

rain. Then she put on her hat and coat, and catching up her books and her lunch basket, opened her umbrella and started for school.

Just ahead of her she spied the familiar red hair belonging to Nellie Jones, and involuntary her steps shortened. Polly did not like Nellie Jones; in fact none of the girls did, and the poor child was left forlorn on all occasions. Nellie had made several attempts to be friendly with Polly, but in vain, for Polly had not hesitated to snub her unmercifully, regardless of all rules of kindness or politeness.

For a minute Polly hesitated.

'Dear me!' she said to herself with a despairing sigh. 'I s'pose 'twould make her happy, now, if I let her walk to school with me. Well, then, I expect I'll have to do it—but I don't see as there is anything so very happyfying to me in this sort of doings.' And she hastened her steps until she reached Nellie's side.

'Do you want to walk under my umbrella?' asked Polly a trifle ungraciously.

The supreme delight that showed at once on Nellie's plain little face sent that same queer feeling again to Polly's throat. By the time the schoolhouse was reached, the two girls were chatting quite happily together; Nellie was telling Polly of a brand new place to find blackberries.

The morning passed quietly. Polly began to take a strange interest in looking for chances to loan her pet pencils and the big soft sponge that the other girls so admired. She was wonderfully gracious with her smiles all the morning, too.

At lunch time Polly opened her basket. The thin slices of bread and butter and cold chicken looked very tempting as she spread them out on her napkin which she used as a table cloth. The small frosted cake was Polly's favorite kind, and there was a luscious bunch of grapes for dessert.

Polly's little white teeth sunk happily into the bread and butter, and her thumb and forefinger had just picked up a generous piece of chicken, when her roving eyes chanced to fall upon two hard looking biscuits and a doughnut that lay on a desk near her. Nellie Jones sat dejected before this unappetizing array of food, and Polly could not help noticing that Nellie's eyes were gazing longingly in the direction of her own chicken and grapes.

'Dear me!' sighed Polly. 'Why is it that its always the hard things to do that make other folks happy?' Then she beckoned Nellie to come to her.

The little girl jumped to her feet and almost flew to Polly's side.

'You'll have to help me eat my luncheon, I guess.'

By afternoon Polly had forgotten all about her raw 'game,' as she called it—for her studies and recitations kept her very busy.

When school was dismissed she joined a little group of girls outside the school-house, and helped to make joyous plans for the picnic that was to come off Saturday afternoon. As she turned to go home a little later, she found the new teacher at her side.

'Well, my dear, you seem to be wearing a very smiling face. I think you must be happy over something.'

Short Rules for Long Comforts

Forget little annoyances.

When good comes to any one, rejoice.

Always speak kindly and politely to servants.

When anyone suffers speak a word of sympathy.

Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, help others out of theirs.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the dust and mud from your feet on entering the house.

Never interrupt any conversations, but watch patiently your turn to speak.

When inclined to give an angry answer press your lips together and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed ask yourself: 'Have I never done an ill and deserved forgiveness?'—'Soldier and Servant.'

When I Read the Bible Through.

I supposed I knew my Bible,

Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,

Now a bit of John or Matthew,

Now a bit of Genesis,

Certain chapters of Isaiah,

Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!),

Twelfth of Romans, First of Proverbs—

Yes, I thought I knew the Word!

But I found that thorough reading

Was a different thing to do,

And the way was unfamiliar

When I read the Bible through.

O the massive, mighty volume!

O the treasures manifold!

O the beauty and the wisdom

And the grace it proved to hold!

As the story of the Hebrews

Swept in majesty along,

As it leaped in waves prophetic,

As it burst to sacred song,

As it gleamed with Christly omens,

The Old Testament was new,

Strong with cumulative power,

When I read the Bible through.

As, imperial Jeremiah,

With his keen coruscant mind!

And the blunt old Nehemiah,

And Ezekiel refined!

Newly came the Minor Prophets,

Each with his distinctive robe;

Newly came the song idyllic,

And the tragedy of Job;

Deuteronomy, the regal,

To a towering mountain grew,

With its comrade peaks around it—

When I read the Bible through.

What a radiant procession

As the pages rise and fall!

James the sturdy, John the tender—

O the myriad-minded Paul!

Vast apocalyptic glories

Wheel and thunder, flash and flame,

While the Church Triumphant raises

One incomparable Name.

Ah, the story of the Saviour

Never glows supremely true

Till you read it whole and swiftly,

Till you read the Bible through!

You who like to play at Bible,

Dip and dabble, here and there,

Just before you kneel, weary,

And yawn through a hurried prayer,

You who treat the Crown of Writings

As you treat no other book—

Just a paragraph disjointed,

Just a crude, impatient look—

Try a worthier procedure,

Try a broad and steady view;

You will kneel in very rapture,

When you read the Bible through!

—Amos R. Wells.

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times'.)

(Concluded.)

IV.

'Kitty, my darling, my darling' he whispered, 'you have been hurt. And now you mustn't talk, but keep quite still. I am here.'

Gently he lifted her head and made the pillows more comfortable, then set her tenderly back again, and he knew that almost at once she had sunk into a deep and healthy sleep. An hour later came the whisper again as Kitty stirred, 'Man'el, are you there?'

'Of course I am, my awn,' said he.

'I want to see you, Man'el,' whispered Kitty.

He rose and bent down to her for a moment. Then he sank on his knees, holding her hand in his own. 'Kitty, let us thank Him,' he whispered, with a choke in his voice. And again there was silence.

It was a day in May when Kitty was sufficiently recovered to sit out of doors. Everything was beautiful with the rich beauty of a day in which Spring seemed to melt into Summer, and each brought to each a perfect charm. The warmth of the sunshine was delicious. The blue sky, with trail of white fleecy clouds, arched a picture of hedgerows where the hawthorn bloomed and green fields, golden with buttercups, where the lambs frolicked and scampered. Clumps of trees stretched away to the haze of distant hills. The air was sweet with the breath of flowers and glad with the songs of birds. The lark was on high, and the cuckoos called to each other; the swallows were skimming the meadows and twittering about the eaves of the outbuildings.

Forth from the old farmhouse door came Man'el bringing a tray on which was set a glass of milk and two or three pieces of bread and butter which his own hand had cut, and beside it was set a bunch of roses from Mrs. Gundry's garden—the roses which had always been Kitty's special care.

Man'el set a cushion behind Kitty's head, and then put the tray on her lap.

'Oh, Man'el, sighed Kitty—the sigh of a soul filled with satisfaction—'you do know how to make anybody comfortable.'

What Man'el might have said was interrupted. He had become quite quick in his replies and seemed always ready to say the right thing and to say it in the prettiest way. Kitty thought, but at that moment Zacchy came in at the garden gate.

He drew himself up with the pride of a professor who takes to himself the credit of a pupil's success. 'Man'el, I told 'ee so, didn't I?—Love do smarten up a man like summer do smarten up a garden-bed.'

'Tis wonderful true,' said Man'el, his face aglow and his big brown hand holding the thin white hand of Kitty.

'Iss,' said Zacchy, 'I told 'ee so. Can 'ee mind my words? A proper woman do make a man so beautiful as the south wind and sunshine do make the hedgerow and the thorn-bush.'

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