

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CROSS MOTHERS.

"Mother's cross!" said Minnie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Minnie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Minnie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething boy.

Minnie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and smiles dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out in his carriage, mother? It is such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for the ride. "I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Minnie, "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered.

"Thank you, dearie, it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

"Well, Ben, I've found you two good places," said Jim, a stable boy, to a chum who was out of employment. "They're both of 'em first-class, but I'd 'vise you to take the last place. You'll get twenty dollars a month with board, and now and then a glass of wine. They aint stingy 'bout such things."

"And the other?" asked Ben.

"Well, you'll only get twelve dollars a month and board there, and nothin' to drink but tea and coffee. They're mighty strong temperance folks and never use wine. You'd better take twenty dollars and the wine."

Ben's face was a study as he thought of the twenty dollars—more than he had ever received—and the many comforts it would afford his poor mother and sisters, who were dependent upon his wages.

After a few moments the boy lifted his face and said firmly:

"I'll take the twelve dollars, Jim."

"And nothin' to drink but tea and coffee!" exclaimed Jim, contemptuously.

"That's why I choose the place," replied Ben. "I don't want to be tempted. How could I ever say, 'Lead us not into temptation,' if I led myself in? No Jim, I'd rather be able to say that prayer than to get twenty dollars a month."

POETIC PARALLELS AND SIMILES IN RHYME.

THE PYRAMID.

The following can be read both upwards and downwards:

There!
For aye
To stay
Commanding
Tis standing
With God-like air,
Sublimely fair!
Its fame desiring,
Its might admiring,
Looks on it from afar
Lo! every smiling star.
To raise the pile to Heaven
These beauteous stones are given;
Each prayer for Truth's inspiring light
Each manly struggle for the right;
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each aspiration for the holy;
Each strong temptation nobly overcome.
Each clamorous passion held in silence dumb
As slow it riseth toward the upper Heaven
Stone after stone unto the mass is given,
Its base upon the Earth, its apex in the skies,
The good man's character a Pyramid doth rise!

THOUGHT OF HIS MOTHER.

Affection never leaves so touching a memory as when death overtakes it in a vain effort to help and comfort. Here is one of the little incidents in humble life that excite the pang of pity, and start the tears. A poor little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell beneath the car and was fearfully mangled.

As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was at once sent to bring her to him. When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," he whispered with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

ASKING NOT TAKING.

A sick soldier, whose suffering was so great that he often wished he were dead, being asked, "How are you to escape everlasting pain?" replied:

"I am praying to God and striving to do my duty as well as I can."

"What are you praying for?" I asked.

"For the pardon of my sins."

"But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?"

"To take it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"Oh yes, sir! I think he is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah, sir," he said with much feeling, "I ought to accept it."

"And yet you keep asking him for what he offers, instead of taking it at once! But now tell me what you really require in order to be this moment a pardoned man."

"I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

"Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive him as your Saviour; and in Him you will find all that you need for time and eternity."

THE CHILDHOOD OF LUTHER.

Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honoured and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own later life that they had been over harsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles worse than his fault deserved. Of the village school, to which he was early sent, his recollections were only painful. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself what God was, what he was, and what God required him to do; and here the impressions of his home experiences began to weave themselves into what he learned from books.

The old Hans was a God-fearing man, who prayed habitually at his children's bedside; but he was one of those straightforward people who hated arguments about such things, who believed what he had been told by his priest, but considered that, essentially, religion meant the leading a good life. The Hartz mountains were the home of gnomes and demons, or at least of the popular belief in such things. Such stories Father Luther regarded as lies or tricks of the devil; but the devil himself was a grave reality to him; while the mother believed in witches, and was terribly afraid of them. He had something of his son's imagination. Looking one day over a harvest field, Martin heard him say, "How strange to think of the millions of men and women eating and drinking all over the earth—and all to be gathered into bundles like those corn-stalks." Many such speeches young Martin must have remembered and meditated on. He had a happy life, on the whole, at school at Eisenach. He is described as having been a merry, quick young fellow fond of German proverbs and popular songs and stories. He had a passion for music, and helped out the cost of his education by singing carols at night from door to door with three or four companions.

A MISSIONARY tells of a poor Christian woman in India who said to him, "I have no money for missions, but I can speak to my neighbours and urge them to come to the Saviour I have so joyfully found." She had learned what was better and richer than gold and silver, the power of personal influence through an earnest zeal for Christ. And so, in her humble way, she had led eleven persons to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Many a whole church, the past year, has come short of such success.