NORTHERN MESSENGER.

POEM FOR RECITATION. THE WAY THAT HARRISON DOES.

13.31.18

I'm Harrison's sister, nino years old, my name is Katy Shaw, And I've got the nicest brother that any one ever

His hair, I know, is a little red, and his nose

turns up some too. But then his teeth are white as snow, and his

eyes are just as blue. He was eleven years old last birthday, but two

years older than I, Though he was born the last of June, while I came Fourth of July.

He always minds father and mother, and he never has seen the day

He was ever too busy, or cross or tired, to amuse our baby May.

And then, the things he does for me, I couldn't begin to tell;

I don't think any one's brother over treated them half as well :

But I want to tell of some splendid things I've lately seen him do-

Of course he does a great many, but I'll only tell of a few.

Our teacher offered a lovely prize-and Harrison wanted it so-

For the boy who had the whole of the term not a tardy mark to show,

And Harry he hadn't a single mark, and the term had nearly closed,

Till one morning he overslept himself, and a little too late he dozed.

But he knew that if he hurried to school, he'd

get there just in time. Though the bell was ringing slowly-almost at

its latest chime. Now just on the corner below our house, is an

apple and peanut stand; The boys all know where to find it-they think it is perfectly grand.

And the man who always tends it is clumsy, teeble and old,

And somehow this morning 'twas all upset, and

the things had everywhere rolled. The peanuts lay in great big heaps right there in the dusty street.

And the beautiful red-checked apples were 'most to the horses' feet.

Now what do you think that Harry docs, when the whole of the trouble he sees

But just gets lown and helps the man, right there upon his knccs !

And when the bell stopped ringing the tears came into his eyes, For he knew that very minute, he had lost the

lovely prize.

Then little Robbie Wilson-he's the smallest boy in the school.

And he isn't a strong boy, either-one day he broke a rule.

The teacher had got out of patience, said if any one whispered that day

He'd ferule him most severely, and keep him in from his play.

And Robbie he forgot it, and whispered right out shrill,

And so did Tommy Bronson, just when overy thing was still;

Then when the teacher called them out, Tommy was bold and brave.

He acted as if he didn't care, and didn't mean to behave.

But Robbie trembled and shivered, and almost lost his breath, He was so terribly frightened his face was as

white as death. Just then my brother Harrison 'rose right up in

the aisle, And walked right down to Robbie's seat-'twas

just as still the while-Then he spoke out plain to the teacher: "Whip

me, Oh ! please, whip me. He's such a little fellow, I can stand it better than

he." And the teacher did whip Harry, and let little

Robbie go, And kept my brother in at recess, and there was such a lovely snow.

Then, one day the boys together were all going off

to skate. And were hurrying as if 'twas dinner-time and they feared they would be too late,

When they'd just reached the iciest cross old, old lady stood there,

Poor, and dirty, and feeble, but she had the whitest hair.

She stood, afraid to go over, and Harrison left the crowd,

And went right up close to her, and lifted his cap and bowed.

And then he offered his arm to her as if she had been a queen,

Had been a queen, or mother-I wish that mother had seen.

And he helped her over the crossing, walking just as slow. And when he turned to leave her, he bowed again

ever so low. Then some boys laughed a little, the rest of 'em just kent still.

She said, "God bless you, Sonny !" I'm sure I think ho will.

Now these are only a few of the things he is doing every day.

Folks call him "Gentleman Harry," I would if I were they.

I say again, he's the nicest boy that any one ever saw!

And I'm just as proud as I can be, of my-brother Harrison Shaw. -Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.

MY MITE-BOX.

WRITTEN FOR A THANK-OFFERING MEETING

Some years since, I read in the "Life and Light," that the Woman's Board had mite-boxes, which had been used in some of the Auxiliaries with great success. I had read Mrs. Pickett's struggles with hers, and what a means of grace it afterwards became to her, and I sent for one. At first it did not please me; it was of a homely blue color and would not, as I hoped, be an ornament to any room. But I set it up on my table in my dressing-room, before which I often sit and read.

For some time it remained empty. It did not attract my special notice or associate itself in my mind with any benevolence or thankfulness, but one day there fell into my hands a little story of a lady who tried to introduce a mite-box into her family, first by placing it upon the eating-table, with the suggestion that every time any member of the family spilled anything on the table-cloth he should put a penny in the mite-box. But it gathered little in this way, and the pennies dropped in were by no means cheerfully given, and the sight of this blue box always suggested something disagreeable. So it was soon removed to the mantel and she decided if any one forgot a duty he or she was to contribute to the funds of the mite-box. But after a fair trial this, too, proved not a blessing. It thus seemed quite a failure, until one day her son, a rollicking boy of twelve years, came rushing in the house and, going straight to the mantel, his mother saw him drop in the mite-box a bright silver dollar.

"Why, my son, what does that mean?" she asked.

Horeplied : "Just now, papa was standing with Dick Preston's father at the side of the new house he is building. They finished their talk and in less than three minutes after they separated a large timber fell from the staging and killed Mr. Preston. I was so thankful that papa escaped, I felt as if I must give something to somebody and so put my whole dollar into the mite-box. I wish it had been a hundred instead of one, but it was all I had.'

