

Recruiting Song.

BY THE REV. H. A. FISH.

TUNE—"Lily of the Valley."

We are a band of soldiers enlisted for the king!
Even Jesus, our great Captain, gone before;
We are every one determined, who've joined the Douglas wing
Of Christ's army, to be faithful evermore.
Let no one be discouraged, or think we are too young,
With the foe in mortal combat to engage;
For "the Lord of Hosts is with us," we fear no challenge flung
By the enemy, malicious though he rage.

CHORUS.

Then rouse ye! young Endeavourers, and rally for the King,
Let no soldier act the coward in the fray;
We will trust in Christ our Captain, and make his praises ring
Who with victory will crown us every day.

Our ranks include no traitors, here all are staunch and true,
To the pledges they have taken for the right.

Each one is brave and loyal, ready to dare and do,
In this way our soldiers keep their armour bright.

By self-denying service, and constancy in prayer,
We shall come off more than conquerors by his power;

Though foes around us gather, we need not once despair,
For our Saviour is a strong and mighty tower.

"Be strong and of good courage;" endure throughout the fight,
This shall be our motto on our banner gay;
And when others see us marching, with happy faces bright,
They will wish to join our ranks—and so they may.

And when the conflict's over, and victory is won,
In heavenly places we shall then sit down;
When welcomed by our Captain, God's well-beloved Son!

We shall lay aside the helmet for the crown.

his son, and so discover the shelter they had found from his hatred and revenge.

It had been a standing joke at the market, and amongst Euclid's oldest and familiar customers, that the old watercress-seller must have come into a fortune, so changed was he. He looked as if the old bent in his shoulders was growing straighter, and his bowed-down head more erect. The linen blouse he had always worn as his outer garment was no longer ragged or dirty; and in the winter a warm, though threadbare, greatcoat took its place. He had become a very independent buyer, and most fastidious in his choice of crêsses. No fear now that he must put up with any crêsses gone yellow at the edges, or spotted on the bright green leaf. He could pay for the best; and the saleswomen knew that he would have the best. He could afford to give more liberal and larger bunches; and his wrinkled face did not fall into abject disappointment if he was asked to give credit for a day or two. He was quite another being from the stooping, shuffling, poverty-stricken, decrepit old man, who had been wont to cry, "Cre-she! cre-she!" in a hoarse and mournful voice along the streets.

It was the home he and Victoria had found which did it. There was a nourishing warmth in the sense of friendship and fellow-feeling which surrounded him there. Mrs. Linnett's cheery ways, and Mr. Dudley's kindly interest in them, made him feel that they were no longer alone in the battle of life. If he fell on the battle-field, Victoria would not be trampled under foot in its fierce conflict. There was the same hard toil for him; the chilly mornings of winter were no warmer; but the world appeared quite another place to him; for his heart was no longer heavy, nor his spirit cast down.

It had been strongly urged upon Roger by Mr. Dudley and by his teachers on board the *Cleopatra*, that he must replace the money he had formerly stolen from Euclid. This purpose became a secret between him and Bess and Mrs. Linnett, who delighted in innocent surprises. When the sum was completed, on his return from his second voyage, he and Bess tied it up in an old handkerchief, and placed it under Victoria's pillow, where her Testament was often laid now, that she might be reading it in the early light of the morning as soon as Bess and her father began to stir. Victoria's hand, groping for her little book, grasped the old, well-remembered parcel of hard money, and she screamed, "Father! father!" till Euclid appeared at the door, looking in with a terrified face.

"It's the money for my coffin come again!" she cried, bursting into tears.
"No, no!" said Bess, between laughing and crying: "it's the money as Roger stole, every penny of it, saved up to be given back to you, with his love! O Roger! tell them! tell them all about it!"

But Roger, who was standing beside Euclid at the door, could not utter a word. It felt to him a happier time even than when he had received his prizes, in the presence of all his mates, from the hands of a real lord. Old Euclid's face, bewildered and alarmed at first, changed into a joyous and radiant delight.

