

IN PEACE.

A Martyr's Tomb in the Catacombs. "In peace," one wrote above thee through his tears. While overhead Rome thundered death and doom; The fading line for eighteen hundred years Has faced the darkness marshaled round thy tomb.

BORN TO SERVE By Charles M. Sheldon. Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

There was a little embarrassment at the first greeting with the Wards, but it soon passed off and in a few moments the young minister was chatting delightfully. His happiness was on his face and in his manner.

"O, by the way," Mr. Ward said suddenly, turning to his wife, "Martha, how about that rule that we made long ago, that the hired girl should receive her company in the kitchen? Why did I go to all the expense of furnishing that new kitchen if the girl is going to sit here in the parlor?"

Mr. Morton jumped to his feet, and walked over to Barbara.

"Come, Barbara," he said, with a touch of humor that equaled the occasion. "Come out into the kitchen where we belong. This is no place for us."

Barbara rose, blushing and laughing.

"Yes, I see. Just an excuse to get rid of us," Mr. Ward said, as the lovers walked out.

"We want to live up to the rule of the house," Mr. Morton retorted.

They went out into the room where Barbara had spent so many hours of hard toil and, when they were alone, the minister said: "Dear, do you know, this room is a sacred spot to me? I have thought of you as being here more than anywhere else."

"If I had known that," Barbara said, gently, and she no longer avoided the loving brown eyes that looked down at her, "it would have lightened a good many weary hours. I feel ashamed now to think of the quantities of tears I have shed in this little room."

"The thought that your life has gone out in service here, Barbara, is a beautiful thought to me. What a wonderful thing it is to be of use in the world! I thank God my mother brought me up to reverence the labor of the hand in honest toil. There is nothing more sacred in all of human life."

Then they talked of their love for each other, and were really startled when the door suddenly opened and Mr. Ward called out from the entry: "Gas and coal come high this winter. You can draw your own inference."

They rose, laughing, and came back into the parlor, where Mrs. Ward apologized for Mr. Ward's interruption.

"Don't say a word, Mrs. Ward," Morton said, gayly. "I shall soon have Barbara all to myself."

"How soon?"

"I don't know quite," Mr. Morton looked at Barbara.

"There will be mourning in this household when she goes," Mrs. Ward replied. "I never expect to have another girl like Barbara."

"I'm sorry for you, but you can't expect me to feel any sorrow for myself."

"Yes, that's it," Mr. Ward put in, ironically. "You preachers are always talking about sacrifice, and giving up, and all that. I notice that, when it comes to a personal application, you are just as grasping after the best there is as anybody."

"Of course," said Morton, cheerfully, looking at Barbara.

"He is going to suffer for it, though," Barbara came to the rescue of Mr. Ward. "He may lose his church just as you are going to lose me."

"I don't think so," Morton answered, calmly. "But if I do—" He did not finish, but his look at Barbara spoke volumes. It said that he had found something which would compensate for any earthly loss.

When Morton had gone, Barbara slipped up to her room. Her happiness was too great to be talked about. The thought of what her lover, her "lover," she repeated, had said about service, about the image of herself daily in that kitchen, made her tremble. She had tried to accustom herself to the thought of Christ's teaching about service. Her study of the different passages in the Bible referring to servants had given her new life on the subject. It had all grown sweeter and more noble as she went on. And now that her life had been caught up into this other life, a newer and clearer revelation of labor and ministry had come to her. Never had Barbara offered a truer prayer of thanksgiving than the one that flowed out

of her heart to God to-night. Never had the depth and beauty of human service meant so much to her as now, when human love, the love sanctioned by Jesus and made holy by His benediction, had begun to translate common things into divine terms.

In her Bible-reading that night she found a passage in the sixth chapter of Second Corinthians that pleased her very much. It did not belong first of all to the service of a house-servant; yet Barbara felt quite sure, as she read, that, if Paul had been questioned about it, he would have said that the teaching applied just as well to house-ministration as to ministration anywhere else. "Giving no occasion of stumbling in anything, that our ministration be not blamed; but in everything commending ourselves, as ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; in pureness, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in kindness, in the Holy Ghost, in love unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God; by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by glory and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

"Have I been a 'minister of God?' How often I have complained and shed tears over little things as I have tried to minister to the needs of this house! Surely at its very worst I have not endured the hardships that Paul speaks of. I know he is speaking of preachers, probably, of missionaries of the cross. But I am sure he means that anyone who 'ministers' to the real needs of life is a 'minister of God.' And, if I have really been a minister of God, how little I have realized its meaning!"

