

THE KEEPERS OF THE SEAL.

Using the song of labor, of the lowly smell- ing soil. The whirling of the spindle and the whir- ring of the wheel; The hand that guides the plowshare and the rugged soon of toll— The sinews of the country and its weal. For the pulses of the nation beat within the sturdy arms That are bared before the anvil, or they wear a humble guise; And the sentinels of liberty, the shields from war's alarms, Are wholesome hearts and honest seeing eyes; Those who feel the sweat of labor ere they break the wage of bread, Nor covet goods beyond the pale that bounds an honest reach; But give to God the glory, and the thanks that they are fed, And rather live a principle, than preach. Ah! God of Heaven, pity for the chilling drops that creep In tortuous threads, where living strength should swell the nation's veins; The sloth that cumber progress, and the useless drones who steep The curse that follows idle hands and brains. I sing the song of labor, for the keepers of the seal, For a new day broke in radiance on the wardens of the land; Clearer thought to those who ask it, heap- ing store to those who kneel; To the sons of stalwart heart and horny hand. —Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Youth's Com- panion.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc. (Copyright, 1900, by Charles M. Sheldon.)

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Morton looked at Barbara, and Barbara glowed. Then she cast her eyes on the floor. "Yes, I suppose such a building is keeping with our social settlement plans," Morton replied, somewhat stiffly. "But Miss Clark probably wishes to work out her plans—independently." "There's such a thing as being too independent!" quoth Mrs. Vane, sharply. "I suppose there is," answered Barbara, faintly, and then sat silent. The thought of being in any sense connected with Mr. Morton gave her a feeling of bitter sweet. "Well, think it over!" Mrs. Vane continued, with what seemed like unnecessary sharpness. "I don't know but that I shall make the gift conditional on its being used in the social settlement plan. So you needn't ask me for any money to-day, sir," she said, turning to Morton. "Thank you, Mrs. Vane. I know how to take a hint," he replied, gravely. And then he caught Barbara's look as she glanced up from the carpet, and his tone made Barbara laugh a little nervously. He joined in it, and Mrs. Vane kept them company. "I don't know what the joke is about," she said, at last, as she rubbed her nose again as if in disappointment. "It's just as well, perhaps," Morton said. "Some jokes cannot be explained, not even by the makers of them." He seemed to make no motion to go, and after a few minutes more of general talk about the proposed house, during which nothing more was said about the settlement, Barbara rose and said she must go, as she had some work to do before tea-time. Mr. Morton instantly rose also. "May I walk with you, Miss Clark? My calls take me your way." "Certainly," Barbara murmured, and they went out together. Mrs. Vane watched them from the window as they went past. The old lady was still rubbing her nose in some vexation. "If he isn't thinking a good deal more of her than of the social settlement just now, then I'll give twenty thousand towards it instead of ten," she said, and then added: "They couldn't either of them do better. And if he doesn't have sense enough to know what is good for him, I'll try to help him out." Barbara and Mr. Morton walked down the street, talking about everything except the proposed building and the social settlement plans. After the first moment of embarrassment at the thought of walking with him had passed, Barbara was relieved to feel quite at her ease. She had never looked prettier. She had a gift of vivacious conversation. Mr. Morton was not her equal in that respect, but he was at his best when he had a good talker with him. They had just finished some innocent play at repartee and were laughing over it when, as they turned the corner towards the Wards, they met Mrs. Dillingham and her daughter. Instantly Barbara's face became grave, and Mr. Morton as he raised his hat seemed equally sober. The Dillinghams passed them with what seemed to Barbara unusually severe faces. The light of the afternoon suddenly went out. She was no longer a college graduate, an educated young woman the equal, in everything but wealth, of this glorious creature she had just passed; she was only a hired girl, a servant. And the gulf that yawned between her and the mistress was too deep to be bridged. It was folly to be happy any longer. Happiness was not for her; only ambition was left, and even that might not be possible. If this social settlement plan was to be involved in hers, and— "I beg pardon, Miss Clark, but did I hear you say the other night at Mrs. Vane's that you or your mother had known the Dillinghams before you came to Crawford?" Mr. Morton was coming to the relief of her embarrassment.

