

the light shining through it. All the windows are beautiful. They're just like a garden with beds of flowers of all sorts of colors.

'Couldn't we get inside to look at 'em,' asked Dolly.

'No,' said Rhoda, 'you can't get in except on Sunday. Then the organ plays. My, isn't that lovely!'

'I wisht I could hear it,' said Robby wistfully.

'To-morrow,' Rhoda went on, 'they're going to have the graduation exercises'—

'Do they do 'em with dumb-bells?' Andy interrupted to ask.

'No; there aren't any exercises like that,' replied Rhoda, watching with much satisfaction the impression her description was making upon her audience. 'Some of the children stand up on the platform and tell everything they know, right before the school and lots of big people. The girls all wear nice white dresses.' Mandy sighed appreciatively. 'Then all the children sing while the organ plays; and they get papers telling what they know; and then they are moved up into a higher class. It's just lovely! And they're going to do it all to-morrow, and I shan't see it!'

Rhoda wondered whether she had been selfish in her stratagem. She was certainly trying to get something for herself; but her strongest motive for wishing to have it herself was in order that these children might share it. Her plan was founded on her generous belief in them, and her hope that the thing they had refused to do for their own benefit, they might be induced to do for the sake of giving her pleasure. Her hope was well-founded. The warm-hearted young Fogartys fell headlong into the trap she had laid for them.

'Say, Rhoda,' said Dolly, after a moment's whispered consultation with Robby, 'would yer be too tired to take another ride to-morrow? We kin haul yer up to the Sunday-school show.'

'But you would need to stay and bring me home,' said Rhoda.

'What's that! We wouldn't care. We'd come in an' see the show, too.'

Rhoda was very tired when the Fogartys left her in her little chair by the window, but she was also very happy.

'It's worth getting tired for,' she thought, 'and if they come once, I do believe they'll come often.'

When she had told mother of the delightful plan for the morrow she added:—

'Won't you get out my best hat now, mother? I want to see if it is all right.' It was still her 'best hat' to her, though for five years it had lain in the trunk under her mother's bed.

Mrs. Witcher drew it from its hiding place and put it in her hands. The shape was that of a past fashion; but Rhoda had not marked the changes of fashion. The ribbon was rather faded and the gay gilt ornaments sadly tarnished; but it was otherwise in good condition and to Rhoda it still represented, as it had done in her childhood, the satisfaction of Sunday clothes and the pleasure of going to Sunday-school. She laid it down with a sigh of relief.

'I'm so glad,' she said, 'that it's all right! I was afraid the mice might have nibbled it, or something might have happened to it.'

Morning proved disappointingly cloudy, and before it was time to start, the rain was beginning to fall. Would the Fogartys be willing to go?

'Will ye be scairt to go in the rain?' asked Dolly at the door.

'Not a bit; if you don't mind,' she replied. 'I'll take mother's umbrella.'

Her mother carried her downstairs and placed her in the chair, which Mandy held steady, while Andy spread the umbrella over their heads. Dolly and Robby grasped the pole and the procession moved off. All went well until Andy halted suddenly, with the intention of kicking a boy who had shouted:

'Hi! Ketch on to de circus perrade, wail yer.'

On second thought Andy withheld the kick, but the halt had jerked the umbrella backward, flattening Mandy's hat over her nose and leaving Rhoda's head exposed to the pattering rain.

'Oh, you, Andy Fogarty; ain't you awful!' cried the indignant Mandy, straightening her damaged headgear. 'You're letting Rhody's best hat git all wet.'

'Let me take the umbrella,' said Rhoda; 'I can hold it over our three heads, and Andy can push, when we come to the hill.' This arrangement averted further mishap, and the party arrived at the church safely and in good spirits.

Under the porch stood a group of the older boys, who stepped aside to make room for the queer equipage to draw up before the door. As Dolly dropped the end of the pole, he looked with dismay into Robby's face and said:

'How are we ever a-goin' ter git her in there?'

The question was soon answered for them. With Rhoda's first feeble attempt to get out of the waggon, the boys standing near took in the situation.

