

a secretary; yesterday he suddenly disappeared, no one knows where, but we suppose our master has dismissed him for embezzling. As I was waiting upon his Excellency at bedtime last night, he said to me, "My secretary is gone, and I do not know where to find another as experienced." I felt I cannot tell you how. Your name came at once into my head. You must know, sir, the secretary sleeps in the house, eats at my master's table, and has a hundred crowns a year. I said at once, "Your Excellency, I know some one." "I trow," said he, laughing, "hast thou a secretary among thy friends?" "No, Excellency," said I, "I am not so presumptuous as to reckon him among my acquaintance, but I know him." In short, sir, I told my master all.

"All?" interrupted Neumark. "Even how you met me first in Nathan's pawnshop?"

"Yes, all that," answered Gutig; "and if I have done wrong, I am very sorry; but my heart was so full. My master took no notice of that, but made me fetch your hymn, that he might see your handwriting. "Hand-writing and poetry both out of the common," said he as he laid it down. "If the young man will come to see me, I will think over it; perhaps he may suit me." I felt then a little uneasy—at the thought you might be offended, and, between this fear and the wish you might get the place, I could scarcely wait for the dawn. The Ambassador likes early visits, and if you will not think me rude, I would advise your coming at once."

Neumark without replying walked up and down the room.

"Yes," said he. "The ways of the Lord are wonderful. They who trust in Him shall want no good thing." Then turning to the servant he said, "God reward you for what you have done; I will go with you."

The Ambassador received him kindly. "You are a poet, I perceive," said he, "by these verses. Do you only write hymns?"

"I do not call myself a poet, sir. It is the burden of the Cross which has drawn from me whatever may be called poetry. And such a gift belongs only to the poor of this world."

"You are mistaken, young man," said the Ambassador, "and your experience is limited. Our King Gustavus Adolphus, in the glory and glitter of the throne, has composed and sung many a noble Christian song. You are poor, very poor, if my servant's account is correct. Has poverty ever driven you to doubt God's goodness?"

"God be praised, never; although I have sometimes been near it, He has always restored my faith and given me an inner peace. Has He not said, "The poor ye have always with you," and in another place He calls us "Blessed?" He Himself became poor for our sakes, and he commanded the Gospel to be preached to the poor, and even "the poor," says the Apostle, "make many rich." When one thinks of all this, it is in the end not so hard to submit to poverty."

"Bravely answered like a Christian man," said the Ambassador. "Some day we may have an opportunity of returning to this subject. I hear you have studied law. Do you think you could arrange some papers which require a knowledge of law and diplomatic matters?"

"If your Excellency would entrust them to me, I could very well try."

"Good; take these papers, and read them through. They contain enquiries from the Chancellor Okjenstierna, and the answers I will take up as soon as I am able. Bring me a summary of the whole; you can take your own time, and as soon as you are ready knock at the next door."

The next evening Neumark left the house of the Ambassador with a radiant countenance, and as he hurried through the streets he murmured to himself, a smile playing about his lips, "Yes, yes,

"He whom the God of love and power Hath chosen for His own."

His way led him by the shop of the Jew.

"Give me my violoncello, Nathan," cried he. "Here is a crown and a quarter, and one gulden to boot. Do not look so astonished; you traded on my need, and had I been one single hour beyond the two weeks, you would have put five crowns in your pocket. Still I am thankful for what you have lent me, without which I must have left Hamburg as a beggar. Moreover, I do not think you have done this yourself, you have been an instrument in God's hand. You know nothing of the joy of a Christian when he delivers a brother from trouble; therefore I will reward you in your beloved

coin: here is an extra golden gulden—and one thing, mark you,

"Who trusts in God's Almighty hand Will find he has not built on sand."

Saying this, Neumark seized his dear violin triumphantly, and hastened with rapid steps to his lodging. He did not stop until he found himself in his own room; there seating himself, he began to play in such a heavenly manner that the good woman of the house ran in and besieged him with questions. He listened, continuing to play and sing, until the landlady hardly knew herself whether she was in heaven or on earth. "Are you still here?" said he, pausing at last. "Well, my good friend, do me the favor to gather together all the people in the house, and all who are standing round the door in the street. Bring them all in, and I will sing them a song they have never heard before, for I am the most blessed man in Hamburg. Go, go, good woman, and gather me a congregation to whom I will preach a sermon by my violin."

In a few moments the room was filled. Neumark drew a few soft touches, and in a clear voice sang these words:—

"He whom the God of love and power Hath chosen for His own, Will comfort find in each dark hour, And light to lead him on.

