

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  
Whatever 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'.

drunken Martyn, they found the intoxicated boy.

The hired men exchanged knowing winks, as much as to say, "We are not at all surprised. Just what we've been expecting," as they carried their helpless burden to the house.

"It is Roy, is it," gasped Mrs. Hampton, as the light fell on his upturned face. "He is ill! he has fainted! Oh, my poor boy!"

"He's as drunk as a lord, marm," said one of the hired men bluntly.

"Silence, please," commanded Mr. Hampton. "Carry him up to his room, and let's hear no more about it."

When the father and mother were left alone they sat and looked at each other in rather a helpless, pitiful way.

"Such work as this won't do," said Mr. Hampton sternly.

"No," said Mrs. Hampton, "we cannot have our only son grow up a drunkard. What shall we do?"

"He must have less money," said Mr. Hampton; "he has had too much to spend. After this if he wants anything we must get it for him. It will never do to trust him with the cash to spend as he pleases."

That night when Ernest crept up over the kitchen, he looked out in the quiet night, while he said to himself, "It was a lucky job I went down to post that letter or poor Roy Hampton would have perished before morning. My! what an awful thing it would be to die drunk! But I suppose if a fellow is not ready to die, he wouldn't be any better off even if he were sober. I wonder what a person has to do to be ready? It just seems to me it's something else besides saying your prayers and reading your Bible, but I don't know just what it is."

"I know I'd like to be ready, for death can come in an awful hurry sometimes. When I was chopping the ice open for the cattle to-day I just came within one of slipping down under the ice, and if I had, I would have been dead in less than two minutes. If we were sure that we would be sick before we die, then we would know that we would have some time to prepare, but we are not sure of it. We may be well and strong one moment, and dead the next."

"If I only knew who to ask I'd soon find out what to do to be always ready. I'm going to ask Tiny about it, but I don't much think she knows."

"Tiny is good to begin with, I don't much believe she needs any preparation: but it's different with me; I feel that I'm not right," and Ernest's thoughts ran in this line until at length he fell asleep.

I hope, dear readers, that you are not shocked to find that this little boy, living in a Christian land, is so unenlightened. You must remember that he did not attend church or Sunday-school because his clothes were too shabby, and his mother—yes, he had a praying mother once, but she has been dead these many years.

The next afternoon he was sent down town after coal-oil, so he hurried as fast as he could in order to have time to slip in a minute and see how Tiny was getting along.

"It's been very lonely here; I miss you so!" said Tiny, a little sorrowfully.

"Yes, little girl, I know it must be lonely for you," said he, kindly, "but I really am getting big enough to go to work. If only the money I earn could be used in buying clothes and things we need, instead of being spent for drink, I wouldn't care how hard I had to work. Well, father won't get any wages for this week's work, anyway, for I'm not going to get any."

"Why not?" asked Tiny in surprise.

"Because the old cow, Brindle, upset the pail full of milk, and Mr. Hampton was so mad about it that he said he wouldn't pay me for this week's work."

"Good," said Tiny, "I'm real glad, for father would only spend the money in drink if you did get it."

"Mr. Hampton was awful mad about it, but dear me! I couldn't help it. The zorra colt came rushing around the stack and frightened the old cow, so she made one jump, and put her foot right in the pail, and I didn't think of anything else but myself at that moment, for the colt came within one of stepping right on me. I was just thinking last night how easy it is for something to happen to take the breath away from a person. Do you know, Tiny, what a fellow has to do to be always ready?"

CHAPTER VI.

"READY for what?" asked Tiny, not understanding him in the least.

"Why ready for death," said he, gravely.

"What made you think of that, Ernest? You don't think you are going to die soon, do you?" questioned the little woman anxiously.

"Why no; only you see a fellow don't know what might happen; and then after something does happen there isn't much time to get ready. I forgot to tell you about finding Roy Hampton down here on the hill dead drunk last night. Mr. Hampton sent me down at a late hour to slip a letter in the box, and on my way back I stumbled over Roy as drunk as he could be."

"Oh, isn't that too bad!" said Tiny. "He'll grow up to be just the same kind of a man that father is."

"Do you know," said Ernest gravely, "if father had all the money he's spent in drink it would buy us a fine home like the house Squire Thompson lives in?"

"I expect it would," said Tiny sadly, and with a little shiver she glanced around the room at the comfortable place they called home.

"Well, there's one comfort," said Tiny, "you are never going to drink any, and I'm so glad of that."

"No, I never shall touch it as long as I live," said Ernest, "and I do hope that Roy Hampton will not, for it will be sure to ruin him if he keeps on."

"Supposing you talk to him," suggested Tiny, "and tell him what an awful thing it is to drink?"

"He wouldn't listen to me," said Ernest; "he knows what an awful thing it is, and so they all do, and yet they go right on just the same; that's the funny part of it, I think."

"Yes, it's very strange," said Tiny musingly.

"And just think," said Ernest, in a low, grave voice, "if I hadn't found Roy Hampton last night he would have perished before morning, for it was a very cold night, you know. Wouldn't it be an awful thing to die drunk?"

"Yes, indeed," said Tiny.

"And yet," said Ernest, "if a person isn't ready I don't suppose he'd be much better off."

"I wonder," continued he, "what people have to do to be ready. Do you know, Tiny? I have felt lately that I am not right; I suppose you don't have any such a feeling, you are so good. I guess you don't need to do anything to be ready, but it's different with me; I'm not good," and with a sigh Ernest looked anxiously at his sister.

