

A NOBLE BOY.

TWO lads with book-satchels strapped to their backs stood on the corner of a noisy, bustling street, waiting for a car, and meanwhile laughing and talking merrily. Suddenly one of them thoughtlessly sang out, "Come here and I'll pick you up," and the other looking to see what had called forth the rude remark, saw a poorly-dressed old woman just struggling up from the muddy crossing, where she had fallen, and watching anxiously and fearfully the whirling carts passing by. He was at her side in a moment. "Let me help you, madam," taking her arm, and lifting a basket that stood beside her.

She gave him a grateful look, but did not speak until they both stood safe on the sidewalk.

"Can I put you on a car, madam," the boy asked.

The woman's lips quivered. "You are very kind," she said, "and I thank you; but I'll just rest here a minute, and then I'll have to go back over that crossing," shivering at the thought of the tiresome confusion.

"You see," she continued, lifting the cover of the big basket, "some of the clothes slipped out and got muddy, so I must take them home and do them over."

She looked so weary and discouraged that the lad felt there was something else to do.

"You were on your way to deliver them?" he questioned.

"Yes; to Judge Monroe's."

"Ah, said he, 'that's near where I live. I'll deliver the clean things for you, if you like, and you can carry the others back home and do them over.'"

Her poor old eyes brightened, but still it did not seem possible that the handsome, well-dressed lad would do this service for her, a poor old washerwoman.

"Where do you live," he asked.

"On the corner of Quays street—a long ways from here."

"Yes," says he, "I know."

And presently she found herself in a street car, passage paid to Quay street, and a silver dollar in her hand, "to pay for the bother of doing the clothes over," the lad had whispered. Her eyes were full of tears, but she had not been so happy in a good while. When the conductor passed her she said, "Do you know who that boy is that put me on the car?"

"O, yes," he replied, "that's Dr. Seymour's son. He's, always doing a helpful turn to some one."

"Bless him!" the old woman said to herself. "Bless him! He's a kind laddie, and he'll be a grand man some day."

Meanwhile the lad was in another street car with the basket of clothes, which he delivered with a merry smile and low bow to Mrs. Monroe, who laughed as she said, "Why, Frank, dear, what does this mean! Are you running a laundry?"

He told her of the misfortune of the poor old landress, and made a graphic picture of her fear of muddy crossings, the result of which was that Mrs. Monroe resolved that henceforth she would pay car fare back and forth for the poor old soul.

"To think that a boy should be more thoughtful than a woman of my age," was her regretful thought. "Bless the laddie! He's laying the foundation of a noble manhood."

The worn old laundress and the aristocratic Mrs. Montroe, you see, were both making the same prophecy.—*Christian World*.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIBLE.

The most beautiful volume among the half million in the Congressional Library, at Washington, is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world.

The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its thousand pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, as is every one, in coal-black ink, without scratch or blot from lid to lid.

At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within the center of these capitals is drawn the figure of some saint; some incident of which the chapter tells is illustrated.

There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space, or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk, and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible, that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task.

When the last touch was given to the last letter, the old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. The illustrated initials, in perfection of form and brilliancy of color, surpass anything produced in the present day. With all our boasted progress, nothing either in Europe or America equals it.—*Forward*.