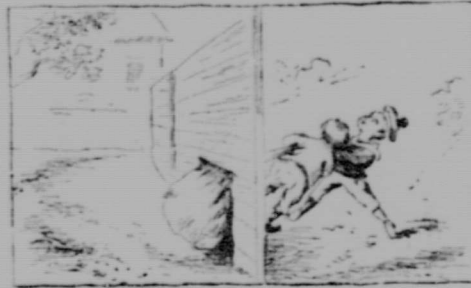




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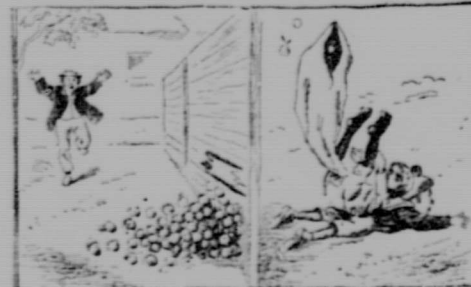
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A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

UNCLE HAL'S STORY.

All the children were begging for a story. Uncle Hal had told so many tales that there was scarcely a new subject left.

"I will tell you a sad story about a cat," he said at last. "It was a kitten, and it belonged to a little girl named Rose. Now, this kitten was black, and had long fur; but during the winter it felt the cold, especially nights; so the kind cook used to leave the oven door open, and there it slept all night."

"On the oven door?" asked Charlie seriously.

"Oh, no; in the oven, the lower oven, where the wood was kept to dry. The fires were out, and with the door open the oven was just comfortably warm. Then in the early morning the cook would call the kitten out, and shut the door before

she started the fire. One morning she came down and found the oven door shut. She was very busy, and did not even think of the kitten. Of course, if the door had been open, she would have remembered; but she started the fire, and a good hot fire it was. When Rose came down she ran into the kitchen and looked around eagerly. "Where's kitty?" she asked. The cook dropped a pan. "Goodness gracious!" she cried, and ran to the stove, which was nearly red-hot by that time. When she opened the oven door, and looked in, there she found that the poor, dear little kitten—"

"Was all burnt up!" cried Mary, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Hal," exclaimed Charlie.

"The poor little thing," wailed Edna.

Uncle Hal looked gravely around the

circle of sorrowful faces. "There she found that poor, dear little kitten," he repeated slowly, "hadn't slept in the oven at all, for the door had been shut all night. She was out in the wood-shed in a basket of chips."

"Oh!" cried all the children in chorus and then they laughed together, and Uncle Hal laughed with them.—*Youth's Companion.*

DO YOU KNOW ?

Little birdies do you know
 Jesus Christ, who loved us so,
 Had not any home like you,
 Where to rest with dear ones true?
 Little birdies, do you know
 How the Saviour used to go,
 Tired and sad from place to place,
 With the love-light in his face,
 Speaking gentle words of peace,
 That all harm and sin should cease?
 Little birdies do you know
 How the cruel people so
 Drove him from their streets away,
 Would not let the dear Lord stay?
 O sweet birdies, in your nest,
 Sing your very, very best,
 All in praise of this dear One,
 Son of Man, and God's own Son.

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat? I am so hungry!" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a slice of bread and butter.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices, and clear, distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine; and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until his vocal organs are so set that he cannot speak without whining, or he may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until he loses command of the lower registers, and can use only the high key. He may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until it shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.