

"FOLLOW ME."

AN IMAGERY.



YOUNG girl of some sixteen summers was wrapt in healthful sleep. Suddenly she awoke. It seemed as if a voice called her—a voice, low, soft, and exquisitely sweet. She recognized the voice of the Master saying to her, "Follow me."

Gladly she obeyed the call. It seemed as if her dreams of noble work for the Master she loved so well were about to be realized. Trembling with very joy, she placed her hand in that of her heavenly Guide. "Lord! what wilt Thou have me do?" she asked—asked so earnestly that the Master smiled kindly at the eager, upturned face; and again He softly whispered, "Follow Me."

The path He chose for her that day was no flowery one. A narrow way, strewn with duties—small, trivial, everyday duties that she had performed in that same home almost every day since her childhood. The Master showed her these.

He was quick to note the disappointment in her face when she beheld the work laid out for her. Well He knew that she was thirsting for higher duties, for some great work to do for Him. But he had not willed it so.

Gently laying His hand on the youthful head, He pointed to the duty-strewn path, and softly said, "My child, for My sake."

Instantly the shadows flew from her face. She comprehended at a glance that even these common little tasks, if done in a loving, cheerful spirit for His sake, would be accepted and accounted right noble works by Him, her own dear Lord.

Keeping her hand closely clasped in His, she pressed forward, taking each duty as it came, and trustfully looking to her Guide for counsel and help when the shadows gathered round her path, and the road became rough and thorny to her tread.

Those in the family circle, and the few outsiders with whom she came in contact that day, were quick to note the halo of happiness that surrounded her. Gloom and sadness fled at her approach, and in their places she, with lavish hand, strewed the fair, sweet flowers of Light, and Joy, and Love. And thus the day passed by, and the shades of night came on.

Her labors over, the youthful pilgrim paused to rest. She thought of the desire that had been hers for many months; the desire to be a far-famed laborer in the Master's vineyard. She compared with such a life the day that was drawing to its close. The world would not call these noble works that she had been engaged in; nor would she receive praise or thanks for them from earthly friends.

But her consolation was at hand. He, who had been her close companion all the day, was with her still, and from Him she received what was of more value than all the world could give, even the much prized title "Faithful in that which is least."

And it is often so. Many noble lives are lived in quiet, out-of-the-way corners. Day after day, month after month, aye, and often year after year, the patient worker toils on at the same uninteresting tasks. But if they are done for His sake, they shall not go unrewarded; for it is the Master Himself who says to each such laborer: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*Morning Rays.*

NAMING PERSIAN GIRLS.

Persian girl babies are given very pretty names. In one family, perhaps, one will find Aktar, the star; Gulshan, lilies; Wobahar, the spring; Shamsi, the sun; Shireen, sweet; Almas, diamond.

Yet little girls are not wanted. There is mourning in a house when a girl is born, and an old Persian proverb says: "The household weeps forty days when a girl is born."

There is an imposing ceremonial when a boy is named, but an old woman stoops and whispers in a wee maid's ear the name she is to go by. Her father does not look at her. Presently, when she can crawl to his feet, she may win him by her pretty baby ways.

There are no kindergartens in Persia. As soon as she is six years old the Persian girl's life of seclusion begins. She is taught embroidery, and perhaps to read the Koran. But there exists in the minds of many Persians the idea that it is immodest for a girl to know how to read.—*Christian Herald.*

