

and draw him out. Finally they reached the unpainted tenement-house district and he bolted ahead of her into a shop and was hurrying straight through to the back premises when he was stopped by his mother, the keeper of the shop. His teacher had already halted to make herself acquainted with his mother and to obtain permission to enter the back yard with the impulsive boy who was so eager to show his pets to her. The mother invited her to the rear end of the store and offered her a chair. As she did so she turned to the boy and insisted, "Your teacher don't want to see them old pigeons."

He drew himself up in proud exultation and exclaimed, "Yes, she does; that's what she came for."

The teacher verified his assertion with the request to accompany him into the yard to look at them. In heedless delight he skipped in front of her through the doorway and the instant that he appeared the two white pigeons flew down and lit upon his shoulders. He caressingly pressed them against his shoulders and cheeks and in the midst of their love-making to him he cited all their accomplishments, showed their roosting-nook, bath-pan and the new laid egg, as they cooed and fluttered around him. His absorbing attachment to them and his watch-care impressed her deeply and furnished her with the key to his heart and the cue to reach him. As she watched his excitement and happiness, she realized that a boy is full of childish vagaries; that as the leaves of autumn shed themselves to make ready for those of springtime, so he sheds them to make ready for his coming manhood, and to reach him one must descend to his plane of thought and action and not try to prematurely force him into adult soberness and reason. From that moment of sympathetic consideration which interested her in the things of his young life he was captured and held and she herself became a more effective teacher in the lesson learned about boys and their points of absorbing engrossment.

CONSIDER THE POOR.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor." It does not say,

blessed is the man that feeds the poor, or helps the poor—for there are many persons who might not be able to do this—but the blessing is for the man who remembers the poor, and wonders how they are, and is anxious to know how they get along; who enquires what they need, and considers what is best for them; who studies into the secrets of their condition, learns how they became poor, and enquires how they are to be relieved from their poverty. The man who considers the poor casts about to see if there is some way by which they may be made independent. He investigates the source from which poverty comes, and the means by which it may be removed.

There is very much need at the present time of men who will consider the poor, and instead of giving indiscriminately will take pains to counsel, advise, direct and help them. Thousands of persons are poor through lack of judgment and wisdom; thousands are poor because they have never been taught the lessons of thrift and industry and frugality and sobriety. The man who considers the poor takes these things into account, and though he may have little wealth and small opportunity, yet in considering the poor he may be a truer benefactor than one who with abundant wealth gives lavishly, but in such a way that his gifts do little good, and sometimes no little evil. Let Christian men consider the poor, and, while the priest and the Levite may pass by on the other side, let them look into the cases of those who are in need and distress, and endeavour to consider and help them according as their necessities may require.—*The Christian*.

DAVID'S GOOD-BY.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers.

"Wait a minute," said the latter, as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said; "they're for gran'ma."

"Yes," answered the giver, "with

my love."

"Well, I do declare," observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me; I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady," laughingly. "You see, it is this way. When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house, where I had been boarding, with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away; no one would miss me."

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-by. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him."

"Good-by, my boy; God bless you," I heard her say.

"No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face."

"Good-bye, Davie," she said, gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years, 'Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Dannie's mother? Aren't you, Davie?' I turned and took her hands; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me."

"Good-bye, Davie," she said; "I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you."

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew brighter to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul."