

some fellows, for instance, who are poor, and have to work hard to support mother, and brothers and sisters, and get an education the best way they can. I think they are noble; but I am not called to do that."

"Yes; but what makes their lives noble? Is it not their devotion to those they love—their readiness to make any sacrifice for their benefit? And that is just what every one can do, however easily their lives flow on. It seems to me the question for most of us is not, Are we ready to die for those we love? but, Are we ready to live for them—to make any little self-sacrifice which will render them happier; to put one's own special feelings and tastes and preferences in the background, and always consider others first? I tell you, Walter, it is harder than any one would dream to be *always* self-forgetful; and such a life is heroic, however commonplace in other respects it may be."

Lina spoke earnestly, and a little flush rose in her face, and her dark eyes brightened.

As for Walter, a vision of a little disappointed face rose before him, as he remembered how, that very afternoon, he had told his little sister Bertha, to "run away and not bother him," when she came asking him to mend a broken toy. "And perhaps poor mother had to fix it," he thought; "and it is Ann's afternoon out, and baby is