

## The King's Daughters.

The king's three little daughters, 'neath the palace windows straying,  
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to playing,  
And the weary king smiled once again to hear what they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best!" the oldest daughter said;  
"I am the oldest princess!" And her pretty face grew red;  
"What is there none can do without? I love him more than bread!"

Then said the second princess, with her bright blue eyes aflame,  
"Than bread? A common thing like bread?  
"Thou hast not any shame!  
"Hadst am I it is I, not thou, called by our mother's name.

"I love him with a love or love than one so tame as thine—  
"More than—oh, what then shall I say that is both bright and fine,  
"And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him more than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose speech would sometimes halt  
"For her dreamy way of thinking, said:  
"You are both in fault,  
"Tis I who love our father best—I love him more than salt."

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her latest word,  
"As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "But this is most absurd."  
"And the king, no longer smiling, was grieved at what he heard.

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes of steadfast gray,  
"Could always move his tenderness and charm his care away.  
"She grows more like her mother dead," he whispered, "day by day."

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault  
"That, while her sisters strive to see who most shall me exalt,  
"She holds me nothing dearer than a common thing like salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard by the spring;  
"He winked and nodded to himself: "That little quiet thing  
"Knows more than both the others, as I will show the king."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit to eat;  
"The king turned, frowning angrily, from soup and fish and meat,  
"And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes that were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered, musing, "I cannot find the fault,  
"Not a thing has tasted like itself but this honest cup of malt."  
"Said the youngest princess, shyly, "Dear father, they want salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shone on the king's dark face,  
"As he sat his little daughter in the dead queen's vacant place;  
"And he thought: "She has her mother's heart—aye, and her mother's grace."

"Great love through smallest channels will find its surest way;  
"It waits not state occasions, which may not come, or may;  
"It comforts and it blesses, hour by hour, and day by day."  
—Our Continent.

## Recess.

EVERY one who has been at school knows well the meaning of the magic word *recess*. What a hurrying on of outside garments! What a wild rush out-of-doors! What whoops, screeches, racings, games, quarrels, fights, wrestlings! What thumpings on the window by troubled teachers! And oh, what muddy shoes, wet feet, and bad colds are sometimes brought into the school-room after this brief delirium!

There is a movement in the State of New York (now extending to other States) to abolish recesses, and dismiss the schools fifteen minutes sooner than

has been customary, that is, at a quarter to twelve and a quarter to four o'clock. Thus the time employed in school will remain the same. It is also proposed that in the middle of the morning, the windows shall be thrown open, and that the school shall rise and spend five minutes in calisthenic exercises, following a teacher.

The experiment was first made in Albany, New York. Superintendent Cole commends it highly, and enumerates some of its advantages:

1. The teachers are spared a great deal of trouble in investigating and dealing with the numerous offences formerly committed during the riot of the recess, and they are relieved from the painful fear of accidents and injuries to the children. No day passes in a large school without something going wrong in the play-ground during recesses.

In winter, many a child contracts fatal disease at that time, through neglect to put on the requisite clothing. It is during recesses, also, that the bullies of a school exercise their unfeeling tyranny, for then their victims cannot escape.

2. All school-boys know that during recess the bad and vulgar members of a school have the best chance to corrupt the rest, and that their chance is constantly used. If teachers knew what passes in play-grounds, what words are spoken, what deeds are done, they would fear to let their pupils go into them in a body. We notice that the parochial schools under the charge of nuns are never allowed to get out of the teachers' supervision.

During the whole of every recess, the "Sisters" move about in the play-ground, often joining in the games, always in sympathy with innocent sport, but never letting the pupils go beyond the range of their watchful ears and eyes. Their mere presence restrains those who would do wrong.

Mr. Cole remarks that it has been found a very welcome relief to tired mothers to get their older children in time to set the table, and take dinner to a hungry father. He states that five hundred children in Albany used to be excused daily at half-past eleven, that they might carry the dinner to fathers or brothers at work in distant places.

These are some of the arguments in favour of transferring the recess from the middle to the end of school-hours. They are worthy of consideration. We do not say that they are conclusive, although the case is pretty strong. The objections to the recess system do not apply with equal weight to all schools.

Where there are but forty or fifty scholars they may safely enough enjoy the brief interval of play. The dangers are also greater where both sexes are received in the same school, than where they are separated; greater in boys' schools than in schools for girls; and greater in schools for boys where there are large and small pupils, than in those where they are nearly of the same age.

What should be done must be determined after careful observation and experience. To reform recess out of schools altogether might prove as bad a policy as a system of universal recess.

BETTER fill your hands with stinging adders and clawin' scorpions; better tag your bosom vipers and serpents, than to hide and harbor one darling sin within your soul.

