

Junior Songs.

The Juniors now are gathering,
We're coming in our youth,
To join the noble Army,
And battle for the truth.
Life's battle is before us,
But we have naught to fear;
Christ's banner's waving o'er us,
Our Leader still is near.

CHORUS.

The day of victory's coming, etc.

We'll guard our tongues from evil,
Our lips from speaking guile;
We'll keep our hands from doing
Whate'er would them defile.
Our lives we give to Jesus,
His, only his, to be,
We'll guard them for his Kingdom
Of love and purity.

BY WM. M'KAY.

I'm coming, Lord, to thee,
I'm seeking cleansing power,
I long more pure to be,
Oh, make me so this hour.

CHORUS.

Lord, help me to live holy,
To speak of Jesus only,
To live in blessed union,
With thee, dear Lord.

Just now, my Lord, I feel,
That thou my soul dost bless,
While at thy cross I kneel,
While doubting fears oppress.

BY MAY LANG.

We are Junior Soldiers,
Fighting for our King;
We will speak of Jesus,
And his praises sing.

CHORUS.

We will fight for Jesus,
We will fight for God;
We will tell to all around,
We're washed in Jesus' blood.

Jesus Christ can keep us
Happy every day,
When the devil tempts us,
To Him we can pray.

Peterboro'.

OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN:

OF,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a dismal looking house it was. It was boarded straight up and down, and the boards were loose at one end in a number of places, and the wind sighing around it kept up a steady rattle. Some of the shingles on the roof threatened frequently to take their departure in flight, but just now they were weighed down with a billowy mound of pure white snow, so it was impossible to do otherwise but remain quietly in their places.

A number of the window panes were out, and old hats and rags occupied the places of the missing ones; but they were rather a poor substitute, for they let in the searching wind and snow.

Inside the house it was better, though. Some one had evidently tried, in spite of many disadvantages, to make the place look home-like. The windows were curtained;—to be sure the curtains were made out of newspaper, notched in a fancy pattern around the edge, but they looked better than none. The old rickety table had a spread on made out of the same material; and the chairs, a number of them without any backs, were set against the wall in order.

But while we have been telling you all this, a young boy and girl have entered the room, so we will now turn our attention to them, if you please.

They were both poorly and thinly clad, when we remember that they had just been out in a driving snow-storm. The boy, a bright, intelligent lad of about thirteen years of age, might have been called handsome had it not been for a hard, settled look of discouragement on his face, which is particularly sad to see in one so young.

The girl had none of that expression in her face; it was as gentle and pitying as an angel's: with her great, innocent blue eyes, pale, pinched face, and golden locks of hair. Poor little thing! She was only eleven years of age, but a great deal of sorrow and suffering had been crowded into those few years.

"You sit down, Tiny," said the boy, kindly, "and I'll soon have a fire made," and pulling out a much-worn jack-knife, he soon had a generous pile of shavings.

Whatever faults Ernest Martyn had, he was kind to Tiny, his only sister, and that is indeed a beautiful trait of character in any boy.

He soon had a cheerful fire burning, and then the little girl filled the kettle with water for tea; for (would you believe it!) there was no one else to do such work but herself. This little girl, christened Tiny in babyhood because she was so small, had no mother, no one to help her but her brother Ernest.

True, she had a father, but perhaps the less said about him the better; we will see enough of him soon.

"We have nothing for supper," said Tiny, sadly. "If father don't come home with the meal I don't know what we will do."

"Don't you get almost tired of living, Tiny," asked the boy, gloomily, "we have such a miserable life of it!"

The little girl turned her head reflectively on one side for a moment, as she looked steadily into the fire; then she said, "No, Ernest; I am always hoping that something will happen to make things better."

"But there won't, though," said Ernest in a tone of deep discouragement, "we'll never be anything else but just 'old Martyn's children,' that's what the people in the town all call us."

"If mother had only lived all would have been different," said Tiny, with a deep-drawn sigh.

But alas! that patient mother had worn herself out fighting the same heavy sorrows her children were now battling with, and had gone home to God's beautiful city "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

The boy's only answer was a heavy sigh, as he pulled out his book and began studying his lessons. They had both been to school. You will wonder how this little housekeeper could find the time to keep house and go to school too; but you see they were so poor that she had not much to keep house with, and a kind-hearted neighbour always helped her with her bread-baking.