"Of what avail our heavy cares? Of what avail our sighs and tears? In vain as each day comes and goes, We murmur o'er our pains and woes; Alas! we heavier make the cross Which God ordains for gain not loss.

"In quietness and confidence, Await we still the appointed hour, And watch our gracious God fulfil His wondrous work of grace and power. God who on us has laid His choice, Knows what will make each heart rejoice.

"God orders each sweet hour of joy, Unerring knows the best for all; His piercing glance sinks deep within, And searches out each darling sin; But to the servant faithful found, The blessings of the Lord abound."

Here the singer's voice failed; he trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The little assemblage stood spellbound, tears in every eye. At length Frau Johansen, no longer able to contain herself, burst forth. "Beloved, worthy sir!" she began, drying her eyes with the corner of her apron, "that sounds exactly as if we were in church, where I sometimes sit and forget all my cares, and think on God in Heaven and the Lord Christ on the cross!"

"Yes," cried Neumark, "all this has God done for me. Only think of it, I am now secretary to the Swedish Ambassador here in Hamburg, and have a hundred crowns a year; and to make my joy full, his Excellency has given me twenty-five in advance, that I might be able to redeem my beloved violin. Is the Lord not a wonderful and merciful God? Yes, yes, dear people, be sure of this,

"Who leans on God's Almighty hand Will find he has not built on sand."

"But this beautiful hymn, sir, where did you get it? I know the whole hymn-book by heart, but this hymn I do not remember. Did you compose it?"

"I?—yes. Yes, I am the instrument, the harp, but God touches the strings. "Who leans on God's Almighty Hand"—these words lay like a soft burden on my heart. I thought of them over and over until they formed themselves into a song of praise. You say, How? That I cannot tell. I began to play and sing for joy, and my heart lifted itself up to the Lord, and word for word came forth like water from a spring. Enough now, though. Listen once more.

"And think not thou when sore oppressed That thou by God forgotten art, Or that the man who seems more blessed Is held more closely to His heart, Wait thou the end—things ailer much, God will the true awards adjust."

"All things are easy to our God, To Him alike both great and small; He can the rich man's treasures take, The poor man rich and great to make. Our God with wonder-working power Exalts and casts down in an hour."

"Sing, pray, and go in God's own way, Be faithful through the live-long day, Watch for the promised heavenly blessing, Soon will it come all woes redressing. For those who on God's love depend Will find Him ready to defend."

As he ceased for the last time, he was so moved that he was obliged to put his violin aside, and the little congregation went silently out.

This is the history of the most comforting of all the German hymns—one which contains the best sermon for troubled, sorrowing hearts.

Two years later, Baron von Rosenkranz procured the post of librarian and keeper of

the archives at Weimar for his secretary, and thence Neumark went happily home in his eighty-sixth year. He wrote many hymns, but the most valuable he left to the Church was the one which he sang in the simplicity of his heart, when the good God gave him back his violin. —*Day of Rest.*

"IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS."

"It's none of my business," said Peter Martin, as he passed Farmer Hyde's orchard and saw one of his neighbor's sons stealing apples. "Let Ryder look after his own boys."

And he trudged on home, meeting Mr. Ryder by the way. His first impulse was to tell the neighbor about his son, but he checked the impulse, saying in his mind—"Let him find out for himself; it's none of my business. I'd get his ill-will instead of his thanks, most likely."

It so happened that this was Jim Ryder's first offence, and if Martin had told his father, the reproof or punishment that would have followed might have saved the boy from further crime. But escaping detection and punishment, he was encouraged to go on in evil.

But it was Martin's business, even in the narrow and selfish sense in which he had expressed himself. He would have made it his business if some one had introduced a fever-breeding nuisance into the neighborhood to the serious peril of his family.

On that very evening Jim Ryder met Martin's son, Edward, a lad three years younger, and gave him a couple of nice red apples.

"Where did you get them?" asked Edward as he ate the spicy fruit.

"You'll not tell?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"Well, then, I got them down at Mr. Hyde's orchard. I was going along there, and the apples looked so tempting I could not resist. Mr. Hyde's got bushels and bushels, and he'll never miss them."

The boys talked it over, and the elder one persuaded the younger that there was no great harm in taking a few apples. The only thing was not to be found out. And they agreed to go round together on the next afternoon, and help themselves to as many as they could carry.

Peter Martin was returning home on the next day, and just as he got near Farmer Hyde's orchard, he heard a great outcry and barking of dogs; and soon after, he saw Jim Ryder leap over the fence and run swiftly down the road.

