted fly to each other's embrace. Old Father Vibius clasps his son, his brave boy, in his aged arms. "Your treasure is at home, Accaeus ; I have it all waiting for you safer untouched." So they go to the banquet where Herennius presides, while Accaeus sits on his left, near the old King's heart, and Pedanius on his right. They partake of the good things provided, while the bands and musicians sing and play in honour of the guests. Then Herennius rises and says, "I am an old man, and in my long life have done many things I am sorry for. But now, when I would fain be a father to my people, I find myself unable for the work by reason of age. I must have a colleague to help me in the good work and as this colleague, I name Vibius Accaeus, not because he has conquered men on the battle field and taken a fortified camp from the enemy, but because, ten years ago and more he conquered himself." Then the councillors all said "Be it so," and all the guests raised a mighty shout, "Long live King Accaeus of Nersae !" So they bring forth a royal chair and seated the prefect of the cohort thereon, and place a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, and hail him King of Nersae. Thus the augures prophecy came true,—He, who had ruled his own spirit, ruled the people well, and with his great wealth was able to do much good. Herennius was soon gathered to his fathers, and Accaeus ruled alone ; nor did the Romans, beyond sending Pedanius to dwell in the happy valleys, interfere with the authority of him, who, in Rome's hour of utmost need, brought her strong help and the beginning of victory.

Where is the boy who has not the soldier's spirit, to do and dare? God gave you that soldier's spirit, for we are all placed in this world to fight. But we are not placed here to fight one another. We wrestle not with flesh and blood, and our weapons are not carnal. Neither with fist, nor sword, nor tongue, nor pen, are we to hurt our fellows ; but, with a full, warm heart, to love them everyone. But these are enemies we are to fight, and they are strong ; Principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places. In baptism our parents removed for us the Devil and all his works ; and that devil comes into our hearts, and says, "Hit back or, if you dare not, then hate with all your heart and soul." Now King Solomon saw that this was wrong, and heathen philosophers even learned this glorious lesson. But no one saw it clearly until the Lord Jesus came to earth, and said, upon the mount that flowed

with heavenly wisdom, "I say unto you that you resist not evil." Follow Christ, and you will gain a greater victory than that of the greatest captain who ever led his army to conquest. Wealth and riches will flow into your habitation, and the esteem and love of all good and righteous men will be yours. And, when you are freed from hard service, when the sword is sheathed, and the sword belt loosed for ever, the hosts of heaven will line the road with your triumphant march, the banquet will be spread, the songs of angels, like the voice of many waters, be sung, and the King of Kings will place upon your head the victor's crown, making you a king and a priest to God for evermore.

THE CHARTER AND THE EMPEROR.

"For the promise is unto you and your children."—Acts II., 19.

Six hundred years ago there was no ruler in Germany. All was anarchy. But the electors met and they made Rodolph of Hapsburg the head of the Holy Roman Empire. When they assembled the princes to crown him they could find no sceptre to put into the monarch's hand, but Rodolph was not disheartened by the bad omen. A priest was standing by, and he turned to him, saying, "Prithee, good priest, lend me thy crucifix, for I will rule the empire in the fear of God, and, so He gives me grace, in the spirit of him who for us sinners was crucified." Then he fought with and overcame the proud, helped the weak, and purged the land from all its iniquities. So the dreadful time of violence came to an end and a judge was on the earth again. The churchmen wanted him to go to Rome and get the Pope's blessing, but he would not. "God can bless at Aachen as well as at Rome," he said : "He is the same God under our German sky as beneath that of Italy." For long ages "the honor of Rudolph" was a proverb in Germany.

Now among those who had helped this great emperor in all that was right and good was a knight named Liebrecht, and him the Emperor made the Baron of Glaubensheim. He had by imperial charter a wide domain on both sides of a stream flowing into the river Moselle. His castle was situated on a lofty hill, half hewn out of the solid sandstone rock that capped it, half built up with substantial masonry. It was strong and beautiful, fit mansion for a king. The approach to it was a long avenue winding up the hill. Great trees overshadowed the carriage way, and the ground in spring was blue as the sky above with flowers of the periwinkle, wild hyacinth and sweet scented violet. And away in little hollows, among dry leaves of last autumn, upsprang the fragrant lilies of the valley. From the walls and embrasures of the castle might be seen the wide stretch of valley land, divided into meadow, and cornfield and orchard, and in the midst, full of playful ruddy trout, flowed the silvery brook of Friedensbach, that swelled into a river and ran to meet the waters of the Moselle. At the foot of the castle hill was the castle garden, full of all manner of fruits and vegetables and flowers. In the woods that hung upon the hill the thrush and blackbird made music by day and the nightingale by night, responding to the notes of the meadow lark that nestled far below on the ground, but whose songs were heard at heaven's gate. Not far away in the valley was the village, full of happy, contented peasants. The church was there, and the smithy, the gasthaus for travellers, with quaint, old-fashioned shops and stone houses traversed with great wooden beams.

The Baron and Baroness Liebrecht were happy in this domain given to them freely by the good emperor, whose prowess won it for them and whose power could keep it to them. The emperor had given them Glaubensheim for ever, but, because bad men still lived and incited to disloyalty, he made a condition that Liebrecht's successors before entering upon their inheritance, must come to court and acknowledge him. He asked nothing more from them, simply that they should acknowledge him as emperor and vow their fealty. Good people cannot now live for ever. The Baron and Baroness died and went to a happier land, of broader acres and lovelier scenery, where no sickness enters nor any pain, where sin is forgotten and death also, to become kings and priests to God.

