

BOYS AND GIRLS

Let it Pass.

Be not swift to take offence:

Let it pass.

Anger is a foe to sense:

Let it pass.

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song:

Let it pass.

Echo not an angry word;

Let it pass.

Think how often you have erred;

Let it pass.

Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprieve,

'Tis the noble who forgive;

Let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill,

Let it pass.

O be kind and gentle still;

Let it pass.

Time at last makes all things straight,

Let us not resent but wait,

And our triumph shall be great;

Let it pass.

Bid your anger to depart,

Let it pass.

Lay these homely words to heart,

Let it pass.

Follow not the common throng,

Better to be wronged than wrong;

Therefore sing the cheery song:

Let it pass, let it pass.

—Anon.

For Mary.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Wellspring'.)

Pap Hunter sat on the front porch, with his chair tilted back, watching Ted rake up the lawn. If it had not been for Ted there would have been no lawn, nor any front porch, for Pap Hunter had been crippled in body with rheumatism for four years. His soul had been crippled with amiable indolence for many more years, insomuch that to the people of the little Montana town he was always Pap Hunter or Old Man Hunter. But Ted and Mary always called him 'father.' Ted had an impression that people of refinement did not say 'pap' nor allow their front yards to run to unsightly waste. Therefore, at the expense of great labor, he had brought rich earth from the creek bottom to cover the stony sand in front of the house, and every evening in summer he patiently carried bucket after bucket of water to refresh the lawn. He was rewarded by his own sense of the beautiful, and by the light in Mary's eyes.

Bit by bit, since his father broke down and left him, a lad of fourteen, to care for the family, he had repaired and improved the three-room cabin he called home. The clapboarding of the exterior was Ted's work; Mr. Smith had made him a present of some old lumber, and Ted had applied it—not too scientifically, but to the great improvement of appearances. Mr. Smith had promised him a supply of paint, in consideration of various odd jobs, and Ted hoped to have his house painted in fine style by fall.

'Twenty year ago,' Father Hunter said, whittling meditatively, 'twenty year ago this summer, the Injuns made their last stand. It was skittish work travellin' in stage coaches, them days. Ever so many of 'em was set on, and the passengers scalped. All the miners and ranchers round here moved into town,

and we built a fort. But Gibbons whipped 'em at last—the Injuns, I mean—over on the Big Hook, behind those mountains yonder; whipped 'em good. We ain't had any more trouble with Injuns in Montany.'

'I wish I'd lived in those days,' Ted observed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. 'I could have fought Indians, or discovered a mine, or something that amounted to something. Not much chance now.'

'Montany isn't the same place,' Father Hunter admitted. 'All quiet now. No more shooting scrapes or nothing. Miners mostly, no-count foreigners, and the cowboys 's like as not are college graduates.'

The mention of college graduates touched a sensitive chord in Ted. 'Father,' he said, 'I want Mary to take music lessons.'

'Land sakes!' the old man ejaculated, mildly. 'Don't Mary play the melojun good enough to suit you?' The melodeon was almost the only relic which Ted's mother, dying years before, had left her children.

'She plays fine,' Ted admitted, loyally. 'But she ought to have a piano, and take real music lessons, and learn to be a teacher.'

'You can't buy a pianny, sonny,' the old man said, sadly. 'They cost a heap. You're doin' well by us all, but you can't buy a pianny.'

'I can rent one,' Ted said, his square jaw setting firmly.

He walked into Mr. Gardiner's store before working hours the next morning, and hunted up the proprietor in the fruit cellar. Mr. Gardiner's sign announced that he dealt in 'guns and ammunition, fruit, confectionery, and musical instruments.' Two rather battered pianos, left on his hands by families moving out of town in heavy arrears, and a few guitars and cheap violins made up his stock of musical instruments.

'Mr. Gardiner,' said Ted, scrambling over an apple barrel, 'I want to rent a piano.'

'You do!' said Mr. Gardiner. He knew much of Ted's energy and enterprise, but this proposition staggered him.

'Yes, sir. For Mary to take lessons,' Ted explained. 'If you'll let me come here and dust and clean round for you mornings, before I go to work, I think it'll be about square.'

'I reckon it will,' said Mr. Gardiner, slowly, looking straight into Ted's fearless blue eyes. 'I reckon it will. I'll see to sending it over, too, this afternoon.'

There were wings on Ted's feet as he walked away from Mr. Gardiner's emporium. He had still twenty minutes left before he was due at his work, and he went round by the Presbyterian manse.

'Mrs. Carroll,' he told the minister's pretty young wife, who had recently come from Boston, 'I want to see if you'll give my sister music lessons, and let me work out the price doing things for you out of hours—house-cleaning times, maybe, and in the garden, and errands. Mary can pay part, sewing and baking, if you'll let her, but I don't want her to do it all.'

Mrs. Carroll was touched and pleased at the proposition. She also knew of Ted's efforts, and she consented very readily.

Ted did not have a chance to tell Mary about his arrangements until he went home for dinner. He had kept it all as a surprise, and he would have liked her to know nothing about it until the piano appeared on the scene, but he knew that in their small domicile vari-

ous preparations must be made to accommodate so bulky a visitor.

'Ted!' was all Mary said when she understood. She put her arms round Ted's neck and kissed him, as she had not dared to do since he was a little boy. 'O Ted!'

There was a long, hard pull ahead of them both, as Ted explained to her, but neither of them wavered. In rosy summer dawns and gray winter evenings Ted held himself to his extra tasks, even when his strong young muscles ached with weariness, and his eyelids were heavy with sleep. He had to give up his idea of painting the house that fall, but Mary assured him that she did not care. Father Hunter, roused to some faint resemblance of industry, assumed the care of the lawn and of the wood box and hobbled about his work with infinite pride and pleasure. When it was done he sat on the front steps and listened in reverent delight to Mary's practicing. She worked faithfully, crowding time for hours of daily practice out of the midst of her many duties, and her progress was marvellous. Mrs. Carroll began to feel an unusual interest in her young pupil. She wrote a letter or two to some wealthy friends in the East, and in Mary's second years of work, word came from one of the friends offering to pay for the girl's education in one of the best eastern conservatories.

Ted rebelled at first. He wanted to do everything for Mary himself, and feared vaguely that the life offered her would put her away from him forever. At last he conquered himself—a victory no less noble than the conquests over poverty and ignorance. Mary went away to school.

When she came back, after several years, Mrs. Carroll arranged for her to give a concert in her native town. It was a brilliant success. Probably the audience did not understand all of Mary's classical music, but they understood Mary—and Ted. Ted sat near the door, wearing his working suit. Ted was saving every penny just now for something better than clothes.

Mrs. Carroll fell upon Mary's neck after the concert, kissing and congratulating her. But Mr. Carroll went to Ted and wrung his hand until it ached.

'It's your doing,' he said. 'It's you who ought to be congratulated.'

'I've something more to tell you, sir,' Ted said, modestly, 'I've put by enough now to take care of father, and I'm going to the State School of Mines next year. I can work out my board, and, of course, the tuition's free. I'm going to be a mining engineer. I don't want Mary to be ashamed of her brother.'

'Ashamed!' Mr. Carroll said, hardly finding words. 'If she isn't proud of you—'

'She is proud of him, never fear,' said Mary's voice, as she came down from the platform through the rows of empty seats. 'Ted knows!'

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