"Help me, my Father," Barbara breathed her prayer, "help me in the thankfulness for the great joy of my life to live as a servant of Thine. Through all these possible hardships may I learn to keep close to Thee. Help me to bless other lives and give them encouragement and a true thought of ministry. It is all so wonderful, my Father! Thou hast led me in ways so unforeseen by my poor selfishness. It is all too wonderful to me. Oh Thou Great but loving God, I thank Thee. In the name of Him who has redeemed me. Amen."

It was the next day that Barbara had a call from Mrs. Vane.

The old lady had met Mr. Morton; and, reading his happiness in his whole person, she asked him bluntly to tell her all about it.

"My dear," she cried as she kissed Barbara on both cheeks and shed a tear out of her sharp eyes, softened by her love for Barbara, "I congratulate you both! It is wonderful; but I knew all the time that he loved you

and would have you and I knew that you would give yourself to him. It is all as it should be. The Marble Square church is a great institution, but it is not so great as love. I want you to be married at my house. Morton is one of my boys. I knew him as a child, and I love him as a son."

"I don't think mother would allow me to go away from her, even to you," Barbara answered, smiling and blushing until she looked like a picture, Mrs. Vane and Mrs. Ward both thought as they stood looking at her. "We have arranged to be married at mother's."

"That's the best; yes, that's the best!" The old lady nodded approvingly. "No church display, no show, no cheap or vulgar flaunting of self on the occasion of the most sacred experience in a girl's life. I always said Ralph Morton deserved the best woman on earth for a wife and he's getting her. The good God bless you both!" And the impulsive old lady kissed Barbara again; and, when Barbara went back to her work she remained some time with Mrs. Ward, talking over the great event; for it was truly great to Barbara and Morton and his friends, and indeed to all Marble Square parish.

For, when the news of the minister's engagement became known in Crawford, as it did in a very short time, because he made no secret of it, there was consternation in Marble Square church and in society generally.

"Is it true?" Mrs. Rice solemnly asked Mrs. Wilson the first time they met after the news became known, "is it really true that Mr. Morton is going to marry Mrs. Ward's hired girl? It is simply awful. It cannot be."

"I'm afraid it is," Mrs. Wilson answered, clasping her hands with a tragic gesture as if some terrible calamity had taken place. "I had the information direct from Mrs. Vane, who had it direct from Mr. Morton himself."

"It will break up Marble Square church, that is all!" Mrs. Rice said, decidedly. "A thing like that is too serious a social departure for even Mr. Morton to make. As much as people like and admire him, not even his great talents can excuse such a great social blunder."

"They say," Mrs. Wilson suggested in a hesitating manner, "that the girl is really well educated, and not just an ordinary hired girl. You know Mrs. Ward has told us something about her going out to service in order to help other girls realize its dignity and—and so forth."

"It makes no difference!" Mrs. Rice replied sharply. "She is known as a hired girl. The idea of being obliged to look up to her as our minister's wife! Will you submit to that?"

"Supposing she proves worthy of her place?" Mrs. Wilson suggested, feebly.

"It's out of the question!" Mrs. Rice answered, positively. "The whole thing is awfully unfortunate for Marble Square. If Mr. Morton had only chosen some girl of good social rank, Miss Dillingham, for example. But, as it is, I for one—"

Mrs. Rice did not finish what seemed like a threat, but scores of other women in Marble Square felt and spoke just as she did, and the outlook for a great disturbance in the parish was very good.

When Sunday came, Barbara prepared to attend service. She had not been for several Sundays, not since the time of the scene at the Endeavor society. Mrs. Ward wondered at her lack of nervousness. There was a self-possession about Barbara, now that she had committed her future to the young minister, that Mrs. Ward admired. She began to have a real respect for her in addition to her affection.

When Barbara went down the aisle with the family and entered the Ward pew with the rest, it is safe to say that every eye in Marble Square church was directed toward her. What people saw, very many of them to their great surprise, was a lovely face, free from affectation or superficial prettiness, without bashful consciousness of her prominent position. Every woman in the house could not help acknowledging: "She looks like a lady." Love had done much for Barbara. It is a wonderful power to dignify and bless.

There were hundreds of people in Marble Square church that morning who had just come from the perusal of one of Crawford's most sensational Sunday papers, which with a cruelty that was actually Satanic, and a coarseness that was actually criminal, had printed what it called, in startling headlines: "A Spicy Tale of a Hired Girl and a Preacher. The Rev. Mr. Morton, of the Fashionable Marble Square Church, to Wed a Hired Girl. Full Particulars of the Engagement. With Snap-Shots of the Parties." There were two columns of description that were worthy of authorship from the lowest pit, accompanied with what purported to be reliable pictures of the two lovers. And it was from the perusal of all this horrible invasion of every sacred and tender private feeling that the human heart holds dear, that most of the men and women had come into church that morning to add to the sensation by almost as heartless and cruel a scrutiny of Barbara and Mr. Morton.

