

their church of the nearest city, and Mr. Thorburn's visit was the result.

"The Holmeses don't know where they're at, if they think a Sunday-school can get along here. "'Happy Valley'"—a fine name for the locality, ain't it?" remarked Mrs. Grimes to Mrs. Jansen.

"Guess the first comers found it so when they named it, but that was afore the Bartletts comed in. 'Twas them as changed all this!" she answered.

"I never did rightly understand the rights of this here trouble," put in Mrs. Scot, who was not one of the first, and kept on good terms all round.

"No, nor anybody else, not even the Bartletts themselves. They do tell that the Harris folks drav their sheep onto Bartlett's place," said Mrs. Grimes in a confidential whisper, for she was not sure of the sides Mrs. Mecot and one or two standing near ranged themselves on. "However, Harris claims as how Bartlett's fences are poor, and they broke in, as sheep will."

"That warn't the worst of the 'do tells'," interrupted Mrs. Jansen. "The worst was that Jim Bartlett found a litter or two of coyotes in his woods, and cared for them—kind o' trained 'em to go after Clin. Harris's sheep and keep 'em in order like. Anyways, they ha'n't been troubling his young orchard since't!"

"You do tell! Miss' Jansen!" broke in the other women all together. Encouraged by her audience, she went on.

"Considering, they say, that Harris's folk sowed a lot of larkspur in their meadows a purpose to poison their young calves, it's not surprising that Miss' Bartlett took it up wi' not speaking to folks. She's not one to let fly much; but she does the head tossing way, and the not speaking. It's got so, Mrs. Scot, that when we gets up any little show, or the boys gives a dance, either here or at Lamite, or Wildwood, folks has to stop and think which can speak to who, and who can't speak to which. It's awkward, very—I can tell'ee!"

"Do you suppose Mrs. Bartlett'll let her kids go to Sunday-school, as how its down here in Happy Valley where the thick of the "don't-speaks" live?" asked Mrs. Grimes, with a sly twinkle of her eye.

"There's no tellin'. Kids get their own way pretty much, even if they are Bartlett kids," answered Mrs. Jansen, the Happy Valley oracle. "Time'll soon show, and its getting on to the time. There's Miss Miller a playin' away at that organ of Mrs. Holmes's!"

So the women passed their fingers through their bangs and started for the schoolhouse.

The afternoon sun was silvering the 'shake' roof, as the willow leaves, white in the passing breeze, flecked it with dark gray flecks. The burnt timbers stood up gaunt and black on their shaded side, white on their weather-side, that sunshine and rain had played on alike these many years. The young firs, growing up to take their place, when the winter storms should at last have laid them prone behind the green moss, stood in orderly groups on every hillside.

Around the building that could boast no paint nor finish was an animated scene. The big lads were enjoying a 'wrestling' match, the little girls were running races to the schooldoor, and the younger boys were testing their jumping powers over a panel of fence with the top rail off. Wagons, teams, and saddle horses were tied up to the fence with patiently drooping heads.

The children all came in at the school summons, and Mr. Thorburn gave no reprimand for this athletic introduction.

He wisely thought that the hearty exercise would make quietness the easier. Inside it was all that the post-office flyers promised—the big picture roll, the organ and hymns, the pleasant talk from the 'Reverend,' and later the organizing of a permanent Sunday-school.

The children carried home their picture leaflets, conned them over during the week, and were glad when Sunday came round again.

After a few weeks, to create a fresh interest, the officer invited a stranger (known to one of them), happening to be passing that way, to come and address the school.

The Golden Text that day was the Beatitude, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' and Mr. Pringle turned out the picture roll till he found the illustration of Moses trying to settle the dispute of two of his Hebrew brethren. 'He did not succeed in that instance,' he said, 'but still he was blessed. It became the occasion of his going into the wilderness, and there God spoke to him in the burning bush, and prepared him for the wonderful work that was to follow. We can all try to be peacemakers,' he continued, 'children in their homes, when any of their number seem breaking into a quarrel, and in their school—that larger home, where sometimes disputes brew quietly, and burst out later in the playground into a flame.'

'In our quiet country neighborhoods, where all nature is glad and rejoices except the neighbors who dwell there, the rancor they nurse in their hearts (often from a supposed injury) mars the beauty of God's works around them. Whoever steps in and succeeds in clasping these distanced hands is blessed; he is Godlike, inasmuch as a child is like his parent. Those who know him and can appreciate his act will recognize him as a child of God. Whoever hastens the time by persuasive argument or by prayer that war shall cease with all its horrors, that man has the blessing of God attached to his name.'