"Nigh upon four pound!" he said. "Well done, Roger! But I don't know how we're to spend it, Victoria, my dear. It's not wanted for your buyin'."

"It's for her weddin' wif' Capt. Upjohn!" called out Roger, with a chuckle of delight; whilst Euclid laughed hoarsely, and Mrs. Linnett joined him, as Victoria cried, "Father, shut the door!"

It was true. Capt. Upjohn, the master of a sloop trading to and from Sweden, and an old shipmate of Thomas Linnett, though many years younger, was about to make Victoria his wife. No fear now that she would ever have to rough it, little and tender as she was. Capt. Upjohn would see to that; and he would see to old Euclid himself, and provide a home for him, when it was no longer possible for him to earn his own bread. There was some talk already of setting him up with a donkey-cart, and so putting him into a larger and more respectable way of living; for Capt. Upjohn was a man who should have married in a higher rank than that of watercress-sellers, and would have done it if he had not met with Victoria at Mrs. Linnett's, and thought so much of her as to forget her father's low estate.

Proud and happy beyond words was old Euclid when his last and only child, Victoria, was married, and he led her to church, her dear hand in his, to give her away to Capt. Upjohn, instead of following her to the grave as he had followed her mother and all his other children. He knew the burial-service well, or rather he knew the ceremony of a funeral, for the words had made little impression on him; but a wedding was new to him. He could dimly remember what he said when he married Victoria's mother; and as Capt. Upjohn and Victoria exchanged the same vows, he felt that he could die that very moment.

"I should like her mother to know as Victoria's married!" was his speech at the feast Mrs. Linnett gave in her little kitchen.

They went down the river to Greenwich, and surely never was there such a day! Old Euclid declared he had never known one like it. Bess and Roger thought it was no brighter or warmer or happier than the one that had been spent on board the *Cleopatra* two summers before; but the other three were dead against them. Capt. Upjohn maintained that there could be no question as to which day was the fairer one. Certainly no happier party ever strolled under the flitting shadows of the Spanish chestnut-trees in Greenwich Park, or ran down the slopes together; old Euclid himself running far in the rear with his shambling feet, and his gray hair blown about by the wind.

And the coming home again up the river, in the cool of the evening, with the soft chill of the breeze playing on their faces! Euclid sat very still and silent, with Victoria and her husband on one hand, and Bess, hardly less dear to him, and Roger, on the other. But his silence was the stillness and peacefulness of a happy old age, free now forevermore from all oppressive cares. To-morrow morning he would be up again at four o'clock, and go off to the market; but labour was no longer irksome to him. He was no longer drudging merely for a coffin and a grave. He was now without hope and without God in the world.

They landed in the dusk, and brushed past an idler, who was lounging near the stage, watching the steamers come and go. But he started and stared as his eyes fell upon them, and with a stealthy step he dogged their way home. Not one of them looked back. No one suspected that they were followed, though he kept them in sight until he saw Mrs. Linnett watching for their return over the half-door of her little shop, and waving a white handkerchief to welcome them. Then he turned away, and sauntered homewards to the old place, where Euclid had saved and hoarded and lost the money which Roger had stolen.

"It's old Euclid!" he had muttered to himself, "and Victoria as grand as a lady, and little Bess; and who's the lad o' nineteen or so? Why, it must be Roger! my son Roger! And he's doing well, by his clothes! I'll be even wif' every on 'em yet."

(To be continued.)

"BEN'S ROOM."

"WHAT a hideous green you are putting into that tidy," said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," answered Kate good humouredly, "you see I bought it one evening and began to work on it by lamplight and thought it looked pretty well. But some colours are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know of one thing I can do with it, I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"
"Oh, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there," and Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly when she caught Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlour as into brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion. And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for the difference! thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending the time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was great overhauling of furniture upstairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare; dainty white mats upon the bureau; fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it. "Now," said she, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she

asked, as she passed his open door that evening, and saw him sitting with head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh no," he answered, "only thinking of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it wasn't the last time, either. By-and-bye he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand, good thing to have a home and to be worthy of it?

