

ness, and just wash dishes for fun or for kindness, or for some nice reason. But sometimes I have to pretend pretty hard and sing pretty loud.'

Lolita said not a word, and Frieda went on: 'It's something like you, too. I know you don't have to work, or you would have known enough to move the settle when you brushed off the piazza; but you must be a truly princess in your heart, because you were willing to help me.' Then she looked troubled. 'I'm afraid you don't see what I mean.'

'Oh, yes, I do—yes, I do,' cried Lolita, fervently. 'And I'm not a truly princess in my heart—no, not a bit! But I'm going to try to be one, just like you. You wait and see. But I'm not a truly princess yet.' She spoke ruefully; but her tone was earnest, and, really, she seemed to see things differently.

After a time she ran home, because she knew Madame would be anxious about her, and that seemed to be the beginning of trying to be a 'truly princess.' Somehow, the whole household was more comfortable after that; for, although nobody can make her heart right all at once, and Lolita did not always remember, yet she kept on trying, and that is the principal thing.

Once Madame said to the English governess: 'Why, Lolita is a different girl. I really think she takes after her sisters; but, to be sure, I have brought them all up myself.'

One night, long after the spring vacation was over, the princess and her mother, the queen, were having a tender, confidential talk together, just as mothers and daughters do who are fortunate enough not to be royal; and Lolita told her mother all about Frieda and her picture, and finished the little story by saying:

'But I don't do just as I said, mamma, dear. When things are hard, I don't pretend even to be a truly princess. I pretend I'm little Frieda, the forester's girl; and I think what she would do if she were in my place. That is much better than playing princess.'

Frieda never guessed who her little friend really was until a big box of pretty things came to her straight from the court; and at the very bottom she found a picture of the princess, taken in the simple dress and big hat that she wore the day when she helped Frieda wash the dishes.

To the Girl Who Travels

A first and indeed almost the only rule needed for conduct in a public place is to strive constantly to efface yourself. Avoid any word or action that will call attention to you. This for conduct; and for conversation with a companion, remember always to speak in a low tone, to omit the mention of your friend's name, and, above all, to suppress the names of persons of whom you may be speaking. The last caution may save you bitter humiliation or embarrassment, for intimate friends, relatives even, of those upon whom your words may carelessly or unkindly dwell, may be close beside you.—Harper's Bazar.'

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Hettie Green, the Walking Bible.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Ram's Horn.')

There had been sickness in the house and sorrow. Jennet, whose strong hands and willing heart served us for ten years, was called away to her mother's death-bed just when we seemed to need her most. We had had five different 'helpers' in the six weeks that followed Jennet's good-by. Each one was somewhat less desirable than the one before. Then, unexpected, unannounced, came Aunt Hettie Green, a bundle in her hand, sunshine on her broad, black face and homely wisdom on her lips.

'Good-morning, honey! The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice! I'm just from out of town. Heard you was in trouble. You don't remember me, I reckon? I'm Hettie Green. Your mother knew me, honey. And she is in glory now! Oh, honey, those dear ones in glory! They are before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; either shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There, honey, take me into the kitchen and give me a glance round and we'll soon have all things a-swinging!'

When Hettie was quite a young girl our mother had done her a great and uncommon kindness. Now Hettie had come to us in our greatest need. We none of us knew her, save by what mother had told us, but from the moment I looked into her beaming face that morning, half an hour after the fifth 'girl' had gone, leaving wreck and ruin behind her, I never had an instant's doubt of Hettie Green's power and trustworthiness and spiritual graces.

'Miss Annie, honey! Lunch is ready. I can do better for you to-morrow. Guess it's a dinner of yarbs, mainly, but better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. There's love in the lunch to-day, honey!'

Certainly it seemed as if that warm heart loved us all and had sought us out purely for love's sake. But I am not to tell how she blessed our home. You have noticed how she spoke Scripture. I have not said quoted, and I have not written down any parts of her sentences as quoted. It was as though the Word had become a part of herself and spoke through her. She was a daily wonder to us. More than that, she was a daily uplift. One day she told me this story:

'When I came to know Jesus Christ, honey, the very first thing I wanted to do was to be a missionary. Think of it! And I could neither read nor write. All I could do was cook and clean and wash and such like. I was seventeen and smart. So I just went to night school and in a year I could read my own letters and make out to write one pretty well. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me. O Lord, truly I am thy servant and thou hast loosed my bonds!'

'Well, honey, when I could read I wanted a Bible. I was going to church and class regularly. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the

Lord. Honey! All I have, I can do, all I am, I owe to the house of the Lord! I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk unrightly.'

It is impossible to convey by printed words any adequate idea of the depth of power in Aunt Hettie's speech. Reverence, exaltation, faith, trust, throbbed through her earnest words and thrilled her hearers.

'As I was saying, honey, I wanted to be a missionary. I wanted to tell people what God could do for them. I wanted to be a witness unto him both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

'Oh, honey! How ignorant I was. I could not see why God did not fill my hands with gold and send me out to preach. The fire burned in my soul till I could bear it no more and I went to my pastor and told it to him. "Hettie," says he, "how much patience have you?" Then I was glad, for I knew Hettie Green was rich in patience and I told him so. He asked me about my night school, gave me a Bible and had me read to him. Then he said, "Come to see me again in a week."

'I thought for sure he was going to tell me how to be a missionary and the days could not go fast enough till the week was up. What do you think he did? He gave me a big Bible printed in big letters. My name was written in it and the date. It was just a few days before Christmas. "Hettie," says he, "I want you to take this book and study it for one year. All you know about the Bible now is what you have heard. See: I have marked it. There are fifty-two texts all ruled under with red ink. I want you to learn one text a week." I'll show you the Bible, honey.

It was a well-bound book and a well-used book. It bore the marks of careful but long handling. Here and there, from Genesis to Revelation, it was marked in red ink and opposite these verses were small crosses in pencil.

'It is twenty years, honey, since that good man set me to learning the Word. All I did that first year was to learn one verse a week, so I could say it without a mistake. I used to repeat it every Sunday morning in class. See, here is the first one I learned, over here in Genesis: And he believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness. Over here in Revelation is the last one I learned that year and I shouted it aloud with joy in class that Christmas morning:

'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

As Hettie stood up and repeated the wonderful passage, it seemed as though she herself was standing beside those living waters and crying the great news of them to perishing, thirsty ones. Did she not know, dear, honest soul, that every day she was doing the work of a missionary among those around her?

'Honey, I was heaps wiser for knowing fifty-two little parts of God's Word, but I had not yet given up my notion of going far away to preach the Word. I took my Bible and fairly ran to my pastor.