"Father is coming!" exclaimed the little girl, looking out of the window, "and oh! those horrid boys are teasing him because he can't walk straight!"

Poor little girl! she could not bring herself to say the sad words, "he is drunk."

The two children both looked out of the window, and it was indeed a sad sight that met their view—but a very common one to them—their father reeling and staggering down the long hill opposite, very drunk. A number of school-boys were shouting and jeering at him, and snow-balls flew thick and fast. The old man carried on his back a sack of corn-meal.

Suddenly one of the boys at the top of the long hill jumped on his sled and came shooting down like a rocket; before the old man saw what was up down came the boy, clipped the man's feet from under him, and there in a confused heap in the snow were corn-meal, sled, boy and man.

The boys all shouted and laughed and thought this was great sport, while the old man made a number of wrathful threats as he tried in vain to get on his feet and shoulder his bag of corn-meal again.

There were two watchers who did not laugh any; these were Tiny and Ernest Martyn.

The boy snatched his cap, and hurrying to his father helped him on his feet, and shouldering his sack of corn-meal he hurried home with it, followed by the stumbling old man, who still continued to shake his fists wrathfully at the retreating boys.

CHAPTER II.

It was not much of a supper Tiny Martyn got that night; she had nothing but corn meal, so all she could do was to make a little porridge, and there were a few dry pieces of bread left which she toasted, and they soaked in their tea, for butter was not to be thought of.

The father, when he had been drinking, was always cross and disagreeable; and, in fact, he was not much better when he was sober. After his unpleasant encounter with the boys on the hill he felt very much annoyed, and he scolded poor Tiny and Ernest until they half wished him back on the hill again.

After supper he sat down by the stove watching suspiciously the movements of the children, hoping to see something more to scold them about. Ernest pulled out his school book and sat down by the table to study; he was very fond of his books, and was getting along well at school.

"I say," shouted the old man, "what on earth do you sit around here every night with

that book in your hand for? Do you think I'm going to keep on working hard while you have a soft time of it all your life? You are plenty big enough to earn a few shillings; to-morrow morning you go up to the house on the hill and see if you can get a job there. I heard them say they wanted a boy. We'll have done with such nonsense as this!" and before Ernest realized what he was going to do he snatched his treasured book and threw it in the fire.

With a cry Ernest sprang forward, but he was too late to save it; in a moment it was charred and blackened by the relentless flames. Then he clutched his fingers tightly together and said not a word. A number of heavy blows would not have hurt him half so much as to see his much-loved book destroyed.

"What do you say about going to work?" shouted the angry father. "You are a big enough boy to be doing something else besides hanging on to a book all the time."

"I am quite willing to try and see what I can do," said Ernest, in a low tremulous voice, "but I would rather work anywhere else than at the house on the hill; the people are not kind there."

"You'll go there to work if they'll take you, and nowhere else!" shouted the father. "If they thrash you once in a while it won't be amiss, I'll bet you! And remember you are to bring every cent of your wages home to me. Don't let me catch you spending a copper of it. Do you hear what I say?" shouted the angry man, at the top of his voice.

"Yes, father; but if I did spend a little it would be to buy food and clothes for Tiny, here. There would not be any danger of me spending any of it down to the liquor store," said the boy, defiantly.

Of course this was a very imprudent thing for a boy to say to an angry, drunken man, but the remembrance of his book smouldering in the flames made him feel so desperate that he cared but little what he said. Besides, he knew if he handed his wages to his father, it would all be spent for drink, and their home would be as destitute and cheerless as ever.

"I'll teach you to sass me, my boy!" exclaimed the angry father, and snatching up an old chair he was about to throw it at him, but Ernest saw his danger and slipped out the back door in the bitter cold, where the snow was whirling and blowing.

Poor boy! was not his life a hard one? Dear boys and girls, if you have kind parents, and a comfortable home, be sure and thank God for it ere you sleep this night, for thousands of children have not these blessings.

