

by saying that she knew you, Charlotte. She said she wished she could see you now. I asked her why. She said, 'That I might go down on my knees to her.' I was surprised at such words coming from so proud a creature. I said so. She repeated that she would go down on her knees that she might the better plead for mercy. I was beginning to harden my old heart at that, and to think sadly of her, when she stopped me by telling me a strange and sad thing. She said that she had discovered something, something very terrible, between that hour and yesterday. Her father had been ill for some time, but the worst had been kept from her. She said yesterday that a poor person let her know quite accidentally that he was not only ill but dying. She went alone that morning to consult a doctor, one of those first-rate doctors whose word is law. Mr. Harman, it seemed, unknown to her, was one of this man's patients. He told her that he was hopelessly ill; that he could only live for a few months, and that any shock might end his days in a few moments. She then told this doctor in confidence something of what she had discovered yesterday. He said, 'As his medical man, I forbid you to tell to your father this discovery you have made; if you do so he will die instantly.' Miss Harman told me this strange tale, and then she began to plead with me. She begged of me to show mercy; not to do anything in this matter during the few months which still remained of her father's life. Afterwards, she promised to restore all, and more than all of what had been stolen. I hesitated; I scarcely knew how to proceed. She saw it and exclaimed, 'Do you want me to go on my knees to you? I will this morning, and here.' Then I said I could do nothing without consulting you, I could do nothing without your consent. Instantly the poor thing's whole face changed—I never saw such a change from despair to relief. She held out her hand to me; she said she was safe; she said she knew you; that with you she was safe. She said she never saw any one in all her life seem to want money so badly as you; but for all that, with you she was quite safe. She looked so thankful. 'I can cry now,' she said as she went away." Uncle Sandy paused again, and again looked at his niece and her husband. "I told her that I would come to you to-night," he said, "that I would plead her cause, and I have, have I not?" "Well and nobly," answered Mrs. Home. "Angus, think of her trusting me! I am so glad she could trust me. Indeed, she is safe with us."

(To be Continued.)

LUTHER'S PSALM.

Among Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years the one entitled *Ein 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. * * * Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which however could in no wise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognize 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 go 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 Dicts, 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.—Thomas Carlyle.

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

With force of arms we nothing can, Full soon were we down-taken; But for us fights the proper Man, Whom God himself hath hidden. Ask ye Who is to slay me? Christ Jesus is his name, Look grim as e'er he will, 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, honor, children, wife, Yet is their profit small; These things shall vanish all The City of God remaineth.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

December 2.—1 Samuel 18: 1-16.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. David's music curing Saul's melancholy. Remarkable, as well as truly parallel, is the case of Philip V. of Spain and the musician Farinelli, in the last century. The king was seized with a total dejection of spirits, which made him refuse to be shaved, and incapable of appearing in council or attending to any affairs. The queen, after all other methods had been essayed, thought of trying what might be effected by the influence of music, to which the king was known to be highly susceptible. We have no doubt that the experiment was suggested to her by this case of Saul and David. The celebrated musician Farinelli was invited to Spain; and on his arrival it was contrived that there should be a concert in a room adjoining the king's apartment, in which the artist should perform one of his most captivating songs. The king appeared surprised at first, then greatly moved; and at the end of the second air he summoned the musician to his apartments, and loading him with compliments and caresses, asked him how he could reward such talents, assuring him that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli, previously tutored, answered that he desired nothing but that his majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavor to make his appearance in the council as usual. The king yielded, and from this time his disease gave way, and the musician had all the honor of the cure. By singing to his majesty every evening, his favor increased to such a degree that he came to be regarded as first minister, in which capacity he conducted himself with such propriety and discretion, that the proud Spanish nobles about the court, instead of envying his prosperity, honored him with their esteem and confidence. This favor he did not forfeit under Philip's successor (Ferdinand VI.), who made him a knight of Calatrava, and employed him in political affairs.—Daily Bible Illustration.

II. An English Sunday-school work suggests, as an illustration of Saul's jealousy, the bad feelings excited when prizes are given in school, and that the manifestation of the wicked feeling may be likened to a clock whose works are out of order, and which must show the inner derangement on its face.

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 1-3. Of all earthly blessings the best and happiest is that of loving and being loved.

2. Ver. 4. Love desires to give expression to its feeling, to break the alabaster box of precious ointment upon the loved.

