

## A Little Soldier.

"I wish I could sing!" said Bertie Frazier, as he came to the Mission Rooms one day: "when I see them little fellers, walking into Sunday school with their white things on, and a-singin', my heart just goes so fast, and I want to join in; but I can't sing a note. I know the tunes all right, though, and yesterday, after Sunday school, I whistled 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' just as loud as I could—five verses of it—and a lady, as walked in front of me a long way, turned round, and said: 'you seem in earnest, my boy.'"

"Perhaps she thought you were one of the soldiers," replied the pleasant faced girl at the table.

"Me? not much. Soldiers wear uniforms. I seen 'em once in church, reg'lar Christian soldiers. They marched up and sat in the front seats, and was preached to."

"Are those the only Christian soldiers you ever saw?" she asked.

"Come, now, you don't mean Salvation Army?" said Bertie, looking at her intently.

Dora Burns saw that the boy was really interested, and stopped her work to talk with him.

"It isn't the uniform that makes the soldier, Bertie; it is what the men promise to do."

"I'd like to be a Christian Soldier," was the reply, "I know some mean fellers I'd just like to fight!"

"But that isn't the way to begin, Bertie. Those men you saw in church were probably invited to some special service; they don't wear their uniforms all the time. Were you ever baptized?"

"Yes, when I was a baby."

"Well, this is what the clergyman did when he baptized you. He made a little cross with the water on your forehead, for a sign that you should never be ashamed of Christ; and were to be Christ's faithful soldier as long as you lived. So you see you are a soldier, now, and needn't wait another day. Christ is our Captain, but He does not want us to go about fighting people. You have seen processions with a banner; Christ says His banner over us is Love."

Bertie thought a few moments.

"I don't exactly see what a soldier would do about the boy that knocked my papers into the mud, unless he could fight him."

"Suppose you try being good to him; remember the motto here on the wall: 'Love one another as I have loved you!'"

Bertie went away with his basket of flowers, and Dora smiled quietly, as she went on making the little bouquets which the children sold in the streets. Several days passed before Bertie came again, and Dora greeted him brightly, with:

"Good-morning, little soldier, what is the news from the field?"

"Pretty good," replied Bertie. "I saw that feller about the papers, and helped him mend his old cart what he wheels bundles in. He said I was a brick."

"I should call that a victory for the side of Love," said Dora.

"Won't you fix me a real nice bunch of flowers, special, for an old man I know as is sick?" continued Bertie, shifting to the other foot; "he likes awful well to have me come and see him Sunday afternoons, and he allus wants to hear 'Abide with Me,' and 'Mother dear, Jerusalem,' so I

whistle 'em real soft and slow, 'cause I can't sing; is that all right? Once I tried 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' but he said his fightin' days was most over, and he liked quiet tunes better."

"Certainly, Bertie, it's a part of every soldier's duty to take care of his sick comrades, and do all he can to comfort and help them."

Dora watched the sturdy little figure as it passed out of the door, and listened, as she heard, growing softer down the long hall, the familiar strain: "With the cross of Jesus going on before"

There was other work to be done in the Mission rooms beside the tying of flowers, but while Dora's hands were busy, her thoughts often followed the little soldier. She knew so well the life of the street children, surrounded by evil and beset by temptation.

Day after day Bertie brought his little confidencies; then Dora watched two weeks for him in vain. She began to fear he had met with an accident. But one morning he burst into the room, his little face radiant, and exclaimed:

"I found a big locket with a picture in it of the prettiest baby I ever saw, and I kept it a long time, but I've gave it back now."

"How did you know to whom it belonged?" asked Dora.

"I saw the advertisement, but I wanted to keep it 'cause it was so pretty, and I didn't have no little sister like that. The lady, she cried when I gave it to her; she's awful rich, but she looked lonesome. She said she wished she had a nice little boy like me. I've felt better ever since I returned it."

"That is because you won a victory over yourself, and those are the hardest battles a Christian soldier has to fight. You conquered your desire to keep what you knew did not belong to you, and that was a real battle and a real victory."

"I never thought that was like being a soldier," replied Bertie.

It is a long time since Bertie Frazier sold flowers from the Mission rooms, but he is still "Christ's faithful soldier," and intends to be "to his life's end."

