

Forest Soldiers.

When the summer drill is ended, and the army's work is through,
When Autumn hangs her signal in the skies,
And October's windy bugle calls to arms,
Every soldier shows his colours ere he dies.

How inspiring is the glory of the sturdy
Major Oak,
As he modestly unfurls his golden sash
And the sunset's borrowed crimson of
Lieutenant Maple's cloak,
Blends rich with the uniform of Ash.

The names of all these soldiers are too many
far to tell,
Of their merits just a little do we know,
But a word of commendation is sure be-
fitting well,
To the garrison that stays through
storm and snow.

Captains Pine and Fir and Cedar, never
were the men to leave
When the brightness of their coats were
needed most,
Then while for summer soldiers we sor-
rowfully grieve,
We rejoice that these remain through
wind and frost.

Ah well our King must love us, for these
soldiers brave and true,
Come to cheer our hearts at his supreme
command,
Then what must be the beauty which
awaits our wondering view
When we see him in his own dear native
land.

Floy.

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Copy for the Young People's De-
partment had not reached us when
this page went to press.

The Wife of Martin Luther.

BY REV. P. ROSS PARRISH.

One of the immediate results of
the doctrines taught by Luther was
a very general dissatisfaction on the
part of monks and nuns with their
unnatural and secluded life.

In the year 1520 the new faith
was introduced into Grimma a
little town two days' journey from
Wittenberg. A little to the north
of Grimma was the convent of
Nimptsch. The pious sisterhood
not only heard, but a portion of
them believed. Eager to throw off
the yoke, they first wrote to their
parents for aid in this dilemma, and
failing of help and protection from
them, resolved boldly to escape.
There were nine in the group.
Being refused the help of their
parents, they naturally turned to
Luther. They did not need to ap-
peal the second time. He took the
case in hand, procured the coopera-
tion of Leonard Koppe, a distin-
guished citizen and counsellor of
Torgau, and engaged to take care
of the fugitive nuns if Koppe would
deliver them from their convent
prison.

On the eve of Good Friday
April 4, 1523, Koppe, with two
stout helpers, by strategy and stealth
succeeded in securing their deliver-
ance and transporting them to Wit-
tenberg. Here they were comfort-
ably lodged with an honorable
citizen. With the future of only
one of these nuns do we have to do.

Catharine Von Bora was born on
January 29, 1509. This we learn
not from any written document,
but from an inscribed silver medal
which Luther gave her, and which
is still preserved at Dresden. The
place of her nativity is not defini-
tely known, save that it was in
some part of Saxony. We know
nothing of her youth. On April 4,
1521, when twenty-two years of
age, she entered the convent of
Nimptsch; whether of her own free
will or at the instance of her par-
ents, history does not tell us. We
pass over any glimpse at the con-
vent life of the times, and hasten
to follow her in her flight.

Behold them now in Wittenberg
—cast off their parents; exora-

ted by their co-religionists; under
the ban of the church, whose thun-
ders failed not to fall on them as
well as on those who aided in their
escape. Upon, Luther indeed, as
the prime mover in the matter,
they fell the heaviest. He was
furiously denounced, and hesitated
not to reply.

Meantime, several of the young
ladies were happily married. We
learn from Luther's letters that
neither at this time nor for a con-
siderable period afterwards, did he
contemplate marrying Catharine.
Luther did not yet love her. In
truth, he suspected her of pride.
She possessed a dignity of manner
and action which Luther mistook
for pride. A longer and closer ac-
quaintance relieved him of this
error. Meantime, Catharine had
many suitors. At the same time,
Luther's esteem increased and rip-
ened into affection for her. There
was no sharp rivalry, however, be-
tween him and others. Nor was
it any stroke of exotericity that se-
cured her. Luther finally made up
his mind to marriage, and that
Catharine was the object of his
affections. To resolve and to act
were always as nearly as possible
simultaneous with Luther. Hence,
in company with three friends, he
proceeded at once to declare to
Catharine his devotion, and to ask
her hand in marriage. At first she
thought he was in jest. Finding he
was in earnest, she at once with
maidenly modesty, gave her con-
sent. On the same day the mar-
riage was solemnized. At this time
Catharine was twenty-six years of
age, and Luther forty-two. The
marriage and betrothal rings of
Luther are still in existence.

