"Am I a soldier of the cross?"

and in Bob and Daisy's hearts were still ringing the words of the text, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c.

"Daisy," said Bob suddenly, "I don't think I fight enough."

"What *can* you mean, Bob?"

"Oh, I think I take things too easy. When John provokes me (and Aunt Skinner always takes his part), I think it's enough if I don't say a word, or don't strike him, when I'm just longing to do it. O Daisy, if you only knew how angry I feel all the time! Sometimes I have to run out to the wood-shed and saw wood just as fast as I can, and sometimes I get the hammer and nails, and pound on the new chicken yard just as if it were John's head, and I just let all sorts of wicked thoughts run on, and don't try to stop them. Now, if I'm in the