

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 34

MONTREAL, AUGUST 25, 1905.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Jem's Sermon.

'Roast beef, turnip tops, mash, and bread, miss, for two.'

'I say, Jem, you're goin' it!' exclaimed the companion of the man who was giving this comprehensive order; 'roast beef don't come my way every day, an' turnip tops! Ain't tasted tops this season.'

'May as well do the thing comfortable when we're at it,' returned Jem, lifting up the newspaper while they waited. 'I 'old with a good

'You take that lot an' go ahead, Joe,' said Jem Davis, 'I'll wait.'

Joe instantly obeyed. 'It's a bit unmannerly,' he remarked, as he conveyed an enormous portion to his mouth; 'but w'en a feller ain't 'ad no breakfast to speak o' ee's precious peckish come dinner-time.'

'Right you are, old chap,' responded Davis good-naturedly. 'I've knowed 'ard times too, though, thank God, I ain't nothink to complain o' at the present.'

For a moment there was silence. The first

his own roe' with the best of them, as he would have told you.

Old Miss Kline was rather delicate, but she accomplished considerable in her way. She cared more for her flowers than for anything else under the sun, although most of them were as old-fashioned as she was. There was a whole row of hollyhocks down the back fence. Great towering sunflowers were their very near neighbors. There were lilacs and syringas and marigolds. There was a bed of forget-me-nots. There were clumps of red and white peonies, and the yellow honeysuckle stretched nearly around the old summer house. The sweetest of old-fashioned roses and pinks bloomed there. There were sweet-scented shrubs and green grass and sunshine mingled with shade and soft breezes and birds' songs in old Miss Kline's garden.

But she was not happy. You see her burdens had been too heavy for her weak shoulders, and she had forgotten the great 'Burden-Bearer' who would have helped her carry them.

She did not seem to remember that it was to her as well as to others that our blessed Christ had said, 'Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Old Miss Kline had very few friends. She might have had more, if she cared for them, but she did not, at least so she thought.

One Summer the Forsyths, who lived next door to old Miss Kline, went abroad. They rented their house to a family from the city. There was a little golden-haired girl in the family—the youngest of the flock, who had never lived in the country before. She was charmed with everything she saw.

'Oh, isn't it lovely?' said some one to old Miss Kline, as she was tying up a climbing rose to the trellis.

Old Miss Kline gave a start, for the voice was at her elbow and she had supposed she was alone. She saw a small girl with sunshiny face regarding her serenely.

'Well,' said she, 'who are you? And what are you doing here in my garden?'

'I'm Evelyn Harold,' was the answer; 'I came through the hedge to see you. You don't mind, do you?'

Perhaps old Miss Kline did mind, but she could not say so to the child who spoke so sweetly.

'I'm your next-door neighbor,' announced the visitor.

'Ah!'

'I love flowers—don't you?'

'Yes, I love them more than anything else on earth.'

Evelyn looked surprised.

'Not more than "folks"?' she questioned wonderingly.

'Yes.'

'I don't—I love folks best of all, but I love flowers a good deal. Would you mind if I should look around a little? I'll not touch anything.'

She received permission to look around, and wandered about slowly at her own sweet will. She knelt down beside the bed of blue forget-me-nots, looking at them wistfully, but she did not touch them. She sniffed the fragrance of the roses, the pinks and the sweet-scented



dinner, mate. Lots o' shows on at the present time,' he continued, running his eye down the advertising columns of the 'Chronicle.' 'I'm thinkin' o' takin' the wife an' the little uns to see that 'ere Great Wheel, Saturday afternoon, Joe.'

'You're a lucky dog, you are,' Joe responded dolefully. 'Some gets hup an' some goes down. It's not so many years ago, Jem, w'en you was just sich as I be myself, an' look at you now. It's downright disgustin'!' concluded Joe, bringing down his great fist with a thump on the table. 'Some fellers git all the luck.'

At this point the waitress of the cook-shop appeared with one heaped-up plate and set it down.

'T'other's a-comin' presently, sir,' she observed, and hurried off.

Old Miss Kline's Garden Party

(Ernest Gilmore, in 'American Messenger'.)

That is not my name for her—please remember—but all the neighbors called her 'old Miss Kline.' She was not really old either, for she had not reached sixty, but her face was wrinkled and gray, and her hair as white as snow.

edge of Joe's appetite over, however, he looked about him uneasily.

'Wot's up? Victuals wrong?' asked Davis, pushing the cruet over.

'No,' replied Jenkyns, 'victuals is prime. Ain't got no fault to find wi' victuals, but—say, Jem, ain't you goin' to 'ave a drink?'

'No, Joe, I ain't,' replied Davis firmly. 'It's drink as has lost you your job, an' brought you w'ere you are. 'Ha' your dinner an' welcome, I'll pay the score, but never you nor me nor any other man gits a drink out o' my pocket. I ain't going to preach no sermons, but this I sez—w'en I stopped dinin' the landlord o' the Blue Lion, I found I 'ad a sight more victuals to dine off myself, not to speak o' the wife an' the kids,—an' so would you!'

It wasn't a bad sermon, was it?—'Adviser.'

She had been all alone in the world for over ten years. No one lived with her but Becky and Duncan, two servants. They were both older than 'old Miss Kline,' but it was hard to believe it, for Becky was strong—had dark hair and a smooth face without wrinkles, with cheeks like an apple, just flushed with red.

Duncan had a young face, too, and 'could hoe