## Miss Carter's Class.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL was over; the superintendent stood at the table surrounded by a group of teachers, who, one by one, made known their errands and departed, leaving him alone with a young lady who had patiently waited her opportunity.

"Well, Miss Carter?" he said, enquiringly.  
"I waited, Mr. Tolman, to tell you that I must give up my class."

"Why?"  
"With a laugh that sounded almost a sob she replied. "Because I am neither Oliver Optic nor Mayno Reid."

"That seems a strange reason why your class should lose its teacher."  
"I mean," explained Miss Carter, "that my boys feed upon such highly spiced food during the week that the fare I am able to provide does not suit their taste. You saw how they behaved to-day."

"Yes, you lost control of them."  
"Entirely; and, Mr. Tolman, you don't know how hard I have tried to interest them. I've told them the most thrilling stories; I've drawn my illustrations from history—ancient and modern; I've read piles of boys' books, hoping to catch the style they like, but I cannot hold their attention, they grow worse and worse and I must give them up."

"How about the 'old, old story?'" asked the superintendent, gravely.  
"Why, Mr. Tolman, they wouldn't listen a moment if I should attempt it; they won't bear a bit of 'preaching,' as they call it. I'm sure they would never come to Sunday-school again."

"My dear Miss Carter," said Mr. Tolman, "those boys have selected you for their teacher, and you have accepted the charge; and the tie ought not to be lightly broken. I am not surprised that you are discouraged; seven restless boys are not easily controlled; but, Miss Carter, I fear in your efforts to entertain and interest you have forgotten the true aim of Sunday-school teaching. You have failed, you say, in your own plans and methods; have you sought help of the power that alone can bring truth home to those young hearts? The story of the cross will never lose its power. Try again, interest them by your own earnestness and love for your theme."

Miss Carter said no more. She felt the reproof and realized her mistake. She had felt competent to instruct her class in the lesson of the week; the personal application she usually omitted or referred to only in a general way that would not prove distasteful. Her moral lessons she prepared with great care, and it was her inability to hold their attention to these that had disheartened her. As the days passed she grew more and more humble, and, as never before, turned to the never failing source of strength. It was easy to talk of Romans and Spartans, of Alexander and Napoleon, but to interest her boys in the "story of old" seemed well-nigh impossible. It is seldom necessary to seek opportunities to impress lessons upon the young. Miss Carter's opportunity came the next Sunday during the lesson for the day. A railway accident that had been the topic of the week occupied the minds of the boys to the exclusion of other subjects. It seemed impossible to win their attention or prevent the whispered conversation that frequently broke in upon her explanations. Pausing a moment in her perplexity, "Father says the engineer might

have saved his life," she heard one say. "He saved lots of others though," said another. "Yes," remarked a third, "that's what I call brave." Here was the opportunity; the life given for others was her text, and never had the boys listened more attentively than to this story of Him who

"Suffered the pain and shame of the cross  
And died for the life of His foes."

The "old story" seemed to them now, and the earnest appeal from the full heart of their teacher impressed them. Weeks passed, but Miss Carter's boys seemed not to weary of the Sunday-school. There was sincerity and love in the voice that now invited them to the Saviour, and the personal interest in each was a tie that bound them firmly to their teacher. She was often dismayed by their ignorance, their erroneous ideas, their thoughtlessness and weak moral sense, but her patience and zeal seemed equal to every demand, and love for her work forbade the thought of relinquishing her charge. Nor were her labours fruitless; the boys "took knowledge of her," and seeing the Christian life and character so exemplified in one they loved, were ready to follow whither she led.

## Turning Points.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."  
—Ps. cxix. 130.

A PROFANE shopman crams into his pocket a leaf of a Bible, and reads the last words of Daniel: "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days," and begins to think what his own lot will be when days are ended.

A Göttingen professor opens a big printed Bible to see if he has eyesight enough to read it, and alights on the passage: "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not," and in reading it the eyes of his understanding are enlightened.

Cromwell's soldier opens his Bible to see how far the musket-ball has pierced, and find it stopped at the verse: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart and the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

And in a frolic the Kentish soldier opens a Bible which his broken-hearted mother had sent him, and the first sentence that is seen is the text, so familiar in his boyish days: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," and the weary profligate repairs for rest in Christ.

THE mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne—"Right Worshipful" they call him over there—presided at the Missionary Breakfast meeting in London this year and made some sharp points with comparative statistics and other statements. But what will our people think of his sarcasm because the Wesleyans did not give but \$1.25 per member for missions? He said there are more ministers of all denominations in London than there are missionaries on the whole of the mission field from all England. He says England has two thousand millions of dollars invested in foreign securities, and receives eighty millions dollars interest therefrom, and gives less than five millions from all the kingdom for foreign missions. The British Isles do the most magnificent giving, as a whole, that we know of.