

THE MESSENGER.

very important indeed, because he was Uncle Fred's nephew.

They found pleasant places to sit down in the shade, and then they listened to the concert by the regimental band, which was given every morning. Roy enjoyed the music and admired the uniforms, and between selections plied Uncle Fred with questions. He asked about the medal which Uncle Fred wore, about the letters on the collar of his blouse, and why he had white stripes up the sides of his trousers. Uncle Fred answered all the questions, and Roy began to feel quite wise, and to think with delight of the amount of information he would be able to give the 'other boys' the next day.

After the concert was ended, mamma and Roy stayed in the tent while Uncle Fred took his company out for skirmish drill. It was great fun to watch them. They all moved exactly together, and then at a word from Uncle Fred they all began to run, and then threw themselves flat upon the ground. Their rifles were pointed straight at Roy and mamma, and he began to feel a trifle anxious about mamma, when up they jumped again and wheeled about in the most wonderful way, keeping in a straight line all the time.

When the drill was over, Uncle Fred came back to the tent, and Roy had more questions to ask him than ever. By the time Uncle Fred had rested, Roy knew all the commands for skirmish drill by heart, and was going back and forth the length of the tent saying, 'Hip, hip, hip,' as he went.

Pretty soon his attention was attracted from his marching by the sight of a gentleman with a camera. He said that he wanted to take the picture of Company A's mascot. Roy did not know what that was, but he soon found out for Uncle Fred went to the captain's tent and led out one of the biggest dogs that he had ever seen. His name was Bruno and Roy found that he was to go with the regiment wherever it was sent, and that the soldiers called him their mascot in order that he should bring them success in their battles. Roy didn't quite see how Bruno was to do it, and probably the soldiers didn't either, but that fact did not interfere with Roy's admiration for the big fellow.

'Come, Roy,' said Uncle Fred, 'and hold Bruno's chain while he has his picture taken.' And then Uncle Fred introduced Roy to the gentle-

man with the camera, and it seemed that he was taking the picture for one of the newspapers the next morning. So Roy took hold of Bruno's chain, and they both held quite still in front of the tent until the gentleman said, 'That is all.' Roy doesn't understand yet how the gentleman could get his picture in the paper without doing any more than that, but he certainly did, for Roy saw it.

Pretty soon after that the bugle sounded, and Uncle Fred said, 'Now watch, the men are going to have their dinner.' So Roy watched, you may be sure. There were no tables in sight, and he wondered where they were going to eat, but he soon found out.

When the bugle blew again the men filed out of their tents, each one with a bright tin plate and cup in his hand, and marched down to where a man stood beside a big pail which hung over a fire of sticks. There were other pails there, too, resting on what looked like a big iron gridiron, which set over the fire. As the men marched past, this man dished some potatoes on to each plate, another helped put some mutton stew upon the same plate, and the third poured coffee into the cups. Then each soldier helped himself to sugar and salt, took two large slices of bread, and passed on.

Roy watched to see where they were to eat, and what did they do but drop down upon the grass, picnic fashion, and set their dishes upon the ground. Roy noticed that there was no butter for the bread, or cream for the coffee, but the men seemed hungry, and ate regardless of such trifles.

Roy had grown tremendously hungry himself by this time, and he began to wonder if they were to eat in the same fashion.

'Won't you mess with us?' one of the soldiers asked, politely, as Roy stood looking at the immense picnic. 'We haven't any ice cream or Worcester sauce to offer you,' he added, laughing at his own joke, 'but you're too good a soldier to mind that.'

Roy straightened up a little, laughed and shook his head.

Then Uncle Fred took them off to dinner, and Roy was glad that he did not decide to 'mess' with the men. He was also glad that his Uncle Fred was an officer instead of a private, and he determined that when he grew up and went to war he would be an officer, too.

The afternoon was spent in watching more drills, hearing more music, and asking more questions, and then came the long ride home.

He was pretty tired when he went to bed, and after he got to sleep he dreamed that he was in a battle and shot Bruno, and that all the soldiers started to chase him off the battle-field because he had shot their mascot. He began to run, and then fell, bump, and woke up to find himself on the floor, with mamma standing beside him and asking him what could be the matter.

He told her he had just shot Bruno, and that the soldiers were chasing him, and by the time mamma had stopped laughing, he was wide enough awake to climb back into bed, where he stayed the remainder of the night.

But the next day he wouldn't have taken anything for his experience in camp, and he was the hero of all the other boys of the neighborhood when he gave them the orders of the skirmish drill.

A True Story.

(By Alice May Douglas.)

Once, in a dark, ungodly home,
There lived a little Christian child.
She heeded Jesus' voice within,
Was ever dutiful and mild.
This little girl prayed every night,
For God to save her parents dear,
And as her mother passed her room,
These pleading tones she chanced to hear:
'Father in heaven who filled my heart,
With peace and joy, this joy impart.
To my dear parents. Save, I pray,
Pardon and wash their sins away.'

The mother's heart was deeply moved:
Then flushed her cheeks with honest shame,
That she had taught her child to pray,
Yet never called on Jesus' name.
She sought her husband, whispering low,
'Oh, come, hear Mary pray for you.'
Both parents waited at the door
Till little Mary's prayer was through
God, who had heard the sweet child pray,
Answered her prayer, and one glad day,
Both parents gave their hearts to God,
Rejoicing in his love so broad.
—'Mavflower.'