

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Boys, I have a little story to tell you," the old doctor said to the young people, the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; as he left, he put his hand on my arm saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.

I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house, I saw a crowd of farm-hands at the door.

"One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

—It has been said that a tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. From this we may draw a very important lesson in daily life.

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THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

—The following sketch is called "The Portrait of a True Gentleman." It was found in an old manor house in Gloucestershire, written and framed and hung over the mantle piece of a tapestried sitting room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentment his rest, and Happiness his reward. God is his Father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his house-keeper, Providence his steward, Obarity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit."

Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian.—Ex.

DON'T BE OUTDONE.

Have any of our young readers ever watched an ant-hill? If so, they will remember the hundreds of tiny creatures hurrying in all directions so rapidly that the ground itself seems alive moving about. Each one of those little insects has its own work to do, and is doing it with all its might, not allowing anything to stand in the way if energy and perseverance can overcome it.

An old writer tells us he once watched an ant trying to carry a very large grain of wheat. Before it could reach the ant-hill it had to cross the trunk of a fallen tree, which, of course, was quite a mountain to an ant. With great pains and trouble it succeeded in getting to the top, but to no purpose, for it lost its hold and fell down again. This occurred three times over, until the poor little insect appeared to lose heart, and to be really exhausted. After a little rest, however, it seemed determined to persevere, and a companion coming along, it evidently by some means, managed to make it troubles known. The two started together, and by their combined efforts, succeeded in getting the grain safely to the other side of the tree.

We hope no boy or girl will consent to be outdone by these tiny creatures, or be above taking a lesson in perseverance from the ant.

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