From that time on the little blue box became a reminder of oft-repeated mercies or trials averted, and so a blessing to the whole family.

After seeing this story I read with new interest the mottoes on the ends and top of my box. "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" seemed a question directed to me personally, and "Freely ye have received, freely give," had a new meaning. "The field is the world," and "Go teach all nations," scemed spoken to me. So I, too, became quite reconciled to the little blue box, and the opening in the top seemed, every time I looked at it, to be asking if some blessing had not come tome. Thus I began to recount my daily mercies and they multiply so fast that I am

in danger of becoming bankrupt. I heard of a friend to whom a great sor row came. Ought I not to be thankful it was not my lot so to suffer ? The blue box shall receive a token of my thankfulness. Another friend was prostrated by dis-ease, so that she could do nothing for her-as a lad who told the truth." self and the trial was oh, so hard to bear. How thankful I was that health is spared to me

Walking in the street one day I met a young man staggering on the sidewalk from the effect of strong drink. Why was it not my boy? How can I be thankful enough. My little blue box shall grow fuller for this blessing given to me and denied the mother of this misguided youth.

One Sabbath, as my pastor was urging him intimately in his strong young man-the claims of the Gospel upon his audience, hood, and his testimony was that in all his my heart went out in such fervent prayer that his words might reach the heart of some one who had not yet yielded to its claims, that I folt sure the seed sown that day would spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God, and so it did—that very week tokens for good came to me from an unexpected source, perhaps not in answer to my prayer, but by the blessing of God on the word spoken, and again the mite-box received its token of another mercy

The increased advantages that have come into the lives of the young people of our town, and the cheerful readiness with which the girls and boys are falling into line at the will of their teachers, warms my heart, and has led me more than once with tone of thankfulness and a prayer to the blue box on the table.

A new face at the prayer-meeting and a new voice in prayer and praise gave joy to my heart and an added gift went into the mite-box.

And thus I find my mercies are "new every morning, fresh every evening, and repeated every moment." "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits toward me ?"

I cannot pay him, but I can show my love for him and recognition of his favors by these simple tokens—and who knows? the contents of my little blue box may buy one copy of the Gospel story of Christ's love for sinners, and pay its way across the sca to a dweller in heathen lands. Its teachings may bring life and light to one darkened soul for whom Christ died, and is there not "joy in heaven even over one sinner that repenteth ?"

Master, I have not strength to serve thee much "Tis but a little I can do;
O, let thy mighty, multiplying touch Even to me, the miracle renew.
Let this, my thank-offering, by thy power . A blessing be, from this glad hour." -Illustrated Christian Weekly.

KEEP A CLEAN RECORD. BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Had it been in the power of John B. Gough, the prince of temperance orators, to choose his parting message to the world, nothing more beautiful or fitting could have been selected than the thrilling sentence he uttered as he sank unconscious on the platform, "Young men, keep your record clean.'

The importance of living up to this advice was strikingly illustrated by an incident that recently occurred in one of our great cities. Robert Fulton, a student in the Theological Seminary, was arrested on the grave charge of bank-robbery. Though no one had seen him commit the deed, many had noticed him enter the bank, and as it was at the noon-hour no other visitors had been observed in the vicinity. When the bank officials returned they found the cashier lying on his face in an unconscious condition, the safe door open and a large amount of money gone. Young Fulton admitted that he had gone into the bank on an errand, but declared that he had remained only long enough to transact his business, and that the cashier had walked with him to the door when he left. with him to the door when he left. On the other hand, the cashier insisted that after waiting on the young man some one from behind dealt him a blow which felled him to the floor and for a time rendered him unconscious.

There were but three persons in the city who had been acquainted with young Fulton previous to the time he entered the Seminary, and without knowing how they could serve him he asked to have then summoned on the day of trial.

The first one, a respectable shoemaker, testified that he had known the prisoner when a boy, and that he had been regarded as an honest, upright boy. Said he, "No one in the little town of Camden would have ever thought of doubting Robbie

The next witness was a minister, who had taught in the academy where the young man had received part of his early education. He had known him as a youth of unblemished character. During his academical course ho had kept a clean record, and among old and young had been considered perfectly reliable.

The last of the three old acquaintances was a college friend—one who had known

hood, and his testimony was that in all his college career he had kept himself unspotted from the world.

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The Faculty of the Seminary and the students with whom he mingled daily, as with one voice, bore witness of his faithfulness to duty, and singular purchess of life.

After reviewing the evidence briefly, the judge pronounced him "Not guilty. In concluding his remarks, the man of the law paid this delicate compliment to young Fulton :

"My young friend, you may thank your clean record for this decision. The circumstantial evidence is all against you, but no one who has borne such a spotless reputation throughout his boyhood, youth, and manhood could be so transformed in a few minutes of time as to commit such a grave crime. Would that all young men could boast of such an irreproachable character." Presbyterian Record.

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