

on it what comes into my mind.'

'Then they must be very happy things which come into your mind.'

'Yes, sir,' said Peter simply. 'Why not? I see the sunshine, I listen to the birds, to the water, to the trees, then I play.'

'Ah,' said the gentleman, 'you are young, Peter. You have never had anything to make all speak to you of sorrow instead of joy.' And he sighed.

Peter did not quite understand him, but he said—

'My mother says we must always be glad, sir, when we remember that the world is God's world and that He loves everything and everybody.'

'Does your mother teach you that?' said the gentleman. 'Then it is no wonder you can make happy music. Now, play me one more tune. And will you come again?'

'Sir, I can come each evening at this hour.'

'Then do so. I will pay you. And tell me, what is there you most want?'

Peter did not think a moment. His face lit up. 'I want most,' he said, 'a violin.'

'You shall have one,' said the gentleman.

And so, day after day, just at the said hour, came Peter to cheer the sick man with his music. And the invalid began to get better much more quickly than he had done. He told the physician who had been attending him he need call no more.

'I have a little doctor who calls each evening and cheers away my illness,' he said.

And this is what the good doctor answered—

'If there were more happy dispositions and more thought of God, my friend, we should have far less work to do—for gloom is a terrible foe to health.'

So Peter helped to cure the invalid and by-and-by earned a violin.—'The Child's Companion.'

### 'Little Gentleman Bob.'

[By Florence Stratton Weaver, in 'Pres. Banner.')

(Concluded.)

Instantly the arms relaxed, the head was raised and the sobbing ceased. The little crumpled, drip-

ping white creature sped past him and down the aisle to her seat, mopping away the tears and disgrace with two hands full of her flimsy white dress. Bob kept his hands down tight in his pockets; his face was crimson, but he turned boldly toward the class. Miss Agnes saw that though he tried to smile his eyes were full of tears. So she arose quickly and called the next class and went on with the lesson without any comment, though there was a big lump in her throat and her heart felt too big for its usual abode.

The moments ticked slowly by and the little soldier stood bravely at his post still sustained by his hands in his pockets. After a while the many eyes were diverted from him and the tension was somewhat lessened. Miss Agnes constantly glanced at her watch and finally said in a relieved tone:

'Bob, your time is up.'

'Twas a long awkward walk to his seat and Bob looked much embarrassed. Miss Agnes rose; she felt that the occasion called for some remark from her, but she did not know exactly what to say. But the boys did; there were about a dozen of them on the back benches. They arose as one boy and exclaimed as with one loud voice, 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Bobbie Wheeler.'

Miss Agnes wondered how they had planned it without any whispering. There is nothing so outwardly rough as a boy and nothing so inwardly tender, and no heart so on the look out for and so ready to acknowledge heroism and loyalty as is the heart of a boy. Miss Agnes clapped her hands and said: 'Good, let us all hurrah; girls, too.' And her own voice joined strongly in the next outburst.

'Children,' she continued, 'you know I always give you a verse to commit each day; I had selected another, but have decided on this one, and you will all understand it now. Repeat after me:

'Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

\* \* \* \*

Bob was abandoning himself most entirely to a very good supper. A long afternoon's ride on his pony made him ready for it. The bell rang. John left the last plate of waffles with Master Bob and went to the door.

'It's a lady and gentleman to see

you and Mars Wheeler,' he said, nodding to Mrs. Wheeler.

So Bob was left alone in a trying position to do justice to so many waffles and so much fried chicken all by himself; but he did not seem troubled.

'Oh, Mrs. Wheeler,' came a sweet voice from out the September twilight in the parlor. 'I am so glad to meet you; I am Mrs. Davenport and this is my husband.' And they all shook hands and Papa Wheeler switched on the electric light.

'We have just come,' she continued, 'to congratulate you both on owning such a boy as Bob, and to thank him for what he did for our precious little Annetta to-day.'

'Why, what did he do?' said both fond parents in one voice. 'Bob never tells—we never know,' continued Mother Wheeler.

'No,' said Mr. Davenport, taking the chair offered by Mr. Wheeler; 'I should not imagine he would be the kind to tell such things.'

'Well,' went on Mrs. Davenport, 'here is what Annetta told us: To-day at school Miss Agnes said that anyone who talked should stand in the corner for half an hour. Annetta talked right off; she knows nothing about school, has only been going a week. Of course she had to take the place in the corner. Well, that would ordinarily have been all right. But my Annetta has a very weak back. I wanted to tell Miss Agnes that when I placed her here, but she begged me not to mention it. She is really very weak and cannot endure anything. Well, there she stood, weeping, and of course no one knew it was hard on her back as well as her feelings. But, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, up walked your dear little Bob and told Annetta to go and sit down, that he would stand up for her. He did not know her at all—had never spoken to her before. Annetta says he never goes near any of the girls—'

Mrs. Davenport paused to wipe away the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. 'Well, there he stood, the darling, before the whole class; it was not easy, and he just saved my dear little girl another long spell of illness.'

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.