

good time all by themselves, do you think you would feel nice?" asked Joyce triumphantly.

"I suppose not," admitted Josephine. "But none of the other girls in the school belong, and why should she expect to, just because she lives in our row?"

"Maybe there won't be any girl in the family," suggested Beulah. "Let's not talk about it."

But they could not put the thought out of their minds. Joyce was strongly in favor of asking the new girl to join, though she was always timid in expressing her opinion. Josephine was strongly opposed to it, while Beulah wavered from one side to the other.

"I don't think it's nice to be cliquy," said Joyce.

"Well, well, I——" began Josephine.

But at that moment Mrs. White, hearing her little daughter's voice raised to a rather high pitch, and fearing trouble, came out of her back door, and called to the girls that she was making cookies, and invited them to come and get some. So the three hopped down from the veranda, and scampered across the wide yard and into the Whites' back door, where Josephine's wise mother filled their hands with cookies, and the dangerous subject was dropped for the rest of the afternoon.

On the next Saturday, they met at the Brown house, on the opposite end of the empty house.

"Some boxes came to-day," said Joyce, whose house was next to the empty one, "and they say the family are coming Monday. Mr. Pratt was there for a while to-day, unpacking things, and putting down carpets."

"I went to the store on purpose to see Theron," announced Josephine, "to find out if he knew anything about the new family, and he said he didn't; but he thought he heard Lem Barnes say there was a man and his wife and a little girl."

"There! I knew there would be one!" ejaculated Beulah. "What shall we do, girls?"

"I move we vote," exclaimed Josephine. "All in favor of asking the new girl to join say 'Ay.'"

"Ay," responded Joyce rather softly.

"All opposed say 'No,'" she added, and immediately voted in a loud voice 'No.'

"Beulah Brown, why didn't you vote?" she demanded irritably.

"Because I don't know which way I want to vote," answered Beulah, lamely. They talked about it for a long time, and finally Beulah sided with Joyce, and they both tried their persuasions on Josephine, but could not move her an inch. When they separated, Josephine was more stubborn than ever, and announced, as she walked across the lawn to her own house:

"I just tell you one thing, girls. If you ask that Pratt girl to join the 'Rainbow,' I'll resign—now!"

That was the greatest disagreement the 'Rainbow' had ever had, and for the first time it looked very much like disruption.

Half-past eight was bedtime for each of the three girls, but the little girl in the white house went to bed with wide-awake eyes and a busily working mind.

"What makes Jo so cross to-night?" asked Mr. White of his wife, after their daughter had gone upstairs.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. White wearily. "I don't know what to make of her this afternoon."

At ten o'clock they were just putting away their magazines, and were about to turn out the lights, when a white-robed figure, with a very sober face, appeared.

"Why, Josie!" exclaimed Mrs. White.

"I want to go over to Joy's. I want to tell her something," said Josephine evasively.

"You must go right back to bed, my child. This is nonsense," said Mr. White firmly.

"But I must go, papa," pleaded Josephine. "I—I want to tell her that I want to ask the new girl to join," and then the whole story came out.

So they bundled up the penitent child, and with her hand in her father's, she skipped across the lawn, and they knocked at the Greene's side door. Mr. Greene opened it immediately. He had just come out to lock it for the night. Mr. White stated their errand, and Josephine went quickly upstairs alone. She knew just where to find Joyce, and crept up and laid her hand gently on the face of the sleeping child.

"Joy," she said, smoothing it.

Joyce stirred uneasily.

"Joy!"

"What?" came in a sleepy tone.

"Joy, dear, I'm willing to ask the Pratt girl to join the 'Rainbow.' I want to, Joy. I'd feel mean if we didn't. I'm sorry I acted so."

"All right," answered Joy, turning over, and so nearly asleep was she that she did not realize until the next morning what Jo had said.

On Monday the new family came, and in the afternoon Joyce and her mother called on them to make them feel at home, and to see if there was anything they could do for them.

At five o'clock Joyce came tumbling across the yard, and into the White's side door.

"Jo!" she exclaimed, "I've got something lovely to tell you. Call a special meeting right away."

And, without waiting for more, Josephine was after Beulah. She appeared on the veranda with her in a moment, and the two looked at radiant Joy in anticipation.

"Mamma and I went to see them, the new family," she explained, "and they're lovely. The little girl is just as old as we are, and she came from the city, and she's been sick a long time, and she's been in Aunt Alice's hospital, and she's seen our scrap-books and had some of our flowers, and she wants to join the 'Rainbow,' and she's the sweetest girl! And her mother is dead, and Mrs. Pratt is her aunt, and——"

Joyce paused, almost out of breath, and looked solemnly at the two as if to weigh the effect of the momentous words she was about to utter.

"Her name is Bessie Lavender!"

General Wheeler was talking with Mr. Schwab, head of the great steel combine, and he asked him, "Is it true that in these big corporations, other things being equal, the man is promoted who neither drinks nor smokes?" Mr. Schwab answered that that is the invariable rule in dealing with the two or three hundred thousand employees under him. "When two men," he said, "are otherwise equal, the one that does not drink or smoke is the more valuable."

[For the 'Messenger']

## Teaching Children.

(By Daisy Bell.)

To be a successful teacher of children, the first and greatest requisite is to understand child-nature. In making a study of that nature, we notice first, the teachableness of the child. He is very ready to receive knowledge, and, if given in a way to interest him, will drink in more than we are apt to think. This should be an encouragement for the teacher.

Next, may come imitation. No teacher needs to be told that every child tries to imitate those whom he admires or who are his elders. Then set the child a good example. Be a model in the many little things that make up the life of the refined Christian man or woman. If you bear in mind that little eyes are watching you, it will help you.

Then, a youthful mind usually has before it an ideal of future greatness. Open the eyes of the boy who wishes to be a very Hercules in strength, or of the girl who longs to climb to the top of the ladder of learning, to see that moral greatness is the first and great thing to be desired.

And the child's character is influenced not only by example and ideal but also by environment. Do what you can to make the surroundings of the child pleasant for the one hour a week for which you are responsible. Get the children to help you to make the schoolroom attractive. Bouquets and pots of growing plants, and even vines from the woods, may be used to advantage. Favorite pictures from the colored picture-roll may adorn the walls. Make changes, for little ones love variety. The many teachers whose school-room is only a corner of a little country church, cannot do these things. They, however, must not forget to keep the atmosphere always pleasant by a bright and pleasing personality. If it is true that youthful associations are never forgotten, the little ones will remember their school-room, and in after years, when they have perhaps great need of them, the lessons that seem to make so little impression now will come back to them. But what child-nature needs most of all is your personal love and sympathy. Every teacher is a missionary, and the true missionary must make each of those in his charge feel that he is interested in them; that he sorrows when they sorrow, and is glad when good comes to them. And he cannot inspire this feeling unless he really loves them.

As a last word to all teachers, I would say "Do not look for immediate results. This is one of the hardest lessons to be learned, but if you are to keep up faith and hope in your work, you must remember this, for it is seldom "till after many days," and, very often, never, in this life, that "the bread cast upon the waters," shall return."

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