POEM FOR RECITATION.

THE TALK IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOL Come hither, my little laddies,

And leave your bats and ball, Come, round heads, black heads, yellow and brown,

I want to talk with you all.

I see that Little Charlie Is not in his place to-day, And I wanted to talk with the rest of you When Charlie should be away.

You have often seen that Charlie's clothes Were torn and not very clean, His coat unbrushed, his hair uncombed, And his mittens worn and mean.

You know that Charlie's dinners Are not as nice as your own, And so he always carries them off And eats them all alone;

You have noticed that his lessons Are seldom learned aright, And many times they are untouched When the rest of you recite.

And I have been grieved to notice That you leave him out in the cold, And he seems like a poor Lost Lambio Strayed away from the fold.

I can see he never has a share In any plans or joys, . You leave him alone and you laugh at him, The rest of you happy boys.

I know he never looks happy, And often seems distressed, When I find him all alone by himself Wandered away from the rest.

Now, shall I tell you his trouble? Charlie's mother is dead! No gentle hand to guide has he Or rest on his curly head.

Nobody helps with his lessons Or teaches him to recite. And nobody comes to his little bed And tucks him in at night,

There is none to put up his lunches, Dainty and nice like your own, And that is why he carries them off And cats them all alone.

Nobody wakes this little boy, In the early morning light, And nobody kisses his little face, And makes it clean and bright;

For the lips that kissed Little Charlie Are crumbling back to dust, And the gentle mother who loved him Is living in Heaven, we trust.

What is it, my brave boy Billy, With cont-sleeve over your eyes— He is sorry he tensed Little Charlie And that is why he cries.

And you, too, my chubby Tommy, What is that that you say ?-You," will give him part of your dinner." Ah, now! that is just the way.

Aleck, my thoughtful student, Well, really, that is good ! You "will help him learn his lessons," I heartily wish you would.

Robbie, my wee little fellow ! My youngest, my baby man, You can "kiss Little Charlie,"-Yes, darling! I know you can.

You all will treat Little Charlie Just as you do each other. Just as you know you ought to treat The boy who has no mother.

Now all of you little laddies Go back to your bats and ball, To morrow when Charlie is in his place I think I can trust you all. -Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.

#### HEARING OURSELVES AS OTHERS HEAR US.

BY MARY E. SWEETSER.

Mrs. Lamson and Mrs. Flanders exchanged a good morning greeting, as they stood in their respective doorways, where they had come to call their boys to break-

"Come, Charley," said Mrs. Lamson, breakfast is all ready

"Come, breakfast is hot, come in now, George," said Mrs. Flanders.

Charley smiled, and George frowned, as

each started for home.

The sentences suttered by the two mothers, when written, seem to be very similar, but could you have heard them spoken, you would have found it difficult to believe the words were so nearly the same. Mrs. Lamson's call would have the effect upon your mind as if she had said,

Mrs. Flanders' tone of voice said,

"Come, come, come, I have been working hard, while you were placing, to have your breakfast hot, and now it will surely be all cold, before you are seated at the

Mrs. Flanders did not mean to fret. She seldom did allow herself to do so in words, but she did not in the least realize that the impatience which had become habitual in her tone, would be nearly as irritating to her children.

She sat sewing that afternoon, in her chamber, with the door ajar into the nursery adjoining, where her little six-year-old Nellie, and a younger companion, were

Now," said Nellie to her visitor, "you be my little girl, and I'll be your mother and talk to you just like my mother does to me. You must ask me if you can go out and slide," prompted Nellie.
"Tan I go out an' slide?" quoted Katie.

"Yes, dear, you may go, but be sure and come home in half an hour. You have your mittens on, have you not?"

Mrs. Flanders dropped her work in utter amazement, at the exact counterpart of her own voice, in her imitator. Nellie continued to herself in the same querulous

"She'll be sure to punch a hole in her mitten, and then I shall have it to mend. Oh dear! what a bother children are,' ("I never said such a thing," soliloquized the mother.) "I don't suppose she will come home in time, either. The half-hour come home in time, either. is gone, I must call her."
"Katie! come in! Let me look at your

mitten. Yes, a hole, just as I thought. You are a very careless girl, Katie Jenkins. Have you sewed the square in your patchwork to-day? I thought not."

"Now you must say,' suggested Nellie, to her very decile playmate, "but I had to do an errand for Mrs. Hyde."

"But I had to do erran' for Miss Hite," promptly repeated Katie.

