

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

HOW BESSIE GOT HER PICTURE
PAINTED.

By Mary J. Houston.

"Dear me," sighed Bessie Marlowe, as she sat on the verandah of the large summer hotel, looking very warm, and vigorously fanning herself with her pink sun-bonnet. "Summer resorts are the stupidest places that ever were invented, I'm sure. All the older people act as if they couldn't be bothered with a little girl like me, and Fred and Ralph always want to play such silly rough games. I wish there were some other little girls here."

It certainly was dull to be the only girl at a place where one might have such fun and had so much time for enjoyment; and today things were particularly trying for Bessie.

To begin with, Mrs. Barlowe had received a telegram calling her to the city for the day and had left express orders that Bessie should not go on the water until she returned.

Then a picnic had been arranged for at Berry Point, across the lake and nearly every one had been able to go but Bessie. Even Fred and Ralph, Bessie's boy cousins, had gone with their mamma and the little girl could almost hear now the wonderful tales they would tell when they returned. To be sure, Aunt Kate, in whose charge Bessie had been left, had said that they might go another day, but then that would not be the same. She had wanted to go to the picnic.

"I don't care. It's real mean of mamma to say I must not go on the water. I am sure she would let me go if she were here; and it's too bad of Aunt Kate not to let me. Oh, I don't believe anybody cares one bit for me." And the tears were shining in Bessie's big, brown eyes, as she rose and walked slowly into the almost deserted dining room in answer to the dinner gong.

"Why, Bessie child, your eyes are very red. The sun on the water must be too much for them. You had better have a sleep after dinner," said Aunt Kate, as they sat alone at the big table in the dining room.

Bessie said nothing, but her lips trembled, and she looked ready to cry again as she went to her room. It was bad enough to have to stay from the picnic, but to be sent to bed in the middle of the day was worse than ever.

"Have a good rest, Bessie; it's nice and quiet here today, so no one will disturb you. I am going to walk to the post-office with some letters."

"May I go with you, Auntie?"

"Why, no, child, the sun is very hot

and it is a long walk to the office. Now run away and rest."

But Bessie had no thought of going to sleep as she went to her room and threw herself on the bed. She felt cross with everybody, and most of all with Aunt Kate.

As she lay there thinking of the splendid time they must be having at the picnic, the sound of voices came to her every now and then from the balcony. At first she paid very little heed to them. One she knew was young Mr. Lawrence, an invalid to whom she enjoyed talking; the other a voice she did not know. Presently she heard her own name mentioned and she began to listen.

They are talking about me, I am sure. I suppose they do not know that I am here and will say all sorts of nasty things."

But, no, the strange man was speaking again and she could hear him say: "Yes, I never saw such a face, the very thing that I have been looking for for my new picture. I never thought I should strike such luck when I ran down to see you today. Do you think I could get her to sit for me? One good sitting would do, I think; and if I could only get her as she was this morning, the big sun-bonnet and all, I would feel quite satisfied."

Yes, they must surely be talking of her, she thought. No one else at the hotel wore a sunbonnet. But what was it he said about a picture, she wondered. A knock at her door made her jump up.

"Are you there, Bessie?" asked a voice that she recognized as Mr. Lawrence's.

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence; do you want me?"

"Well, there is a gentleman here who wishes to take a picture of you in your sunbonnet. Can you come out on the balcony and see him?"

"Yes, I'll be there in a minute." And Bessie's brown hands trembled so she could hardly button her dress. What a wonderful thing to happen. That any one should want to paint her, with her brown skin and browner curls that never would stay tidy, seemed impossible. But that was what Mr. Lawrence said, and he must know.

And what a delightful afternoon it was for Bessie, as she sat on the shady side of the wide verandah, while the stranger worked away and told her such amusing stories; and Mr. Lawrence looked on in admiration.

"Why, it's just exactly like me," exclaimed Bessie. "I don't know how you ever could do it."

"Oh, it's easy enough when you know how," answered the artist, as he laid down his pencils. "But then, it is pret-

ty nearly finished now, so I must put these things away, or I shall miss my train. I never thought to have such luck as to find a model here. And I'll not forget you, Bessie. Good-bye."

The weeks passed and Bessie had almost forgotten about the picture and the picnic that she had missed; but the artist kept his promise. Before the end of the holidays the little girl received a finished picture of herself done by the famous artist, and when, upon her return to the city, she saw herself one of the figures in a much-admired picture in the "Art Gallery," she felt fully repaid for the day that she had obeyed her mother and lost the picnic.

Cannington.

THE SONG OF THE TIDE.

The wave of the sea rolls in,
With its ceaseless and solemn roar,
And it sings me a song too deep for words,
And it sings it to me o'er and o'er.

Its breast, like a thing of life,
Heaves ever with passionate throbs,
While its massive music rolls at my feet,
In the sound of a song or a sob.

Its song is the song of my heart,
Its peace or its pathos mine,
For I read in its moaning or melody
My grief or my joy divine.

The sea sings to us as we are,
For it keys its song to our ear,
And melts its music to matchless praise,
Or to moans of grief and fear.

O Sovereign sweet of the sea,
Tune my soul to Thy music above,
That in storm tossed billow or tide
I may hear the song of Thy love.
Rev. D. M. Pratt, D.D.

GLOWING STEADILY.

It is harder to maintain a good average by keeping close to that average day by day than by fluctuating between extremes. Yet there is more power for good in the life that moves steadily forward, not irregularly, than there is in the life that records sky-rocket achievements and then drops back far below the mark. For the world knows that it may depend upon the former, and it never knows where it may find the latter. In the modern heating of houses, that furnace regulator is the most sought after which maintains the fire and heat at a steady glow, night as well as day. Almost any furnace can be made to burn fiercely for a time—which means first over-heating, and then a house that is over-cold. There are times in every life when double pressure is necessary; but let us not regularly alternate our lives between double pressure and half-pressure. The world needs the steady glow of its everyday life.—S. S. Times.

When will pastors learn that it is easier and better to lead people than to try and drive them. Love is omnipotent.