

undo the careless neglect and thoughtless slights she showed him last year.

"There are so many things I wish I had thought to do for him," a girl said of an old uncle who had slipped into the other Country. "I might have made him happy in so many ways, but I can't be thankful enough for just one little thing I did do. He liked wild strawberries better than any other fruit, and last summer I used to go out into the woods to find them for him. It's a very small thing to remember, but he did enjoy them so, and it's more comforting to me than you can think, now that he's gone away from me!"

How is it with our young people who have some dear old face beside them? They are making to day the memories that will sweeten or embitter the coming years. Which kind are they making? — *Young People's Weekly*.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Children, I have a 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 hayfield, 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 after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But some thing stopped me—one of God's good angel's, I think.

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

"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 which 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 am 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.'—*Parish Visitor*.

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