



WHEN thankfulness o'flows the swelling heart,
and breathes in free and uncorrupted praise for
benefits received, propitious Heaven takes such acknow-
ledgement as fragrant incense, and doubles all its bless-
ings.—Lillo

○ LORD, who lends me life, lend me a heart replete
with thankfulness.—Shakespeare.

The Second Chance

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(Continued from last week)

Pearl, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a C.P.R. section man living in Millard, Man., receives a large sum of money from the relatives of a young English family. The Watsons are joined by their Aunt Kate, who proves not an unaided blessing. Pearl proves an efficient and clever scholar and has dreams of being a school teacher. She sees that her small brothers are learning bad from the children at a country school. Tom Steadman, a bully, in a game of being a school teacher, with his club Libby Anne Cavers, for which he is thrashed by Bud Perkins. Libby Anne does not dare to say the blow was intended by her father. Mr. Steadman is angry, but Perkins is angry, but forges Libby Anne, as he understands the circumstances. In the meantime the Watsons are getting established on their farm. The Watson family begin to attend the country school. Pearl calls on Mr. Burrell, the pastor, and asks him to conduct services in their section.

PEARL kept her eye on Mr. Burrell—there was something in his face which made her hope.

After a pause he said to her: "Pearl, your idea is strictly first-class. I have wanted to take another outside appointment ever since I came here, but the congregation had objections. However, I'll talk it over with Mr. Grantley, and I'm sure we can arrange something."

Mrs. Burrell remembered then. She found the words she was looking for. "You'll do nothing of the sort, Joann. Going away every Sunday to two out-of-town appointments and leaving our own people exposed to Presbyterian doctrine. That's a horrid, bare, desolate little school, anyway, and you couldn't do a bit of good to those people. I know you couldn't. I'll go to the Trustee Board meeting—they meet to-night—and I'll tell them you are physically unfit—you are wearing no thicknesses of flannel, with muslin quilted in between them, now on your chest, and you had onion poultices on your feet last night for your cough, and so you're not fit to go."

"Please, ma'am," said Pearl, "we won't mind. I didn't notice it at all, and I don't believe anybody will, if you don't tell them."

Mr. Burrell laughed so heartily that Mrs. Burrell told him he was a very frivolous man, and quite unfit for the position he held.

"Sure, you could come out yourself," Pearl said encouragingly, "and show us how to fix it up. It is bare, as you said, but the land is there, and it could grow scarlet-runners and pansies, the same as you have yer self here by the cheek of the dure. I show you like yerself'd come and show us how to fix it up, we might have a purty place yet!"

"Fix it up on Sunday!" Mrs. Burrell cried, with vehement emphasis.

"Show us, I said," Pearl corrected her, "and I guess it would be a real good work to fix it up, too."

"It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day, you know, Mattie," Mr. Burrell quoted gently.

"Will she cut up rough?" Mr. Burrell thought it likely that she would.

"Don't let her go," said Pearl, who evidently believed in man's supremacy.

He made a gesture of helplessness. Pearl wrinkled her forehead, and then took a step nearer him and said slowly: "Hide her false teeth—she won't go if she has to gum it."

He stared at her a second before he grasped the full significance of her suggestion.

"Things like that have been done," Pearl said, reassuringly. "Ma knew a woman once, and whenever she wanted to keep her man at home she hid his wooden leg. I suppose, now, she hasn't—"

Pearl looked at him meaningly.

"Oh, no," he said hastily. "We can't do that."

Pearl went out, leaving the Rev. John Burrell clearly demonstrating the fact that he was too frivolous a person for his position.

When Pearl came back, after getting her father's permission to stay for the night, she found Mrs. Burrell in a more amiable frame of mind, and after tea was over she was much relieved to find that Mrs. Burrell had given up the idea of going to the trustee meeting, but was going to the Ladies' Aid meeting instead, and was going to take Pearl with her.

Before the meeting, Pearl went over to see Camilla and Mrs. Francis. Mrs. Francis was the secretary of the Ladies' Aid, but was unable to go to the meeting that night on account of a severe headache. Pearl, always ready to help, asked if she could take the minutes of the meeting.

"Thank you so much, Pearl," Mrs. Francis said. "It would relieve me if you would write down everything that happens, so that I can make a full report of it. It is so sweet of

Pearl sat thinking deeply. "Are you happy, Camilla?" she said at last. "Are you that happy you feel you can never lose a bit of the glad feeling?"

