
(aly Sabbath Recworder.


fliscellantous.

| From Milne's Poetry for the People. ALMS. GIVING |
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| When Poverty with mien of shame Or, bolders, makes the simple tlaimThat I have nothing, you have muchBelieye not either man or book. And with reppoving speech or look hand, Your first and free intent withstand. <br> It may be that the tale you hear <br> Of pressing wants and losses borne, <br> Is shaped or colored for your ear, And tatters for the parpose worn; <br> But surely Poverty has not <br> A mask atill nearer than her lot, <br> Compossion's scanty food to share. |
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