Out in the cold, stormy night, bare-headed and but thinly clad, stood the unhappy boy. He knew that he would not dare to go in again until his father went to bed, so there was nothing for him to do but walk around lively to keep from freezing. Around him the earth was shrouded with pure white snow—so pure, so lovely, he wondered why people could not make their lives as spotless as that. Above him a few stars were shining, but God and heaven seemed very far away at that moment. He had not had much religious teaching; before his mother died she used to talk to him and Tiny so beautifully about God and heaven, but a great deal of it he had forgotten, and he did not go to church or Sunday-school simply because he had nothing decent to wear.

While he stamped around in the snow trying in vain to keep warm, he heard Mrs. Walton, the next-door neighbour, singing softly to her baby, every word of the beautiful hymn he could distinctly hear:

"Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Oh, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

"Whiter than snow! yes, whiter than snow! Oh, wash me, then I shall be whiter than snow!"

"Snow is very white," said the boy, musingly, as he rubbed his poor little numb fingers together, "it would seem strange to see anything whiter than that; but, of course, it means our hearts in some way; it means that our lives are to be white and pure, but I don't know just how." Again he looked up into the sky above as he said to himself, "I'd like to be good if I had half a chance, but as long as father acts so there's no use trying."

Just then Tiny opened the door and softly called: "Come, Ernest, father has gone to bed and is sound asleep."

Dear little soul! she would wait up to tell him if she had to wait all night. "If you wake up and think it's near morning, Tiny, be sure and call me, for I'll have

to be off to the house on the hill before father is up," said Ernest as he crawled up to his miserable bed in the attic.

(To be continued.)

A JUNIOR EXERCISE.

JUNIOR superintendents will find the following table useful as an exercise for home work. Let it be copied on a hectograph and handed out to the children each being asked to fill out the blank and bring them in to the next meeting. At that meeting the superintendent will read in order the descriptions, the Juniors answering in concert with appropriate names:

- A, the first man.
- B, the favourite son of Jacob.
- C, a man of Caesarea who had a vision.
- D, one cast into the lions' den.
- E, a prophet fed by ravens.
- F, a governor of Caesarea.
- G, a giant.
- H, son of Noah.
- I, son of Abraham.
- J, who was swallowed by a whale.
- K, the father of Saul.
- L, the poor man covered with sores.
- M, one careful and troubled about many things.
- N, an officer who was healed of leprosy.
- O, one in whose house the ark of the Lord continued three months.
- P, an apostle who wrote thirteen of the epistles in the New Testament.
- Q, one whom Paul called a brother when writing to the Romans.
- R, Isaac's wife.
- S, a wise man who built a temple.
- T, one who knew the Scriptures from a child.
- U, one who put forth his hand to stay the ark of God, and God smote him.
- V, a beautiful queen.
- Z, one who climbed a sycamore tree to see Jesus.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

We were in Mammoth Cave. Having walked about three miles, our guide said: "Perhaps you are tired. You may all be seated now for a little while on that bench." A small company of tourists accepted the guide's invitation. When we had placed our lanterns on the ground he quietly collected them and walked away, leaving us in the frightful darkness of that subterranean world of night. Quickly he went to another part of the cave, and by a dextrous movement of the lanterns which he had taken from us, he made the arch above our heads look like the calm, sweet deep of heaven. One by one the scintillating stars came out—those islands of glory, beautifying the unmeasurable ocean of space. The imitation was almost perfect. By the use of the lanterns again our guide caused the clouds to cover the stars. Slowly they seemed to draw the black blanket over them and go to sleep, until the last star peeped for a moment and then bade us farewell. We were in oppressive darkness. Our guide cried "Good night, I'll see you in the morning!" Going to another part of the cave, he threw gray gleams of dawning light through the darkness, and silently the armies of night fled away. Lighter and lighter, and still lighter, until the sun came up, and it was day. No, not perfect day, for we were still in Mammoth Cave, but we felt safe because our guide was near, and with him we resumed our march to behold the wonders of that little world.

DON'TS FOR DOGS.

- Don't crawl into the easiest chair in the room, or lie on the softest pillow.
- Don't come into the house with mud on your shoes—I mean feet.
- Don't growl at people.
- Don't cry and whine when somebody is giving you a bath, or combing your hair. It may not be pleasant, but it's good for you.
- Don't try to get the biggest piece of anything to eat, or snatch it away from others.
- After all, don't you think these "Don'ts" would do just as well for little boys as for dogs?