Tiny put her head on one side and looked very grave and sorrowful as she replied, "You are mistaken, Ernest. You can't see my heart: it's just as naughty as ever it can be. And it tells me every day of my life that I am not right, and I've wondered and wondered what to do. It doesn't do any good to be sorry about it, for I've been awful sorry for a long time, and being good don't make me feel any better, for I've tried my best to be good and it don't satisfy me."

"I asked Mrs. White one day about it, and she looked troubled at first, and then she said if I'd join the church after I got grown up I'd be all right."

"I don't believe that," said Ernest, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang. "because, you see, we might die long before that."

"That's just what I thought about it," remarked Tiny, wisely. "I don't believe joining the church has anything to do with it at all; it might help a person to keep right after he's once got right, but that's not the starting of it, I know."

"Well," said Ernest, "I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll both keep a sharp look-out and see if we can find out the right way, and if I find out first I'll tell you, and if you find out first you'll tell me, and now I must skip back with this coal-oil or I'll get an awful scolding for being gone so long. Cheer up, Tiny! I'll be a man some day, and then we'll live in a fine house and be somebody," and catching up his can he hurried up the hill as fast as his feet could carry him.

He fully expected a severe scolding for being gone so long, but they said nothing at all. The reason why they did not was because they knew that he had been the means of saving their own dear boy from a terrible death the night before, and it softened their hard natures, making them feel truly grateful towards him.

"Wife, haven't you got some of Roy's outgrown clothes you might let this boy have—he's not so large as Roy is. Those clothes he has on have too many air-holes in for this kind of weather. You know, if he hadn't found Roy last night, our precious boy would, no doubt, have been cold in death in a little while," said Mr. Hampton in a low, husky voice.

Mrs. Hampton brushed away a stray tear as she replied, "I believe I have," and she disappeared, and soon returned with a complete suit of clothes on her arm.

They were a trifle worn, and the gentlemanly Roy Hampton had pronounced them unfit to wear, and cast them aside, but in Ernest's estimation they were good enough for a king.

"If you please," said Ernest, "I'd rather wear my old clothes if you'd only give my sister Tiny something to wear, but then you haven't any little girls, so I suppose you've nothing that would fit her," said Ernest regretfully.

"You tell your sister to come up here next Saturday, and it won't take Sally Ann and me long to fix up some clothes for her; I've two or three old flannel dresses, and we can pick out the best of them, and get her a dress out of them. You go and put these clothes on."

(To be continued.)

HAVE YOU A BOY TO SPARE?

THE saloon must have boys, or it must shut up its shop. Can't you find one? It is a great factory, and unless it can have two million from each generation for raw material, some of those factories must close up, and the operatives be thrown upon the cold world and the public revenue dwindle. "Wanted, two million boys!" is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy in order to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be?

These statements are as true as they are startling. It is beyond a peradventure that if no boys were tempted and ruin'd during the next generation, in three or thirty years every saloon in America would have to put up in its window the placard "For Sale," or "To Let." The old drunkards would be dead, and there would be no young ones to take their places.

Here, then, is an indisputable fact: if they are not closed within the next thirty years, two million boys, who are now innocent and pure, will be ruined.

If it was believed that within forty years two million boys would die of hydrophobia, or a tenth part of two millions, every dog in America would be destroyed, and a law of absolute prohibition would be passed on dog-kennels and their occupants.

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 blanks 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 Nosh.
- 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 the 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.

JAPAN has a beautiful custom. At children's parties caged birds are brought in. The child, eager to confer happiness, takes a bird out carefully, and throws it into the air. Soon the cages are empty. It is the way they play "freedom." No wonder they are essentially a gentle, humane race, slow to create suffering, and loath to permit it.

OLD MARTYN'S CHILDREN:

OR,

The House on the Hill.

By Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER V.

ERNEST dragged him over to one side of the road, lest a team should come along and run over him, then he started on a run for the house as fast as his feet could carry him.

"Where is Mr. Hampton?" he breathlessly inquired of Sally Ann, the kitchen girl.

"In there," said she, pointing with her finger towards the sitting-room door; "what an earth has happened?"

"I must see him right away," said Ernest, and he abruptly opened the door and went in.

"Oh, Mr. Hampton! I found Roy half-way down the hill lying flat on his face. Come and help me get him to the house, quick! He'll soon be snowed under!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both Mr. and Mrs. Hampton, rising hastily to their feet, and staring at Ernest in bewildered astonishment.

"I mean exactly what I have said," replied Ernest; "I found Roy half-way down the hill, and I dragged him out of the roadway. Call the hired men to help me get him to the house."

The hired men were hastily summoned and they followed Ernest out in the darkness while the father and mother stood in the doorway, unable to fully realize what had happened.

"Don't be alarmed, wife," said Mr. Hampton, "it isn't our boy, I'm sure; it's some tramp, and that young idiot doesn't know any better than to think it is Roy."

"Of course it can't be Roy," said Mrs. Hampton, assuredly, "he is young and strong, and can climb a hill without being exhausted."

"Yes, a dozen of them," replied Mr. Hampton.

The hired men with lanterns hurried along after Ernest, and there, half-way down the hill, on the very spot where only a short time before Roy had jeered and hooted old,