

FILIPO.

"Here he is! Here's Filipo, mamma, and our week is up; please give us our money," said Rose.

Every day old Filipo came with his guitar to play at the door, and although his fingers were stiff from age he could still bring forth from the strings the airs that he loved.

Rose saw how old his clothes were, and she was sorry because he had no little children to make him happy.

"I should like to give him something," she said one day to her mother, "and so would Carl; may we?"

"If you will deny yourselves some enjoyment, in order to give something to Filipo," said her mother, "that will be really helping him yourselves."

Rose thought for a moment and then said:

"I think I will deny myself sugar, for that is one of my great enjoyments."

"Milk is my greatest enjoyment," said little Carl, "so I will give that to Filipo."

"Not the milk, Carl," said Rose, laughing, "but the money mamma will pay you for giving it up for one week."

While the children were denying themselves in order to give some money to Filipo, their mother gave him some pennies each day. But now Rose and Carl came down the steps quickly, each holding a bright silver piece, and stood quite near listening to the sweet sounds from Filipo's guitar.

When he had finished he took off his tattered old hat, expecting to receive a few pennies as usual, but Rose dropped her silver piece into it and Carl followed with his.

"Bless you, little lady; bless you, little man," said Filipo; and two happy children ran up the steps and joined their mother. Better than their own selfish enjoyment was the thought that they had been able to give something to a poor man. Try it, children. It will make you happy.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

TOO "SMART."

There is such a thing as being too smart, and yet it is a form of bad breeding which is affected by some boys and girls of a certain age. Everybody likes to see young people bright, but that is different from being offensive and impertinent.

A port boy of this kind was employed at the office of a general manager of a certain railroad. The manager was usually absent between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and the boy was left to answer the questions of all callers as politely and clearly as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed and



quietly spoken old gentleman came into the office and asked for the manager.

"He's out," replied the boy, never raising his eyes from the paper that he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?" queried the old gentleman.

"Nope."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that time now, isn't it?"

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"O yes, thank you!" replied the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I reckon you can, though this isn't a hotel," and he indulged in a chuckle.

The gentleman was still standing, and the boy was still seated and reading.

"I would like to write a letter while I am waiting," said the caller. "Will you please get me a sheet of paper and an envelope?"

The boy condescended to get these articles; and, as he handed them to the gentleman, he asked, "Anything else?"

"Well, yes," was the answer. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by this, and, eager to show how smart he could be, said: "I'm the youngest of old Thompson's kids. William is the name that was given to me by my godfathers and godmothers at my baptism, but I 'most always answer to the call of 'Billy.' See? But here comes the boss."

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, walked up to him and said: "Why, Mr. Harrison, how do you do? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I—"

But the youngest of old Thompson's kids heard no more. He was looking for his hat.

Mr. Harrison was president of the railroad, and the boy heard from him that day.

Anybody who needs a boy like "Billy" could no doubt secure him, for he is at present out of employment.

GUILTY GILBERT.

BY H. LLOYD.

"Where did you get the strawberries?
Gilbert, Gilbert, say!"

"I didn't hab no strawberries,
Nebber seed one to-day."
"O naughty, naughty Gilbert,
You cause my heart much pain;
Strawberry juice is on your lips,
And strawberry juice on your finger tips
So it's Guilty Gilbert again."

"Where did you get the apples from?
Gilbert, Gilbert, say!"
"Have nebber been near de apple trees,
Nebber not once to-day."
"O naughty, naughty Gilbert,
You cause my heart much pain;
Pips of apples are on your clo's,
And half a pip is stuck on your nose,
So it's Guilty Gilbert again."

"Where did you get the currants black?
Gilbert, Gilbert, say!"
"I habbent seen de currant trees,
Ebbet since yesterday."
"O naughty, naughty Gilbert,
You cause my heart much pain;
Stains are on your brown arms bare,
And three black currants are in your hair,
So it's Guilty Gilbert again."

"Be courteous" is not a matter of choice; it is a Bible command. Boys and girls, begin now to keep that commandment, and it will be more of a pleasure than a duty.