Luther had given no intimation to
any of his friends but those who
were present at the ceremony.
This was probably because he fear-
ed remonstrances from others
against this act as impolitic just
then. And he had resolved, in
spite of the prophecy of his foes
and the fears of his friends, to deal
a death-blow at the celibacy of the
priesthood. The Roman Catholics
were not sparing of abuse. All
kinds of ridiculous and wicked
stories were circulated concerning
them. This they bore with Chris-
tian patience and fortitude.

The married life of Catharine
lasted nearly twenty-one years;
namely, from June 13, 1525, to
February 7, 1546, when the death
of her husband left her a widow.
We have the testimony of Luther
and of his friends that, during this
time, she was to him a faithful
wife, a discreet manager of his
household, a good mother to his
children, and a loving and sym-
pathetic counsellor in all his troubles.
It is certain that, without her close
management, Luther would have
been unable to live, as he did, upon
his small income of \$130 per an-
num.

Catharine possessed naturally a
good deal of force of character. In
household matters she is said to
have had her will; her husband,
knowing her prudence, sensibly
and pleasantly gave way to her.
His letters abound in expressions of
love and esteem for her—"great-
est comfort," his "rib," his "em-
press." Mixing much in the society
of men of genius and cultivation
who frequented her house, she be-
came herself a woman of cultivated
mind far beyond most of her sex in
those days. This relieved her from
indulging in the ordinary round of
petty social life.

They had six children, two of
whom died in infancy. In 1540
Luther purchased for her the small
estate of Tollsorf, where the
family subsequently resided. She
experienced great anxiety concerning
Luther's failing health and poign-
ant sorrow at his death, which oc-
curred when away from home. For
some time after Luther's death she
was aided and comforted by the
sympathy and assistance of the dif-
ferent princes of northern Europe
who had embraced the Reformed
religion. But in the struggles that
followed, the Protestants suffered
temporary defeat, and Mrs. Luther
was reduced to very straitened cir-
cumstances including the loss of her
estate for a time. The remainder of
her widowhood, which lasted seven years,
was passed amid many privations,
trials and sorrows.

In the year 1552, while seeking
to escape from the plague in Wit-
tenberg, the horse grew frightened
and ran away with her and her
children. She leaped from the car-
riage and fell into some water, from
which she took cold and died
December 20, 1552.

She was buried in the parish
church in Torgau. Her funeral
was attended by a great concourse
of people and students. Her
quaint tombstone is still to be seen.

Thus departed, after many tribu-
lations, one who probably did
much by her affection, prudence,
sympathy, and encouragement to
keep up the spirit of the great re-
former. When we bless Luther
for his great work, let us not for-
get her who shared his many
troubles and doubled also his joys.
—Obris. Observer.

A Grandmother's Place.

She was a dear, white haired old
lady—the very ideal of a grand-
mother, and she sat by the fireside
rocking slowly, but with a sad look
on her gentle face.

"No, dearie, I'm not sick, but I
do feel lonely sometimes."
But why should she be lonely?
She was in a family of well-bred
young people—son and daughter
and grandchildren of various ages.
To be sure many of her dear ones
had gone across the river to the
Father's house; but she was not of
a melancholy temperament, so she
did not brood over that.

She loved the young people. She
would have liked to join in their
merriment; she would have gone
with them to some of the concerts
and other places, if she had been
asked. But they in their thought-
lessness never imagined that grand-
mother cared for such things, and
so they sat talking over their plans,
telling merry tales and jokes, but
leaving grandmother out of the con-
versation altogether.

They were never unkind to her.
She had the best room in the house.
Her bodily comforts were attended
to first, her wishes were immedi-
ately carried out. But she would have
gladly given up all this to have had
one of those bright faced boys or
girls for a companion. If they
would have only sat down and told
her some of their stories and plans,
how glad she would have been; and
she had pleasant stories to tell, too,
if there were some one to listen and
care.

But she sat by the fire with a
shadow on her lovely old face, and
said, "I am so lonely sometimes."
I wish they could have all heard it,
and understood the pathos of it. It
will not be long till grandmother's
chair will be vacant. She has spent
her life in ministry for others.
Common gratitude would demand
that her last days should not be
lonely and companionless. Love the
grandmother; give her a place in
your heart as well as your home,
and make her closing hours her
happiest.—Selected.

The Work that is Never Done.

"If things would only stay done
—if I could look back over the day
and see one thing accomplished
which will not have to be done
over again to-morrow, I should not
get so tired of it, or feel so discour-
aged!"

How many millions of wives and
mothers have made some such com-
ment as this on the monotony of
household tasks! It is not alone
the deadly sameness, the constant
repetition of little duties! It is
even more the feeling of futility,
the apparent failure to accomplish
any enduring results. The bread
which was baked this morning will
be gone to-morrow. The dishes are
washed and put away, only to be
used and washed again. The linen
fresh from the laundry will be
back in the laundry by the end of
the week. The rooms swept clean
the other day already need sweep-
ing again. The children call for
endless sympathy and attention.

A man's work may be ever so
hard; it is less often clouded by
this sense of unproductiveness. It
usually brings a definite reward in
the feeling of something accomplish-
ed, some tangible result achieved.
The architect points to the finished
building, and says, I designed it.
The carpenter and the mason, who
see the structure growing under
their hands know that it will stand
for years, an unimpeachable witness
to their industry and faithfulness.

But the things which are tangible
are not always those which are most
real or most useful. There are
noble works besides fine buildings.
The young man who goes out into
the world healthy and clean-minded,
strong in principles which he ac-
quired at home, and firm in the be-
lief that there is no other woman in
the world quite so good as his
mother—he is a nobler work even
than a Parthenon or a Taj Mahal.
And the daughter who has grown to
womanhood with a pure heart and
hands trained to perpetuate in a
new home the deeds of usefulness
and comfort learned in the old—is
she less to the world than brick and
marble?

Do you think that nothing is
happening because you do not see
yourself grow, or hear the whirr of
the machinery, says Henry Drum-
mond. All great things grow noise-
lessly, you can see a mushroom
grow, but never a child.—Selected.

A Scotch preacher: "You never
saw a woman sewing without a
needle. She would make but poor
speed if she sewed only with a
thread. So I think when we are
dealing with poor sinners we must
aye put in the needle of the law
first; for the fact is, they're sleepin'
sound, and they need to be wakened
up with something sharp. But when
we've got the needle of the law
fairly in, we may draw as long a
thread as we like of Gospel consolati-
on after it."

Good Manners at Home.

Practical jokes are rarely
indulged in by persons of nice pr-
ceptions, and teasing passes the
bounds of good taste when it ceases
to be matter of pure fun from all
sides. Inquisitiveness is always
bad form. Whom is your letter
from? What makes your eyes so
red? are interferences with one's
rightful privacy. A closed door
should be respected and give as-
surance of seclusion.

One who is so disloyal as to re-
peat to any outsider, however inti-
mate, anything to the discredit of
the family, deserves to forfeit all
family rights and privileges.

There are no terms strong enough
to condemn the vanity of parents
who will allow a daughter's charms
prospects, and advantages to be ad-
vertised in the public prints.

Society requires that whatever
their private relations, husband
and wife face the world as a unit,
harmonious and with inter-
ests identical.

One thing good form imperatively
demands—that by no means, no
loss of self-control, shall family dis-
cords be revealed to strangers, chil-
dren, or servants.

An uncontrolled voice is always
unmannerly and undignified.

A readiness to give up in little
things is the most tactful ap-
proach possible for a return of courtesy at
other times when the matter may
be of importance to us.

Personalities that are made to do
duty as family jokes are never
funny to strangers.—Mrs. Burton
Kingsland, in the December Ladies'
Home Journal.

