AN EVENING PRAYER.

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

Thou didst defend my youth when sped m

bark
Out toward the open sea;
As I approach the shore, unknown and dark, Still guard and care for me.

Becaimed by idle winds on placid seas,
Thy vigil did not cease;
Now tempests beat, and when I shrink
from these, Impart uplifting peace.

When Joy, bright-winged, poised lightly on

Though Sorrow often voyages with n

now, My troubled soul sustain. When many ships were nigh and skies were

bright,
I knew Thy presence sweet;
s 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 be-

side,
Oh, make the port with me!

-Francis E. Pope, in Boston Evening
Transcript.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING"
QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD
BLAKE," Etc.

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. As Barbara walked down the aisle she was conscious of a feeling of excitement hardly warranted by the event. the passed into the pew first, leading Carl after her, as the arrangement of seating had been planned by Mrs. Ward, she noticed Mrs. Ward's face. It was very grave, and there was again present in it that uncertain element which had set Barbara to guessing once or twice how far her mistress would venture to cooperate with her in the matter of solving the questions belonging to housekeeping.

But Barbara was a young woman

with a good reserve of common sense. and she at once dismissed all foolish speculations and resolutely gave her thoughts to the service of the hour. She was naturally and healthily religious to the service of the hour. gious and was prepared to enter into the worship with no other thought except her need of communion and devo-

tion and reception of truth.

When the minister came out of his study room into the pulpit Barbara noticed a look of surprise on several faces near her. She heard the lady in the pew next to her say in a whisper to another: "Where is Dr. Law to-

"He is in Carlton. This must be Mor

ton, their new minister."

"He looks very young. Do you suppose he can preach any?"

Barbara did not hear the answer, but she had not been able to avoid making a comment to herself on the youthful appearance of the minister. But when he began the service by giving out the first hymn the impression of extreme youthfulness disappeared. He had a good voice and a quiet, modest, reverent manner that Barbara liked. His prayer helped her. And when he began to preach there was a simplicity and carnestness about his delivery that was very attractive. He did not try to say too much. The sermon was written, but the reader had evidently

ied to avoid being so closely confined to the pages as to lose a certain neces-sary sympathy with his hearers which the use of the eye alone can secure.

Barbara was really interested in the entire sermon, and as a whole it helped Her happily trained religious nature had taught her to look with horror upon the common habit of criticism and comparison when attending a church service. The main object of going to church was to get help to be a better Christian, she had often said in little debates over such subjects who is—" Barbara looked at her quiet-while in college. If the sermon was ly, and she continued, "who is working learned and eloquent and interesting as helpful, so much the better. But, if it had every quality except helpfulness, it missed the mark. To be able to say after hearing a sermon: "That has helped me to be a better person this week," is really the same thing as declaring that the sermon was a good sermon. Anything that helps life is great. All sermons that give courage or peace or joy, or inspire to greater love to God and neighbor, are great sermons.

So Barbara was lifted up by the message of the morning; and when the service was closing, during the hush that succeeded the benediction, as the congregation remained seated for a moment, she uttered a prayer of thanksgiving and a prayer of peti-tion for patience and wisdom in the life she had chosen, much blessed and comforted by the service of the morn-

ing. As Barbara came out into the aisle again, Mrs. Ward was standing near

the end of the pew opposite. beckoned to Barbara.

"I want to introduce Miss Clark to you, Mrs. Vane."

An elderly woman with very keen blue eyes, and the sharpest look out out of the church. "He had an opport of them that Barbara had even seen, tunity to do Alfred a great kindness spoke to her abruptly but kindly as she came up, Carl still clinging to her.

"Very glad to see you, Miss Clark. during the last term Mr. Morton was You must come in and see us some at college before he entered the seminary." you are, just a servant; and we are rich, aristocratic folks and all that. rich, aristocratic folks and all that.

My grandfather was a blacksmith in

Connecticut. His ancestors were
from Vanes of Arlie in Scotland. at present.

who was standing behind her, and nature of Morton had gone out to the said: "I don't know whether her go-young fellow in his trouble very much with a heavy-faced girl, who, however, smiled a little. Barbara was astonished at Mrs. Vane, and instantations and instantations and the brave, simple a data with a data with the was a character of Morton had gone out to the said: "I don't know whether her go-young fellow in his trouble very much ing with us to-day did more harm or good."

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

"My father and Mr. Vane were in college together," Barbara said, as they moved down the aisle.

"Are you sure?" The sharp eyes seemed to look parbara through.

"Yes, ma'am. I have heard father speak often of Thomas Vane. Before he mentioned the fact of your living in Crawford."