3. Vers. 6-8. When prosperity comes, envy soon follows.

4. Ver. 8. Envy is one of the most wretched and unhappy of passions, and the parent of many evils.

5. Lavish commendations of those we admire, in such a world as this, often proves a real injury to them.

6. Ver. 10. The results of sin are from the Lord, no matter by whose hands they come.

7. A spirit growing more and more unhappy is the punishment of sin, and intended to reform the sinner.

8. Ver. 11. The fruit of envy is hatred, the spirit of hatred is murder.

9. When once we indulge in sin we do not know where it will lead.

10. The selfish man is ever a mortal suicide. He poisons his own happiness; he kills his own joy; he destroys his own soul. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

11. Blessed are those who act wisely and lovingly toward those who hate them, and return good for evil.

12. The wicked are afraid of the good, knowing that themselves are wrong, and that God and nature are against them, and on the side of right.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

As the next lesson is entirely about the friendship of Jonathan and David, it would be well to touch lightly to-day on the first verses of this lesson, and dwell more on the dark contrast of Saul's hatred. The subject then might be, hating our brother. (1) A contrast to hatred (vers. 1-4). Jonathan, as heir to Saul, had as much reason as Saul to hate, but he loved. (2) The cause of hatred (vers. 5-9). Envy, selfishness. Selfishness the root, and hate cured only by a new heart. (3) The results of hatred (vers. 10-11). Wretchedness and fear and crime. Note David's noble behavior under these trials.

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and, with her hand upon my head, she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to her bedside, and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying a deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone. I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirit. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "O," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places where you ever hear his name reviled, or his counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—Cheering Words.

PUZZLES.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first and second reveal a name That finds no place on the roll of Fame,— A household word, to which comes, when heard, A maiden at times, and at times a bird.

My third and fourth disclose a name That holds high place on the roll of Fame;— A name that will live, renowned and bright, Till the "speaking canvas" is lost to sight!

My whole is one of a class accurst! Of nuisances often called the worst; Which the people too willingly tolerate, And one which they could, if they would, abate.

FIVE CONUNDRUMS.

1. Which is the most ancient of the trees? 2. When is a boat like a heap of snow? 3. What comes after cheese? 4. What is that word of five letters from which if you take away two, only one remains?

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

I.

I am a proverb of 22 letters. My 18, 9, 16, 3 is hard to learn. My 22, 6, 5, 4, 21 is to bear. My 13, 20, 17, 15, 19, 11 is something children are always losing. My 9, 14, 2, is the track of a wheel. My 1, 7, 19, 3 a very common metal. My 12, 10, 18 is a taste.

II.

My 13, 14, 16, 1, 4, is a small house. My 11, 17, 22, 23, is a small animal. My 2, 15, 19, 8, any authoritative prohibition. My 18, 10, 7, 20, 6, plant. My 12, 9, 21, 24, 23 is a small brush. My 5, 18, 3, 22, 23 is a peculiar glance. My whole is a proverb.

CHARADE.

(FIRST.)

A house is what my first doth mean, Or 'tis oft called the place; 'Twas also called the temple, By a well known ancient race.

(SECOND.)

Search well through Webster's volume, For instruction or for fun; There you'll find I'm well-defined, As meaning only one.

(WHOLE.)

A village on the eastern slope Of old Mount Olivet; Here many wondrous things were done, Which none must e'er forget.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

EASY GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—1. Febr. 2. Ray 3. Clear 4. Fairweather. 5. Charles. 6. Land's End. 7. Sable. 8. Sandy. 9. Rice. 10. Wrath. 11. Joy. 12. East. 13. Henry. 14. North. 15. Horn. 16. Good Hope 17. Farewell.

HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Lisbon 2. Paris 3. Bath 4. Berlin 5. Halle 6. Potsdam 7. Nice.

WORD CHANGES.—Year—year—year—bear—pear—bear—bear—bear—bear—bear—bear.

ENIGMA. Nona.

BREATHINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—L-om-b. L-at-c. P-er-l. L-ess-o. L-od-d. W-rath.

SANS TETES ET SANS PIEDS.—1. Fusée; 2. usage; 3. lavette; 4. adieu; 5. arce; 6. naufrage.

HE NEVER, HOWEVER, would expect or desire us to break any of his comments, or even to do what had the appearance of evil, because we might, in our ignorance and presumption, consider it necessary to do so in order that his work might be done. Christians who do such things have a very erroneous idea of duty, and a perverted conception of the God whom they serve. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "it is necessary for me," said he, "to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live." Christians should never forget that it is necessary for them always to do right, and never to do wrong, whatever they may imagine must be the consequence.—The Christian.

DID YOU EVER see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill? Yes. Why was it counterfeit? Because it was worth counterfeiting? Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? No. Why? Because it was not worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? Yes, lots of them. Why was he counterfeited? Because he was worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No. Why? You answer; I am through.