

"Why mother, I have just been reading the most lovely, horrible story of some missionaries—how they went out to India and first suffered all kinds of privation and then fell in with tribes who were so hostile that several of the missionaries only escaped with their lives, and the rest were killed. Even the younger ones (there was a girl sixteen and a boy fourteen) were called upon to suffer—to suffer for Christ, mother! Only think of it! What a glorious life to live? What a glorious death to die? And the girl, mother, the girl gave her life that her brother might be saved!"

But somehow the degree of enthusiasm with which Christa had succeeded in inspiring her mother was not at all satisfactory.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"I was just wondering, Christa, dear, if you were called upon in a foreign land to save your brother's life at the expense of your own, whether you would do it cheerfully," answered Mrs. Rosengarten, quietly, as she set a neat darn in the heel of little Horace's stocking.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Christa, checked and hurt, "how can you doubt it? Do you suppose for one moment I wouldn't gladly suffer in his place? To suffer for Christ! Mother, may I be a missionary some day?"

"We will settle that question when you are a little older. I hope that whatever path my darling daughter may be called to walk, she will take it cheerfully, and that if she should be called upon to suffer for Christ, she will not shrink."

"Never fear for me," answered the girl confidently.

"But, dear, what is your idea of suffering for the sake of right? Tell me clearly."

"Why, don't you know? I've just told you all this about these people out in India."

"And in no other way?"

"Why—no—not that I can—think of—just now," hesitated Christabel.

"I am afraid, Christa, that your ideas of religion and mine do not entirely agree, then."

The daughter saw that her mother looked very grave.

"Why, mother! don't you believe in all this? I thought you did," answered Christabel, in a tone of thorough disappointment.

"Certainly 'I believe in all this,' as you express it, but there is more, very much more than is written in books about missionaries, that has part in the suffering for right that you so long to do."

"If one gives one's life for others, what more can one do? Even Christ himself has said 'Greater love than this hath no man,' you know?"

"But then, Christabel, it is not everyone who is so situated that he can give up his life for others. What then? Is there no way for him to prove that he loves God as well as another who has been so fortunate as to be martyred?"

Christabel looked puzzled and dissatisfied, but remained silent.

"Tell me, Christa, word it a little differently, and tell me what you think is absolutely the noblest mission on earth?"

She hesitated a moment and then replied with kindling eye:

"Self-sacrifice for others."

"And yet, Christabel," questioned Mrs. Rosengarten, gently, "you who can think of going to foreign lands, to give your life to people you have never known nor even seen; you, I say, felt it hard when little Harry wanted you to stay and play with him yesterday afternoon when he was sick."

Christabel crimsoned.

"O mother! I didn't mean—O that is so different," stammered she—"and besides you said I might go."

"True. I did say you might go, and having given my promise, I would not retract it without positive necessity. I am not finding fault with your going. I am only saying that if you are looking for opportunities of suffering for the cause of right, you may find them right around you. Poor Harry! he needed you sadly yesterday. He cried and said that he thought as sister had been out every afternoon, she might stay home one day with her little lame brother."

"I didn't think of it that way," answered

Christabel her eyes filled with tears; "It seems so different to do some little thing like that from giving your life!"

"Ah, Christabel, I am afraid that is the mistake a good many Christians make. If I may express it so, they are very willing to give their death, but cannot make up their minds to sacrifice their life. It is by giving our daily life to the service of our Saviour that we are known as His flock. One of the most touching incidents I ever heard related was in regard to a poor, ignorant servant girl. When asked what evidence she had to make her think she was converted, she replied, 'Please sir, I sweep out all the corners now, when missus isn't lookin.' Her questioners considered her testimony sufficient. Believe me, dear child, such a thing as that is quite as well worthy the name of religion as anything else is."

"Mother," asked Christa, slowly, "when I practice my scales faithfully for a half hour when I hate 'em, and I know you would never know the difference, am I suffering?"

"Certainly, dear child. Have you never heard the expression 'faithful in little things?' We cannot all be heroes or heroines, as the world counts, for there is, fortunately, but little call for a race of martyrs, but we can walk our allotted path cheerfully, whether that be on a sick bed, in foreign lands, in the parlor, or in someone's else kitchen. And he or she who does this, walks straight toward God. Now, dearie, I must go and lie down a little while."

"All right, mamma, dear, I'll stay here and think. You have made it all seem so different."