"Mr. Vane would be glad to see your father again. Ask him to call."
"Father died last winter," Barbara answered in a low voice. The tragedy of that business failure and The sudden shock which resulted in her father's death was too recent to be spoken of without deep feeling.

"Dear me! It is strange Thomas never told me. Perhaps he did not ear of it. Is your mother living?" Yes." Barbara told her the street.

"She must come and see me after I have called. She is alone, you say?" And again the sharp eyes pierced Bar-They had reached the door and Mrs Vane tapped Mrs. Ward on the

shoulder.
"Mrs. Ward, you see that Miss Clark comes to see me. I want a long talk with her. Don't be afraid, my dear. I don't want to know any more than you are willing to tell me. But I'm interested in you, and perhaps I can do something to help."

She hurried out, leaving Barbara in some uncertainty as to what kind of help she meant. Would this woman of wealth and social position help

her in her plans for solving the serv-ant-girl problem?

The Wards were still standing near the door, and Carl was pulling Bar-bara's dress and crying to her to hurry home for dinner, when the young minister came up and shook hands heartily with Mrs. Ward. At the close of the service he had come down from the pulpit and had gone through one of the side doors leading into the church vestibule. He had been talking with some of the people out there, but the minute Mr. Ward appeared he came over and greeted

"Very glad to see you and hear you, Morton, I'm sure," Mr. Ward was saying as Barbara came into the vesti-bule. "Been some time since you and Alfred came in to see us together.

"Yes, I've been too busy since I left the seminary with the work in Carl-ton. How is Alfred?"
"O' he's quite well," Mrs. Ward an-

swered, as Morton looked at her. "We expected him home a month ago, but he had to give up coming at the last



"I WANT TO INTRODUCE MISS CLARK."

minute on account of some society doings. But—" by this time Carl had dragged Barbara out past Mrs. Ward "allow me to introduce Miss Clark, for us at present.'

Mr. Morton bowed and shook hands with Barbara, saying as he did "I'm very glad to meet you, Miss

And Barbara, listening and looking with sensitiveness to detect a spirit either of patronizing or of indifference, could not detect either. He spoke and looked as any gentleman might have spoken and looked at any young woman who was his equal in

"Won't you come home to dinner with us, Morton?" said Mrs. Ward,

heartily.
"I'm stopping at the hotel; I think I had better not come to-day. "Well, when do you go back to Carlton?"

"To-morrow at two." "Well, then, come to lunch to-mor

row noon."

"I shall be glad to, thank you," he said, and he bowed pleasantly to them all as he passed over to the other end of the vestibule to speak to some one else.

when Alfred entered," Mrs. Ward ex plained to Barbara, as they walked out of the church. "He had an opporand our boy never forgot it. He used to come home with him quite often

"He's a very promising young man," Good, honest, working people as far man who had befriended her son. Just as I can ascertain. I want you to meet Miss Barnes, who is helping us aft present."

She introduced the young woman his young life, and the brave, simple When Barbara went out again, she

y concluded that she was a character in the Marble Square church and in Crawford, as indeed she was.

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. At the same time, she was conscious of a little whisper in her mind which said: "Nevertheless, Barbara Clark, in the very nature of the case you are not privileged to move in the society of young men like Mr. Morton, as long as you are a servant. You may be college bred, and you may be as refined and intelligent as he is; but he could never look on you as an equal. His courtesy was paid to you as a minister would be courteous to any woman, but not as an equal in any sense You never could expect to sit down and talk together, you never could anticipate the enjoyment of his company or—or—expect that he could ever call to see you as—as he might call to see-

Barbara colored deeply as she allowed the whisper to die away in uncompleted fragments of imagina-tion. She was the last girl in the world to have foolish, romantic dreams of young men. She had never had a lover. No one had ever made her think of any such possibility. She was singularly free from any silly sentiment such as girls of her age sometimes allow to spoil the freshness and strength of a womanly heart. But she was romantic in many ways; and, being a woman and not an angel or a statue, she had thought at times of some brave, helpful, strong life that might become a part of hers. The world-old cry of the heart for companionship, the hunger, God-given to men and women, was not unknown to Barbara within the last year or two when she had beoun to blossom into womanhood. The thought that her choice of a career in service had put her outside the pale of a common humanity's loving smote her with another pang as she walked along. It seemed that there were depths and heights to this servant-girl problem that she was con-stantly discovering, into which she might never descend, and out to which she might never climb.

Carl awoke her from her thoughts by dragging at her dress, and saying: "Come, Barbara, let's hurry. I'm hungry. Let's hurry now and get dinner."

