

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that; but I mean that his little cousin Kitty came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kitty, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat and cane could have done."—*The Child's Gem*.

KIND WORDS AND DEEDS.

'Tis only the loving words we've said,
And the kindly deeds we've done,
That will give us a peaceful conscience, dear,
At the close of the setting sun.

Though precious are treasures of silver and gold,

Yet they never can take the place
Of kindly words, and a loving voice,
And a gentle, smiling face.

So simple the words that grieve us, dear,
Although we would fain forget,
They come to us oft in after years
With a feeling of deep regret.

We ponder them, too, with a nameless pain,
And a brooding sense of ill;
Though we strive to banish them e'er again,
They abide with us often still.

So 'tis only the loving words we say,
And the kindly deeds we've done,
That will give us a peaceful conscience, dear,
At the close of the setting sun.

And the seeds that we sow in the present here,
In the light of the passing years,
Will yield us a harvest of loving deeds,
Or a garner of bitter tears.

—*The Churchman's Magazine*.

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.

THE flowers will not cost you any more now than they did before your marriage. Now that the pretty girl you sent the flowers to is the mother, do you think she will not appreciate the flowers? As I stepped into a lovely room, a few days ago, and looked at the great, tall roses, my friend, who has been married about three years, said to me, as I exclaimed at the beauty of the roses, "My husband sent them to me. He has kept me in flowers ever since our marriage, just as he did before we were married." And verily he has his reward in the radiant face of his wife. I said, calling her by name: "Any one to look at you would see that there were no strained relationships in your case." In this case there was plenty of money, and perhaps some of you are saying:

I would give costly flowers, too, if I had the money." Smiles, kind appreciative words, do not cost money, and they are imperishable flowers. If you married that you might have a housekeeper, do not be surprised if you only have a housekeeper. You will get in your family, as well as outside of it, what you give and no more. "Give, and it shall be given you," applies to the home, and many a woman gives her sweetest smiles to those outside the home, because from outside she gets them, rather than from inside where she ought to have them. So it will pay us to look at this subject from all sides. I am rather tired of seeing all the flowers at weddings and funerals; we need a few in between. Maybe a few flowers put into the hand when it was warm, instead of when icy cold, might have kept the hands warm a little longer. Anyway, it would have made the heart, that has at last ceased to beat, a little lighter. The first bit of poetry I ever remember to have committed to memory, commenced:

"Let us love one another,
Not long may we stay."

—*Mrs. Bottome*.

WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

A LITTLE boy once said, "How hard it is to do right. I've tried and tried, and there's no use trying any longer."

But one day after reading his Bible he said, "Why, I have been trying to change myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a coloured man can make himself white! How foolish I have been not to ask him."

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.—*Selected*.

DAILY WORK.

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know. —*Charles Kingsley in Parish Visitor*.

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