

Down she came, that timid, pure maiden, like unto some dove bringing peace to a troubled world—she, who for the anguish he had given her, had meant never to behold her lover more. She knew the cause of the quarrel, knew now of a surety that Heinrich loved her even as his honour (which was to him more than life itself); knew too, that the pretty toy bride up yonder was weeping for jealousy at the tale of her husband's inconstancy, and because that in his abated passion for herself she fancied long days of neglect were near at hand.

Poor Minna! She could not turn with her broken heart to Heinrich, so she argued—he was a brother, a dear link between her and heaven; but her love, ah! her love, was murdered. She could not make Heinrich happy either as herebefore; she could not dwell on at the Sternberg, and see Friedrich and his bride; no, there was but one thing left for her to do, one thing which should perhaps bring a blessing on the house, and, at the same time, give peace to her troubled soul.

On, on she came, that blessed maiden, and the words she spoke were these: "Is the cup of sorrow not full yet? Shall God's wrath be called down, and a brother murdered for my poor sake? In a cloister I will sue for peace with heaven, and thenceforward I will be as though I were not to you both."

She kept her word. Peace did not, however, return to the brothers. The younger retired to the new, the elder to the old castle; but the revelries of the former reached even to Burgan Sternberg, so that Heinrich caused a high wall to be built, so as to separate completely the two homes. Rumour says that the young bride deserted her husband—at any rate she drops out of the story; and the revelries still went on, for, to the ears of Friedrich, the echo which the hills took up, on the day of the fight, still sounded through the air—"Is not the cup of sorrow full, full, full, full?" and to drown the cry, he feasted himself and others, sang and shouted with them in uproarious merriment; but, in the dead of night, when, perchance, Minna knelt and pleaded for him at the throne of grace, the words still came—"Is not the cup of sorrow full?"

One night in the dead of winter, Heinrich could not sleep. A dread something haunted him, the air of the room seemed to suffocate him as well, so wrapped in furs, he stepped out on to the balcony—the balcony where they had all sung together years ago. The wind swept by in wild gusts, making fearful moans as it passed the wall of separation; but all this was as nothing to the dread feeling of the man as he leaned against the castle wall, and looked around on the weird beauty of the scene. A voice, a whisper, "Heinrich! Heinrich!" Was it the wind? He leant forward. From below the voice came, and there in the pale, ghostly moonlight stood Friedrich. "Heinrich, brother, forgive. It was not my fault that Minna preferred my love to yours. It was not my fault that Teresa nursed me when sick of wounds, and then wooed me for her lover; not my fault, but my fate—a fate which I would give all, even life, to undo."

The wind swept past, and he was gone—gone with him, poor, pleading, miserable face; and the next morning news came that the master of Liebenstein was dead. Then Heinrich left the home of his youth (for naught remained to bind him to earth, since his erring, but dearly-loved brother, was gone away), and took the cowl in Cloister Bornhofen. A passing bell at length proclaimed to the outsiders that one of the brotherhood had breathed his last; and while the monks mourned for Heinrich, another bell broke out upon the stillness, for in Cloister Marienberg, Minna's life too had sweetly closed.

But the red glow has faded from the western sky till even the river looks gray and sombre; the night-breeze is coming up, and ere long, ghostly phantoms of the past will seem around us, and the ruins, so dead and crumbling in appearance, will appear weird and terrible 'neath the uncertain rays of the moon. Let us then away, and leave it all, only pausing to remember, as we pass the cloister, that somewhere there Heinrich the good, the noble, sleeps till the last day. Let us strive, too, in our daily life, to remember the lesson taught us here in the flashing beauty and evening gloom. Those two of the past did but live as we all should—for church and home. Now, in these days, both would have found a niche in the great world—both would have mingled with their fellows, and, perchance, have smiled and been happy; but theirs was a life of sacrifice, nevertheless—a life leading on to the one great glory beyond. Let us who find—as all do, sooner or later—that life is not a bed of roses, strive so to live that some home may be lighted with our presence; for we now know of a truth that the home and church of the

great Father is with men. Where life is we can make our home, and so link our service to Him and the world together, that church and home will ever be as one, both here and hereafter. There was but one way open to Minna then, in these days of turbulent passions, and nobly she chose it. What good her prayers wrought we know not; but the pure desire of her heart, we hope, was accepted, through Him who loved her. There are, however, many ways for us now. Like Heinrich, we may build a wall between us and the wicked world—even a wall of pure thoughts and actions. Like him, we will watch and love the erring; but not like him will we shut ourselves up when the erring brother is removed. There are others needing love and care—look around you, look around! God's light will shine on your path, and by-and-by you will see the glorious sunshine above your heads; for no hearts can be broken in reality, and live. To-day, with the laughing river before us, the blue sky above, the sweet, lambent air around, and, above all, the smile of God and the memory of the past, we have learnt that God's church is everywhere, and our home with Him for ever and ever.

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky."

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

TO hallow means to consecrate, to sanctify, to set apart as sacred, and when we repeat these words we mean that we will consider it a sacred duty, which must not be put aside for other matters, to worship God, and serve and reverence Him, that His name may be sanctified to our own hearts.

I. *God's name must first be hallowed in ourselves by the thoughts of our hearts.* For this purpose we must prayerfully watch ourselves that no wicked desires get the better of us. Do not think you will never have any bad thoughts; none of us can say that. What we have to do is to believe that Jesus is able and willing, not only to forgive us our sins, but to deliver us from bad thoughts; so that when we are tempted we must simply go to Him, tell Him our troubles, and ask His protection and guidance in our difficulty, believing that He will help us.

II. *God's name must be hallowed by the words of our lips.* If our own hearts are "right with God," it is our duty and privilege to tell others of the blessing and peace we enjoy, that His name may also be hallowed by and in them. What a glorious work it is to point others to the way of truth, and how thankful we ought to be that even children may have some part in the salvation of the world. I remember hearing of a little girl, who was the means of leading her father and mother to God, and only by a few simple words. Her parents were good people, in the ordinary sense of the word, but they trusted more in themselves than in God. One day their little baby boy died, and they were in great sorrow, complaining bitterly of the trial that our Father had sent them, when Lottie, for that was the little girl's name, said, "Willie's only gone to heaven, father." "Yes," answered the father, "but why couldn't God have let him stay here when He knew how much we loved him?" Lottie, who was only six years old, did not reply for a few minutes; her little heart had full faith in God, but the thoughts did not come very quickly. At last she said, "Father, I fancy God must have thought you didn't quite know the way to heaven, and so He just sent for Willie to show him what a beautiful place it was, that he might come back and fetch you and mother and me." I do not say that Lottie's thought was quite correct, as our friends do not come back to this world as they did in the days of old, but her perfect trust made such an impression on the minds of her parents, that they began to think more seriously about their souls, and soon after publicly consecrated themselves to God. And all this came about, by God's blessing, through the simple faith of a little child.

III. *God's name must be hallowed by the works of our hands.* I have just shown you what a little child may say for God, but there is also work for you to do. You will, perhaps, think you are not big enough to do anything for God, but He gives all of us, young or old, the strength to do something. You are not expected to do anything extraordinary, but simply to perform what may be in your power, thoroughly and cheerfully. If your parents want any assistance that you can