

6. " But I'm a soldier too, my friend,
 All ready armed for fight ;
 I bear a trusty, well-tryed sword
 All sharp, and keen, and bright.
 A noble Roman bore it once
 Thro' many a well-fought fray.
 That's eighteen hundred years ago,
 It's just as good to-day."
7. " I own, I'm quite surprised, good man,
 You must possess some charm ;
 To wield that sword of which you speak,
 Requires a nervous arm ;
 But you are getting old and grey,
 Your sands of life run low,
 Some mystery lies beneath your speech,
 I pray you let me know."
8. " Sir, I'm a Bible Colporteur,
 My Burden—God's own Word,—
 What better weapon could I wield—
 The Spirit's trenchant sword ?
 My Captain is the Lord of Hosts,
 Resistless in His might,
 What cause have I for fear whilst He
 Is foremost in the fight ?"
9. Then Hallelujah ! Sing the praise
 Of our redeeming Lord,
 Hosanna to the Prince of Peace,
 Who saves us by His Word.
 Spread wide the Word ! Raise high the song !
 Till heaven's broad arches ring
 With universal hymns of praise
 To Christ, our Lord and King.

HE LOVED HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The following incident is sent for publication in the *Record*, by a gentleman who heard it narrated at a children's meeting in the city not long ago :

Some years ago a small boy came into the office of a steamboat company in Albany N. Y., and seeing a gentleman busy writing, he took off his hat and approached him, waiting to be spoken to. "What do you want, boy?" soon said the gentleman. "I'm a poor boy, sir, and have walked much of the way from Canandaigua on my way to New York, to my aunt's ; my money is nearly all gone, and I have come to see if you won't please to send me in one of your steamers." "Have you run away?" "No, sir, my mother is dead, and I promised her I would go to my aunt in New York, sir, and I am going if I have to walk there." "What is in that bundle under your arm, that you hold so close?" "It is something I value much, sir, and I would sooner walk to New York, sir, and back again, sir, than part with it." "Let me see it." "You will give it to me again, sir, if I let you take it?" After unrolling it from a dirty cloth it proved to be a small Bible, which his dying mother had given him, with her blessing, on his promise to read it and go to his aunt. "Have you read it much?" "Yes, sir ; when tired and