

'Annie; often dropping on it self-reproachful tears—drops that could do it no harm now.

Many a day, and even week, of sad suspense, thus passed by; at last a letter came—it said Annie was better, another and another followed, and then she was out of danger; and then, O joy, she was slowly travelling home. Yes, soon they had their own dear Annie again, pale and weak, indeed, but still her very self—better than a thousand pictures, were they ever so bright.

So mamma, Charlie, everyone said; but still, the picture was not forgotten—the punishment and the reward. The sheep having been sold for the expected sum, it was settled that when Annie's cheeks were round and rosy again, and her holidays over, on her way back to school the picture was to be drawn. If more money were wanted, mamma promised to add it from herself.

Again Charlie was lonely, for again mamma and Annie were gone away: he had not even the 'dirty old picture'; but that he did not much regret, as it had been taken to see whether the painter could turn it to any use. At last came the day of return, and if Annie did not come back, cousin Edward did; and as a long year had passed without seeing him, it was nearly as much joy.

He first jumped out of the carriage, then he handed out mamma; and last of all, out came a small deal case, carefully twined. Soon the whole three were within the parlor walls, and many a greeting, many a question asked and answered with the two former, before any attention was given to the latter arrival. Its turn came at last; and seeing all eyes fixed in that direction, mamma quietly said: 'Charlie, that is your property; you may open it, if you please.'

He required no second bidding; the next moment he was beside it on the carpet, though hardly knowing what to expect; but those tiresome twines—they resisted all his efforts.

'Take your time, my boy!' exclaimed his cousin; 'those little fingers must be changed indeed if they object to a job.'

'Ah, Edward!' said Charlie, reproachfully; then glanced proudly at his mamma, who came forward smiling, and taking his little hand, put it into Edward's, saying: 'Indeed, those fingers are changed; I have never had to give them one rap since the unhappy fate of the picture.'

Edward looked quite happy, yet always so good-natured, we think he must have had some little notion what the answer would be, or he never would have made the remark; at anyrate he smiled very pleasantly now, as putting into the hand he still held in his own a knife exactly similar to those which on a former day had cost Charlie some tears, he exclaimed: 'Then take a short-cut with the knots; use this just as you like; fairly earned, at last it is your own!'

Charlie threw his arms round Edward's neck, and jumped for joy, twice as proud and as happy as if he had got it the first day. Again he turned to the box; the twines were cut; down fell the cover; and upright within the case stood a small but beautiful painting, in all but life—Annie herself.

A moment of silent admiration, then a full chorus of praise. Mamma explained it all; the painter was kind; he was fond of Annie, and of—Charlie, too; and when he saw the sad condition, and heard the story of the miniature, he determined to place his next production beyond the reach of such accidents, and painted in oil the sweet portrait before them; more than that, he refused to take more than he had received for the miniature before.

It was hung up in the study just over Charlie's table; and if ever—though that is unlikely—if ever he had been tempted to

transgress in his old fashion, the roguish smile on Annie's lips would have warned him to desist. He was the first to discover the fact, in which Edward fully agreed, that they had exactly the same look—a smile that would not be a laugh—with which she first heard Edward call him 'Charlie, the fiddler.' We may remark, that by this time, he was rather proud of the name he no longer deserved.

One thing more our little readers will not be sorry to hear; through the kind painter's liberality, there was enough left of the price of the sheep, after paying for the painting, to purchase three other little lambs. They are thriving apace; the plan of the pony is revived; and unless some fresh accident—not likely to occur to a reformed character like Charlie—comes to pass, by the time another year is brought round, the self-inflicted punishment, having done its work, will exist no longer.

## Leonhard Caesar; a Martyr of the Sixteenth Century.

The story of the recantation of Archbishop Cranmer, and his sore repentance afterwards, is familiar to readers of English history.

Not so familiar, probably, is the touching account of a fellow-sufferer in Bavaria, who was his contemporary, and had a somewhat similar fall and glorious restoration.

