

which the castle stood (her home lay just beyond the town, to the right of the river, so that she had walked far, and she was bitterly cold); yet now she paused, and gazed upon the waters below. "Love like that," she said once, and her voice sounded far, far away.

So far as the eye could reach, the river had no end; and the sight seemed to impress even her, in spite of the deep stupor of her grief. She sat down by-and-by, with the biting wind whistling around and the cold frost sapping away all that was left to her of life and warmth. A star shot through the sky, and she murmured that a soul was just now going to heaven. She did not think of herself, but in fancy she followed that other soul up from the valley of suffering below to the realms of glory above. She grew drowsy at the last, and imagined that she was in her own home, and that Carl was there by her side. There came no remembrance of Elise to embitter her then, only Carl and his great, great love. She told him though that she was going away, going to leave everything for his sake, and that in return she but asked him to remember and love her. Then the numbness became stronger upon her, and she slept, slept as sleepers in such bitter cold generally do, the great sleep from which no voice but One will ever rouse them.

She was missed and sought after when daylight came, and towards evening Carl found her. He knew naught of her struggle, her stupor, or her cause for flight. He only knew that she was dead, "lost to him for ever," so he said in the falseness of his craven heart, and so people scarcely wondered when Elise and he wed, during the summer months which followed.

So Bertha slept beneath the sod in the burying ground of the old Church of St. Martin's, no one guessing the truth about her—and why should they?

Winard von Steeg and Johann von Wesel are both recorded in the annals of German history as martyrs—perhaps above the sky there is yet another book of martyrs, bearing other names than those the world ever heard of or dreamt of. Perhaps, too, Bertha's name and many another is written thereon. He only who reads our inmost thoughts is able to judge of our fitness for such high honour; but the girl's senses had passed the boundary line of judgment, and so she, dreaming not of giving up her life, relinquished all for those who had wronged her, and stolen away all that she possessed to sweeten her hard lot. Still, may not her sorrow have been the hem of the garb of glory which awaited her in the great Beyond?

WHAT MAY BE.

BY REV. J. H. MCARTY, M.A.

NOTHING is more true in human philosophy than that, under the right kind of education—that which takes hold of the whole being, moulding into a Divine beauty the heart life, stimulating as with an electric touch the intellectual life, reaching and affecting the bodily life—this groaning, enfeebled, perverted manhood may grow up into a sort of "blood-royal"; and the future races, or race—for all are to be "one in Christ"—who shall grow out of the present, shall be like the giant oak of the forest as compared with the dwarf of its own species, whose stunted growth tells of some awful blight which has rested on germ or soil.

But what are the agencies employed to effect this change? First, there is an inherent power in man himself—in mind itself. It is said a forest was once hid in an acorn. There is power in a few pounds of water, which an ox can drink or a child spill, if developed and confined under certain conditions, to blow up a steamboat; yet we can not see it, nor feel it. There is in 'humanity a power ever at work. The mind struggles up like the grass in Spring-time, as it seeks the sun. With all this load of sin and of misery which the world has borne on its shoulders, with all the disabilities of our nature—and they are numerous—yet how much the world has gained! Look back and see. Then there is a power in the action of mind upon mind. The ignorant learn from the wise, the educated. The unlettered slave overheard the conversation of his master while he served him, and grew wonderfully wise.

Then, there is the rivalry of mind. The learning of some provokes others to seek wisdom and knowledge; for what one can do, another can at least try to do, and with probable success. Besides the education men gain from contact with the world, in which facts share so large a part, we read

lectures in stones, and see revelations in stars, and hear songs in winds, and sermons in waves.

Under all these influences, what is the possible destiny of our race on this globe? Who can tell? Who dares prescribe a limit to this all-mastering human power, this mind-power? What shall be our destiny when all the powers of nature are brought into subjection, and man is enthroned as dictator over the empire of universal world force? What shall be the destiny of mankind when all the treasures of earth are laid open to their embrace and use? What may be said of him when the clouds, that veil the now hidden truths, are all lifted, and the sun, that shall know no setting, shall rise upon his intellect and heart? Ah! "it doth not yet appear what he shall be!"

But, in addition to this inherent energy in man, there are other forces at work for his elevation; and these are of God. We are very much like children who are learning to walk. We put forth what energy we have; but then God's hand is reached down to aid us. We hold Him by the fingers, and will not fall; He leads us.

The ultimate outlook is grand. There is a vision of beauty lying just over there in the future. The world will yet see a diseased race cured of its maladies; a deformed race restored to its primal loveliness, a race of slaves emancipated from every shackle; a race on which had settled in awful night the mental and spiritual darkness of the soul, shining in the brightness of spiritual glory; sin, whose darts had sunk into the soul, poisoning its fountains and blighting its hopes, driven away; the tear on the cheek of sorrow crystallised into a diamond of joy; a poor race made rich in wealth that shall not perish. Such are the hopes of men, and such are the promises of God in the good time coming, in the world's new age. It shall not be said by one to another, "Know the Lord;" for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest.

O, while poverty pinches, and ignorance enthralls, and vice stings those who are ours in kin—bone of our bones, flesh of our flesh—we who can, should do something to redeem the world! And as no force, they say, can be destroyed, but all is conserved and in some way correlated, so not one good deed is lost—not a teacher in the schoolroom teaches in vain, not a kind word is uttered in vain, not a smile exists but is caught in God's camera, fixed indelibly on some page in heaven's gallery, and all our deeds of goodness are laid up in the archives of heaven. We will meet them by and by, as from eternal habitations we read the history of our earth-lives.

Reader, what can you do to hasten on the redemption of the world? What can you do to help some poor child of darkness out into light? Pity the destitute of this world, but pity more the morally benighted. They may not ask your aid, they may even spurn it; but still, pluck them as brands from the burning, and they will be bright jewels in your crown.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

A PRINCE once asked his chaplain to furnish him with evidence of the truth of Christianity, but to do so briefly. He received a brief reply,—"The Jews, your majesty." Yes, here are the Jews among us. Without a king, without a centre, and yet preserving a mysterious identity. Will you study the problem, whether any key to the history and fortunes of the Jews fits the lock of their strange sufferings and dispersion like that the Scripture gives? And here is the Church. Intrigue and falsehood you can find in it. The base designs of its members would long ago have discredited any other association. But through more than eighteen centuries the Church has been a witness for purity, self-denial, benevolence, and saintliness. None but a bigot will deny this. Will you ask how came a Church with such a history into being? Could lies have given it its lofty benevolence, its wide-spreading conquests, and its imperishable sway?

And observe, the end will come. A nurse recently was summoned to a sick bed in Paris. The invalid was a young Engelman. Before she would enter upon her duties she asked if the sufferer was a Christian. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she said, "I have seen such horrible sights, and heard such wailings, in the dying chambers of ungodly and dissolute men, that I dare not now undertake to nurse another such a one." Tranchan, in his memoirs of Voltaire, says: "I wish that those who have been perverted by his