"No, mother is related to one branch of the family. Mrs. Dillingham has been very kind to me since that evening," she added. "I have not been courteous, hardly, in response to her invitation." "It's a very nice family," Mr. Morton said, quite tamely. "Yes, Miss Dillingham is a remarkably beautiful person, don't you think?" Barbara was not quite herself, or she would not have asked such a question. "She is not as beautiful as some one else I know," replied Morton, suddenly, and as he said it he looked Barbara full in the face. It was one of those sudden yieldings to temptation that the young minister in his singularly strong, earnest, serious life could number on his fingers. He regretted it the minute the words were spoken, but that could not recall them. Over Barbara's face the warm blood flowed in a deepening wave, and for a moment her heart stood still. Then, as she walked on, she was conscious of Mr. Morton's swiftly spoken apology as he noted her distress. "Pardon me, Miss Clark. I forgot myself. I—will you forget—will you forgive me?" Then Barbara had murmured some reply, and he had taken off his hat very gravely and bowed as he took leave of her, and she had gone on with a flaming face and a beating heart. "He asked me to forget it? I cannot," she said, as she buried her face in her hands up in her room, while the tears wet her cheeks. "He asked me to forgive it. Forgive him for saying what he did? But it was not anything very dreadful." She smiled, then frowned at the recollection. "I silly compliment that gentlemen are in the habit of paying. But was it silly, or was he in the habit of paying such? Was it not a real expression of what he felt?" She put her hands over her ears, as if to shut out whispers that might kill her ambitions and put something else in their place. But when she went down to work a little later she could not shut out the picture of that afternoon. She could neither forget nor forgive. O Barbara! If he could only know how his plea for forgiveness was being denied; and with a smile, not a frown in the heart! The rest of that week Mr. Morton stayed away from Mrs. Ward's, although Mr. Ward had expected him to tea on Friday. He sent a note pleading stress of church work. Mr. Ward commented on it at the table. "Morton is killing himself already. He seems to think he can do everything. He won't last out half his days at the present rate." "He needs a good wife more than anything else," Mrs. Ward said, carelessly. "Some one ought to manage him and tell him what to do." "Yes, I suppose every woman in the church knows just the girl for him, and is ready to hint her name," Mr. Ward remarked. "If he marries anyone in Marble Square parish it will create trouble. It always does," said Mrs. Ward. "I think Morton has sense enough to look out for that," replied Mr. Ward, briefly. Barbara heard every word as she was serving at the table, and feared



"PARDON ME, MISS CLARK."

some young preacher was very popular with the young people, and the society had increased rapidly in membership and attendance since Morton's arrival. The usher showed Barbara to a seat about half way down the aisle. As she sat down she noticed Mr. Morton talking with a group of young people down in front. When they separated, he looked up and saw her, and, coming down the aisle, he gravely shook hands, and then introduced her to the young woman next to her. He then went to the door, greeted some of the members coming in, and then went around by a side aisle and sat down on a front seat just as the meeting began. It had been a long time since Barbara had attended a Christian Endeavor meeting. She felt that she was growing rather old for it, but to-night she enjoyed it thoroughly. When the time came for Mr. Morton to speak, she was surprised to find how her anticipation of what he had to say was not spoiled by anything he said. It was all so manly, with such a genuine, real fragrance to it, so tinged with healthy humor, so helpful for real life, that it helped her. She was grateful to him. Like the first sermon she had heard him preach, his talk to-night made her feel the value of life and the strength of effort in God's world. Then suddenly, while she was looking at the earnest, eloquent face, the consciousness of the remoteness of his life from hers smote her into despair. When the service was over, she did not want to remain to the quiet, social gathering that followed. But her neighbor to whom Morton had introduced her asked her to come into the little gathering of other visitors and strangers who were being received by an introduction committee and made welcome to the society, the committee giving all strangers topic cards and other printed matter belonging to the society, and introducing them to one another as well as to members. It was one of the new methods pursued by this committee to ask all strangers to sign a little card giving the address of the newcomer, so that some one of the society might call during the week, and, if necessary, act as escort to the next meeting. One of these cards was given to Barbara; and in a spirit of perversity, growing out of her feeling regarding her position, she signed her name and put under it the words: "House servant at Mr. Ward's, 36 Hamilton street." It was altogether unnecessary for her to be ostentatious with her position; but she was not perfect, and felt an unnatural desire to test her reception right in Mr. Morton's own society. A few of the young people in the Marble Square church knew who she was and what she was doing, and with a few exceptions she had been treated with great kindness, no discrimination whatever being made. But the majority of the young people did not know her, and to-night she was plainly dressed, her face was bearing marks of the weariness of the strain of the last month's work, and it was not surprising that she was suspicious of every suggestion of a slight. When the committee and the other strangers finally went out and mingled with the others in the large room, Barbara thought she detected a distinct coldness to her. She was certain her name and her position had been whispered around among the young people. As she afterward found out, she did the committee an injustice, as they had not told anyone of her work. But she was left alone in the midst of all the others, and in spite of her habits of self-control and her previous experiences she began to feel a bitterness that was contrary to her sweet nature. She looked around the room, and noticed Miss Dillingham talking with a group of older girls who had begun to come in the society a little while after Mr. Morton's call to Crawford; and she went over to her and spoke to her. And then it was that Miss Dillingham, who was not perfect any more than Barbara, did as wrong a social act as she had ever done in her life. She simply nodded to Barbara without saying a word, and went on talking without introducing her friends to Barbara or taking any other notice of her. Barbara instantly stepped back away from the group, while her face glowed and then paled. As she turned sharply around to go out of the door which was near, Mr. Morton confronted her. He had witnessed the little scene. "You will always be welcome in our Endeavor society, Miss Clark," he said, while the color that mounted to his face was as deep as hers. "I shall never come again so long as I am a servant!" replied Barbara, in a tone as near that of passion as she had ever shown to him. And with the words she opened the door and went out into the night, leaving him standing there and looking at her with a look that would have made her tremble if she had lifted her face to his.