After the funeral that committed mere bodies to the dust of which they were made, all the inmates of the castle were assembled. Chief among these were the Baron's twin sons, Rodolph and Conrad. All the servants were there, the aged steward, the priest, the head men of the village, the sub officers of the militia under the late baron. Suddenly a tall man, clothed in black, entered, and all looked at him with surprise. "I am a messenger from the emperor," he said, and they believed him. He dismissed the assembly, took the charter, and pretending to read it over, cried, "This charter is for the father only ; he is dead, and the lands it bestows are forfeit to the emperor." So he put the charter in his pocket and departed, driving the boys before him. Down he went to the Friedensbach, entered their boat, and rowed away.

The boys remained by the stream, regretting the loss of their boat. They knew not what to do, for they believed this plausible stranger, and so they wept to think that they no longer had a home. Bound to have their boat back again, they followed the stream and at last came to a place at which their enemy had disembarked. The boat was there, yes ! and in it was a parchment that he had dropped. Now the boys, thanks to the old priest, could read Latin. They read the stolen charter together, and it said plainly that the estate was

theirs, if they would only go to Kaiser Rodolph at Aachen, and claim it. Rodolph said "Let us go." But Conrad replied "What did the black officer say?" "He is no true servant of the emperor" said Rodolph ; "his whole bearing is false." Then Conrad answered "If the Emperor meant us to inherit the title and the lands, why should he trouble us to go to Aachen ! He gave these lands to our fathers because of his good services, and we, boys, have rendered him no service. Wait till we have good clothes and arms to win favour in his sight. We should meet with a poor reception at Aachen." So Conrad went down to the village, and, finding a company of young men going off to seek their fortune, he joined them, and went away from his ancestral home, as a common man.

But Rodolph sat in the boat and read the charter. Then while day lasted, he strolled through the grounds. He gazed in the flowers and the trees, he heard the songs of the birds, he looked on the king castle in its majestic beauty ; and he said "I cannot give them up. Here my father and my mother were happy and did good, and so will I." Yet troublesome thoughts came into his mind. "What have you done for this?" "Rodolph is certainly very severe against robbers and evil doers. Perhaps he is severe against everybody." So he went back to the boat in the stream, which was now all his home. While the light remained he read his patent. It said: "The inheritance is to your children's children if you acknowledge me," and he said that Glaubensheim was not given as a reward, but as a free gift from the Emperor's love. This comforted him greatly and he slept. Perhaps it was the songs of the nightingales, but he heard calls as if angel voices, and of one sweeter than all that said "Come unto me."

Soon after the dawn of morning he awoke, not a bit too soon, for he saw the dark officer on horseback, riding rapidly towards the stream, and calling out as he came on "Give up the charter ; I demand it in the Emperor's name." Rodolph answered "The charter is mine and I will never give it up." Then he seized the oars and rowed swiftly down to where the water was broad and deep. The black horseman pursued him along the bank and made an attempt to put his horse at the stream, but the rapid current took the animal off its legs so that its rider was glad to get to shore again whence he vented his fury in oaths and threats. Away sped the boat under willing hands until it left the Friedensbach and floated on the tide of the river Moselle which flows into the Rhine. Rodolph had no money, but his handsome open face procured him bread on the way, and that with fresh water and the charter to look upon made a good meal.

One day he heard that the town of Coblenz was not far distant, and this he was anxious to reach before night fell, as there the Moselle joins the Rhine. Yet though he worked hard the darkness overtook him before the town was in sight. At last he saw the lights twinkling feebly along the river bank, and cautiously guided his little bark through the ships and barges till he found the quay. As he was about to land, a gentleman came hastily down from the town, and, seeing a lad in a boat, said to Rodolph: "I must hasten to Cologne. Will you take me there at once?" Rodolph was tired but he answered: "Yes," for he saw the need of friends, and, after all, it was this road he himself was going. The young nobleman sat down in the boat, and Rodolph rowed gently down the broad river. The stranger had many questions to ask, and these the young boatman frankly answered, telling his new friend his whole story. The nobleman seemed glad to have the lad's confidence, and, as it was too dark to look at the charter, he promised to do so in the morning. Then seeing that Rodolph was tired he gave him his seat, and, taking to the oars, made the boat spin rapidly through the water. Rodolph never tired questioning his new-found helper, learning from him all about the Emperor, and what he should do when he came into his presence. But when the nobleman assured him that the dark officer was an impostor, and that he would be punished for his unlawful act, Rodolph's heart was glad. He wanted to relieve his friend at the oars, but the latter only smiled pleasantly and said: "No, that cannot be, for you might think when you come to get your charter renewed that you had won it by your hard work. At this Rodolph greatly marvelled but said nothing.

On these two went, night and day, over the pleasant waters, the nobleman furnishing all the food they needed, and talking by the way of great and worthy things. But when at length they reached Cologne there was a great company of knights and a retinue of richly dressed servants waiting with horses for somebody's use. They seemed astonished to see Rodolph's companion in so mean a boat and with only one attendant. All bowed low as he landed, calling him "generous lord," "highness" Prince Albert, for the lordly rower of the boy's boat was the emperor's son. Rodolph hardly dared to speak or lift up his eyes. But when the prince had given directions about the boat, he ordered one of the best horses to be given him, and appointed his own servants to wait upon him. So in awe and silent amazement Baron Liebrecht's son rode on to Aachen.

(To be continued.)

Let love of your brethren set your thoughts on work to study how to do good to others ; let your love be an active love, witnessing within you, and extending itself in doing good to the souls and bodies of your brethren as they need and you are able.—Archbishop Leighton.