And then Mr. Pringle told some stories that charmed the children, who had not been able to follow all the preceding.

The children were dismissed first, and amused themselves in a quieter way than on the first Sunday. They watched the horses munching the blades of grass within their reach. Harry Bartlett was stroking young Jansen's pony, when a horse, standing near, startled by something, gave a sudden lurch against the pony. He lifted his heel against the hand that stroked him, and gave Harry such a kick that it sent him senseless to the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris were the first to rush to the spot. Their house was close by and Mr. Harris carried him tenderly, as he went thinking over what he had heard. He laid him on the couch and his wife bathed his hurt head and forced a few drops of aromatic ammonia and water between his lips. It so happened that the Bartletts had gone some distance to visit a friend—to return next day—so the Harrises had the entire responsibility of the hurt boy.

'Oh, dear,' Mr. Harris complained, 'it costs twenty dollars to fetch a doctor to this out-of-the-world place, what had we best do? Harry may soon recover (although there are no signs yet), and then the twenty dollars would be wasted like; and he may be seriously hurt, and the twenty-dollar doctor the means of saving him. What do you advise?'

This question was addressed to Mr. Pringle, who had just come in at the door.

'I came in to tell you,' he answered, 'that I chanced to see Dr. Vernon at the depot

yesterday. He said he was going to a place called "Tangle-bush," and would take the freight as it passed this evening.'

'Oh, that's quite providential,' said Mrs. Harris cheerfully, her husband adding, 'I'll ride over to the depot, and bring him on.'

Mrs. Harris was removing the hot mustard cloths she had wrapped round Harry's feet and legs, when Dr. Vernon and Mr. Harris rode hurriedly up. Harry was already beginning to come to, and he soon showed signs of recovery under the doctor's treatment.

Next morning Mrs. Bartlett came in in breathless haste. Tears were in her eyes, as she took Mrs. Harris's hand, saying, 'My poor boy—how shall I thank you—you of all people!'

Harry was able to be moved home that evening, and a very thankful little family retired to rest that night.

'Well, May, what was your Golden Text yesterday?' asked her mother as she kissed her good night.

'Blessed are the shoemakers,' she answered, half in a whisper, with half closed eyes.

Maude heard it, and bursting out laughing asked, 'Shoemakers, May?' The laugh and the question roused the little girl, and, collecting her sleepy wits, she argued, 'and don't shoemakers sew pieces?'

'The little girl must have heard Mr. Pringle speak the other text to the grown-ups,' her sister put in, 'The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.' He said it so often that I could not help learning it.'

When the children were all asleep that night, and the parents sat watching Harry, Mrs. Bartlett said gently,

'I think, Jess, we must let by-gones be by-gones. Nobody could have done more for Harry than did Mrs. Harris, and she met me in as friendly a way as possible!'

'Guess you're right, Mary, we won't think nothing more of the sheep, nor the larkspur seed, nor yet the story they got off on me of the coyote litters. It's not so very pleasant living on ill terms with the few and far-off neighbors we've got.'

'Both those stories, Jess, will turn out to be fancies of somebody's fertile brain—Mrs. Jansen's, perhaps, who sets out to be a feminine wag!'

## 'I was a Stranger and Ye Took Me in.'

(Michigan Advocate.)

Mrs. James walked up the garden path leading to the Rosencranz residence, and came very unexpectedly upon a small sobbing figure, which proved to be that of a ten-year-old girl, with a very tear-stained face and woe-begone aspect, who was almost hidden in a far corner of the veranda.

'Why, Lottie, my dear child, what is the matter?' Mrs. James exclaimed, at the unusual sight of gay, laughter-loving Lottie crying so broken-heartedly.

She drew the trembling little form toward her, and seating herself on a low chair, said: 'What is it? Can't I help you? Tell me all about it;' and Lottie, soothed and comforted, although still very far from quiet, poured out this incoherent story:

'Oh! it was so cruel, so cruel! It was so bad and hard and cruel—and they have taken her to the hospital—and she was so white—and the little girls are all alone, they haven't even a papa, and now they won't have a mamma, and what will they do?'

An outburst of sobbing followed, and Mrs. James was so entirely mystified that she began questioning Lottie until she had drawn out this sad story: