

## MARJORIE'S LESSON.

MARJORIE DUNBAR was sitting in the station waiting for the train. She had been to a great missionary rally in the city, and as she sat there thinking over what she had heard, she felt herself growing dissatisfied and discontented every minute. Her own life seemed unspeakably useless and trivial compared with those of the missionaries who had spoken that afternoon.

"Oh, if mamma would only consent to my consecrating my life to Christ like that!" she sighed. "I should be only too happy to go. She says they need me at home; but what does my life amount to there? Just exactly nothing worth while. It seems hard to have to fritter it away so when I long to do faithful service. If we live in the city it would be different. I could find plenty of church and charitable work to do; but in Dudley, there is just—nothing."

The train came in just then, and Marjorie hurried out to be sure to get a good seat, pushing by a wan, weary faced little woman who carried a baby and had two little children with her. Another young lady who was coming from the street started evidently with the idea of catching up with Marjorie, but paused for an instant as she passed the over-burdened woman.

"Are you taking the N. & E. train?" she asked, pleasantly. "Just let me help you."

When they reached the car they found all the seats on the shady side but one taken, and after having seated her new friends there the girl passed on to where Marjorie was sitting.

"Why, Alice!" that young lady exclaimed, when she saw who it was. "How nice! Have you been to the rally? Wasn't it grand and inspiring? Only it seems harder than ever to go back to our petty, humdrum lives, don't you think so?"

"Why, no," answered Alice. "I do not feel so. I should love to go and tell the heathen of Jesus and His love, and yet, Marjorie, isn't it just as beautiful to tell those about us here? It seems a wonderful thing to me to be alive anywhere if only we are trying to serve Christ to the best of our ability. I'd like, of course, to be trusted with great things, but still I'm thankful for the privilege of serving in the humblest."

"Oh see that poor old lady opposite? She can't fix that shade and she looks melted. I heard her say that she had a hard headache. Would you mind if I changed seats with her? It will be cooler for her here."

"Suit yourself," answered Marjorie, turning to the window with an expression of disgust on her face.

"Alice actually hasn't any idea beyond making people comfortable in ways like this," she said to herself. "She is perfectly contented

apparently to spend her whole time and strength in this way. I am thankful that I care for higher things. There! She has got those children with her. I hope she is satisfied. I really don't believe the meeting this afternoon made any impression on her at all."

"Do you know the young lady who changed seats with me?" asked Marjorie's companion.

Marjorie turned round rather coolly.

"Certainly. We live near each other.

"She's a lovely girl," continued the lady, earnestly. "I wish that more of us were as like the Master. I've been watching her, and old as I am, she taught me a lesson. The Lord bless her dear heart! And He will."

Marjorie listened in an astonished, puzzled way. She had always felt inclined to rather look down upon Alice. In her estimation she was contenting herself with living on a lower plane than she ought. Had she made a mistake? No, it could not be. This was only a plain sort of a person, who could not appreciate high ideals. But, do her best, she could not help feeling confused and troubled. She wondered vaguely if anyone ever spoke of her in the way this lady had just spoken of Alice.

Some one in the seat back of her got off, and Roy Adams took the vacant place. Roy was Dudley's special pride, a very gifted young fellow. "And what a power for good he would be if only his talents were consecrated to Christ!" sighed his pastor and Christian friends.

Suddenly Roy leaned over and touched Marjorie on the shoulder.

"Isn't that little scene across the way characteristic of Alice?" he said half-laughingly, and yet with an undertone of earnestness. "Do you know I look upon her as one of the very best evidences of Christianity I know of. If ever I am converted it will be largely owing to her influence. If all professed Christians were as loyal and true as she is, the millenium would dawn in no time."

And this from Roy Adams, the most brilliant young man of Marjorie's acquaintance, traveled and highly educated. She must respect his opinion.

"It seems to me a beautiful thing to be alive anywhere if only we are trying to serve Christ to the best of our ability." Alice's words came back to her.

"I don't know," she thought, sorrowfully, as she walked home in the gathering dusk; "perhaps I have thought too much about the heathen and have neglected to do the 'next things.' I haven't been faithful in that which is least surely, and how could I have expected that I should be in a large sphere? But Alice has taught me a lesson, and oh, I am thankful that God has shown me my mistake! If He will help me, I will do better in the future."—*Zion's Herald*.