

won, that provoking Jim said, just as they were all starting for home, "I say, Lyddy, it's such a dark night, pull off your hood and light us along."

"I wouldn't mind, he's jealous you're so much smarter than he is," Blanche would say comfortingly.

"So're you—he don't tease you," Lyddy would retort.

It seemed as if that dreadful boy devoted all his energies to devising new forms of torture for poor Lyddy. He would snatch one of her tight little braids and one of Blanche's curls, holding them mockingly up in contrast. He drew endless pictures on the black-board of them both, and Lyddy's were very highly colored. After a while Lyddy began to think that Blanche did not mind those pictures—but then, Jim made her pretty. Bit by bit, a miserable feeling of envy and distrust crept into Lyddy's heart; she grew almost to dislike Blanche. They still played together as usual, Lyddy too ashamed of her feeling towards her friend even to hint at it.

"When school closed for the summer vacation, matters righted themselves. With no one to draw daily contrasts between herself and Blanche, Lyddy's troubles almost disappeared."

"How old was Lyddy, grandmother?" Meg asked.

"She and Blanche were both ten that summer—"twins" they used to call themselves.

"One afternoon, about the middle of vacation, Blanche came for Lyddy to come over to supper and stay all night. Lyddy was doing her seam on the back porch. It must be finished before permission might be asked. She took extra pains with her stitches, while Blanche perched on the piazza railing among the honeysuckle vines, chattered away about the fun they would have. "I've made cupcakes, and mother says we may have our supper under the apple tree—a tea party supper, with my best tea set."

"Lyddy's mother demurred a little over the "all night" plan, but finally consent was won. There was a sense of strangeness about the familiar fields, viewed under this new and exciting condition—to be going from home for a whole

afternoon and night. Lyddy felt very grown-up and responsible.

'Her newly acquired dignity of manner did not last long. She was soon racing pellmell after Blanche, along the narrow, winding field path, tumbling headlong over the fence, in her desire to get there first. They waded in the brook, with excursions into the long meadow grass; then sat down to a never failing amusement, the making of burr baskets. Soon they had a fine assortment, arranged on the flat stone between them. But Blanche was in a restless mood; catching up her best basket, she crushed it into a hard knobby ball, tossing it at Lyddy. A fierce game followed, lasting until Blanche, getting a burr in her hair, cried for truce.

"I wouldn't want to get more than one in, tiresome things," she said, shaking back that wealth of sunny curls.

'Lyddy's grimy little hands closed convulsively. The sunshine falling on Blanche's hair, turned it into a wondrous mass of gold. Lyddy's heart ached with the beauty of it.

"'S'pose you did get a lot of burrs in your hair?" she said.

"It would have to be cut off."

"Ev'ry bit?"

"Short, of course."

"It would take a long while to grow long again?" Lyddy questioned.

"I guess so."

"Would it be curly?"

"I don't know. Let's go to the house." Blanche danced ahead, swinging her sunbonnet by one string, throwing and catching the burr ball with her other hand.

Lyddy followed, feeling very wicked. For one moment she had wished—really and truly wished—that Blanche would get a lot of burrs in that brown hair of hers. All the fun and pleasure of the afternoon had vanished. She had half a mind to go home. More and more slowly she walked, until Blanche, turning back, seized her hand, forcing her into a run and into good spirits as well. Lyddy helped feed the chickens and set the family supper table, quite cheerful again.

(To be continued.)

'Men who think seriously will not drink; men who drink will soon not be able to think seriously.'

Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?

That's what I want to know;
There's loads of things I can't find out,

But nothing bothers me so.
Nurse puts me to bed in my little room

And takes away the light;
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight,
Then off I go to the funniest place,
Where everything seems queer;
Though sometimes it is not funny at all,

Just like the way it is here
There's mountains made of candy there,

Big fields covered with flowers,
And lovely ponies, and birds and trees,

A hundred times nicer than ours.
Often, dear mamma, I see you there,
And sometimes papa, too;
And last night the baby came back from heaven,

And played like he used to do.
So all of this day I've been trying to think,

Oh, how I wish I could know
Whereabouts that wonderful country is,

Where sleepy little boys go.
—'The Independent.'

Little Bits That Help or Hinder.

A little bit of worry,
A little bit of flurry,
A little bit of hurry,
Just made the work go wrong;
A little bit of doubting,
A little bit of scouting,
A little bit of pouting,
Just stilled the soul's glad song.

The little haste confessing,
The little doubt repressing,
The little wrong redressing
To God the whispered prayer;
His pardon then believing,
His smile with joy receiving,
His purpose then achieving,
His joy again we share!
—'Temperance Record.'

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