CHAPTER VII.

WE CANNOT CHOOSE IN ALL THINGS. When Barbara went out into the darkness after that scene with Miss Dillingham, it was more than the darkness of physical night that oppressed her. She thought she realized with a vividness more real than she had ever before experienced the gulf that separated her from the young minister of Marble Square church. With almost grim resolve she said to herself: "I will give myself up now to my career. Whatever ambition I have shall center about the possibilities of service. He can never be anything to me. It would risk all his prospects in life, even if he should come to care for me." Her heart failed at the suggestion, for there had been intimations on the part of the young preacher that Barbara could not help interpreting to mean at least a real interest in her and her career. "But no, it is not possible!" she said

positively as she walked on. "His life is dependent on social conditions that he must observe. For him to ignore them must mean social loss and possibly social disgrace. The minister of Marble Square church care for a hired girl! Make her his wife!" Barbara trembled at the thought of the sacred word which she hardly whispered to her heart. "Even if she were as well educated and well equipped for such a position as any young woman in his parish, still, nothing could remove the fact of her actual service. And service," Barbara bitterly said to herself as she neared home, "service is no longer considered a noble thing. It is only beautiful young women like Miss Dillingham, who have nothing to do, who have the highest place in society. A girl who is really doing something with her hands to make a home a sweeter, more peaceful spot is not regarded by the world as worth more than any other cog in a necessary machine. Society cannot give real service any place in its worship. It is only the leisure of idle wealth and fashion that wins the love and homage of the world." "And the church, too," Barbara continued in her monologue, after she had bidden her mother good night and gone up to her room. "The church, too, in its pride and vainglory is ready to join the world in scorn of honest labor of the hands." She recalled all the real and fancied slights and rebuffs she had endured in the church and from church people since going out to service, and for a few minutes her heart was hard and bitter toward all Christian people. But gradually, as she grew quiet, her passion cooled, and she said to herself in a short prayer: "Lord, let me not offend by judging too hastily; and if I am to lose out of my life my heart's desire for love, do not let me grow morose or chiding. Keep me sweet and uncomplaining. How else shall I help to make a better world?" A few tears fell as she prayed this prayer, and after a few minutes' quiet she felt more like her natural, even-tempered self. [To Be Continued.]

A BRUTE MET HIS MASTER.

Inhuman Immigrant Driver Receives a Vigorous and Well-Deserved Rebuke.

