

I leave the subject now to calm consideration. Circumstances, no doubt, make a difference. Early habits, peculiarly of temperament, a solitary life, forgetfulness of mind—all these are things that will have an influence. It seems more easy to some people to be courteous than it does to others. But that all professing Christians should aim at courtesy, I am fully persuaded. Well indeed would it be for the cause of Christ, if all Christians walked in the steps I have tried to trace in this paper, and were like the "saints in Nero's household."—*Quiver*.

THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

"I love the missionaries," said Sarah, as she dropped a penny into the family mission box. "Wouldn't you like to have me be a missionary, mother?"

"If you are prepared, my child," answered her mother.

A little girl with a basket in her hand came loitering down the road. Her dress was faded and ragged; she had an old black hood on her head which did not hide her tangled hair, and her bare feet were almost black with dirt. Her father was a drunkard, and her mother a sickly, shiftless woman. Nancy was now on her way to school. "There is a little girl that needs a missionary," said Sarah's mother, who sat at the window.

"Who, mother?" asked Sarah, running to look out. "Oh, Nancy?"

"Yes," said her mother. "The poor girl needs the heart of a missionary to love her and do her good. And a child of pity and sympathy and self-denial would, I think, be the best missionary for her.—Children like to learn of each other, and love springs up quick between them."

"Why, she is a very hateful girl," said Sarah, "the worst in the school; nobody can go with her."

"I thought she was in great need," said her mother.

"Could I do anything for her," do you suppose?" asked Sarah.

"Any one who has the heart for it can do good,"

"I am sure I want to do good," said Sarah, as she ran for her sun-bonnet and

books. She plucked a branch of roses as she passed through the gate, and then joined Nancy on her way to school.

"Good morning, Nancy," she said as she came up to her.

Nancy was unused to attention, or even civility, and looked up surprised.

"Isn't it a pleasant morning?" said Sarah.

"Humph! I don't know," said Nancy. Sarah offered her a fine rose, saying, "See how sweet it is."

Nancy was pleased with it, for there are few children who do not like a sweet-smelling flower, and whose little hearts do not smile at the sight of one. "Your folks have got a great many roses, haven't they?" she said. "I wish ours had.—Once I had a root, and father trod on it and broke it down."

"My mother'll give you plenty of roots in the fall, if you want them," said Sarah.

"Mother says it's of no use; nothing'll grow for us."

"You might have a root in a box, and put it in some place where it would not be disturbed. I'll give you a pretty little rose-bush in a box next season if you'll water it."

"Guess I could do that," said Nancy, smiling, and putting back her uncombed locks under her hood.

A beautiful, bright-feathered bird sang merrily on a tree by the roadside. "See that beautiful bird," exclaimed Sarah.—"How lovely every thing is."

"I'll make him fly," said Nancy, with a roguish look, as she stooped to pick up a stone.

"O, don't," said Sarah; "you might kill him."

"No I won't, but I'll scare the rascal."

"O, don't. How can you make him afraid when he is so happy, and singing so sweetly for us? God takes care of every little bird."

"How do you know?" said Nancy.

"Jesus himself said that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without him."

When Sarah entered the school-room, she bade the teacher a pleasant good-morning, and Nancy had already felt enough of good influence to follow her example. "Good-morning; I am glad to see you in good season," answered the