

Broken Bits for the Young.

The Tone of Voice.

It is not so much what you say
As the manner in which you say it,
It is not so much the language you use
As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be wild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart,
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tone may break her heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
Whether you mean or care—
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

—Selected.

Two Good Shots.

DURING the war a chaplain in a Virginia regiment stood upon a slight knoll watching the operations of the enemy's batteries beyond. Several men were about him lying on the grass and under the trees, also watching the firing. The great balls could be seen in the air as they rose and fell, and the soldiers about estimated very closely where they would light and gave that spot a wide berth. Suddenly, as a tiny black spot appeared in mid-air, the men moved hurriedly.

"Parson," shouted one, "that's meant for you—better look out!" And acting on the suggestion, the chaplain stood aside. Just in time, too, it was, for as he moved away the knoll upon which he had been standing was ploughed by the immense mass.

That was very good shooting on one side and close estimating on the other, and another story of fine marksmanship is equally interesting. Two single-gun batteries were having an extended duel, until finally one of the gunners got annoyed. They were some distance apart, and only the ugly black muzzles of the guns could be seen when they came to shoot.

"Lieutenant," cried the aggrieved gunner at length, "I'll settle that fellow if you'll stand on this platform with your glass and inform me of his movements."

So the lieutenant took his glass and noted.

"They're ramming her!" he cried, after a moment. "Now they are running her out; the gunner has taken his stand; he has hold of the lanyard; he is about to—"

Bang! went the cannon at his side and the lieutenant almost fell from his perch, but recovered his balance in time to see the other gun knocked over and over by the well-directed ball.

The next day the lieutenant and his soldiers were in possession of the enemy's camp, and looked up the disabled cannon. It had been knocked endways, for just as the gunner had pulled the lanyard the ball from the lieutenant's gun had struck the cannon squarely in the muzzle and wedged itself there, causing the gun to burst by its own explosion. It was really a most wonderful shot.—Harper's Young People.

Giving Himself.

MANY years ago in Scotland a little boy went one day to a missionary meeting, where he was so much interested in what he heard about the people in other countries who knew nothing of the Father in heaven, and of the message He has sent to the world by His Son, that his heart was deeply stirred, and he determined that if he should live to grow

up, he would be a missionary himself, and go to the heathen, and tell them about Jesus Christ.

When the meeting was about to close, there was a notice given that a collection would be taken at the door.

Now the boy had not a cent in his pocket, and as he was ashamed to go out and not make any contribution, he hung behind the rest of the people, hoping that the collectors would do their work and depart before he should appear. But as he was stealing towards the door, one of the men heard him, turning back, held the plate toward him.

The boy stood still for a moment and looked at the man, and then said quietly:

"Please hold it a little lower, sir." The man complied with the request.

"Lower still, sir," said the boy again. Again the man did as requested, half-amused, half-curious.

"You'd better put it on the ground," persisted the boy, and when this direction was followed, he stepped into the plate and glanced up with a smile.

"It is all I have to give, sir," he said, "but if God will let me, I will be a missionary some day."

And there was nobody in all the church that day who gave so much as the little lad with nothing in his pockets.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

Teaching Children Patriotic Songs.

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON is interested in a new society lately organized for the purpose of teaching patriotism. One wise woman years ago discovered what help singing patriotic music in the home provided when her four boys were tired of the house, nervous or fretful. Mrs. Page says: "On a certain stormy afternoon my boys were wearing my patience threadbare. They fretted, were irritable and implored to be allowed to get out into the rain. A young friend came into my sitting-room, opened the small cabinet organ, played a lively accompaniment, singing to it the 'Red, White and Blue.' Four cross little faces relaxed. Smiles replaced frowns, small fists beat a rat-tat-tat accompaniment upon the floor, and shrill boyish voices joined in the chorus. I looked into four happy little faces. I had discovered a future remedy for similar attacks of discontent and the reign of bad fairies." But why have a society for this? Let the home and the school be full of patriotism.

THE peace which Christ gives is infinitely more valuable than that which the world gives. The world's peace begins in ignorance, consists with sin, and ends in endless troubles. Christ's peace begins in grace, consists with no allowed sin, and ends at length in everlasting peace.—M. Henry.

One at a Time.

ONE step at a time, and that well placed
We reach the grandest height:
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years ago.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sands of life
Will slowly all be run.
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another, and more on them;
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell.
"One thing at a time and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—Golden Days