He was the conductor of one of those big trucks that transfer immigrants who are simply passing through New York from South Ferry to the dock or train that they are scheduled to board. And he was very officious, feeling his authority as well as his superiority over the young men and women consigned to his care. They, with that half-startled and altogether conciliatory smile which characterizes the newly landed, were taking his abuse and perhaps congratulating themselves that they didn't understand the language, although his meaning was perfectly clear, relates the New York Times. "Here, there," he shouted to a very pretty Swedish girl. "Sit down, you!" At the same time he caught her by the shoulders and brutally pushed almost knocked her over on a basket filled with immigrant effects. Her offense had been to take an interest in one of the tall buildings on lower Broadway. She didn't protest—but some one did. It may have been simply a fellow countryman or it may have been a big brother who had come on to New York to greet the newcomer. At all events, he was not a "greenhorn." He had the easy air, the substantial clothes, and the self-reliance that comes from several years' residence in the country. Besides he had the shoulders of an athlete and a fist like a sledge hammer. Stepping from the walk into the street, he caught the offender exactly as the fellow had handled the girl, and, thundering in excellent English: "Sit down, you!" he brought him sprawling to the sidewalk. "How you like it?" he asked, innocently. The immigrants looked on and smiled. Not Such a Fool as He Looked. Some of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor. Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause of this. The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool. "Here, I say, J—," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!" The old man paused and stared contemptuously at the attendant. "Did I ever try a saw this way?" he asked. "Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't." "Then hoo thy noise, mon," was the instant rejoinder. "I've tried both ways, I hev, and—" impressively—"this is t' easiest."—London Spare Moments. Thoughtful Husband. Parting is hard to bear, and the young man who endeavors to soften its pangs for his bride of a month certainly deserves commendation. "And now that our honeymoon is over and we are settled in our own home, must you leave me for three whole days for the sake of business, Henry?" asked the clinging wife in a tone of reproach. "I must, dear Isabel," said the young husband; "but to make the separation seem less abrupt, I am going on the accommodation train instead of the express."—Youth's Companion. Good and Evil Example. He who imitates evil always goes beyond the example that is set; he who imitates what is good always falls short.—Guicciardini.



CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS.

They Form a Delightful Adjunct to the Housekeeper's Store of Holiday Dainties.

The manufacture of these sweetmeats is really quite a simple matter, coming easily within the capabilities of the ordinarily clever housewife, while the expense of preparing them is very small. Of the various fruits best adapted to this purpose, peaches, pears and plums, pineapples, cherries and currants, are the most generally used, and are prepared as follows: Stone the peaches, plums, etc., by making a small incision in the side, through which the seed is slipped, pare and quarter the pears, and cut the pineapple into slices half an inch in thickness, across the fruit. Weigh and allow an equal quantity of the best white sugar, make a rich sirup, adding one small cup of water to each pound of sugar. Boil for a few minutes, together, then add the fruit and cook gently until clear, but unbroken. Remove carefully on a wire strainer and let it stand about an hour, or until perfectly cold, then sprinkle liberally with powdered sugar, and stand the strainer on a dish in a moderately warm oven for two hours. At the expiration of that time turn the fruit, sprinkle as before with the sugar, repeating the process until the juice has quite ceased to drip, and the outside is dry and crystallized. It is then removed from the oven and allowed to get perfectly cold, before being packed away in small boxes between layers of waxed papers. Thus packed and stored away in a dry place, it will retain its perfect condition for an indefinite length of time, forming a charming adjunct to the housekeeper's store of "extras." It is perhaps necessary to add a word of caution in regard to overheating the oven, the exact amount required being ascertained by experimenting, since too great a degree of heat will most effectually change a delicious sweetmeat into the toughest of leathers.—Good House-keeping.

PRINCESS WALDEMAR.

Member of Denmark's Royal Family Who Has Achieved Distinction as a Sculptor.

The object which attracted the greatest attention at the recent charity bazaar held in Copenhagen was the sculptured hippopotamus, modeled by Princess Waldemar of Denmark. The Princess, who has long since preferred the study of art to social festivities, and who has won no little success as a painter, has now determined to devote her time almost exclusively to sculpture, a step that has won universal approbation from the leading art critics of Denmark. Princess Marie of Orleans is the wife of Prince Waldemar, youngest brother



PRINCESS MARIE OF DENMARK. (Wife of Prince Waldemar, Known as the "Sailor Prince.")

