

A NOBLE YOUNG PRINCE.

LOUIS, the Duke of Burgundy, was the grandson of Louis XV. of France. If he had lived he would have been the king of France. He was a kind-hearted, thoughtful boy, and died at the early age of eleven years. The story which follows is one of many, illustrating his true nobility of character :—

One day Louis was running helter-skelter down the stairs, when he suddenly fell and hurt his knee. He was so afraid of frightening his mother, and so anxious that none of the servants in charge of him should be blamed, that he told no one how much he was hurt.

He suffered a great deal for some time, and at last he was obliged to tell his mother about it. Then it was found that an abscess had formed in the knee. The doctors held a consultation, and the little prince was taken into the next room while they talked the matter over, and determined that an operation must be performed.

When the day which they had fixed arrived, the prince's tutor went to prepare him for it as gently as he could.

"I hope you will be able to bear it quietly," he said.

Louis smiled sadly.

"I knew all you have been telling me two months ago," he said. "I heard what the surgeons said, but I did not mention it for fear any one should think I was worried about it. Now the fatal day has come. Leave me alone for a quarter of an hour, then I shall be ready."

When the time was up the boy asked to see the instruments. Taking them in his hands, he said : "I can bear anything, if only I may get well again and comfort mamma."

Chloroform was unknown in those days, and the operation would have been very hard for a man to bear, yet the little fellow only called out twice, and when it was all over he found his reward in the tender embraces of his father and mother.

Then came weary months of pain and weakness, which tired the poor boy sadly, yet it was only when the pain was more than usually violent that he allowed himself to complain; and it was soon understood among his attendants that if the prince were particularly anxious about their health and comfort, it was a sign that he himself was suffering more.

"Dear Turolle," he said one day to one of his favorite servants, "you do too much for me; you hurt yourself. Go out and get some fresh air; I will try to do without you for two or three hours."

Night after night the poor little sufferer, not yet eleven years old, would lie awake in pain; yet he would not groan or cry out, lest he should wake the attendants who slept near him; and if he were obliged to ask for anything, it was in a tone of voice which could disturb no one.

At last those weary months of suffering came to

an end, and the noble-hearted boy died on Feb. 22nd, 1761, with his arms around his mother's neck.

There is one saying of his which well describes his life, and which may serve as a motto for all : "I cannot do much, but I will do all I can."

An ambiguous phrase was that used by a missionary from the South Sea Islands who wrote : "Our small force of brethren seems to be absolutely unable to cope with the distress that prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many natives are starving for food. Please send a few more missionaries."

ONE OF HIS MESSENGERS.

FROM THE "CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."



GREAT Oriental chief waged constant war with the bordering tribes, who were ever making attacks upon his territory. So, for the purpose of self-defence, he formed a guard of messengers to go to the uttermost parts of his land, and conquer the foe. He armed them well for his service, and promised them rich rewards afterwards, if they would only be faithful to him and do his bidding.

But being his messengers was not popular work, and out of his hundreds of servants he could hardly gather a handful of men who would willingly carry his messages and threats to the rebellious tribes.

"There's enough to do at home without going to a distance," said one.

"It is more comfortable here," said another, lying basking in the sun.

"It is dangerous to go to the enemy's land," thought a third; but of course he did not say so aloud.

So the messages were never delivered. For though some even took the messages in their hands, they neglected or forgot to deliver them.

But these servants suffered for their disloyalty; for the man who was too busy at home to go with the message of his chief, fell down under the weight of some merchandise he was carrying, and injured his back, and remained a helpless prisoner in his couch for the rest of his life.

And the one who wished to enjoy the comforts of home had them all taken from him in a very unexpected way, for a violent storm swept over his house, and dashed it to fragments, and he himself barely escaped with his life.

While the one who feared to venture into danger was overtaken by a worse danger at home; for a dreadful disease (caused by overcrowding at home) seized him, and it was months ere he could creep out of doors again, and when he did so he looked a mere shadow of his former self.

"I have had enough of the evil consequences of remaining at home!" he cried, "henceforth I will lead a life more worthy of a man."

So he got out his gun and ammunition, and prepared to go forth; and soon he was dashing across country at his utmost speed, with one of the long