

A GIFT.

GEORGE LOGAN, LIEUTENANT.

"Must I go and empty-handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet,
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet?"

On a Highland sea-beach standing,
Gazing wistfully at sea,
For her laddie's "white wings" landing
Waits a mother patiently.

As she sees her laddie's boat,
Making for the little haven,
Well she knows by "white wings" float
That with fish 'tis heavy laden.

And her mother's heart is glad,
For her boy's good favor;
Thus would I, dear sailor-lad,
Wish to meet my Saviour.

"Must I go and empty-handed?"
Something I would like to bring,
When on Canaan's shore I've landed,
Some wee gift for Christ my King.

Should it not be counted clever,
Great or glorious or e'en
Should its fragrance lack the savor
Of the gift of Magdalene.

Not with empty hands I'll meet You,
When my race on earth is run,
If with year of toil I greet You,
Won't you, Jesus, say, "Well done."

HOW JACK WAS BITTEN.

"Make haste and tell your uncle to come home. The breakfast is ready, and, if he is not sharp, it will all get cold, and spoil." Such were the hurried words that Mrs. Hawthorn addressed to her son Jack, whose uncle was staying at their house on a visit. Uncle Mark, not being an abstainer, had sallied forth, before breakfast, to get a "liver."

Jack hurried off to find his uncle—thinking, no doubt, that there might be a chance of getting a penny from him, "all for himself."

The young messenger had a pretty good idea as to where he would find him, and consequently

MADE TRACKS FOR THE "FIGHTING COOK."

On turning the corner of the street in which the public-house was situated, Jack was met by a very ferocious dog, which made his leg a lodging-place for his set of teeth, and left in the poor lad's flesh some very deep wounds.

Uncle Mark left his glass when he heard the screams of his little nephew, and ran to him. Taking him up in his arms, he soon

CARRIED THE LAD TO THE DOCTOR,

who dressed the wound; and, after a few weeks' confinement to the house, Jack was once more able to run about.

Mr. Hawthorn, Jack's father, was naturally very anxious that the dog should be killed, as there was great danger of other people, or even Jack, being bitten again.

The owner of the animal, on being spoken to, said that the dog should be killed, and a day or two later assured all concerned that its life had been taken.

But Jack had doubts in his mind as to

the truthfulness of the statement of the dog's owner, and ever afterwards was

AFRAID OF ANY DOG

that he met in the street, always fancying that they were all like the one that bit him. Had he been assured in his mind that the dog had been destroyed, Jack would have walked the streets without a fear of ever being bitten again.

I think that from this story each of us Juniors can learn a very important lesson.

Let us never rest contented until we are confident that our sins have been forgiven, but let us see to it that God destroys the sin that is within us.

"For this cause was the Son of man manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John iii., 8)—ALBERT H.—*Australian Young Soldier.*

A GOOD, KIND, GENERAL.

F-A-I-T-H.

When I was a boy there lived not far from us, a great General who had fought in most of Wellington's famous battles against Napoleon in the Peninsula, and who had himself commanded the forces that conquered the rich Province of Scinde in India. This great General was one day taking a country ramble across some fields, and came to a stile, that is, a place for people to cross from one field to another. On arriving at the stile he was rather astonished to see

A LITTLE GIRL CRYING BITTERLY.

Being a very kind-hearted old gentleman he asked the girl the reason for her tears, and she told him that in crossing the stile she had stumbled and broken a pitcher which was to hold some milk she was going to fetch for her mother from a farm house close by. She was afraid that her mother would beat her, and that was the cause of her tears. He then saw the broken pieces which confirmed her tale. Well, he thought if the pitcher was paid for her mother would forgive her, but having no money on him at the time he promised the girl to give her the price of a new pitcher if she would meet him at one o'clock the next day. True to his time and promise he met the girl the next day and

GAVE HER THE PROMISED MONEY.

Now children don't wonder what this has to do with the five letters at the top, but just begin to think. You see, the little girl believed the old General and so she was at the stile at the time appointed the next day. In other words she had FAITH that he would be true to his promise, that is, that he would be there. Now look at St. John, 3rd chap. and 16 verse. "For God so loved the world," &c., &c. You find it difficult to understand what believing means. You think perhaps that there is something for you to do to help on this great work of salvation. No, dear children, you must give up your sins, believe Christ has done all the work necessary for you, as the girl believed Sir Charles James Napier, K. C. B. for all the price of the pitcher and not for a part only. Keep on believing and Jesus will keep on increasing your faith in Him day by day.—UNCLE GEORGE.

Good-bye to the Woodstock Division.

BY ENSIGN MOORE.

My farewell meetings among the Juniors have been blessed and owned of God to the conversion of souls. At Woodstock we had four Juniors come right out and cry for mercy, and we have every reason to believe that their conversion was genuine. Things are looking up in this corps. Another of the Seniors has consented to help Sergt. Dixon in this work. That's good. Still we want another. Who will come to the front?

At Paris the Juniors' work has started well and at the present time there are several saved Juniors. I understand Staff-Capt. Bennett is having a J.S. enrollment in connection with his visit to this corps on Monday, the 9th inst. That's good, Sergeant, prayer, faith and hard work is bringing the victory.

Berlin is my last farewell on the list, but by no means the least. Although the officers were just farewelling the Sergeants buckled in and got the friends and comrades to provide a nice supper etc., but no doubt Staff-Capt. Bennett will report this as he was there, but I would just like to say that I leave the Division feeling that it has been good for my soul to be there. I say, "God bless the officers. God bless the soldiers of the Senior corps. God bless the Sergeants, and God bless the dear Juniors and keep them true till we meet in the glory land," and now I turn my feet towards the Ottawa Division to do what I can for the Salvation of all kinds of sinners, the Juniors included. Good-bye for the present.

FIGHT TO WIN.

"So run that ye may obtain." Of course; what is the good of running to lose? When the Greeks and Romans ran a race, they ran to win, because they wanted the prize, and although that prize was often only a crown of laurel, they did their very best to gain that crown. When gladiators met in the arena, they strove for the mastery, each did his best to defeat his adversary, knowing that victory meant life, and defeat meant death.

My dear young friends, I want you to fight to win; I want you to "so run that ye may obtain." Every time you see a cab, or an omnibus, or a tram-car, or a railway train, or anything else in a hurry, think of those words. "So run that ye may obtain." Have the devil in front of you, grapple him, plant your feet firmly, and don't give way an inch. Look straight into his eyes; don't take your eyes off him until the combat is finished, the victory won. If he should trip you, and your sword fly out of your hand, reach out nimbly for it, calling upon God to help, and spring to your feet bolder than ever, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise," and lay about him with such vigor that you shall soon prove the truth of the blessed promise: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." The bolder you are the better; no coward wins a battle; no lazy fellow wins a race. Fight in God's strength and you shall win. Tread on his toes, make him dance and roar with pain, and you may depend on it that something is being done.