Barbara did not know all of this; but, even if she had, her love was so pure and great that it is doubtful whether anything could have obscured her perfect happiness. When her lover rose up to preach, she never felt more pride in him, or more confidence in his powers.

He fully justified all her expectations. Unlike Barbara, he knew quite fully all the venom and vileness of the paper in question. On his way to church, grinning newsboys had flaunted the pages in his face and shouted their contents in his ears. From all that, he had gone into his room, and after the sustaining prayer that had refreshed and quieted his soul he had gone out to face the people. But he had first faced God. He was not in the least afraid of the people after that.

It is doubtful whether Marble Square church had ever heard such preaching before. It is doubtful whether Morton had ever before had such a vision or delivered such a message. The spell of his power was on all the great congregation. Hearts that had come to criticize, to sneer, to ridicule, were touched by his words. Members of his parish who after reading the paper had fully made up their minds to sever all connection with the church changed their minds during the wonderfully sweet and helpful prayer that followed the sermon. Ah, Barbara and Ralph! The Spirit of God is greater than all the evil of men. If victory comes out of all this suffering for you, it will be due to God's power over the selfish, thoughtless, cruel children of men.

When the service was over, Barbara quietly went out with Mrs. Ward. In the vestibule they were met by Mrs. Dillingham, who had come out of the other door from a side aisle.

With scores of people aching what was said and done the majestic old lady greeted Barbara with a courteous and even kindly greeting that was unmistakable and created a genuine sensation, for no family in all Marble Square church had higher connections than the Dillinghams.

"My dear Miss Clark," Mrs. Dillingham had said, "your mother was kind enough to return my call. You have not been so good. Will you come and see me soon?"

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Dillingham, if you have forgiven my neglect of your invitation so far."

"I'll forgive anything in a Dillingham. You don't forget you're one of us, as I have said before."

She swept out of the vestibule grandly, holding her head a little higher than usual, and Barbara blessed the nobility in her that was unsuspected by all her riches and social rank. Probably nothing that occurred that morning made a deeper impression socially. The old lady had not said a word about the engagement. She had too much delicacy and good taste. But it was just as plain as if she had welcomed Barbara as her minister's wife that she accepted the situation without a thought of remonstrance and was prepared to act loyally towards Mr. Morton, respecting his choice and even ready to defend it before any and all of her influential acquaintances.

Miss Dillingham was at the other end of the vestibule while her mother was talking to Barbara. She did not approach Barbara, and, so far as could be seen, did not even look at her during the service. Her proud, handsome face was directed, however, with a fixed and painful gaze upon the preacher through all the service. If at the close Alice Dillingham calmly shut the door of her own heart over their dream of romance in which the talented preacher of Marble Square had begun to be adored, it may be that Barbara fully understood it; and in avoidance of her by the one who had lost what Barbara had gained, Barbara saw no cause for personal ill will. When the heart aches, there are times when it must ache alone, and riches and beauty are no security and no comfort.

The weeks that followed this eventful Sunday were crowded with incidents and meaning for Barbara. She remained nearly a month with Mrs. Ward, until help had been secured, and then with mutual sorrow the women parted, Barbara going home to make preparation, with her mother's help, for her marriage.

"If you aren't suited with the situation you've found, you can come back to us any time," Mr. Ward said, as his wife kissed Barbara and made no attempt to hide her sorrow plainly shown by the tears on her face.

"Thank you," responded Barbara, laughing through her tears, for it was a real grief for her to go; "I am afraid I shall never come back. But, if you will come and see us, I will promise to bake some of your favorite dishes for you."

She waved her hand to them as they both came to the door and bade her an affectionate farewell and soon turned the corner, with a grave consciousness that one very important chapter in her life had come to a close and a new one had begun.

[To Be Continued.]

A STORY OF DOG LOGIC.

Small "Yaller" Canine Figures Out a Scheme for Overcoming a Rattlesnake.

In August, 1844, I was a boy of 15, working with my father on the farm in northern Illinois, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times. One afternoon he had just climbed on a load of straw he had been pitching up to me, when I heard a rattlesnake on the ground near by. After looking about a few minutes, we discerned him in the stubble, about 20 feet away, just coiling, ready for defense or attack. In those early days it was considered almost a religious duty to dispatch every venomous creature of that kind, so plentiful were they on the prairies. I was about to get down from the load for that purpose, when I thought of the little dog Penny. He was a slender little fellow of the proverbial "yaller-dog" species, but had a great reputation as a snake killer. So I whistled for Penny, who came running, in cheerful response, from the house. Being directed and hissed on, he soon discovered the snake, still darting out his tongue and giving forth warning with his tail. We had a fine view from the load.

