

"I must go home to my father's house, and be content to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me—I have trodden out of its paths by aiming higher."

Just at that moment, Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs and seen him driven from a neighbour's door, felt her heart yearn with pity towards the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned to the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly melodies to his ears, said:

"Come in, poor boy, and refresh thyself at my table!"

Happy little singer! With eyes half blinded with tears, he looked in the face of his friends and said:—

"I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you, sir, for a father, and you, sweet Ursula, for a mother.—My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier than I can express."

After that day the singing boy studied hard and well. Years afterwards the world heard of him, for it was he who uttered his voice against Popery, and became the chief of that Reformation, which gave an open Bible to the world. His name was MARTIN LUTHER.

Courage then, poor boy! You may be friendless and unknown to-day, you may have to plod through trials and toils, uncheered by the smiles of even a sweet Ursula. But never mind! Plod away. Stick to study and duty. God cares for you. He has a work for you to do; and if you are faithful and true, He will in due season put you into your proper place. Toil on!—*The Appeal.*

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"GOD SAYS YOU MUSTN'T."

As Mrs Galton sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to her usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," said she, "Why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."