Barbara looked at Mrs. Ward.

"Yes, go on with him if you want to. Lewis will be impatient. He ran on ahead before his father could I don't feel well enough to walk faster."

So Barbara hurried on with Carl and as she pasesd several groups of churchgoers she was conscious that she herself was the object of conversation. She could not hear very well, but caught fragments of sentences, some spoken before, some after, she had passed different peo-

"A freak of Mrs. Ward's-" "Mrs. "A freak of Mrs. Ward's—" "Mrs. Vane's queer ideas—" "Perfectly absurd to try to equalize up—" "Girls have no right to demand—" "Ought to know their places—" "No way to help solve the trouble," etc., were remarks by the different members of Marble Scuerce abuyer, that set Por-Marble Square church that set Bar-bara's pulses beating and colored her cheek with anger.
"You hurt me, Barbara" exclaimed

Carl as Barbara unconsciously gripped his little hand.

'O dearie, I am so sorry. I didn't mean to." In an instant she was calm again. What! Barbara Clark! You have not endured anything to-day! She had not anticipated anything before going to church. She had simply made up her mind to take what came and abide by it. What had actually happened was not a sample of what might happen Sunday after Sunday. Probably not. But it all riageable and bury the dead. went with the place she had chosen. "There had been a death Perhaps it was not at all the thing for Mrs. Ward to do. It might not accomplish any good. But then, it lunch. When Mrs. Ward came in, she found Carl satisfied with a bowl of "His time was come and he had bread and milk and Barbara quietly

usy getting lunch for the rest.
Mrs. Ward offered to help with the work; but Barbara saw that she was very tired, and insisted on her lving down.

"I'll have everything ready soon," she said cheerfully; and, as she went back into the kitchen, was humming one of the hymns sung

in the service. "What do you think about to-day?" Mr. Ward asked in a low voice as his wife lay down on a lounge in

the dining-room. "You mean Barbara's sitting with

"Yes. Will it help matters any?" "O, I don't know. I never would have done it if I hadn't happened to think of Mrs. Vane. She's rich and has an assured place in society. Her girls always come with her and she introduces them right and left to

everybody." "Yes, Martha, but Mrs. Vane is eccentric in all her ways. She is accepted because she is rich and independent. But have you noticed that these girls that come to church with her never get on any farther? No Boston Globe. one knows them in spite of her introductions. I inquired of young Williams one Sunday if the Barnes girl was in the Endeavor society of church, and he said he believed she came there three or four times and then stopped; and, when I asked him the reason, he said she did not feel at home, the other girls were better educated or something like that."

"That's just it. You can't mix up different classes of people. If they were all like Barbara, now, and knew their places—"
But just then Barbara appeared,

knew. But it was during a crisis in and Mrs. Ward abruptly stopped, fees.—Ohio State Journal,

"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 knew Barbara for they have seen her here several times at our club committee meetings.

"You don't suppose they would talk about it, do you?" asked Mr. Ward, sarcastically.

"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. "Whatever else he got out of it, he ought to get material for another sermon at least."

"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 came out of the church and

walked along together.
"It was a good sermon," Mrs. Rice began. Mrs. Rice was a plump, motherly-looking woman, and worker in the church and clubs of Crawford.

"Mr. Morton is a young man. He has a good deal to learn," said Mrs. Wilson positively.

"Dr. Law exchanges a good deal too much, I think," was Mrs. Burns' comment. "This is the third exchange since—since—last March."

[To Be Continued.]

WISHED FOR BRET HARTE.

New York Man Tells a Story Which Made Him Sorry He Heard 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 sup-pose 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 thing original as the result of his

"I was out in the Sierras last summer, but I saw only one character whom I think Bret Harte would have enjoyed as a matter of business. He was a young man who, having touched an sides of mountain life, at last settled down in a place where the inhabitants seemed to be huddled in order to rest, as a minister. They told me he was an all-round minister, by which I was given to understand that he had no creed. One of the inhab itants explained that all they wanted a preacher for was to marry the mar-

"There had been a death in the community a few weeks before, and the all-round was called upon to officiate. It was his first funeral. Hav-—she stopped thinking about it and went on to the house to prepare the

to go. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, says the Good Book, and the man who writ it knowed thar was no use buckin', for he said right after nurrah for the Lord.'

"When I heard the story I felt sorry, for I wished that Bret Harte could have heard it first."

An Exceptional Case, "My dear sir," he began as he en-tered the room across the hall, "I find

myself short by about—"
"Sorry, but I'm dead broke," inter "Is it possible? As I was saying, I find—" rupted the other.

