

seen other boys out of sport destroy some squirrels and the like and I had a disposition to follow their example but all at once something checked my little arm and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It was wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong to hurt the turtle. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said, "Some men call it conscience but I call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey that voice it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark without a guide."—Theodore Parker.

Walter's Speeches.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger'.)

Dear Editor,—I was six years old on the twelfth of July. We have a Christmas tree every year and we children recite. Last year papa wrote me a speech, which I gave at the meeting. I am going to send it to you, so you can print it for some other boy. He wrote me another, which I gave this year and will send it also.

WALTER M. SMITH.

WALTER'S SPEECH AT FIVE YEARS.

Me make a speech—a boy like me!
You think I can't; just wait and see.
Perhaps you think that we small boys
Are only here to make a noise,
Or tease the girls and make a fuss.
Say—ain't that what you think of us?
But I will tell you, one and all,
Although I'm young and very small
I am going to be a man some day,
And then I'll have a word to say—
Perhaps for office I will run—
And if I do, won't there be fun?
I'll speechify with all my might,
Shake hands with every one in sight,
Kiss all the babies in the city,
And tell their mothers, 'Oh, how pretty!
And when I get to my position,
Mind you, I'll vote for Prohibition.

WALTER'S SPEECH AT SIX YEARS.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gents,
This is a day of great events;

It is a great event to me,
To get up here where all can see,
And try to make a speech to you,
And tell you what you ought to do.
But all you older people know,
That large oaks from little acorns grow,
And that all the great men of to-day
Were once but little boys at play;
And, who knows, but I and others here,
Though small and young we now appear,
May some day with the wise men stand
And help to rule this glorious land.
Now if you would like to see us rise
And take our places with the wise;
If we instruction from you get,
Example is better than precept yet;
If you should say to us small boys:
'Be quiet now, don't make a noise,'
And at the same time stamp and shout

Till some one had to put you out,
Do you think that we should profit by it,
Or would in any way keep quiet?
Or if you should hear us say, 'you bet,'
Or see us smoke a cigarette,
And tell us it was wrong to do it,
While 'Tobacco,' you smoke and chew it,
And bet your money on lacrosse,
Or on some famous trotting 'hoss,'
Would we listen to you do you think?
And if you said it was wrong to drink,
And at the same time—by your votes—
You were pouring whiskey down men's throats,
And hastening them on to perdition,
And claimed you wanted prohibition;
Should we believe you told the truth,
Or were a model for us youth?
Then this is the lesson I would teach:
That you should 'practice what you preach.'

The Legend of the Two Sacks (Presbyterian Witness.)

An ancient legend describes an old man travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one

hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day, which naturally hindered his course. One day, to his surprise he met a man coming, slowly along, also wearing two sacks 'What have you here?' asked the old man. 'Why, my good deeds,' replied number two. 'I keep all of these before me, and take them out and air them frequently.' 'What is in the other big sack?' asked the first traveller. 'It seems weighty.' 'Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back.' Presently the two travellers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks, one under his chin and one on his back. 'Let us see the contents of your sacks,' exclaimed the first two travellers. 'With all my heart,' quoth the stranger. 'For I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack,' said he, pointing to the one under his chin, 'is full of good deeds of others. Your sacks look full. They must be very heavy,' observed the old man. 'There you are mistaken,' replied the stranger; 'they are big, but not heavy. The weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward.' 'Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you,' said number two, 'for it appears to be empty and I see that it has a great hole in the bottom of it.' 'I did that on purpose,' said the stranger, 'for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to draw me backwards.'

I Can ; I'll Try.

(By Fanny L. Fancher, in 'Waif'.)
Short words two, of letters three;
Yet on these hang thy destiny—
Success awaits that girl, or boy,
Whose motto is: 'I can; I'll try!'

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