

tried to make her see that these unlovely traits would soon mar her character if her aim in study was to excel others, rather than to make the most of her own powers in order to be of use in the world.

Within the next week the mother several times had occasion to notice the very same spirit manifested in other ways by older people.

'What a beautiful winter suit!' she said to an intimate friend, whose new costume she saw for the first time.

'I'm glad you like it,' was the response. 'I was delighted with it till I saw Mrs. Sloan's, but her cloth is so much finer, the shade so exquisite and the fit absolutely perfect! Oh, you won't think much of mine after you see hers. I feel shabby in it already!'

'I shouldn't think of comparing them,' was the reply, but the friend shook her head, discontentedly.

'It's such a comfort to be in your lovely home,' Mrs. Brown said to her sister, shortly afterward, when making a visit.

'It's a comfort to hear you say so,' but the tone was rather gloomy. 'I used to think it lovely myself, but we haven't been able to buy new things and everybody else has been refurnishing or building a new house altogether, till this seems to me most decidedly a back number and I cannot enjoy it as I used to.'

'The same story,' thought troubled Mrs. Brown, and, as she went up to her room, she heard, through the open window, the sound of boys' voices.

'My, ain't that a dandy wheel!' was the admiring exclamation of a boy of twelve.

'Pooh! this ain't anything side of Tom Jones's Columbia Chainless! You just ought to see it! And he's got a coaster brake, too! I used to like this before I saw his, but now I wish I'd never had it for a birthday present. 'Tain't more'n half worth having.'

Mrs. Brown sighed, and she sighed still more as she went down stairs, for her niece, Emily, had just come in from school and had thrown down a pretty hat in disgust, as she said to her mother: 'I can't wear that hat another day! Nobody wears that shape any more. The girls have all got new ones, awfully stylish they are, too, and I've just got to have one. I'm ashamed to go out of the house in this!'

'Truly "comparisons are odious,"' Mrs. Brown said to herself. 'Indeed, a few more such instances will convince me that they are the bane of our modern life. To be sure, the Good Book says that no man liveth to himself, but I'm sure it never meant that we were to be constantly comparing ourselves with others and always dissatisfied if our best falls short of theirs. I mean to start an anti-comparison league and have the members pledge themselves to refrain from making odious comparisons!'

Wouldn't it be well for every intelligent woman to join such a league?

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Hansel's Answer.

('Young Christian Soldier.')

In the Sunday morning stillness
Sat the teacher with his school;
Patiently their minds instructing,
With a mild and gentle rule.

Telling them of God Almighty,
Of His love to all below,
Of His kindness and compassion,
Greater far than we can know.

'Now, I want to ask a question,'
Said the teacher with a smile,
Looking on the upturned faces,
Full of interest the while.

'I have told you that our Father
Sees the smallest thing we do,
And can hear our slightest whisper,
Be it foul or be it true.

'Now, where dwells our Heavenly Father,
Tell me, children, can you say?'
Then he paused, and little Hansel
Raised his hand without delay.

'That is right; I'm glad you know it;
Tell me now, don't be afraid.'
And with great deliberation,
Little Hans this answer made:

'Down below the grove of willows,
Where, in spring, the river swells,
In a little whitewashed cottage—
There our Heavenly Father dwells!'

Then out burst a shout of laughter,
From the boys at this reply;
While the child, bewildered, frightened,
Puckered up his face to cry.

But the teacher, with a gesture,
Hushed them, frowns upon his face,
And, his arm around Hansel putting,
Said, 'Who told you that this place

Was the spot above all others
Where our Heavenly Father dwells?
No one need be ever frightened
If the truth he only tells.'

''Twas my father,' Hansel answered,
Trying hard his tears to dry;
'It was only yester even
That the cottage we passed by.

'There we saw a man and woman
She was sick and he was old;
And five little children, shivering,
Close together, with the cold.

'Yet the neighbors said they never
Heard a cross word or a sigh;
And were told whenever they asked them,
'They were happy—God was nigh.'

'He would care for them, they knew it,
Food enough would surely give;
Fuel, too, they had in plenty,
To enable them to live.'

'So they praised Him for these blessings,
Spite of all this want and cold;
And my father bade me listen
As this tale of trust was told.

'And he said, in this small cottage,
Where they rested on His love,
Lived our Heavenly Father, surely,
Just as in the sky above.'

'You are right,' replied the teacher,
Much affected by the tale,
'Those who love Him have our Father
Dwelling near them, nor will fail.

'Ever from them His kind keeping,
So, you see, boys, Hans was right
When he said that this small cotta
Really held the Lord of Might.

I Want to be a Missionary.

('Morning Star.')

Landour, India, June 28, 1901.

My dear Girls and Boys,—It is almost twenty years since I came to India. I am having a vacation with plenty of time to review the past and discover its errors. They have brought loss to my work and sorrow to myself. Can no good come out of this evil? In the hope that it may I am writing to you to-night.

Among you are many who think sometime of being missionaries. I am very sure of this, for scores of grown people when quite too late confess how they once cherished the hope and abandoned it for want of guidance. Perhaps you have not mentioned it, even to your mother, for you imagine all missionaries are saints and you fear some one will think you self-righteous. Now read on while I tell you one or two helpful secrets.

I know many missionaries, and the greatest of all are great in this—they are simply faithful in little duties. So never imagine you can do some great thing twenty years hence if you neglect little things to-day. Never imagine that somewhere—sometime, in India, China, or Africa—you will, like Peter, bring thousands to Christ, if to-day you are not keeping your pledge, reading your Bible, praying and 'doing what Jesus wants you to do.'

There is a place somewhere waiting for you—a place which but for you must still sit in darkness. Wherever that is, it needs a missionary who has a genius for drudgery—manual drudgery even. Don't kick at every-day tasks. Dishes must be washed three times a day. Cows must be fed and the milking done. Suppose that should never be a part of your mission work; the habit of conscientiously performing distasteful duties, once well formed, will never forsake you.

You will need a strong body. Perhaps the place God has waiting for you is in the jungles, where there are great hardships to endure, where the climate will break down all but the strongest, where for Christ's sake you will need broad shoulders, a deep chest, and a good digestion, a clear head that does not ache at trifles, limbs that can do a hard day's work, and after coarse or scanty fare and a rough bed be able to do the same again to-morrow.

Then just keep this possibility in mind. Don't coax mother for dainties. Learn to enjoy the coarse home fare that makes clean blood, strong bone, and sinew. Don't complain because father sets you heavy tasks, but do them. Watch with pride the toughening of sinews and the growth of callous in your palms. 'Twill all be needed some day. The tea? Leave that for the old folks. And never, never touch a cigar.

You need a mind trained to habits of accuracy. Your place may be in a city where there are hundreds of wealthy and educated gentlemen. 'Heathen' you are inclined to call them, for they have made no open renunciation of their idolatry. But they can speak better English than you can, vastly better! They are in every large city in India to-day. They have learned their English from books and not