"No use; can't help you."

"You mean you have no money to spare?"
"Not a red." "Then let me lend you \$25. Here

"But I thought-" "Yes, I see, but it isn't the case. I was going to say that I found myself short of cats at the house by about half a dozen, and I wanted to ask if you had any to spare or could direct me to a cat store. As for money, you

A Sure Thing. Promoter-Now, in case the stock

goes up you win. Financier-Yes, but in case it goes down?
"Then I win. You see, this is a sure

can have a hundred if you want it."-

thing; one or the other of us is sur to win."—Ohio State Journal. A Successful Case. First Lawyer—I just concluded a very successful case. Second Lawyer—Your client won,

First Lawyer-O, no, but I got my



Had a Better Story.

"Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without oth-

erwise hurting him?"
"I did," answered the cheerful liar "and I was pained to note the incompleteness of the story. Now, I hap-pen to know of a case that is really remarkable. The lightning entered a barber's shop and not only undertook the task of singeing a man's hair, but it rung up the proper amount on the cash register."—Chicago Post.

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!

Isolate (miserably)—I bought her everything the train boy had; but I knew I had lost her when I didn't kiss her when the train went through the tunnel!-Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Effective.

"John," said Mrs. Billus, after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so." "What do you mean, Maria?" asked

Mr. Billus.
"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were 52. -Chicago Tribune.

> 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 dun. -Chicago Daily News.

> > COMPARISON.



"Miss May, I do not know any better way to describe my embarrass ment in your presence than to say that I feel as if I were about to be ex amined at school."-Bombe

The Cynic's Misfortune.
This world's a place, when all is done,
By fond illusions ruled;
That man cannot have any fun
Who never can be fooled.
Weakington Star.

-Washington Star. A Sure Indication. "Oh, I visited such a woefully pov-erty-stricken family this morning,"

said the sympathetic member of the charity committee.
"Indeed!" asked the chairman of the committee. "Were they very, very

"Poor! Man, it is pitiable. Why, they are so poor that they keep 15 dogs."—Baltimore American.

Accounting for It Chemically,

"It may be merely fancy," remarked Mrs. Selldom-Holme, "but since my husband began drinking the water from that Iron spring he has seemed to be ten times as obstinate as he used "Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Nexdore,

"the water is tinetured with pig iron."
--Chicago Tribune. His Busy Day.

Quarryman-Biddy! His Wife-Phwat do ve want row

Quarryman-Pour some kerosene

on th' fire an' make it hot so Oi can

thawout me dynamite .- N. Y. Weekly. The Better Part. The bachelors say that, on the whole,
Their independent homes will do;
But married men have better halves
And therefore better quarters, too.
—Good Housekeeping.

THOSE EQUINE HATS,



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

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. Quite a Difference.

"You announce in your paper," said the wrathful young woman, "that I would not be married, all reports to

"Well, isn't that the report you sent in?" asked the society editor. "No, it isn't," answered the wrathful young woman. "The inference is all wrong. I said I would not be married to the particular young man to whom I was reported engaged, which is quite a different matter."-Chicago

Once more the lonely fisherman Dusts off his book of flies; Likewise his reel and pocket flask, Also his last year's lies. —Chicago Dally 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 strongminded and buxom females.-Good Housekeeping.

odd.

"Any odd job?" the tramp inquired.
The housewife answered with a nod.
"Were you to do most any job."
She pleasantly observed, "'twere odd!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Probably Never Heard of It.

Probably Never Heard of It.

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?"

"What did the Apostle Peter know," retorted the man with the aggressive pompadour, "about the higher criticism?"—Chicago Tribune.

cism?"-Chicago Tribune.

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. "The god of war!" cried Bessie. "Oh, papa, I wonder if that isn't where the shooting stars come from?"—Detroit

He Is Still Looking.

"Here's a good chance for you, Jack," said the father of the young Jack," said the lather of the young man just about to graduate from college, looking up from the "want" advertisement in the paper. "A chance isn't what I want," said

the young man, loftily. "I'm looking for an opportunity."—Somerville Jour-

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



"Wot's de matter, Billy?" "Me intented trew me over becuz 1

didn't have no automobile." "Take an old man's advice, an' don't have nothin' more to do wid her. A woman wid extravigant ideas like dat would ruin any man."-Detroit Free

Mental Activity.

Press.

The man whose mind is ne'er content On one of two extremes is bent. He pushes on to fame's front rank Or else he gets to be a crank. -Washington Star.

One Way of Telling. 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,

Miss Stager-No: but from what I havelearned 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."—Washingi ton Star.