of Queen Alexandra. She is said to be the most popular woman of the court of Copenhagen, and is a remarkable character. Shortly after her marriage she had an anchor tattooed on her shapely arm, saying: "I am a Danish sailor's wife, and I want to do just as the others do." Beside her penchant for sculpture and sailing, the princess has another hobby. She is an enthusiastic fire fighter, and has just been adopted by the Copenhagen fire department as an august mascot. Some have gone so far as to call her the "fire laddie princess," and report has it that she does not object to the title. American society is doubly interested in Princess Marie just now, because she and her husband will visit the United States next January, a compliment paid to this country in return for the visit of the United States ship Hartford, which cruised in Danish waters last summer. Peculiar Sect of Women. Among the villagers on the Volga in the province of Samara a curious sect of women has made its appearance. It was originated by an elderly peasant woman in Soznovo, called the "Blessed Mother." These women have fled from the villages around into a remote district, where they live singly in holes dug out of the face of the hill. They lead a life of fasting and prayer, and believe themselves called from the world which they think is shortly about to perish in general conflagration. The "Blessed Mother" has "ten wise virgins" as a sort of bodyguard, and the sect believes that these 11 women are possessed with miraculous powers.

GRACES LONDON PULPIT.

Mrs. James Brown Potter Is Asked to Assist at Sunday Evening Services.

Mrs. Potter, the American actress, has been offered a salary by a London church to assist in the Sunday evening services. The plan is that she recite for the congregation at a given time in the course of the exercises. She will dress in her own conventional garments and in no way introduce sensational features. London is still talking of the tremendous sensation produced by Mrs. James Brown Potter the first Sunday she electrified a fashionable London church audience by her recitations. The rector, with whose family Mrs. Potter was visiting, proposed to her that she recite certain hymns as an addition to the evening service. Mrs.



MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

Potter agreed to do so and readily consented to do all in her power to make the recitations as effective as possible.

The following Sunday evening, just as the rector finished his sermon, she stepped in front of the audience and with great feeling recited one of the most touching hymns in the Episcopal hymnal. Many of the audience were moved to tears. The church, which had been packed in anticipation of the innovation, was as still as the proverbial pinfall during the talented woman's part of the programme. Mrs. Potter was dressed all in white and recited in a low but perfectly distinct tone.

Mrs. James Brown Potter will be remembered as the society woman who foresook the social world for the stage. Sixteen years ago she was a belle at Newport and New York, and her pretty home in Washington square was the center of New York life. But discontent entered and Mrs. Potter took to the stage. For many years her husband expected her to return, but gradually hope died out and it became known that the brilliant society fool had become no less a brilliant flower of the stage.

In the Potter home there was a small child, Anne Urquhart Potter, called "Fifi," who was left to her father's care. Miss Potter recently married Mr. Stillman, son of the New York banker. Between mother and daughter during the many years that have intervened there has been little communication. Once they met, some years ago, but no tenderness passed between them.

Mrs. Potter is one of the most striking women of the stage. Not young in years, she has preserved her girlish looks and is positively youthful on the stage. At her country seat near London she spends her days out of doors, and when a reporter visited her recently she was picking roses in the garden, the very picture of sweet 16 in figure and in artle grace.

HOW TO TALK WELL.

An Accomplishment That Adds More to the Beauty of Home Than Rich Furnishings.

A gracious presence and cheerful, well-modulated voice have more power to create beauty in the home than all the luxuries that money can buy. The parent and teacher cannot overestimate their moral value also. They forestall opposition, allay irritation, and prepare the way for receptivity. What is called "personal magnetism" is largely capable of analysis. If a stiff, uninteresting person has genuine kindness and sincerity, though he have only ordinary endowments, he can be transformed by correct training. A husky, dull or weak voice may be made pleasant and clear, a slovenly enunciation may become elegant, a slouching gait dignified, and an unattractive person may become winsome. The charm of manner consists in its graces, its simplicity and its sincerity. Cultivate a pleasant manner of laughing. Keep the voice sympathetic and cheerful. A mother or teacher with a querulous voice is responsible for much misbehavior. Look with interest, but without staring, at the person with whom you are talking. Do not let your eyes wander over her clothes or round the room. Be simple and sincere. Be yourself a good listener while another is talking. While talking to a number of people scattered round a room, even though you are telling the story especially to one, let all the others feel that their presence is recognized and their interest is appreciated. Hold each one pleasantly with your eye.—Watchman. Story Told by a Mother. Little Bessie had been burned several times and was warned to keep away from the stove. One day while in the garden she chanced to be stung by a bee and running to her mother exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I didn't know the bugs carried stoves with them!"