

"A Little Child shall Lead Them."

(A TRUE STORY.)

Long, long ago, long before the Salvation Army was known in Canada, there lived a little girl with her father and mother and brothers and sisters in a large house on the banks of the Rideau river, far away from any friends or neighbours. Here they lived in happiness and peace, and this little girl was so good and lovable that the people who knew her used to say

SHE WAS TOO PURE TO LIVE

in this world of sin, and pretty soon Jesus would come and take her to the fold to be one of His own precious lambs for ever. She was a very sickly child, and her parents became so anxious over her that they decided to cross the ocean and see if another climate would agree with her better, but it was all no use. Little Nellie came here, and after living a pure and spotless life, which is possible for the children as well as the grown-up people, she faded away, and to-day is singing around the Throne of God in Heaven, waiting for her loved ones to join her. Her mother said to me one day, "I wish all my children were as good and kind and patient as she was, but I know He can save them and make them ready to die too."

As I said before, she was a really good child. Every day at noon she used to get her brothers and sisters (and they were very small, for she was

ONLY SEVEN WHEN SHE DIED),

into a corner of the room, and she would sing and pray with them, and she lounged for the prayer time, when she might gather her "Daniel's band," as she called it, and teach them how to love God and be good after she was gone, for she felt she was going to die, as the doctors had said they must have another operation made, and if it were not successful she could not live much longer. So her mother said, "Dear Nellie, the doctors are coming again, and you may die, but you are ready aren't you dearie?" and she said, "Oh yes, mamma dear, and I shan't cry either when they come to see my throat again, for Jesus can help me to bear the pain."

A consultation was held, and the doctors from the city came in and placed her on a table. She did not have any drugs to send her to sleep either, all she wanted was Jesus and her mother, so they took the lance and

BEGAN TO CUT HER THROAT

and take out a large quantity of humors which were gradually wearing her little life away, and she said, "Dear mamma, I won't even flinch, for it will hurt you if I do, and besides, Jesus did so much for me." They stitched up the gaping wound and left her. Day after day her little brothers and sisters watched by Nellie, for she was too sick to have knee-drill with them any more, and they couldn't understand why she should be in bed away from them, and if she told them she was going home to Jesus they would cry very much, for they loved her dearly. Her throat got better for a little time, and then the dread disease came back more dreadful than ever, for this time the humors grew so fast and thick that they met in her throat, so that she could not eat or breathe, and it soon choked her. The graveyard was only a stone's throw from Nellie's room, and as she had often wished to be buried in a cer-

tain spot, they carried her forth, only until the resurrection morning, when she will meet again all those to whom she proved a big blessing. I went to her home years after and heard all about her, and saw for myself

THE LITTLE GRAVE IN THAT LONELY CORNER.

In the meantime her parents left the house and moved up the river a little, but now they own the very place, and her brothers and sisters, who have grown up somewhat, can look out on the mound underneath which lies all that is earthly of their precious sister. Her mother, who is my aunt, told me that she intended to have Nellie's life in book form some day, the title of which is "Joy in Jesus." Dear little children, I pray that you may so live that your lives will be blessings to all around, and that you may die ready to meet and land safe in the arms of Jesus.

ELDERFIELD GREEN, War Office.**FROM PERTH TO GLORY.**

On Friday last, we were called upon to perform a sad duty, namely, the burial of James Troke, youngest son of Brother and Sister Troke. Less than two months ago, our comrades gave their little Junior up to the Army, and accordingly, he was dedicated by Capt. Payne. Little did we think his stay on earth was so short; but God,

WHO DOETH ALL THINGS WELL,

saw fit to remove him to heaven, which He did on Feb. 4th. The funeral was very impressive. We marched from the house to the barracks, where we held a short service. Almost everyone in the building was weeping. Bro. Troke was the first one to speak. He referred to the death of his mother and told how, when she died, he tried to drown his grief in drink. But now, he thanked God he goes to Jesus with all his cares and He relieves him. The inside meeting being over,

WE MARCHED TO THE GRAVE YARD,

where we laid the tiny corpse to await the Resurrection Morn.

Our dear comrades have been wonderfully sustained by God in this trying hour, and their great loss has been the means of drawing them nearer to God. That this death may be a warning to all who are living in sin, and cause them to repent and turn to God is the prayer of the

ONE-LEGGED PROPHET.**The J. S. Work in Ottawa.**

The Ottawa Juniors have taken the Sunday afternoon meeting for Bible study. Just now they are reading and talking about "Royal Juniors," or Kings of Israel who began to reign when children. Joash, the seven year old, is now being discussed, 2 Kings 11.

A Junior says Joash was just like "our Tom." Joash made a covenant with the Lord and destroyed a lot of the temples of Baal, but he didn't pull them all down. "Our Tom went to the penitent-form and said he was saved, and he did behave real good too, and acted quite differently, but he kept a bit of tobacco by him. "Just a chew, you know," for fear he'd feel bad.

MRS. HEATH, S. M.**How Baby Went to Church.**

Our little brown-eyed baby—
She is not three years old—
With round cheeks frown and rosy,
And brown hair touched with gold,
Always on Sunday mornings
To church pleads hard to go,
But she is yet so little
Her mother answers, "No."

Then the brave eyes grow cloudy,
The small mouth, red and sweet,
Has such a piteous tremble
As we go down the street,
That I, one Sunday morning,
Said, "You may go to-day;
We'll stand outside the window,
And hear them sing and pray."

Her face grew bright, "But, Auntie,
Will you let Dan go too?"
Dan is her tawny mastiff,
A friend and comrade true.
Dan went; he leaped and barked
For joy all down the street,
While fast as they could follow,
Sped Baby's tiny feet.

We neared the church; then said I,
"Will you and Dan be good?
The church is God's house, darling;
Has baby understood?"
Four gentle brown eyes gravely
Looked up into my face;
Dear dog and darling baby
My meaning tried to trace.

Just then, from out the window
A flood of music poured.
The one grand sentence chanted,
"Glory to Thee O Lord!
Amen." Her face was shining;
She whispered to me then,
"They're singing 'Now I lay me,'
I heard them say 'Amen.'"

And there throughout the service
The baby kept her place,
And lifted toward the window
Her reverent little face.
"I love God," said she, softly—
"Twas all her little creed—
"I love God, and He loves me,"
Of more she had no need.

And He who blessed the children
Long since, with love Divine,
Most surely blessed her also—
This little lamb of mine,
And when the last hymn sounded,
We softly came away,
And no one knew who worshipped
Outside the church that day.

—Eleanor A Hunter.**TWO TO SEE.**

"Why didn't you pocket one of those fine pears?" said one boy to another; there was nobody to see."

"Yes there was, though," said the other boy. "There were two to see; I was there to see myself, and I never want to see myself do a mean or dishonest thing. And then there was God to see me."

Remember, whenever you are tempted to do anything wrong, there are always "two to see."

And this shows us the true meaning of the word conscience. It is made up of two Latin words "scie," to know, and "con," together. It means knowing together. God and ourselves are the two who know all about everything we do.