"Oh, yes! I do just wish Mrs. Hyde would do her own errands."

"My mother don't' talk like that way," put in Katie.

"Mine does," said Nellie, emphatically.
"Now," she continued, "you may come to supper, although it is altogether too good for such a child,"

Mrs. Flanders heard no more. She was too absorbed listening to her own perturbed thoughts. "I never talk in that way, but cortainly the words fit the tone, precisely. Is it possible that her quick little mind interprets the tone rather than the words? It seems as if she had read my very feel-

For several days Mrs. Flanders made a great effort to speak cheerfully, and as she noticed the quick, surprised smile in the upturned faces of her children, when the same commands were given with a different inflection of voice, her heart smote her that she had so long clouded their lives by her careless petulance. But the habit of years is not easily overcome, and as she sat sewing and thinking one evening she was startled, as she remembered that the old fretfulness had seldom been out of her voice that day. Just then George passed through the hall, singing,

What a privilge to carry Everything to God in prayer."

And to God Mrs. Flanders did carry her trouble, not for the first time, by any means, but with such a sense of her own weakness, and such faith that His strength, and his alone, could enable her to conquer, as never fails to find a speedy answer of re-

That night, Mrs. Flanders dreamed that as she went about the usual work the next day, she was constantly followed, or accompanied, by a presence unperceived by all but herself, who noted every word and tone, lot once did she allow herself to the children in any but the cheeriest manner, although often in her heart feelings of impatience had been cherished. At night she was quite happy over her victory, and as day after day of a week went by and she still succeeded in controlling her voice, she ventured to inquire of the angel (for such she had concluded her visitor must be) if he did not think her bad habit entirely cured. He shook his head sadly. As he did so, although he did not apparently

"Come, Charley, my son, I have been speak, these words were revealed with preparing a splendid breakfast for you, and dazzling clearness to her mind, "Out of the have no doubt you are all ready to enjoy it." etb," and awaking, she understood that if she did not pull the root of impatience from her heart, and plant the bulb of thankfulness, all her cutting off, and breaking down, would not prevent new sprouts from unexpectedly and persistently springing up.-

#### STRIKER STOWE'S WAY.

Striker Stowe was a tall, powerful Scotch-man whose position as "boss striker" at the steel works made him generally known. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had been converted, and sure enough, when pressed to

take a drink he said,
"I shall never drink mair, lads. Nac
droonkard can inherit the kingdom o' God." The knowing ones smiled and said, Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather comes. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he

toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink. Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke with him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"
"Yes," he said emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from

"Weel, just this way. It is now tan o'clock, isn't it?" "Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From eight till nine he kept me, an' I put down another dot. From nine till tan he's kep! me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray, 'O Lord, help me; help me to fight it off for another

hour.'"
"How long shall you keep this up?" I

inquireding faith was the earnest reply.
"All o' my life;" was the earnest reply.
"It keeps me sac full o' peace an' happiness that I wadna gie it up for onything. It is just as if He took me by the hand and 'Wark awa', Striker Stowe, I'm wi ye. Dinna be fearin'. You te'k care of yeer regular wark, an' I'll see to the de'il an' the thirst an' they shallna trouble ye.' —American Messenger.

I HAVE never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those who feared God.—*Jacobi*.

### Question Corner.—No. 22.

### PAIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

59. Where and under what circumstances did Christ appear, and walk with some of the Israel-ites when they were captives in a strange coun-

60. What sacrifices are we besought to make which is called only our reasonable services.

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#### "NORTHERN MESSENGER" MIS--SIONARIES.

Since the suggestion of the new plan for mission work in the Northern Messenger of October 5th, three other handsome offers have come in which all our readers will enjoy seeing. One lady writes :-

DEAR SIR,-I enclose \$1.00, for which please send the Northern Messenger to some missionaries in Japan, or wherever they will be likely to do good. I would like to know where they go. Yourstruly, C. M. Yours truly, C. M.

Another lady writes to the Witness, where the information was also published :—

Your paper of the 12th inst. gave me a great deal of pleasure as it gave me information in the Rev. Olis Cary's letter which I was very glad to get. I have been a reader of the Witness for thirtyseven years. For the sake of economy we often tried to do without it.... but we felt the loss of it so much that before the first month was over we determined by self-denial to save enough to send for it. I now want by the same means. self-denial, to subscribe for some foreign sisters. I enclose \$1.00 which will send two copies of the Northern Messenger to Miss Mitsu Shigemi, Sanyo Jogakko, Okayama, Japan.

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