Thrown Away Piecemeal.

We are all throwers. One man
throws away a fortune. Thousands
of people throw away their health.
Some of us throw away our friends
and plenty of us throw away time.

There are few of us that do not
throw away strength, chances of
improvement—something valuable.

But the most prodigal of wasters
is the man that is throwing away
his better, nobler self. Here's a
chance to drive a close bargain
Away goes a piece of conscience. It
will never be picked up again. An
appeal for brotherly helpfulness
clashes with self-love. Sympathy is
flung to the winds, and the heart
begins to shrivel. Political prefer-
ment offers a bribe for conformity
to the world's standards of honor;
pluck out a piece of the backbone
and throw it away. Society sets
out the wine glass and the cards.
Throw overboard principle.

Some day the cry goes up, A
man lost! Where did he go down?
Neither here nor there. He threw
himself away by piecemeal. He
did not become a castaway in a
minute. Look out for the small
bits of manhood, and the man will
take care of himself.—Presbyterian
Witness.

Make sure that, however good
you may be, you have faults; that
however dull you may be, you can
find out what they are; and that,
however slight they may be, you
would better make some patient ef-
fort to get quit of them.—Ruskin.

We are not sent into this world
to do anything into which we can-
not put our hearts. We have cer-
tain work to do for our bread, and
that is to be done strenuously; other
work to do for our delight, and that
is to be done heartily; neither is to
be done by halves and shifts, but
with a will, and what is not worth
this effort is not to be done at all.
—Carlyle.

Count no duty too little, no
round of life too small, no work too
low, if it come in thy way, since
God thinks so much of it as to send
His angels to guard thee in it.
—Mark Guy Pearse.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds
the teeth at night and picks the nose
you may almost be certain it has
worms and should administer without
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sages, and is a sovereign remedy for
all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or
soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc.
It has cured many when supposed to
be far advanced in consumption.

Cheating at School.

The other day a young man in
one of the college stole his gradu-
ating essay from one that had been
written by another collegian years
before, and afterwards printed. It
was considered so good that it won
a prize, but the secret of the theft
was soon discovered, and the thief
was disgraced. What a sad and
ruinous sin it was that wrecked his
young life! Yet how probable it is
that he began as a school boy, just
by cheating his teacher in little
things—looking over his school-
mates' sums, copying their answers
and so on—as many thoughtless
school boys do. Cheating is cheat-
ing, and stealing is stealing, whether
or what we steal be money or the
solution of a problem in algebra.
The honest lad should have trickery
of every kind, and stand squarely
on his own feet.—Sunday School
Visitor.

You can no more filter your mind
into purity than you can compress
it into calmness; you must keep it
pure if you would have it pure; and
throw no stones into it if you would
have it quiet.—John Ruskin.

Out of Plumb.

When the wall is out of plumb the
building is more or less unsafe, and the
higher the wall is carried out of the per-
pendicular the greater the danger of col-
lapse. It's about so with the health. If
it is out of plumb when the digestion is
impaired, when there is a dull,
sluggish feeling, with nervousness,
irritability and sleeplessness. Every day
that these symptoms are neglected in-
creases the liability to physical
collapse.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery cures diseases of the
stomach and other
organs of diges-
tion and nutrition.
It purifies the blood and cures nervous-
ness, irritability and sleeplessness by
curing the diseases in which they
originate.

"For three years I suffered untold agony,"
writes Mrs. H. R. White, of Stanstead,
Quebec. "I would have spells of trem-
bling and being sick at my stomach, pain in right side
all the time; then it would work up into my
stomach and such distress it is impossible to
describe. I wrote to the World's Dispensary
Medical Association, stating my case to them,
and they very promptly answered and told me
what to do. I took eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and two vials of
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Thanks to Dr.
Pierce and his medicine I am a well woman
to-day. Dr. Pierce's medicines also cured my
mother of liver complaint from which she has
been a sufferer for fifteen years. We highly
recommend these medicines to all suffering
people."

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