

very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh, Miss, said the little girl "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give let us at least give them our sympathy.

"Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have a enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

"Speak gently for 'tis like the Lord;
Whose accents meek and mild
Bespoke him as the Son of God,
The gracious, holy child."

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

I WANT to give you two or three rules.
One is—

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is—

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is—

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and, oh, children, remember it all your lives—

Think three times before you speak once!

Have you something to do which you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

THE CHILDREN'S PIC-NIC.

'Twas the merriest, sunniest pic-nic
That ever you did see;

They held it down in the orchard,
Under the apple tree.

The air was heavy with fragrance
And full of the hum of bees,
And showers of the pink and white blossoms

Were wafted down by the breeze.

They scattered over the dishes
In a merry little whirl,
Till the table seemed decked for the fairies
With a service of pink and pearl.

There were Nellie and Tom at the table,
And Pussy and Rover for guests;
Each with their well-washed faces,
And their coats were the sleekest and best.

Nell gravely waited on Pussy,
And Tom gave Rover his share.
And the children loudly praised them
For a well behaved pair.

And they purred and wagged politely,
But it was quickly forgotten all,
When a field-mouse scampered past them,
And a squirrel jumped on the wall.

Right over the table sprang Pussy.
And Rover the squirrel gave chase,
Leaving the children to wonder
At their pic-nic turned into a race.

The chairs were overturned, and the table
Stood gracefully tipped to one side;
And the dishes and all their contents
Were rolling far and wide.

Tom laughed till the tears were falling
Over his cheeks like rain;
But Nellie in wrath, said she'd never,
Never invite them again.

WHO WAS IT?

Little ones, do you remember
When your limbs were full of pain,
And you rested on a pillow,
Wishing ease would come again?

Who was the pale, patient being,
Listening for your faintest sigh,
Bathing oft your heated forehead,
Love light in her soft mild eye?

'Twas your mother! you remember—
Heaven's blessings on her head—
Watched you through your weary sickness.

For your weal she daily plead.

Can you grieve that "human angel"—
Noble, kind, unselfish, true—
By a sinful word or action?
Think, she hourly prays for you.

Do not let your wayward temper
Cast across her life a cloud,
If you do, you can't forget it,
When she's lying in her shroud.