

see any result of the accidents which you call "just your luck," you can never really know in what way the countless threads of human lives are linked together and what purpose was served. Another time when you are inclined to exclaim, "Just my luck!" say "Just God's orders for me!" and—you may have to cry over them, but you will feel different.

'It was such a "little" thing!' Nan said wistfully. 'But it was not only that I was crying about. Poor darling mother had gone to bed with a bad headache brought on simply by worrying about bills. We have had rather a bad term, and yesterday Dick came home from Oxford—' Nan hesitated. Cousin George was almost a stranger after all. Ought she to be telling him their family affairs? But it was too late. He looked very much interested. 'Dick is the youngest, isn't he? He was a jolly little chap seven years ago'

'And he is such a dear boy! And so clever and very handsome. The best-looking of the family. He took a scholarship at Oxford, so mother and we girls resolved that he should have a good chance. But he didn't quite see what expenses he was going into; and he really means to be very economical for the future. It is horrid—trying to be economical—Isn't it?'

'I hardly know; my father gave me a good allowance, and paid my debts besides. So I am very sorry for Dick.'

'Oh! I am glad you are sorry!' Nan said with shining eyes. 'I was afraid you would blame Dick, and I could not stand that from anyone!'

Cousin George laughed heartily. The tired look was going out of his eyes. Nan felt as if he was quite an old friend.

'Then there's another boy?' he asked.

'Dear old Frank is in Canada, making believe that he's going to make a fortune the day after to-morrow. And meanwhile, until he does, we can't put our hands on a stray £50 to save poor darling mother from a headache. Isn't it stupid?'

'Yes, there is such a lot of wasted money knocking about that you might have some of it,' he said. 'I suppose poor Dick—'

Nan interrupted him.

'You must not think Dick has done any harm. We had a bad term, and mother is so frightened of a little debt. But it will all come right. Oh! it is ten o'clock. And here is Jane coming with the kettle and the coffee. I make such good coffee. May I make some for you?'

'I would like it immensely. But your foot!'

'Oh, I can hobble beautifully with a stick!' And Nan was off the couch and limping about the next moment. 'It has been a delightful evening,' she said. 'I am so glad that I had not gone to the dance. And I won't grumble about my luck again. . . . You would have gone away, and we should not have known one another. Now we have made friends, have we not?'

She had poured out two cups of coffee, hot and strong and fragrant, and Cousin George had pronounced it to be the best he ever tasted. But his face was rather grave.

'I am glad you won't talk about your luck any more, Nan. But, my dear, even if I had not come, and you had spent the evening in crying, I want you to see that both what we call bad fortune and good

are ordered for us. Your part and mine is just to take what comes—not as "luck," but as what God has ordered. It often seems as if one little stupid accident spoiled our whole lives, and caused bitter pain to many. We cannot see in the least how it all ends—nor where it began. We see only this little bit in the middle. Because this disappointment has been softened for you by my visit, don't begin to think that "all" disappointments will be, if you take them well. You and I have to learn to accept the "accident" and the disappointment because it was ordered so—and not otherwise. Will you try, Nan?'

He had finished his coffee, and stood up. The girl's hand was in his. 'Did you find it hard to learn?' she asked, touched by the look in his quiet eyes..

'Very hard. . . . There was a girl once who had just such a stupid little accident as yours—only it was her horse that had stumbled—and she was killed. She had laughing eyes and curling hair like you. All my life has been different from what I intended—because her horse made one false step. I have no one belonging to me, except all men and women. And so I am able to be of a little use now and then when an opportunity comes, and am grateful for. . . . Good-night, child.'

He stooped and kissed her; and before she could reach her stick and hobble after him, he had gone.

There were tears in the girl's eyes, but they were for him and for that other girl—not for herself. As she moved the tray to make room for her writing desk, she saw an envelope lying as if pushed beneath it—addressed to herself. Inside were two banknotes for £50 each, and written in pencil on a slip of paper these words: 'You will not mind your own disappointment when you see that it has brought me the chance of prescribing for your mother's headache. My business man made me take some notes to-day, which I was puzzled how to invest. You have helped me to see how. Tell Dick to call upon me to-morrow.'

Nan gasped. Was it magic? Then she remembered that Cousin George had been very quiet while she was busy making the coffee. This was what he had been doing. . . . And, well knowing what it would mean to her mother, Nan once more buried her face in the sofa cushions and wept tears of joy.

### An Optimist.

According to the Chicago 'Daily News,' the old man was sitting on the roof of his house in Kansas after the floods, and was gazing placidly across the rushing waters.

'Washed all your fowls away?' asked the man in the boat.

'Yes, but the ducks swam,' smiled the old man.

'Tore up your peach-trees?'

'Don't mind it much. They said the crop would be a failure.'

'But the flood! It is up to your windows!'

'Wal, them windows needed washing, anyway, stranger.'—'Christian Guardian.'

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

## Kenneth's Treasure Trove.

(L. M. Montgomery, in 'Good Cheer.')

Two boys were leaning over the white-washed paling that rimmed in the orchard of an old homestead at Glen St. Mary. It was the afternoon of a late summer day. The air seemed infused with a golden mellowness and the sere pastures on the uplands and the crisp stubbles in the valley below them were softened by a film of pale blue haze. Behind them, in the orchard, the gnarled and closely-growing trees were ruddy with ripening fruit, and in front, gleaming through the gaps in the firs that sheltered the barns, was the dazzling blue sweep of St. Mary's Bay.

Kenneth Cleveland and Leonard Butler were cousins, both about sixteen years of age. Kenneth was tall and broad-shouldered, with a tanned, intelligent face and steady, thoughtful gray eyes. He was evidently a country boy, and just as evidently Leonard Butler was city-bred.

The latter was spending the last few days of his vacation at his uncle's farm. He and Kenneth were sworn chums and until recently had hoped to spend the winter together at Bennett Academy. Kenneth had just been telling him that this was not to be.

'Father told me this morning that he could not afford to send me after all. He has lost heavily by the failure of that shipping firm down at the harbor—so heavily, indeed, that it must be "short commons" with us for several years. So Bennett Academy is out of the question for me this winter, and probably for good and all.'

There was a ring of discouragement in Kenneth's voice. He had set his heart on going to college. It was hard now to face the likelihood of disappointment and resign himself to staying on the farm. Kenneth had always done his duty thereon manfully, but the work was not congenial to him and, with several younger brothers growing up, he could be easily spared from it.

'It is too bad,' said Leonard. 'I suppose there is no way you could earn the money yourself?'

Kenneth shook his head.

'Not in Glen St. Mary. If I could get my winter at the academy I could get along after that. It would give me my teacher's certificate, and I could teach and so work my way through college. But there seems to be no way.'

After an interval of silence Kenneth shook himself together with a laugh.

'Well, there is no use in sulking, is there, Len? Other fellows have had to give up their ambitions before now. No doubt I'll live through it. Just at present my manifest duty is to go and pick those big blue plums for mother. She wants to make her preserves this week. Mother's blue plum preserves have a local fame extending over three counties. As for the rest—you, in two weeks' time, will be pacing Bennett's classic halls with notebook and lexicon—and I, in overalls and sou-wester, will be a-fishing in the briny deep for oysters in Big Tom Kedge's boat.'

'Are you joking?'

'Not I. Oyster fishing pays, Len. It's not wildly exciting and it is hard work, but there's a bit of money in it while the