## The Prayer-Book and the Bible.

Every part of the Prayer-book is interwoven with the very words of Holy Scripture. From the beginning of Morning Prayer to the very end of the service, it bears witness to the inspiration and authority of God's Word written. Witness the opening sentences of Morning and Evening Prayer, the Scriptural language of the General Confession, the very words of Scripture in the Declaration of Absolution, and in the Versicles. The Lord's Prayer and many of the Canticles are taken bodily from the Psalms and the Gospels. The Creeds, as Article VIII. declares, are "thoroughly to be re-

ceived and believed," because "they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." Every collect and prayer pleads either some Scriptural promise or some truth revealed concerning God in Holy Scripture, as in the prayer for all conditions of men, or in that of St. Chrysostom. These, in addition to the two appointed Lessons and the Psalms of the Psalter, the Ten Commandments, the Epistle and Gospel, make a treasury of Scripture teaching which is the possession of no other body of Christians in time of divine service.

## Just Obey!

Do as you are told to do  
By those wiser far than you;  
Do not say,  
"What the use of this may be  
I am sure I cannot see,"  
Just obey!

Do not sulk, and do not sigh,  
Tho' it seem in vain to try;  
Work away!  
All the ends you cannot see;  
Do your duty faithfully—  
Just obey!

When at length you come to know  
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,  
You will say:  
Glad am I that, when to me  
All was dark as dark could be,  
I could trust and cheerfully  
Just obey!

Cures, absolute, permanent cures, have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and the first place among medicines.

## Be Thorough.

"I never do anything thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practiced it in the chapel at all."

She is naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-wrote her article, and practiced it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot the truth, so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle: "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble." One by patient persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room or make a cake, or write an essay or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the

WANTED 5000 MORE BOOK AGENTS men and women, for the fastest selling book of the times **DARKNESS & DAYLIGHT in NEW YORK** With 250 new illustrations from flash-light photographs. Introduction By Rev. Lyman Abbott.

A Christian woman's thrilling story of years of rescue work "In His Name" alive with intense interest, touching pathos, humor and story. Most splendidly illustrated. 800 thousand in press. Bishops, Ministers, etc., say "God speed it." Eminent women endorse it. It sells at sight, and pays Agents from \$50. to \$100. a month. *Q. T. We Pay Freight to all points, Give Credit, Extra Terms, Premium Copies, and Free Outfit.* We also pay all duties for our Canadian agents. Write for terms and specimen engravings to **HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.**

**GEORGE EAKIN,** Issuer of Marriage Licenses County Clerk. Office—Court House, 51 Adelaide Street East. House—299 Gerard St. East, Toronto.

**\$3 A DAYSURE** SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work absolutely sure; write at once. Address, **IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., BOX N 7, WINDSOR, ONT.**

**The Great CHURCH LIGHT** Frink's Patent Reflectors for Gas, Oil or Electric, give the most powerful, softest, cheapest, and best light known for Churches, Stores, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room, get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches & the trade. Don't be deceived by cheap imitations. **I. P. FRINK, 561 Pearl St., N.Y.**

## DEATH.

At 92 Woolsey street, on Saturday the 29th of February, Josephine, second daughter of the late Joseph Milbourne.

only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon us. To be honest before Him we must be thorough.

## Little Things.

It was just a pleasant smile  
Upon a little face;  
And yet for a long while  
It brightened all the place

It was just a kindly word,  
Spoken in a low tone,  
Yet sweet as song of bird  
When days of springtime come.

It was just a little deed  
Performed in "His dear Name,"  
Yet it supplied the need  
And Life was bright again.

So little things of good  
Possess a holy power;  
And like our daily food,  
Give strength for every hour.

## Results Tell the Story.

A vast mass of direct, unimpeachable testimony proves beyond any possibility of doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually does perfectly and permanently cure diseases caused by impure blood. Its record of cures is unequalled, and these cures have often been accomplished after all other preparations have failed.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache.

**BEST FOR WASH DAY**

**USE SURPRISE SOAP**

**BEST FOR EVERY DAY**

Wheat,  
Wheat, r  
Barley...  
Oats...  
Peas...  
Hay...  
Straw...  
Rye...

Dressed  
Beef, for  
Beef, hix  
Mutton,  
Beef, sir  
Beef, ro  
Lamb, .

Butter,  
lb...  
Butter, t  
Butter, t  
Eggs, fr  
Chicken  
Turkeys  
Geese, p

Potatoes  
Onions,  
Apples,  
Celery,  
Carrots,  
Parsnips

R. F  
C  
ORO

45

W

YON

Lo

HON. J  
Agri  
JAMES  
and  
DAVID  
of T  
REV. G  
tho  
R. TEL  
ton  
ALFRE  
Tre

Payme  
Payme  
Payme

NO  
Loan

The

H. D

ISA

Dr. I  
The gr  
ous I  
Try  
Consti  
tative  
remedi  
et.  
D. L.