

LUTHER AT WARTBURG.

"O'ER God, a tower of strength—He,
A goodly wall and weapon;
From all our need He helps us free,
That now to us doth happen.
The old evil foe
Doth in earnest grow,
In grim armour dight,
Much guile and great might;
On earth there is none like Him."

O yes; a tower of strength indeed,
A present help in all our need,
A sword and buckler is our God.
Innocent men have walked unshod,
O'er burning ploughshares, and have trod
Unharm'd on serpents in their path,
And laugh'd to scorn the devil's wrath!

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand,
Where God hath led me by the hand,
And look down with a heart at ease,
Over the pleasant neighbourhoods,
Over the vast Thuringian woods,
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,
With castles crowning the dizzy heights,
And farms and pastoral delights,
And in the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of hell, that followed me fast;
And the howling demons of despair,
That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

Of our own might we nothing can;
We soon are unprotected;
There fighteth for us the right Man,
Whom God Himself elected
Who is He? ye exclaim;
Christus is His name.
Lord of Sabaoth;
Very God in truth.
The field He holds for ever.

"This world may full of devils be,
All ready to devour us;
Yet, not so sore afraid are we,
They shall not overpower us.
This world's prince, howe'er
Fierce he may appear,
He can harm us not,
He is doomed, God wot!
One little word can slay him!"

The word they shall perforce let stand,
And little thanks they merit!
For He is with us in the land,
With gifts of His own Spirit!
Though they take our life,
Goods, honours, child, and wife,
Let these pass away,
Little gain have they.
The Kingdom still remaineth.

LONGFELLOW.—Golden Legend.

HAD AN EYE ON HIM.

"THAT young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out the store and up and down the street. He mixed with his associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up for his new Master and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sabbath, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Lord's day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to the prayer-meeting he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself: "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christian, others watch to see if you are true; if you will do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The Master's loving eye is on you also. He sees not the missteps alone, but also the earnest wish to please Him. He, too, has places of trust. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through His strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix your eye on Him and he will keep you in the way.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

AMONG Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years, the one entitled *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott* is universally regarded as the best; and indeed still retains its place and devotional use in the Psalmodies of Protestant Germany. Luther's music is heard daily in our churches, several of our finest Psalm-tunes being of his composition. Luther's sentiments also are, or should be, present in many an English heart; the more interesting to us is any the smallest articulate expression of these.

The great Reformer's love of music, of poetry, it has often been remarked, is one of the most significant features in his character. He it was, emphatically, who stood based on the Spiritual World of man, and only by the footing and miraculous power he had obtained there, could work such changes in the Material World. As a participant and dispenser of divine influences, he shows himself among human affairs; a true connecting medium and visible Messenger between Heaven and Earth: a man, therefore, not only permitted to enter the sphere of Poetry, but to dwell in the purest centre thereof; perhaps the most inspired of all Teachers since the first Apostles of his faith; and thus not a Poet only, but a Prophet and god-ordained Priest, which is the highest form of that dignity, and of all dignity.

Unhappily, or happily, Luther's poetic feeling did not so much learn to express itself in fit Words that take captive every ear, as in fit Actions, wherein truly, under still more impressive manifestation, the spirit of spherical melody resides, and still audibly addresses us. In his written Poems we find little, save that strength of one "whose words," it has been said, "were half battles;" little of that still harmony and blending softness of union, which is the last perfection of strength: less of it than even his conduct often manifested. With Words he had not learned to make pure music; it was by Deeds of love or heroic valour that he spoke freely; in tones, only through his Fluency, amid tears, could the sigh of that strong soul find utterance.

Nevertheless, though in imperfect articulation, the same voice, if we will listen well, is to be heard also in his writings, in his Poems. The following, for example, jars upon our ears, yet there is something in it like the sound

of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes, in the very vastness of which dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us. Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which however could in nowise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognise the accent of that summoned man (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also), who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms, in this wise. "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof tiles, I would on;"—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors and principalities and powers, spoke forth these final and forever memorable words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me. Amen!" It is evident enough that to this man all Pope's Conclaves, and Imperial Diets, and hosts, and nations, were but weak; weak as the forest, with all its strong trees, may be to the smallest spark of electric fire.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'er taken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-riden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why! His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth.

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE-FIELD.

AMAN can endure far more fatigue of body or mind without alcoholic stimulants than with them. A brickmaker had a number of men in his employment, some of whom drank beer to help to work, and others were total abstainers. He found that while the beer drinker who had made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand, the total abstainer who had made the fewest bricks seven hundred and forty-six thousand, that is eighty-seven thousand more than the other.

There was once a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until the six hundred and fifty-nine members were nearly all sick or worn out. There were only two that went through undamaged, and they were total abstainers. If young men are preparing for athletic games or boat racing, all alcoholic stimulants are rigorously excluded, and the young men who have

won the greatest fame in such things are total abstainers.

Many years ago Colonel Lemantowski, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with a glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech: "You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, and only a few rags for clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head; my feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health, and vigor to this fact that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and," continued he, "Baron Larry, chief surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact that the six thousand soldiers who survived to return from Egypt were all total abstainers."—*Rev. J. C. Seay, nour.*

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

NOT three months ago I stood by the grave of a suicide. Men do not kill themselves for nothing. A bullet in the brain is not like the precious jewel in the toad's head. When a man wants to get rid of life, it is generally because he is afraid to live longer. A rosewood cradle in his babyhood, and a coarse pinewood coffin at forty. These are impressive facts. What was the matter? Logic—stern, awful logic. Two and two make four; that was the trouble. That man might have slept under a monument, instead of having a nightmare in Potter's field. His father gave him everything but moral principle, and he did not give him that because he had none to spare. The boy had money, and horses and wine and fiery impulses and no restraints, and temptations by the score. That father lived long enough to see that there was a mistake somewhere, but exactly where it had been made in the education of his son he could never tell. He only shook his head sadly, grew a little more gray, and possibly a little more peevish than could be attributed to the passage of time merely, and then went to bed one night and never woke. The boy—but why follow him along the slimy path? He slipped from filth to filth, until the patrolman found him in a gutter and carried him to the morgue with an ounce of lead in his brain. Money and no manliness to begin with, and neither money nor manliness to end with. As I came home from that doleful service little Jack's question rang in my ears, "Does two and two always make four?" and men and houses and clouds and sky seemed to answer "Always!"—*Dr. Hepworth.*

BERTIE went to the zoological gardens with her mother. She was standing before the lion's cage, when she exclaimed, "Mamma, I should think the lion would be afraid of his own roar!"