

That was "considering the poor," How little it cost to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and the 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 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."

"GOOD MORNING."

Don't forget to say, "Good Morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do your friends good. Every "good morning," heartily and smilingly spoken, helps to make hopes fresher and work lighter. It really seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also true of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

MABEL'S FAITH.

BY MISS EMILY P. MANN.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
A little prattler softly said;
"Oh, mother, if He would but hear,
Home would not seem so dark and drear."

"Have faith, my child, your prayer is heard,
God hears your lightest-whispered word;
He knows your wants and will supply,
He heeds the humblest sparrow's cry."

"But I'm so hungry," said the child,
"And 't is so long since you have smiled;
We've had no food nor fire to-day,
But I'll have faith and watch and pray."

The daylight waned and night came on,
Poor little Mabel sat forlorn;
But still with childish faith she said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Her little heart with grief was sore,
When footsteps paused beside the door;
Kind friends were near with baskets piled
For that lone mother and her child.

Sweet Mabel knelt at morning's dawn,
The shadows from her home had gone;
"Ah, now I know, dear Lord," she said,
"If we have faith we shall have bread."

A LITTLE KNIGHT AND GENTLEMAN.

I was sitting at the window looking out one cold, slippery day last winter. I suppose a good many of you children have amused yourselves looking at the people who pass on slippery days, smiling a little to see how queerly some of them walk; I hope though, that none of you laugh if you see some one fall. As I looked out of the window I saw a knot of boys, all neighbors of mine, who were standing talking and laughing. Two or three persons had passed, and almost slipped at one particularly dangerous spot, (I think the boys had been sliding there), and now a little girl came by with a basket of buttons, tapes, shoestrings, and such things. Down she went, her basket falling on its side and half the contents rolling out. Through the window I could hear the boys laughing! Not one of them stepped forward to help the little girl, but the door of the house opposite opened quickly and a little boy, without overcoat or mittens, ran down the steps, and hurrying to the poor girl, after saying a word or two to her, helped her put her things in her basket. The poor girl was so stiff and cold that half her things might have been lost, but for this kind little knight and gentleman. I call him a knight, because the knights in old

times helped the poor and helpless wherever they found them, and a gentleman, because a gentleman—a true Christian gentleman—is polite to rich and poor alike. He remembers that his Saviour has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." H. L.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently!—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently!—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

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

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again.

"IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST."

"When Mary, was queen of England, a great many of the good ministers and people were persecuted because they would not give up their religion. Among these there was a very faithful minister, whose name was Gilpin. He was so fully convinced of the truth of what the Bible teaches us, that he was in the habit of saying of everything that happened to him, "It's all for the best." Well, one time he received a summons to go to London and be tried for his life before those who were putting the people to death. On the journey he fell and broke his leg.

"Do you think this is all for the best?" said somebody to him.

"I've no doubt of it," said he. Of course he couldn't travel with a broken leg; he had to wait on the road till his leg got well. In the meantime Queen Mary died. Her sister, Elizabeth, became the Queen of England, and the persecution of the people ceased. When Mr. Gilpin got well, he went home again in peace. And thus we see how truly his broken leg was a blessing to him in saving his life.

THE SIX STORY TELLERS.

Six little children each told a story, and to begin this is

ANNIE'S STORY.

"Mine is a true story," said Annie, the eldest of the group, "about a little girl only eight years old, whose dress took fire. She was alone in the house with a servant, who did not know what to do, except to run to the door and scream, till the little girl called out, 'Roll me in the carpet!' As soon as this was done, and the fire extinguished, she remarked: 'I read that in a book—that is, if your clothes ever catch fire, you must roll yourself up in a carpet, or quilt as quickly as possible; for that will smother or put out the fire.' Any one might have known that; but it was presence of mind that made her think of it just at the right moment."

TOM'S STORY.

"Mine is a true story, too," and a great deal

better than yours. Its about a boy I know, who saw a drunken man beating a poor little girl with a stick and was brave enough to seize his hand, and bear the blows himself, till she was out of danger. I call that courage, and I like it."

"Yes, Tom," I said, "courage is a great thing, especially in a good cause. But moral courage is the best kind. I should think you a much braver boy if you were not ashamed to have the other boys know that you were trying to live like a Christian than if you fought all the drunken men in the village. Who comes next?"

WILLIE'S STORY.

"It's my turn," said Willie. "I haven't any new story; but you all know Robert Bruce, the king of Scotland, was once wandering in disguise, when he came to a poor little hut, where he spent the night, and in the morning he watched a little brown spider trying to make his web. Seven times the spider fell back again, but at last succeeded in fastening his thread on the point of a beam, and so built his house. And Robert Bruce learned from him a lesson of perseverance, which enabled him to win back his throne."

ARTHUR'S STORY.

"I heard Aunt Mary telling some one what she saw in Pompeii," said Arthur. "You know that was the city which was buried in ashes by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago. Just outside the gates, she said, there is a little stone sentry box, and in it were found in a standing position the bones of the Roman sentinel who was on duty there that awful day. He had plenty of time to escape, but his principle of obedience was so strong that he waited for permission to leave his post, and that never came."

SUSIE'S STORY.

"My story is about faith. I heard a young lady trying to teach a very little boy geography the other day. She said:

"How do you know that the world is round?"
"O, because I have been told so."
"But how do you know you were told aright?"
"My Aunt Maggie told me, and she never tells lies."

"I thought this is just the way we know anything about heaven: we have been told so; God has told us, and he never tells lies."

KATIE'S STORY.

"Well," said I, for I saw the children pause, "you have all told very good stories, and I like them the better for being true; I hardly know which is the best; but here is little Katie, quite forgotten. Haven't you a story for us dear?"

"I did not know where to look for one," said Katie; "but I thought about how Jesus came to earth to live, and teach, and suffer and die, just because he loved us so much that he wanted to save us. I think that is the sweetest story after all."

"Yes, it is, little one. Katie has chosen the best story, for Jesus unites all the good qualities you can think of. He had presence of mind enough to know just what to do at the right time. He had obedience enough to do and suffer all God's will. He had courage enough to face all enemies, and meet death. He had persevered to the end in working out our salvation. He believed that God would do all he had promised to do, and he loved his own—though they did not yet love him—enough to die for them. He loves them still with an everlasting love, and has promised to love them for ever and ever."—*Christian Age*.

DEATHS.

At Trinity College, Toronto, on the 23rd. July, EVA, the infant daughter, and on the 30th. July, FANNY MATILDA, the beloved wife of the Rev. Prof. MADDOCK.

The Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, the leader among the English Episcopalians in Scotland, has just died of heart disease.

The Bishop of Aberdeen held an ordination in the Church of St. Mary's-on-the-Rock, Ellon, on St. Barnabas Day, when Mr. Wm. Bleaden, of the College of the Holy Spirit, was admitted to the diaconate.