

Children's Department.THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
 Go while it is called to-day :
 For the years go out and the years come in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win ;
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before ;
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet
 Going down to the river where two world's
 meet :
 They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my
 boy,
 And duty, too, assigned,
 Step into the front with a cheerful face,
 Be quick, or another may take your place,
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my
 boy,
 That you never can tread again—
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
 Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
 Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
 Temptations without and within :
 And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
 As those which the angels in heaven might
 wear,
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth :
 Put on the helmet, and breast-plate, and
 shield,
 And the sword the feeblest hand may wield
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
 With the peace of the gospel shod,
 And before high heaven do the best you can
 For the great reward and the good of man,
 For the kingdom and crown of God.

SAVED BY A CAT.

During the time when England
 was rent and torn by civil strife be-
 tween the two factions represented
 by the red and white roses, Sir Hen-
 ry Wyatt, a brave noble soldier, wore

the red rose, and after brilliant vic-
 tory won by his enemies, was cap-
 tured and imprisoned—so the re-
 cord tells us—"in a cold and dark
 tower." Here he was allowed to
 languish, unsupplied with sufficient
 food to keep the wheel of life mov-
 ing on. In vain he begged his gaol-
 er to increase his allowance, but
 fearing to disobey those who ruled
 over him, the man refused. One
 day Sir Henry discovered that a
 visitor had made her way into his
 dark and narrow cell. She purred
 and rubbed against him, and soon
 the knight and the new comer were
 fast friends.

Every day she came for a while
 through a narrow aperture in the
 wall and day by day the attachment
 grew. Whether in the course of
 their interviews Sir Henry told his
 new friend how hungry he was he
 do not know. Perhaps it was only
 puss's desire to show her affection for
 him, but one day she came lugging
 something in her mouth, and soon
 she laid a fine fat pigeon at the
 knight's feet. Here was fowl, and
 just in time to save his life. The
 gaoler was not heartless, and though
 he dared not buy food for his pris-
 oner, he did not refuse to cook what
 the knight supplied.

In the course of a little while puss
 brought another bird. Then one
 came every day. Sir Henry began
 to recover and grew strong. Final-
 ly, his enemies, learning how mira-
 culously his life had been preserved,
 granted him a pardon. You can
 imagine, after this, how grateful the
 knight was to puss. To show his
 feeling towards her, the old chroni-
 cle says, "Perhaps you will not find
 his picture anywhere without a cat
 beside him."