When Mrs. Rosengarten returned an hour afterward, Christabel was gone, but the neatly-mended stockings she had left and the empty darning basket proved that she had thought to some purpose, and that "Christa's Suffering" had begun.—*The Churchman.*

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Mynheer, the young schoolmaster, to his pupil said one day,

"Next week at Rfingster holiday King Ludwig rides this way

And you will be wise, my little ones, to work with a will at your task,

So that you may answer fearlessly whatever question he asks.

It would be a shame too dreadful if the King should have to tell

That Hans had missed in his figures, and Peterkin could not spell,"

"Oh, ho! that never shall happen," cried Hans, cried Peterkin too,

"We'll show King Ludwig when he comes what the boys in this school can do."

"And we," said Gretchen and Bertha, and all the fair little maids

Who stood in a row before him, with their hair in flaxen braids.

"We will pay such good attention to every word you say

"That you shall not be ashamed of us when King Ludwig rides this way."

He smiled, the young schoolmaster, to see that they loved him so,

And with patient care he taught them the things that it was good to know.

Day after day he drilled them, till the great day came at last,

When the heralds, the King preceding, blew out their sounding blast,

And with music and flying banners and the clatter of horses feet,

King Ludwig and his soldiers rode down the village street.

Oh, the hearts of the eager children beat fast with joy and fear,

And Mynheer trembled and grew pale as the calcade grew near;

But he blushed with pride and pleasure when the lessons came to be heard

For in all the flock of his boys and girls no one of them missed a word!

And King Ludwig turned to the teacher a smile, and a gracious look,

"It is plain," said he, "that your scholars have carefully conned their book,

"But now let us ask some questions to see if they understand,"

And he showed to one of the little maids an orange in his hand.

It was Christel, the youngest sister, of the master's dear and kind,

A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely, and pure a mind,

"What kingdom does this belong to?" as he called her to his knee;

And at once, "the vegetable," she answered quietly.

"Good," said the monarch kindly, and showed her a piece of gold,

"Now tell me what this belongs to, the pretty coin that I hold?"

She touched it with careful finger, for gold was a metal rare,

And then, "the mineral kingdom," she answered with a confident air.

"Well done! for the little madchen," and good King Ludwig smiled

At Mynheer and his sister, the teacher and the child.

"Now answer me one more question?" with a twinkle of fun in his eye,

"What kingdom do I belong to?" for he thought she would make reply

"The animal," and he meant to ask with a frown if that was the thing

For a little child like her to say to her lord and master, the king.

He knew not the artless wisdom that would set his wit at naught,

And the little Christel guessed nothing at all of what was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the brightness in her face,

Like a sunbeam on a lily, seemed to shine all over the place.

"What kingdom do you belong to?" her innocent lips repeat,

"Why, surely, the kingdom of heaven," came forth in accents sweet,

And then for a breathless moment a sudden silence fell, And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as they looked at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sudden a shout, "Well done! well done for little Christel!" and the bravos rang about;

For the king in his arms had caught her, to her wondering, shy surprise,

And over and over he kissed her, with a mist of tears in his eyes,

"May the blessing of God," he murmured, "forever rest on thy head,

"Henceforth, by his grace, my life shall prove the truth of what thou hast said."

He gave her the yellow orange and the golden coin for her own,

And the school had a royal feast that day whose like they had never known.

To Mynheer, the patient master, he spoke such words of cheer

That they lightened his anxious labor for many and many a year.

And because in Ludwig's heart was hidden the memory of this thing.

The Lord had a better servant, the country a better king.

A true humility does not consist in words of contempt for ourselves, since such words are often uttered merely to draw out admiration, nor any more in certain actions meant to display our self-abasement before the eyes of men, since this has but an interested pride for its motive. In what does humility consist then? In that profound surrender of mind and heart which brings us to see our own nothingness before God, and that it is by his purely gratuitous grace and Fatherly love, never ceasing to seek us, that we possess all our blessings. *CASSIEN.*

COURTESY AT HOME.

One is forcibly reminded, in going from place to place, how small and seemingly trivial often are the things which go to make or mar the comfort and peace of home. In some households there is a genuine good-will and kindness which only works out half its mission, for the reason that it does not express itself in little courtesies of speech and action. These are more important than some of our busy men and women may realize. The ready "thank you," "if you please," etc., at table and elsewhere, the quiet "excuse me" when obliged to pass directly before or inconveniently near another; the loving "good-night," and cherry "good morning," although little things, are helps in making a happy home. Courtesy is but the ready overflow of kindness and good-will to all, and is therefore but a natural expression which costs nothing, but which often cheers an aching heart, and which never fails to make home brighter and more attractive to old and young.