'Make a chair, Joe,' said Bert Winchell, and the two locked hands and stooped while Rhoda laid a hand on each strong shoulder and they lifted her through the doorway.

'Shall we carry you into the Intermediate Department?' they asked. She was no heavier than a child of ten.

'I'm older than I look,' she answered with gentle dignity. 'I'm seventeen.'

So they carried her to the young ladies' Bible class, where Marion Rogers helped to place her comfortably, and turned away with her merry eyes full of tears. Meanwhile the waggon was stored away, the Fogartys welcomed by the ushers and distributed according to sizes, and the service began. To Rhoda it was the realization of a happy dream; to the Fogartys it opened undreamed-of possibilities.

As the crowd dispersed, the Fogarty group gathered at the door, waiting for Rhoda to appear. Dolly, recalling the honor roll for attendance, remarked to Robby:—

'They'd give a feller credit fer what he does, even if he didn't know much. I don't know all the things those kids know; but I could come reg'lar.'

'I could pass that box jest as well as the feller that did it,' chimed in Andy.

'Ye'll have a chance to try,' said Dolly significantly.

'I wante come, I tell yer,' explained Andy.

'Ye'd better wante; fer ye're comin',' said the autocrat of the Fogarty family. 'Ye're goin' ter help haul Rhody every Sunday.'

But there were better things in store for Rhoda. As soon as school was dismissed, Bert Winchell drew the older boys aside.

'How many of you fellows are earning money?' he asked.

'I am,' and, 'I am,' replied one and another. 'What do you want of our money, Bert?'

'I want to get something comfortable for that poor little girl to come to Sunday-school in. We ought to be able to do it by knocking

off a few of the things we don't really need. We'll have to start at once, if we don't want the girls to get ahead of us; for I saw Marion Rogers crying over her; and you all know, as well as I do, that when Marion gets as far as tears she doesn't stop there. She'll do something, and do it right off. Hurry up, fellows! What will you give? Here she comes this minute, with a pencil and paper!'

'I'm so glad to find you all together, boys,' said Marion, 'for we want you to help us to do something that ought to be done quick'y.'

'That's queer,' spoke up Bert. 'We were just thinking of asking you to help us to do something. We want to buy a wheeled chair for that poor little lame girl.'

'Exactly what we want to do,' cried Marion in surprise.

'And we want to get it before next Sunday?' said Bert.

'Then we must appoint a purchasing committee at once,' said prompt Marion.

The committee was appointed, the money subscribed, the chair bought, and Rhoda never came to Sunday-school in the express waggon again. But the Fogartys, having been won through their own kindness, were held through their sense of responsibility, and were made regular attendants at Sunday-school by being allowed to push the wheeled chair up the hill every Sunday.

Gratitude of Samoans to R. L. Stevenson.

A very delightful book for lovers of Stevenson is 'Memories of Vailima,' by his stepson and stepdaughter. More valuable even than the literary interest of these glimpses of the great writer in his far-away Samoan paradise are the lights thrown on his relation with the natives. As Mr. Lloyd Osbourne says: 'He would have been loved and followed anywhere, but how much more in poor, mis-governed, distracted Samoa, so remote, so inarticulate; for he was one of the great-hearts of this world, in pen and deed, and many were those he helped.' It is not surprising that by most of the official class he was looked on as a 'bête noir,' that 'they attempted to deport him from the island, to close his mouth by regulation, to post spies about his house, and involve him in the illicit importation of arms and ammunition.' Nor is it surprising, on the other hand, that the natives came to love him as a father. Mrs. Strong tells in a few pregnant sentences the famous incident of the eight chiefs, liberated from prison by the efforts of Stevenson, who came to Vailima to explain that in proof of their gratitude they intended to make a road sixty feet wide connecting the house with the highway of the island. They overruled all objections, and when Stevenson asked that they should call it 'the road of the grateful hearts,' they said, 'No; it shall be called "the road of the loving heart"' (Ala Loto Alofa). And so it was, and is to this day.—'The Christian Herald.'

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