

the dog who was ill, and then ran back to Dr. Day and barked.

It was plain that the dog wanted to say to Dr. Day, "You were good and kind to me when I was in sad pain; you made me well; and now I wish you would see to my poor friend here, who is as sick and as ill as I was. Will you not make him well too?"

Dr. Day could not help laughing when he saw what the two dogs had come for. He gave them some food, and then he looked at the sick dog, and found he had been hurt in the leg. So he put some salve on the sore place, and undid it up; and then the two dogs trotted off together quite happy, and in a few days the sick dog was quite well.

"But how did Dr. Day get his fee?"

"That I do not know; but I think he was well paid in the pleasure of having a dog bring a friend for him to cure."

"Did the little dog bring any more sick dogs to Dr. Day to get him to cure them?"

"That I cannot say; but the doctor was such a good man I think he would have done all the good he could to both man and beast."—*The Nursery.*

### A LITTLE GIRL AND COPY.

A little girl went to a writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never, never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at its straight lines, which were so very straight, and the round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen, and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try," said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk, and said, "what scraggy things you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her

book. "He will be angry with me, and scold," she said to herself. But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled.

"I see you are trying, my little girl," he said, kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen, and began again to write. She wrote carefully, with the copy always before her.

But oh, what slow work it was! Her letters straddled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked "every which-way."

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said; "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what you aim and have the heart to do. By sincerely trying, you will make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellency by-and-by."

"Thank you, sir," said the little girl; and, thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us heavenly copy. He has given us His dear Son "for an example, that we should follow His steps." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." How He loved people; how He forgave His enemies; how kind and tender He was; how "meek and lowly in heart;" how He "went about doing good!" He is "altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth."

And when you study His character, "I can never, never reach that," you say, "I can never be like Jesus."

God does not expect you to become like His dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleases Him is, that you should love Him, and have a disposition to try. It is that temper which helps you to grow day by day, little by little, into His likeness, which God desires to see.—*Little Corporal.*