

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Life's opening voyage, Lord, Thou didst safely keep O'er childhood's sheltered bays; As now the tide of age around me creeps, Protect my shortening days.

When Thy bright-winged, poised lightly on the prow Thou gently didst restrain; Though sorrow often voyaged with me now, My troubled soul sustain.

When many ships were nigh and skies were bright, I knew Thy presence sweet; As one by one they vanish in the night, Draw near me, I entreat.

Lord, Thou hast been companion, friend and guide O'er life's unresting sea; When Death, the gentle Pilot, stands beside, Oh, make the port with me!

Francis E. Pope, in Boston Evening Transcript.

CHAPTER III. SERVICE IS ROYAL. The Ward pew in the Marble Square church was about half way down the aisle and in the body of the house.

She introduced the young woman who was standing behind her, and Barbara somewhat shyly shook hands with a heavy-faced girl, who, however, smiled a little.

Barbara walked on in silence, but in her heart she also had a feeling of gratitude for the young preacher whose courteous greeting no less than his helpful sermon had given her courage.

When Barbara went out again, she said: "I don't know whether her going with me to-day did more harm or good."

"It did the girl good, I am sure," said Mr. Ward.

"O, well, I hope it did. But I'd give a good deal to know what Mrs. Rice and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Burns thought about it."

"They were talking about it all the way home, or I'm very much mistaken."

"What an inspiring thing it would be to a minister if he could only hear the conversation of his congregation for half an hour after church service is over," said Mr. Ward, half to himself and half to his wife.

"For more than one," added Mrs. Ward, wearily. And then Barbara called them and they sat down to lunch.

But just what Mrs. Ward's three friends did say is of interest, because it is a fair sample of what other people of Marble Square church said on the way home, and the young preacher might possibly have thought that there is still a distinct place left for preaching in churches, if he could have heard what those three women had to say about Barbara.

They had reached the door and Mrs. Vane tapped Mrs. Ward on the shoulder.

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his young life, and the brave, simple nature of Morton had gone out to the young fellow in his trouble very much like a rescue. But men do not rear monuments to this sort of heroism.

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HUMOROUS

Had a Better Story. "Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without otherwise hurting him?"

A Fatal Mistake. Mrs. Isolate (of Lonelyville)—You say the new cook only stopped long enough at the Lonelyville railroad station to take the next train back to the city, Ferdinand? I fear you didn't show her enough little attentions on the trip out!

Too Effective. "John," said Mrs. Billus, after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

It Would Seem So. Some men work all night long. And some from sun to sun: But the bill collector has a snap—His work is always done.—Chicago Daily News.

COMPARISON. The theological argument waxed warmer and warmer. "But, my dear sir," protested Deacon Ironside, aghast, "you don't pretend to know more about it than the Apostle Peter did, do you?"

A Mystery Solved. Bessie and her father were sitting out on the lawn looking at the stars. "That very red one," said her father, "is Mars, named after the god of war."

He Is Still Looking. "Here's a good chance for you, Jack," said the father of the young man just about to graduate from college, looking up from the "want" advertisement in the paper.

Satisfactorily Explained. "Why do you talk so much?" ma cried. "Reproving little May." "I pose it's 'cause," the child replied, "I've got so much to say."—Catholic Standard and Times.

FATHERLY ADVICE. Curley—See that fellow looking over there? He used to go to the same college that I did. I wonder if he remembers me? Burleigh—Ask him for the loan of five dollars. Curley—What for? Burleigh—If he remembers you, you won't get it.—Judge.

Making Progress. Miss Young (enthusiastically)—Oh, Miss Timer is so lovely, so intellectual! Not in her first youth, you know, but— Miss Stager—No; but from what I have learned about her, I should think she must be well on in her second childhood.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Practical Guess. "What makes that friend of yours keep clamoring for the young man in politics?" "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum, "unless he thinks that some of the older fellows are getting too wary and hard to handle."—Washington Star.

Very Exciting. He—That must be a very interesting book you are reading. She—Oh, it's awfully exciting! The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter.—Tit-Bits.

WISHED FOR BRET HARTE. New York Man Tells a Story Which Made Him Sorry He Had It First. At an informal setdown the other night, says the Chicago Tribune, of a few professional men one of them said: "I see that Bret Harte is coming back to the United States and that he will visit some of the former scenes where he found his best stories. Bret Harte is like all Americans who go abroad to live. There comes a time when they want to get back home. They know that they can always find a hearing here. I suppose Bret Harte, however, will find some changes in the section of the country where he met the characters and saw the scenes which made his stories so well liked by all Americans. Other writers have been in the field, and if they have not told what they saw as Bret Harte would have done, they have at least taken off the edge, and Bret Harte will have to draw on his imagination if he gives us anything original as the result of his visit."

His Busy Day. Quarryman—Biddy! His Wife—Phwat do ye want now, sure? Quarryman—Pour some kerosene on th' fire an' make it hot so Oi can thaw out me dynamite.—N. Y. Weekly.

Those Equine Hats. Uncle Hickoryrick—Whoa, thar, Betsy! Dang it! Whar ye gwine? Betsy—There's a furniture van ahead with a mirror in the rear end. I want to see if my hat's on straight.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Successful Case. First Lawyer—I just concluded a very successful case. Second Lawyer—Your client won, eh? First Lawyer—O, no, but I got my fees.—Ohio State Journal.

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Quite a Difference. "You announce in your paper," said the grateful young woman, "that I would not be married, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

At It Again. Once more the lonely fisherman dusts off his book of lies; Likewise his reel and pocket flask, Also his last year's lies.—Chicago Daily News.

THE LATEST COMPOSITE. A composite picture of Mrs. Smith's cooks for a year. She had a run of poor luck, including a Chinaman, a negro and several rather strong-minded and buxom females.—Good Housekeeping.



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