

knows nothing about, drawing inference prejudicial to the person, I think: "There's dust on your glasses. Rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint: I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."

He laughed and asked:

"What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."

#### *CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.*

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is

often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

#### *THE BRIDLE ON THE TONGUE.*

How have you prospered to-day, my son?" said Mrs. Stone.

"First-rate, mother; and I think it is because I remembered the verse you gave to Sadie and me this morning. You see, we were playing at blindman's buff, and the boys would peep so as to see us. I was so provoked that I wanted to speak right out sharp, but every time I began I could see that verse real plain, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,' and I did not say a word. It was hard work, though, to keep from speaking."

"I do not doubt it, Willie; but I am very glad that my little boy was so brave. I think it often requires more true courage to hold the bridle of the tongue than that of a horse."

"That verse helped me too," said Sadie. "I was hurrying along so as to call on Julia Howard before school, but just as I turned the corner, old Mrs. Lane opened her window and asked me if I would go to Mr. Pinkham's store and get a bundle. I was so disappointed that I wanted to say 'No,' but the verse came into my mind so quick, I said, 'Yes'm,' and ran along."

"You did quite right, my children," said Mrs. Stone, "and have each gained a victory that is better than taking a city."