

who did not know that any one was near them. Turning he saw a fine gentleman who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries; which the little girl answered, telling him: 'Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor.'

'He may do that when he has learned to play well enough,' replied the stranger.

Fredrica answered, 'He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces.'

'That cannot be,' replied the gentleman.

'Come to see us,' said the boy, 'and I will play for you.'

'I will go this evening,' answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Russia.

Not long after the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Christian as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says: 'I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servants. By the fulfilment of His will mine is satisfied.'

The simple, trusting faith of the young musician was remarkable, and it teaches old and young a lesson.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

## A VILLAGE BELLE.

BY CARROLL KING.

Brightly shone the sun on the glowing June day on which pretty Mysie Lockhart was married. She was the belle of the village, and her uncle was the village blacksmith. In his house she was married, for pretty Mysie was an orphan, and the blacksmith and his good wife had been father and mother to her. Mysie had gone to the great city a year and a half before this bright June day; she had engaged herself as nursery governess to three wild, romping little children, whom she soon reduced to order and obedience, for Mysie was a bright, resolute, spirited girl, with a native talent for managing people, and setting the world in general to rights as far as she could.

In the city she met a young man—a good, earnest Christian worker—who was quite willing to be managed by pretty Mysie. They met in the church they mutually attended, and at its various organizations, Sabbath-school, band of Hope, prayer-meeting, they learned to know each other well. There was nothing at all romantic about their wooing, except to them, and of course Aleck Campbell and Mysie both thought that all the concentrated bliss of the nineteenth century had been doubly distilled into their cup of bliss, which was running over on this lovely day of June. The ceremony was just over; the brides cake was being handed

round in generous wedges, and, to Aleck's horror, a tray full of glasses followed with wine, whiskey, ginger beer and lemonade. He looked reproachfully at Mysie, for she had promised him that theirs would be emphatically a 'teetotaler's wedding'—then all but unknown in that part of the country, and very heartily despised, of course, by those who believed, as plenty do now, that a 'good creature of God' can make men act like devils. Mysie saw Aleck's reproachful look; she saw that he hated even to lift his innocent glass of lemonade from the neighborhood of the noxious whiskey glass, so she contrived to whisper: 'Don't make a fuss, Aleck! Uncle and aunt would not hear of our nonsense, as they called it! They said no one had ever seen the good stuff grudging in our house, and no one ever would.'

Aleck yielded; he could scarcely, as he said afterwards, preach a temperance sermon to the guests who had come to see him married, yet he felt sorely hurt at this shock to his principles on the day that ought to have been cloudless and serene. And when his health and that of his bonnie bride was drunk with Highland honors, and clinking of glasses, and shouting, he had to respond to the wassail, feeling to the core of his heart that he was in a false position, yet lacking the moral courage to tell the kind well-wishers how he deplored their customs and usages, no matter how anciently established.

So another sweet little Christian home was founded in our great commercial metropolis, and for a number of years Aleck Campbell and his young wife had only the 'griefs of God's sending, which soon have an ending.' One little girl-baby was born to them, and died before she was a month old. At all special times it was a surprise and even a deep grief to Aleck that Mysie should show the laxity of her up-bringing with regard to total abstinence from intoxicants; that which to him was a deeply-rooted Christian principle, to her was only an idea, a notion, to be overborne on special occasions by custom, which to her was insurmountable. At the babe's christening, and then at the sad little funeral, Mysie produced a bottle of old port wine, as a matter of course, avoiding Aleck's appealing glances. She had a strong will, and a managing manner that made it not a very easy thing to oppose her; and she never lost her calmness of temper, which gave her a decided advantage over Aleck, who was quick and nervous in disposition. A few years sped away, then, just when Aleck was getting on so well that he hoped to be taken into partnership with his employers, a firm of building contractors, that awful winter came which will always be known in Glasgow as 'the year of the City Bank failure.' He—Aleck—in company with many others, was thrown out of employment, and the deep prolonged distress of that sorrowful time made raking inroads on the hoards of thrifty people. It was some months after, when they began to feel the pinch, and to dread the future, that the undermining of Aleck's temperance principles began. The first work that offered itself to his eager, energetic soul was the building of a colossal distillery. He was asked to become 'inspector of works,' and see every part rightly fitted and prepared for—the work of Satan, as his inmost soul declared! He hesitated long, and was on the point of refusing, but Mysie heard of it, and sharply reprimanded him for even a thought of refusal! Then began the series of arguments, discussions, excuses, which ought of themselves to warn Christians that they are tampering with conscience in touch-

ing that which must be apologized for. Aleck said:

'If I know a thing is to be put to bad uses, how dare I lift a hand to help it on?'

Mysie's reply was, smartly:

'Your work on it can be perfect, and can be done unto the Lord! What have you to do with the uses to which it will be put? You are told to provide honestly for your household; there's the work placed before you, and if you do not work, you certainly do not deserve to eat.'

'But, wife, this work may not be of the Lord's sending,' said Aleck deprecatingly.

'Well, there's no other work offering itself except that miserable place you are in as supernumerary,' said Mysie impatiently.

'Well, dear Mysie, perhaps the Lord would rather have us plod along in a poor way, with our eighteen shillings a week than take two pounds ten a week to build a distillery,' said Aleck humbly. 'You see, if we cannot square up our laws for the next world to getting on in this, we must be content to stay poor!'

But Mysie could not see the matter in this light at all; she quoted Solomon's wise saying, on which she put a singular construction, 'Men do not despise a thief if he steal when he is hungry.' 'That meant,' she said, 'that a man can do, under pressure, what he might not approve of doing at another time!'

She prevailed—Mysie always did—and then began Aleck Campbell's downward career. Not even Mysie ever found out when, where, or how he began to taste drink; all she knew was that he had fallen into such different company from what he had been all his life accustomed to choose, that he did not seem like the same man. He brought a different moral atmosphere into his home. He had found out that the same rich tenor that had sung in church choir and Band of Hope could also roll out a rollicking chorus in praise of the 'good old whiskey—drink it down! drink it down!' It did not happen all at once, this awful change, but it came quickly enough to frighten Mysie, and make her wish with passionate fervor that she had been willing to remain poor and lowly, to be content with her little room and kitchen home, managing frugally her eighteen shillings a week, instead of 'getting on' in this world's headlong race for mere money and show.

Aleck was a clever man, with a clear, inventive brain; he was soon of incalculable value to his new employers, and they did not grudge him his price. He was able to present Mysie with a handsome gold watch, and a rich silk dress, from the very generous honorarium they had bestowed on him, over and above his pay. His work never failed or ran out now; he was making money fast, and had a good balance at his banker's. Poor Mysie! Her talent for managing did not avail her here! Yet, some years after she made one desperate effort.

Her aged uncle and aunt, who had been father and mother to her, died, leaving her some five or six acres of good land, and a neat, modest house, well furnished. She 'managed' Aleck away from the city and his boon associates to the pure, beautiful surroundings of her native village, still nestling among its green hills as quietly as on that far-away happy day when she and Aleck had been married. She got him busily and happily engaged for a time in making various additions to their new home—he built a pretty wing to the cottage, so that they could let their house to tourists in summer, and still have a pleasant and convenient shelter for themselves. He seemed for a long time to be really the old happy,