Camilla held her tighter, and kissed her again.

"I've thought about it a little," Pearl said after a while. "and I thought perhaps that would be how people felt, and then it didn't matter if it was all dark and gloomy outside, or even if the wind was howling and rattling the windows, you wouldn't mind, for all the time you would be singin' inside, just bustin' for joy, and you'd feel that contented sort of feelin', just as if the sun was pourin' down and the birds singin' and the hills all white with cherry blossoms; is that anything like it, Camilla?"

"It is very like that, Pearl," she said.

"And, Camilla, do you ever think you feel like you could die to save him from any trouble or pain, and even if he did go wrong—Jim never will, I know, but I am just supposin'—even if he did go wrong you'd never go back on him, or wish you hadn't took him, but you'd stay with the job and say to yourself: 'He's my man, and I'll stay by him, so I will.'"

Camilla nodded her head.

Pearl's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"And, Camilla, do you ever think if you were to lose him it wouldn't be so bad as never to have had him, and even if the time came that he had to go, you could bear it, for you know that somewhere you'd find him again waitin' for you and love you still, just the same; and even if it was long, long years ago that you were left alone, you'd never forget him, but you'd always know that somewhere, up in the air or in the clouds or maybe not so far, he was there dear as ever, and you'd always keep thinkin' in your heart: 'He's the only man for me.'"

Camilla's arms tightened around her, and Pearl felt something warm on her cheek.

"How do you know all this?" Camilla whispered, after a while.

Pearl laughed and wiped her eyes for her handkerchief. "I don't know," she said. "I never knew that I did know it all till just now. I've thought about it a little."

Camilla laughed, too, and went over to the washstand to bathe her eyes, while Pearl, in delighted wonder, inspected the dress.

"Now, Pearl, I want you to do me a favour," said Camilla gaily.

"As many as you like," was Pearl's quick answer.

"I want you for my bridesmaid. You are my good luck, Pearl. Remember you sent Jim to me. If it hadn't been for you I might never have met him."

Pearl's eyes sparkled with delight, but no words came.

"And see here, Miss Watson, I have been reading up all about weddings, and I find it is a very correct thing for the bride and bridesmaid to be dressed alike. Miss Watson, will you please stand up and shut your eyes?"

Pearl stood up.

Over her head she felt Camilla putting something soft and deliciously silky. Camilla was putting her arms in unmistakable sleeves, and pulling down an unmistakable skirt.

"Open your eyes, Pearlie." (To be continued)

DON'T PUT OFF

Seeing your friends, and have them join in right away for a club of new subscribers to Farm and Dairy.

Mrs. Burrell sniffed audibly. "The trustees meet this evening, Pearl. Now, if you will stay in, I'll



What a Difference Trees and Shrubbry Would Make!

Trees and shrubbry seem to be a necessary part of the attractive country home. The compact, neat brick cottage here illustrated, the home of Mr. Rich and Sillery, Brant Co., Ont., will be improved in appearance several hundred per cent. when trees and shrubbry have had a few years in which to attain some size.

drive you out to-morrow morning. Mrs. Burrell will be glad to have you stay here."

Mrs. Burrell seconded the invitation.

"But I want you to stay, Pearl," Mrs. Burrell said quickly, and with more kindness than she had yet shown.

Pearl thanked her, but said she would have to see her father first and see if she could stay. Mrs. Burrell went out into the kitchen to get tea ready, while Mr. Burrell went to the door with Pearl.

In the little square hall they held a hurried conference.

"Will she go to that meeting?" Pearl asked in a whisper.

He nodded.

you, dear, to offer to do it for me; and now run along with Camilla, that she is longing to show you."

Camilla took Pearl upstairs to her room, and there spread out before Pearl's enraptured vision a wonderful creation of white silk and lace.

"The lace has little cucumbers in it," Pearl said, looking at it closely. "and it's the loveliest dress I ever saw. Have you worn it yet?"

Camilla did not at once reply, and then, quite by intuition, Pearl guessed the truth.

"Camilla," she exclaimed. "You are going to be married to Jim."

Camilla put her arms around her and kissed her gently.

"Yes, dear, I am," she said.