

The Daughter of a Knight.

Of course he does not wear armour, but just ordinary coats that fit well; and he does not wear a helmet, and you are glad, for it would be very sad to have his expression of good fellowship hidden away. Think how you would feel to have your father's face hidden under a helmet. Why, I do not believe you really like to have your mother wear a veil. This knight just wears ordinary clothes, but they are always brushed. Somehow, you feel, when you see him, as if he revered the strong, sound body that God had given him, and was glad to take care of it, respect it, use it well, that it might be a good house to live in as long as he needed it. And you know that he is a true knight when you look at him, for he looks as if he hated lying, and meanness, and bad temper, and unkindness, and hard-heartedness. And you know that to hear a baby cry and not try to help it would be impossible for this knight; that he would see the old lady crossing the street, and would hurry to help her; that he would help the small boy mend his kite, or fix his wagon, or find his ball, and after he found the ball you would expect him to give it a toss with a laugh that would make the little owner of the ball forget he had lost it even for a minute—it would just be part of the game. You may be sure that such a knight would be a lovely father to have. The little daughter of this knight is just like a little sunbeam. All the lonely folks, and feeble folks, and old folks, and a good many naughty folks, think it one of the most lovely opportunities of their lives that this little daughter of a knight is their friend; that she can call them by name, and that she will greet them as friends. They feel sorry for all the folks in the world who do not know her, and cannot ring the bell and hear her sweet "Good-morning," who do not know her dolls, and cannot see the beautiful statues she makes from blocks. The darkest, stormiest day is a lovely day to her, because her heart is so full of love. There is so much love in her home that perhaps it is always sunshine there. For you may be sure that so true a knight would choose as true a lady to live in his castle and be the mother of the little knights and ladies who would come to live in it.

Our little daughter of a knight had one trial in her life, one thing that blotted out the sunshine for a little time. She did not like cold water, and the knight and his lady were made very unhappy by her tears. But one day the knight told his little daughter of all the brave knights of King Arthur's time; how they fought against evil, how they tried to be true and brave—true and brave in the little things of life.

"Did they cry when they had their faces washed in cold water?" the little daughter asked, with her lovely blue eyes all filled with tears.

"No. Oh, no!" said the knight; and the little daughter was still. She wanted to be like the knights, brave and true, but cold water was very disagreeable.

Then this knight said: "I will give you a badge which you shall wear whenever you do not cry because you are washed with cold water. If you cry, you cannot wear the badge for that day. You shall be the daughter of a knight, and the badge will be the sign."

"I want to be the little daughter of

a knight, and I shall not cry when my face is washed with cold water."

And almost every day now on the little daughter's white dress is the red badge with the Greek cross. And sweetly she looks down at it when you notice it, saying: "Knights do not cry when their faces are washed with cold water. They are brave." And the badge each day is helping to make this little daughter of a knight truer and braver.

A Little Thing.

Our school has a children's choir, and we were all standing in the gallery that bright morning waiting a minute or two while the organ played its prelude. I could look down over the church, and I thought how pretty it looked with the classes all in their places, and so many bright faces and pretty suits. I am afraid I was thinking most of the suits; for I had a new one myself; cloak and hat and gloves to match, and that makes one feel so comfortable, you know. It was just the time for putting on spring clothes, and nearly everybody in the choir had something new and nice, except poor little Margie Dane.

Margie has a sweet voice, and she is a pretty girl, too; but that brown dress of hers! Why, it was old last year, and it never was anything very nice. Of course she cannot help it, and I am afraid she was feeling a little bad about it, too, and noticing how different it was from the others; for I saw her eyes, under their drooping lashes, steal a glance along the line. I think someone else saw it; for just then Minnie Gray, who had a bunch of roses—beautiful hothouse roses—turned and gave them to Margie, and whispered softly: "I know they must belong to you, Margie, dear, for they just match your cheeks."

The gift and the loving words flashed a light all over the drooping face. Margie's soft cheeks touched the roses in delight, and the next minute her voice rang out in the hymn. How clear and sweet it was!

"Scatter seeds of kindness! Scatter seeds of kindness!" I have sung those words a good many times, but I never thought of their meaning as I did just then, after Minnie had done a little "scattering."

I wonder if that one thoughtful act was not really sweeter praise than all the singing of the choir? "It was such a little thing," Minnie would have said if anyone had spoken to her about it. But I am beginning to think that it is the little things done at the right times, that count for more in this world.

No Surrender.

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was known as "The Regiment du Dauphin." "Le Petit Colonel" was very proud of his office, and always went about with a small musket on his shoulder.

One day he was going for a walk with his governess, the Marchioness de Tourville, shouldering his musket as usual; but he was stopped by the officer of the national guard who was in attendance, and respectfully requested to give up his weapon of war.

Unfortunately, the officer used the word "surrender," which stirred the young prince's wrath, and he refused to give up his musket.

The Marchioness reproved her charge for his indiscretion.

"Do you not perceive, Dauphin," she said, "that you are setting an evil and dangerous example to your regiment by this contumacy?"

"But why did he ask me to surrender?" asked the little prince. "If he had asked me to give it up, I would have done so willingly, but to request me to surrender—indignation choked his further utterance.

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Not So Fast.

"Oh, mamma, I heard such a tale about Edith. I did not think she could be so naughty."

"My dear, before you tell it, let your story pass the three sieves. In the first place, is your story true?"

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"I got it from Miss White. She is a friend of Edith's."

"Does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? Next, though true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No; there was no need of me to mention it." As we put flour in the sieves to get the good apart from the bad, so let us ask, when we are going to say something about others: "Is it true?" "Is it kind?" "Is it necessary?"

A Child's Easter Carol.

BY FLORENCE SCOLLARD BROWN

Wakened from sleep by the morning light
Shining supreme o'er the vanquished night,

Forth from my window with joy I lean;
Fair lies the world in its spring-tide green!

Now to the Lord for His loving care,
Thanks I will offer in fervent prayer,
Kneeling, from depths of my heart I say:
"Father, I praise Thee for Easter Day!"

Never a breath stirs the tranquil air;
Touched are the blossoms with beauty rare;

Brighter each delicate petal gleams,
Sweeter the heaven sent fragrance seems.
Surely, the day was like this when He
Rose triumphant in Galilee!
Death of its terrors He robbed for aye.
Father, I praise Thee for Easter Day!

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