

which his right hand is emphatically placed, while his face, on which beams a sublime expression of faith, is turned upward. On the base are the immortal words: "Hior stohe Ich: Ich kann nicht anders. God helfo mir. Amen!"—"Here I take my stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen!" Around him stand figures of Wycliffe, Huss, Melancthon, and Reuchlin, and other famous forerunners or fellow-helpers in his glorious work.

Then I went to the grand old cathedral, begun in the eighth century, in which the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is the finest example of Romanesque architecture in the Rhine valley. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises to a height of over a hundred feet, and its four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. In this stern cradle of the Reformation the power of Rome is still supreme, and a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past.

AT WARTBURG.

Our small engraving shows the lonely castle of Wartburg, in the heart of the Thuringian Forest, whither Luther was carried off by his friend, the Elector of Saxony. While riding through the forest on his way from Worms, a company of masked and armed horsemen swooped down upon the defenceless monk, and at midnight he found himself in this mountain eyrie among the clouds. Here, like John at Patmos, he remained in hiding till the outburst of the storm of persecution was overpast. At first his friends thought he was dead. But soon a shower of tracts, pamphlets, and books from his pen, convinced them that he was in vigorous life; and here he performed his greatest work for the German Fatherland—the translation of the Scriptures into the common speech.

Other relics of the glorious monk I also saw, as his portrait and that of his wife, the gentle Katharine Von Bora, at Heidelberg, and the ring with which he espoused his "dear and gracious Ketha," as he fondly called her. These little souvenirs, trifling as they may seem in themselves, yet acquire a touching interest as visible links which connect us more sensibly with one of the grandest men that ever lived and laboured for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

A SUNSHINY SOUL.

HERE are some people who are always bubbling over with humor, in season and out of season; everything is turned by their Midas touch to sparkling merriment. What unconscious physicians these people are! It doeth one good like a medicine to hear their voices, and to see their funny faces, always running over with laughter like a mountain spring. The healthiest and the longest-lived persons almost always have a twig of humor in their make-up. There is something wonderfully preservative in laughter. A man who cannot laugh is like a tree from which the worms or the winds have stripped all its leaves. It soon grows feeble and sapless, and dies before its time. The healthy tree laughs with its myriad leaves for generation after generation, sound at

heart and beautiful to look upon; and when it dies, the woodman cuts it down, and finds the allotted number of rings in the firm white wood, and core as sound and sweet as the sapling's. So it is with the man whose disposition is one of sunshine and laughter. He lives merrily and dies cheerily, and the world is better for him. His memory does not pass away, like that of the sour, glum misanthrope. There may be grander things about a man than his humor, but there is nothing by which he will be remembered so long. After his wisdom and his learning are forgotten, if he ever laughed, that laugh will be his memorial. It will go ringing on, when every other utterance has died away. Happy are they who are happy!—Interior.

THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand old time-worn turret spare;"
Meek reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his creamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold;
"Why smite," he asked in ead surprise,
"The fair, the old!"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
What'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which averted me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day:
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is grey
With morning light!

The sweet girl graduate now divides
her time between the picnic and the
hammock, while her mother plays a
solo on the wash-board.

SHE HELD THE FORT.

HERE were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort seven days against assaulting savages. In F. Eggleston's recent historic story is told as follows: "One morning in 1692, the inhabitant-Vercheres, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the field at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

"Run, mademoiselle! run!" cried the man. "Here came the Iroquois!" "Looking round, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing they could not catch her, fired at her. Their bullets whistled round, and 'made the time seem very long,' as she afterwards said.

"As soon as she neared the fort, she cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they had hidden in the block-house.

"When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found two women there crying for their husbands who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter.

"She got what help she could and set them up." Then the little commander repaired to the block-house, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match?" said Madeleine.

"Light the powder, and blow us all up," answered the soldier.

"You are a miserable coward!" said the girl. "Go out of this place!"

"People are always likely to obey, in time of panic, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bade him. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat, and took a gun.

"Her whole force consisted of the above-mentioned soldiers, her two little brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man of eighty—and some women and children, who did nothing but set up a continual screaming, as soon as the firing commenced.

"Let us fight to the death," said brave Madeleine to her little brothers, who seem to have possessed no small share of her own courage. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king."

"Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loopholes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging about outside. The savages did not know how large the garrison was, and therefore hesitated to attack the fort; and numbers of them fell before the well-directed shots of the soldiers.

"The girl-commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the scream-

ing of the women and children, for she was determined that the enemy should perceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a cannon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the savages, and partly in hope that the noise might convey intelligence of the situation, and bring them help.

"Thus the fight went on, day after day, and night after night, the heroic girl keeping up her vigilant exertions so constantly that it was forty-eight hours before she caught a wink of sleep.

"For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with no favouring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to her wooden defences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and 'raised the siege.'"

THE GOOD PRIEST.

BLESSED Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds, and make them bleed!
So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from Thy fold astray!
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,
I cannot lead Thy flock aright;
Nor, without Thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway!

The day is drawing to its close;
And what good deeds, since first it rose,
Have I presnted, Lord, to Thee,
As offerings of my ministry?
What wrongs repressed, what right main-

tained,
What struggle passed, what victory gained,
What good attempted and attained?
Feeble, at best, is my endeavour!
I see, but cannot reach the height
That lies forever in the light.
And yet forever and forever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasped,
And sink discouraged into night!
For Thine own purpose, Thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement!

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go down,
But never more shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.
LONGFELLOW.—Golden Legend.

PARROT AND TELEPHONE.

THAT noisy member of the family, the parrot, seems delighted with a telephone in the house. He views it, doubtless, as an instrument to enlarge his vocabulary:

An Indianapolis gentleman named Kregelo has a telephone at his house, which is much used for business purposes. Mrs. Kregelo has a parrot, which being an unusually smart bird and good talker, has picked up the telephone language.

Whenever there is a call, the parrot immediately begins at the top of his voice, "Hello! hello! Yes, this is Kregelo's. What do you want! This is Kregelo's. Hello! hello! hello!"

A GENTLEMAN, whose custom was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observing that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence, he said, "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."