

three hundred yards from the gate, so he gets a party together and goes out under heavy fire to rescue them. They are not there, but in another shrine about thirty yards further on; the bullets fly through the air, and an officer tells Mr. Gordon that if he goes on he will be killed. But nothing daunts him; he is just starting, when a shot strikes him, and he is carried back to the camp to die, having followed his Master's example in living and dying for others. H. B.

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Keep Your Temper.

"I never can keep anything," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have missed any article, keep your temper and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill humor, searched for the articles she had lost and found them in her work-bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."

A Good Foundation.

Oliver Holdfast was a pupil in an academy whose principal was distinguished not for pushing his scholars rapidly forward, but for grounding them thoroughly, especially in the languages and mathematics.

Oliver grew impatient when he approached the age proper for entering college. "Other lads of my age," he said, "are prepared to enter; why should I not be fit, also?" "After another year you will be," urged the teacher.

Oliver happened at this time to be often in the company of some youths who, though undergraduates, were not ambitious to excel. He caught their spirit, and being told that examinations for entrance to college were not very severe; he grew indifferent in his own studies.

Being put under a private tutor for that year, instead of continuing in the

academy, he slighted his work. As a consequence, when he appeared for examination he was rejected. His rejection stung him sharply, and when once more placed under a tutor, he bent himself earnestly to his work.

At the beginning of the new year he passed a fine examination, and then went through his college terms with ease and success. "Now," he often says, "I know the value of that thorough grounding I got at the academy. But for that I should have had hard work all the way through my college course."

Yes, his academic teacher was right. He who intends to excel in anything must lay a good and strong foundation. He may be ridiculed by foolish fellows as being slow. So was a certain miller who, when building on a turbulent stream, bolted the foundation of his mill to the solid rock. It cost him much money, but when, a few years later, a freshet swept every building in the valley, except his mill, to destruction, he had his reward. His strong foundation saved his mill. It is even so with character, scholarship, business, and every other human work. Whatever is to last, to succeed, to accomplish something, must have a solid foundation. Things that are to end well must be begun well.

A Parable.

I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty, but it grew on a sort of bog, and a muskrat, digging its hole under it, bit off its roots and it was dead; it was full of limbs and knots and gnarls and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Poor fellow, if you had all those limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder you died."

"And my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off too."

"But where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he. "I am pretty much like men. Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find out where all human sins come from."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all off, and separating it, the heart was laid bare; it looked like a little rod, about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb and gnarl started in the heart. Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The germ, or the starting point of each one, was the centre of the heart.

—Here is an interesting anecdote bearing upon the fame of Count von Moltke. The greatest of men are indebted to drivers of cabs in great cities, and very often the greatest of men reward cabmen with no more than their legal fare, and are economically indignant at the thought of a *pour-boire*. On one occasion the strategist

of modern Europe took a cab from the Reichstag to his home, and when he arrived there the cabby did not wait for payment, but drove off, remarking "It was a great honour to drive you, Field Marshal!" So it was, but the honest old veteran did not regard the compliment quite in that light. He found out the name of the cabby, and then he sent him his photograph, inscribed with his autograph, "Moltke to his Cabman." In Prussia that gift, sentimental though it seems, would fetch the price of a cab horse any day.

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