

and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain; one after another came forward as spokesmen, but with all the same result: the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while one of noble presence advanced and said, in commanding tones: "My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut and not allow any one to pass, but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world."

And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do: I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gatekeeper, and his Master's command is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter.

When evil companions would counsel you to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements. And when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool that hath "said in his heart, There is no God."—*Band of Hope Review*

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will:
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow:
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

BEING HELPFUL.

BY A BOY'S MOTHER.

With all the world wide open with treasures to gain on every side, the enthusiasm of the boy fills all his days and hours with plans for pleasure and profit. He is usually in a hurry for something. He cannot stop in his great haste to think of little things. His plans are foremost and uppermost, and must be executed whether the rest of the world stands still or goes on: which spirit if rightly managed, is well enough. There is so much to learn and do that minutes are indeed precious things, and "things" outside of us won't wait, whether "things" mean time or our various contrivances.

But, boys, does it ever occur to you that it can be just possible that mother or sister have plans that they would like to carry out and that your dreadful hurry to be waited upon just the instant you desire to be may possibly disarrange some of their matters? If they are willing to set their affairs and plans aside for you so often, would it not be fair in a while for you to do little helpful things for them? Little baby brother is begging to be a-