

have passed since Luther died, but "he being dead, yet speaketh."

In our picture will be seen a portrait of Martin Luther—Luther singing on the streets of Erfurt—and Luther nailing his celebrated theses to the church door. Under the portrait is a picture of the Cathedral at Worms, in which church was held a great meeting of the Catholic bishops and priests, before whom Luther appeared to defend his course; alongside we have a picture of the College at Wittenburg, where Luther was Professor, and the remaining illustration is that of Luther's room. We advise our young people to get a life of Luther and read it carefully. It will interest you, and no doubt prove of service to you.

I Can Let It Alone.

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion; "I can chew tobacco."
"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now, this is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the backbone to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing is the one of whom we are proud. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind or float with the tide, and it is easy to form bad habits; so that none can boast over the power to do that. It is the one who can let them alone that is worthy of praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing inviting about it then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best. Be men enough to let it alone. Hold up your head and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave.

Bad Bargains.

ONCE a Sunday School teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said:

"Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for the thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed;

"Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who to gain the whole world loses his own soul."

I Like Your Jesus.

A LITTLE Moslem child once said: "I like your Jesus, because he loves little girls! Our Mohammed did not love little girls." She had laid hold upon at least one of the greatest differences between the two religions.

Willie and the Apple.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple-tree old:
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one, it wouldn't be right!

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,—
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to day.'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he would answer me, 'No.'"

He would never find out if I took but just one;
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun!
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand,—but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain:
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of Conscience quite frequently played;

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, oh beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,—
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day'!"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house:
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to day."

The Time to Serve God.

WE visited a woman of ninety, as she lay on her last bed of sickness. She had been hoping in Christ for half a century. In the course of conversation she said: "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of the grave, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a child. Tell them, 'Youth is the time to serve the Lord.'"

Habit.

THERE was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was, that every morning after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way, when there was no earthly need of it. It was the force of habit. And children who form bad or good habits in youth, will be led by them when they become old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.