We have no particulars of Leonhard's conversion, except that which alone proves the conversion sincere, i.e., its fruits. He began to preach the gospel with the usual result in that day of persecution; and by imprisonment ('incarceration' would better express the dismal treatment of those times) and by threats, he was at length induced to recant, and sent back to his parish. But his conscience was ill at ease; he had exchanged bonds of the body for those of the soul, a burden far more intolerable; and in about six months he left a place where he had not liberty to preach freely, and went to Wittenberg and other towns, where the truth which Luther had proclaimed had found entrance. Here he remained for two years, when, hearing that his father was at the point of death, his filial affection overcame his fear of returning to his own country; but, alas, when there, the minister of the village cruelly betrayed him, and for ten weeks he was confined within prison walls before he had even been examined. Then, when greatly enfeebled by his confinement, he was called upon without preparation to answer a variety of abstruse questions propounded by the subtle Dr. Eck, of Ingolstadt, the great opponent of Luther.

This famous man had been sent for purposely to browbeat the poor heretic. Leonhard's relatives earnestly begged him to recant, but this was impossible to one who had suffered so deeply from the reproaches of an accusing conscience. Even the reasonable request of his friends, that he might be allowed a month's respite to recruit his strength, and that an advocate might be allowed him, was absolutely refused. His persecutors ordered that the proceedings of the trial, carried on under so great a disadvantage to the prisoner, should be conducted in Latin, that the multitude might be kept in ignorance of what was passing. It became evident that the accused man had no hope of justice, or even of life itself; but in this hour of distress, when all human help failed, strength was given him from on high equal to the occasion.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of his enemies, he frequently spoke in German, and fearlessly proclaimed to the listening audience the doctrines of the gospel which he

had professed. 'Faith alone,' said he, 'justifies; works are the evidences of faith; but in the act of justification acts are as distinct from faith as heaven is from the earth. The mass is no sacrifice, neither is there any sacrifice for sin except the blood of Jesus Christ.' Thus, having professed a good profession before many witnesses, he returned to his prison to await the end. Meanwhile he wrote to his friend Stifelius, at that time chaplain to a lady of distinction in Austria, 'thanking God, who had honored his most unworthy servant and the greatest of sinners, with such an opportunity to confess his precious name, blessed for ever.'

His case excited profound interest, and noblemen of high rank, including the Elector of Saxony, that well-known friend of the Reformation, interceded with the potentates of Bavaria, but to no avail. After being degraded by the papal hierarchy, he was given over to the tender mercies of the civil authority, with the mockery of requesting that his life might be spared. This hollow guise of pretended charity wore too flimsy a veil to afford the accused any protection, and the 'stern Duke of Bavaria, instigated, no doubt, by his priests, issued a peremptory mandate, "for committing the incorrigible heretic alive to the flames."'

We quote verbatim from Milner's 'Church History,' from which this account has been copied, the particulars of the closing scene.

Leonhard's 'patience and constancy in prayer, the ardor of his soul, and his confidence towards God, are described as beyond belief. When the dreadful moment came, and he was placed on the pile, he said, 'O Lord Jesus, partake in my sufferings; support me; give me strength'; and lastly, as soon as the fire began to burn, he cried out, with a loud voice, 'Save me, Jesus; I am thine!' and soon after expired.'

Luther was exceedingly touched with the history of this mournful, yet triumphant event.

'Oh,' said he, 'that I might witness such a confession, and suffer such a death! But God's will be done!'

'Oh, wretched me—how far below this man am I!' he wrote to their common friend, Stifelius. 'I am a wordy preacher, he a powerful performer. May Christ grant that we may be enabled to imitate his holy character!'

Yet Luther was perhaps mistaken in desiring so earnestly a martyr's death. While Leonhard was called to die for the faith, Luther was equally called to live to defend it.

The query, 'What shall this man do?' received the memorable answer, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.'

It is they who follow their Lord most closely in that manner of life to which he has called them who are best prepared to go with him, 'to judgment and to death,' if such should be the lot appointed, for 'he that is faithful in a few things is faithful also in much.'

'Who is God's chosen priest?

He who on Christ stands waiting day and night,

Who traced his holy steps, nor ever ceased  
From Jordan banks to Bethphage height;

Who hath learned lowliness

From his Lord's cradle, patience from his cross;

Whom poor men's eyes and hearts consent  
to bless;

To whom, for Christ, the world is loss;

Who, both in agony,

Have seen him, and in glory; and in both  
Owned him divine, and yielded, nothing loth,  
Body and soul, to live and die,

In witness of his Lord,

In humble following of his Saviour dear;  
This is the man to wield th' unearthly  
sword,

Warring unharmed with sin and fear.'

KEBLE.

—'Light in the Home.'