

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died 'o make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven.
Saved by His precious blood."

Very softly the words of the hymn were sung ; and then, taking a hand of each child in her own, their mother said, earnestly :

"You see now, darlings, why the sign of the cross was made upon your forehead at your baptism. As Jesus suffered upon the cross for you, even so you must learn to bear your little crosses—the little worries you may have every day—with patience ; and, whenever you can, help others to bear their burdens, too."

A very thoughtful look came into four blue eyes, and two little girls walked hand in hand slowly back into the playroom.

Two little dollies, exactly alike, sat bolt upright on the lower shelf of the children's book case, their red dresses and light hair showing off to advantage by the gayly-bound copy of "Alice in Wonderland" near by.

"Cynthia Ann, do you know what a soldier is?" asked Helen, picking up dolly No. 1.

"It's a man that goes out to fight a battle, Mary Jane," replied Blanche, picking up dolly No. 2.

"It isn't always a man, Mary Jane ; it is sometimes a girl—didn't mamma say so?" said Helen, quickly, seeing Blanche about to dispute the fact.

"Oh, yes, I forgot!" returned Blanche, "let's play soldiers, and march to battle!" So the remaining members of the twins' family were brought out ; there were "Cookie," a wooden individual with a carved head ; two small brooms, dressed in mourning for some deceased relative ; a dark brown cane, named Henry M. Stanley ; and lastly, the two new Christmas dolls, beautiful w: creatures with dazzling complexions, and attired in lovely pink and white silk dresses. The arranging of the procession, and the length of time required to make the figures move around the room, occupied the whole of the play hour ; and before the twins were fairly started on the battle hymn, in walked mother and said it was time for study hour.

"Oh! mamma!" wailed two little voices, dismayed at the sudden interruption.

"Five o'clock," said mother, firmly. "Weren't you singing: 'Onward, Christian soldiers?'"

"We'd only just begun, mamma!"

"But soldiers always stop when the general commands, even if he tells them to retreat. I'll be general, and all the soldiers must march to their places, double quick!"

So Henry M. Stanley was put in a corner of the closet to meditate upon the "Dark Continent" as long as he pleased, with "Cookie" and the two small brooms for company, while

the new dollies were laid carefully away in the bureau drawer.

"Isn't it fun playing soldiers?" said Helen, opening her speller. "I wish we didn't have to study."

"Brave soldiers learn to do many things that seem very hard at first ; and 'Christian' soldiers bear their crosses bravely."

Then the twins remembered "the sign of the cross" ; and they tried hard to study, so that before the tea bell rang their lessons were all ready for the next day.

After tea, they got Miss Lucy, their governess, to play "Tiddledy-winks" with them ; it was just in the midst of this fascinating game that Laura, the maid, appeared at the door, to escort them to bed.

"Can't we play one more game, Miss Lucy?—just one more!"

"Soldiers are always prompt," answered Miss Lucy, kissing the twins good-night.

"Dearie me! I think it is not so pleasant being a soldier, after all," sighed Blanche.

"We can't help being soldiers, sister, we were made so when we were baptized," said Helen.

"The question is," answered Miss Lucy "will you be a good soldier, or a deserter?"

It was a few days after this that the five schoolmates were again standing together, in the school-room.

School was just out, and Miss Lucy had not left the room. They were talking about Lent.

"What shall we do for Lent?" Sarah Lee asked, thoughtfully. She was fourteen, the oldest pupil, and was taller than her teacher.

Wouldn't it be pleasant for us all to do without the same thing?" said Mary.

"I heard two little girls say they wanted to play soldier, the other day," remarked Miss Lucy, who had been listening. "Suppose we all try to be good soldiers these forty days."

"Yes, but how do you do it, Miss Lucy?" asked little Ida, her brown eyes filled with earnest wonder. The older girls smiled ; but Miss Lucy looked thoughtful for a minute, as if she were turning the subject over in her mind.

"Obedience is the first lesson a good soldier learns ; little soldiers must obey all 'in authority over them' ; this means your parents, or anyone who may take the place of parents towards you. The second requirement is respectfulness, everyone loves a gentle, respectful child. Lastly, a faithful soldier gives willing service. Children can be very helpful to older people by running errands quickly, and carrying messages promptly. In God's sight, the most beautiful feet and hands are those that are the swiftest to work for others. The Lenten season is a special time for self denial, as you know ; let us try to learn 'to