"Do you know," said Kate to her friend one day, "your plan worked like a charm."

Try it, girls!

MY FATHER.

In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not. Was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No, he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for he holds all these waters there!"

The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to this faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul in its extremity cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart does not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of providence; but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts do not like to be so completely in his power. It is when I am satisfied with his mercy that I rejoice to lie in his hand.—*Arnold.*

POOR HAND! BUT IT BELONGS TO JESUS.

ALFRED COOKMAN, when his right hand was paralyzed, lifted it up one day, and as he looked at it, said: "Poor hand! but it belongs to Jesus." The ecstatic joy of eternal life went through his soul as he said that. O Christian, whether your faculties be paralyzed or in full health, if you can only say they belong to Jesus, without reserve all his, that will do, we need not be concerned about the final issue: it is well with your soul.

JUNIOR LEAGUE—HOW TO ORGANIZE.

First talk it up among the children. Arouse their enthusiasm. Interest the boys first, and thereby insure their co-operation in the meetings. Tell them of the work of the Junior League in other localities. Have the pastor explain to his congregation and Sunday-school the object and plans of the Junior League, and announce a meeting to which he invites all boys and girls between the ages of eight and fifteen.

At this first meeting proceed to organize at once. Adopt a constitution and pledge. There should be four adult officers chosen by the pastor: president or leader, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer; also pianist and doorkeeper. Elect these officers by a majority vote of the members present. Report the number of members and list of officers to the Central Office (enclosing 25 cents for a charter).

The leader should nominate from the members several committees of from three to five each, such as lookout, visiting, flower, temperance, social, reception, and entertainment committees. These shall be elected to serve for one quarter, or until their successors shall have been chosen, thus giving all a chance to serve on some committee during the year. Give the League a "watch-word" (to be changed each quarter) which each member must repeat to the doorkeeper on presenting "punch-card" to gain admittance.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XIX.—VICTORIA'S WEDDING.

IT was months before Mr. Dudley could learn anything of David; and then he discovered him in jail again for theft of a more serious character. He obtained permission to visit him, and had a long interview with him; and left, promising to be his friend. When his term was up Mr. Dudley found him lodgings, and did his best to find him work; but there was no remunerative work to be procured for him, and he was now utterly averse to hard labour with poor pay. It was more than three years since his first committal to prison; and he had learned one lesson so well there, that he was no longer willing to bear with starvation or excessive toil. He had nothing to lose by being a thief, except his liberty; and his liberty was equally forfeit if he gave himself to intermittent labour. His sole ambition now was to thieve so skillfully as to defy the vigilance of his enemies the police.

There was at least one point of good left in him. He would not hear where Bess was living, and he begged Mr. Dudley not to tell her of his lost condition. "Let me go down to hell alone," he said. "I'm not afraid of it; but I don't want to see little Bess there." It was in vain that Mr. Dudley reasoned with him and entreated him to try again. How could he try again? Would anything ever alter the shameful fact that he had been several times in jail? or would any effort take away his name from the terrible list of habitual criminals kept by the police? The name his father bore and his mother loved—David Fell—was inscribed there.

"This is a bad world," he said; and Mr. Dudley did not know what to answer.

It was well for Bess that Mr. Dudley kept David's secret, and said nothing to her of his failure in trying to redeem him. Roger had entered the merchant-service, and was serving before the mast in a sailing vessel that went long voyages, and came into London docks but seldom. When he was on shore, his home was always at Mrs. Linnett's, where old Euclid took a pride in him as being a lad saved from destruction through his mediation. Yet there was always a little dread mingled with his welcome visits lest Blackett should come across