"Ah, you young rascal!" he said to himself. "Been stealing apples again."

He was moving on, when he heard himself called. Looking round he saw Farmer Hyde, and he saw something else that made his heart sink like lead in his bosom—he saw his own little boy Edward in the tight grip of the angry farmer's hand!

"Been stealing my apples!" said the farmer.

At a single bound Peter Martin was over the fence, and standing with pale lips before the farmer and his frightened boy, he cried—"Oh, Ned! Ned!" in sorrow and shame. "To think that you could have done a mean and wicked thing like this."

"I wouldn't have thought of it, father," answered the trembling, white-faced child, "if it hadn't been for Jim Ryder. He said he got some yesterday, and that it wasn't any harm."

"The greatest rogue has got off, as is usual in such cases," said Farmer Hyde, the anger going out of his heart at the sight of the father's pain. "But there is harm, my boy," speaking gravely but kindly to Edward, "in taking what doesn't belong to you. It is stealing."

Peter Martin went home that day a wiser man, and with some clearer notions of his responsibility in the life around him.—*British Workman.*

PLAYING MARBLES.

We wonder how many boys who read this "play marbles for keeps." We know one boy who thinks it a disgrace to do it. It is gambling in a small way, just as though you were playing for money. The marbles you win are not really yours, and you have no right to them. The boy from whom you win them never feels quite as kindly toward you after you have taken his marbles. It helps you to do other questionable things more easily. On just the same principle you could throw twenty-five cent pieces, and keep all you made. Your pocket might be

full and the other boy's empty, but it would be no more nor less than gambling or stealing. Play for mere play and a good time. Marbles are yours only as you buy them, or as they are voluntarily given to you.—*Methodist.*

Question Corner.—No. 17.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

193. Whose feast was interrupted by hand-writing on the wall?
194. What was the meaning of the hand-writing, and by whom was it interpreted?
195. Who was cured of a loathsome disease by bathing in the river Jordan?
196. What is the first miracle performed by Christ of which we have any record?
197. Who were the father and mother of John the Baptist?
198. In what city was Christ when a man sick of the palsy was let down through the roof to be cured?
199. In what city was Christ preaching when the people tried to cast him down from the brow of the hill?
200. At what pool did Christ heal a man who had had an infirmity for thirty-eight years?
201. Name three women who at different times overcame the enemies of Israel.
202. What transgression, frequent before, is not recorded against the Jews after the Babylonian captivity?
203. What was Gideon's other name, and by whom was it given him?
204. What relation was Esther to Mordecai?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. He was sent by an angel into the South. And met with success, for God opened his mouth.
  2. When a friend, dearly loved, came knocking quite late, This damsel was tending the praying-room gate.
  3. His conduct was pleasing to God here on earth.
  4. His daughter adopted a son of low birth.
  5. He was called on account of a gifted tongue.
  6. In the days of the harvest his sons were hung.
  7. A priest who received from a king a decree.
  8. This word has a meaning like—Thus it shall be.
  9. Was confined to his bed for a term of years.
  10. Her corpse was surrounded by widows in tears.
  11. He prayed, and the Lord added years to his life.
  12. This beautiful maiden became a loved wife.
  13. Was sent as a helpmate and blessing to man.
  14. The king of this country went up against Dan.
  15. This color is somewhere applied to a hair.
- A message my primals will boldly declare.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

169. Death of the first born. Ex. xi. 5.
170. The darkness over the land of Egypt. Ex. x. 22, 23.
171. At the crucifixion. Matt. xxvii 45.
172. Proverbs xxii. 6.
173. Three thousand. Ex. xxxii. 28.
174. The brazen Serpent destroyed by Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii. 4.
175. Jonah's gourd. Jonah iv. 6, 7.
176. To shelter Jonah.
177. Nicodemus. John iii. 2.
178. Simon, a Cyrenian. Mark xv. 21.
179. Mercurius, by the heathen at Lystra, when he healed the cripple. Acts xiv. 12.
180. Barnabas. Acts xiv. 12.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 15.—Mary E. Coates, 12.  
 To No. 14.—Annie D. Burr, 12; Alex. George Burr, 12; Andrew Paterson, 9; W. S. Nicholson, 9; "La Règne de l'Église," 6; W. H. Simmons, 6.  
 To No. 13.—Aggie J. Doherty, 12; Samuel Macdonald, 13; Annie Burr, 11 ac; Alex. George Burr, 11 ac; David Arnott, 11; Andrew Paterson, 11; Annie Syreen, 10 ac; Agnes Murdoch, 10; Caroline G. Paillo, 10 ac.