

who's never had a good time in her life—I think that's why we sent her. It would be a beautiful Providence to her if she could run into one there—a good time, I mean.'

Beside the little junior's bed Mrs. Pope remembered what she had said in Emily's letter, and smiled a little doubtfully over it. She had meant to have a part in Desire Card's 'Providence' herself. If she had gone, too, maybe Emily—

'Emily used to take hints,' she said aloud.

The train bore Desire onward steadily. The long day's ride was only a short one to her. Toward the end of it she began to worry a little.

'I shall feel scared in a great city, I know I shall. It's too bad Mrs. Pope couldn't have come. She said there'd be somebody there to meet the delegates and tell 'em their board-in' place. It there wasn't she told me a place to go to and inquire—I've got the address in my pocketbook. But I'd a good deal ruther there'd be somebody there.'

There was somebody there.

'Is this the delegate from Lockport?' a girlish voice sounded in her ear, above the clatter and confusion of the great station. Desire turned to the fresh young face with a gasp of relief.

'Yes, it's me. I'm the one the ladies elected delegate,' she cried, eagerly.

'Well, I'm Molly—Molly Bruce, you know. I came down to meet you. You're our delegate. Cousin Connie introduced you to mother. Don't you think I'm a perfect genius to pick you out among them all? And I only asked one other person before you. She wasn't anybody's delegate! Let me take your bag for you—there, here we are! Persimmons, this is the Lockport delegate. Let me make you acquainted with Persimmons, Miss—'

'There isn't any "Miss." I'm just Desire Card.'

'Well, this is just Persimmons! He's the mildest pony you ever saw, and I'm the family Jehu—you won't be afraid? When Persimmons Bruce runs away it will be a white blackbird that frightened him! Now we're ready, Persimmons.'

The little dappled, fat-bodied fellow waddled off demurely. There was nothing terrifying about him, and Desire sank back safely in the snug little trap. She stole timid glances now and then at the girl beside her.

Molly Bruce handled the ribbons expertly, with her slender gauntleted hands. Though her voice ran on briskly, without interruption, her keen eyes took in every detail of the busy street. Persimmons, obedient to her gentle hints, threaded his way calmly through every obstacle.

'Mother was for sending Jerry and the surrey, but I offered Persimmons and me—we're a good deal more sociable than Jerry! Wasn't it a shame Cousin Connie couldn't come?'

'Yes, only I guess I don't know who Cousin Connie is!' laughed Desire, shyly.

'Why, to be sure! She's mother's cousin—Mrs. Montagu Pope, you know. She was coming on for a visit, but one of the babies was sick.'

A pleasant welcome awaited Desire Card at the beautiful home of Cousin Emily. For a week the plain little woman from Lockport lived among pleasant things. She went about in a beautiful dream, treading softly on luxurious carpets, gazing in gentle reverence at wonderful pictures, touching with work-hardened little fingers the great fronds of strange palms. One day was born of another, till they numbered a week of days. Then Mrs. Montagu Pope got a letter:

Dear Cousin Connie: Mother wants me to tell you that we are going to keep your delegate another week. Persimmons and I want to get a chance to show her Providence a little bit. She and mother haven't done anything so far but attend missionary conventions and look after the heathen. Now it's Persimmons's turn and mine.

She's a dear little delegate, Cousin Connie. You can't Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday with her, without wishing you were better than you are. It isn't her face or her figure or her conversation—no, it must be her soul. That's what mother says. She says, 'Tell Cousin Connie she is an honor to the Lockport Branch.'

'Well?'

Milcent Blair said it, looking at the other two women triumphantly. Mrs. Leroy Atlee laughed.

'Say it, Milcent, say it! You won't be happy till you do,' she cried.

'Say what?'

'"I told you so!" You might as well say it as look it.'

'I'm glad we sent her,' Milcent answered, soberly. 'I proposed it because I thought it would do her good.'

'And it was the other way about. She did them good,' finished Cousin Connie, softly.

'No, it worked both ways. "All things worketh together." I'm glad we sent her!'

I Wouldn't be Cross.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Little Knights and Ladies.')

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;

Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile;

Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,

Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;

They love you so fondly whatever may come.

You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,

Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!

So, since the fine gold exceedeth the dross,

I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe

This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,

To clear out the flint stones, and plant the soft grass.

No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal

The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.

No envy hath peace: by a fret and a jar

The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.

Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,

I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

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Wreck of the 'Stella.'

(By the Editor of 'Onward.')

The wreck of the 'Stella' on the Casket Rocks, Good Friday, 1899.

On these rocks, in 1120, was wrecked the 'White Ship,' with Prince William, son of King Henry I., when over 140 young nobles of England and Normandy were drowned.

The Editor of the paper does not profess to be a poet, but the account of the wreck of the 'Stella,' on March 30, especially the sub-head, 'The English Way,' profoundly stirred his sympathies, as we are sure it did those of its readers. The heroism manifested compelled the writing of the following lines, which, indeed, almost wrote themselves. With the exception of two verses added later, they were all completed within a few minutes of reading the item, before breakfast.

Bravely the brave men met the shock,
'Mid blinding fog and sea's wild sway,
'Mid crash of ship and rend of rock,
In the old English way.

'The women and the children save,'
The captain cried, with Death at bay.
They launched the boats, 'mid seas that drave,
In cool, calm English way.

At honor's cost to buy his life,
There thought not any man that day;
The weak they saved 'mid wave's wild strife—
It was the English way.

'Pull for your lives!' Rooks from the bridge
Cried to the seamen drenched with spray,
Yet staunch he stood as rocky ridge—
In the brave English way.

The seadogs of the seagirt isle,
'Ay, ay, sir,' answer and obey,
And Death's drear summons meet with smile—
It is their English way.

'Nay, take my chance,' the landsman said,
And bravely gave his life that day
To save a woman newly wed—
It was the English way.

The captain with his ship went down,
Him might not Death itself dismay,
Forever live his fair renown—
The grand old English way.

While weary rowers toil for life,
All night they calmly sing and pray—
The brave-souled English maid and wife—
In brave-souled English way.

The 'Stella' in the sea went down,
But shineth still a brighter ray,
A star of gleaming-far renown—
This grand old English way.

Since 'White Ship' on the Caskets crashed,
Through centuries of sea sway,
Her seadogs, by the tempest lashed,
Keep up old England's way.

Oh, fair befall the sea-girt rock
Of Britain till Time's latest day!
Nor lull of peace nor battle's shock
E'er mar 'the English way!'

O brothers of the Western land,
Ye also Heaven's high call obey—
As duties East and West expand—
In the old Saxon way.

In freedom's van together lead
The world to freedom's perfect day,
With highest thought and noblest deed—
The Anglo-Saxon way.

And His eternal benison,
Whom stormy winds and seas obey,
Shall smile on duty bravely done,
In brave old English way.

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