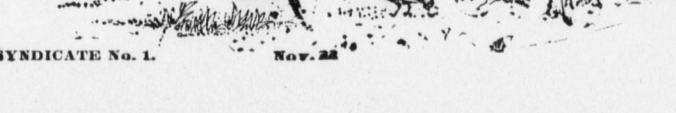
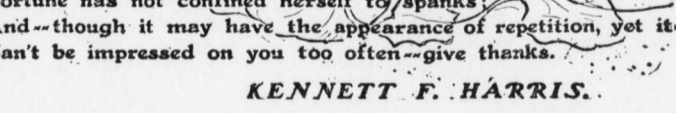
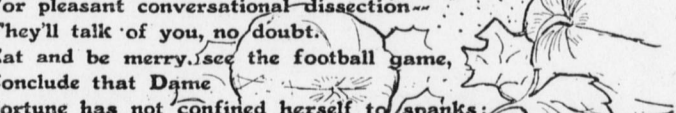
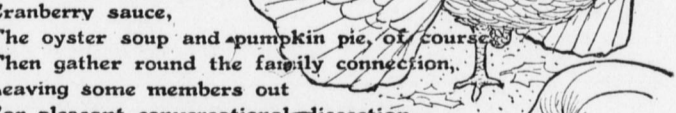
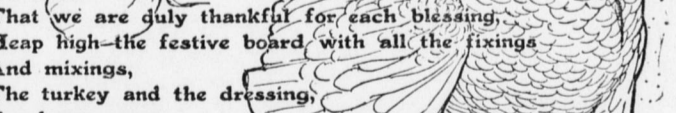
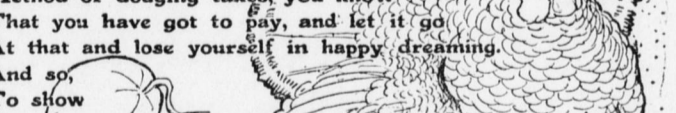
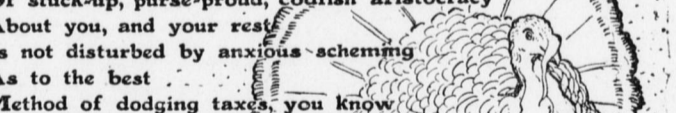
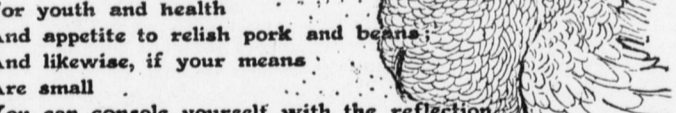
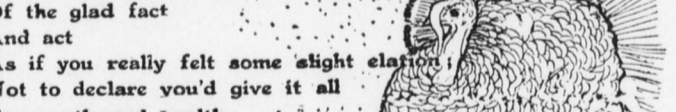
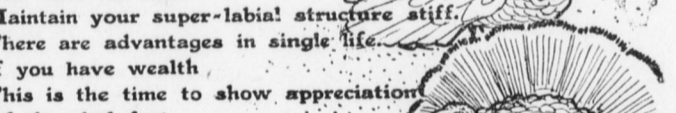
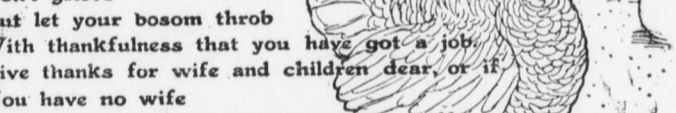
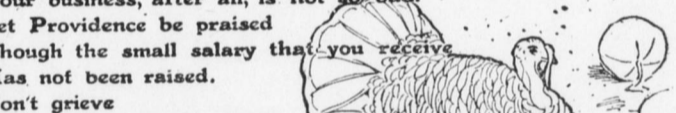
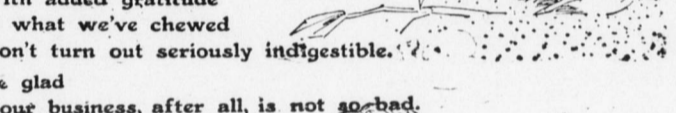
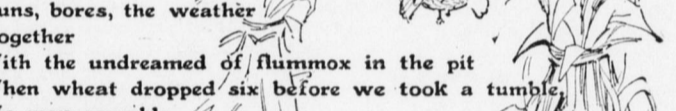
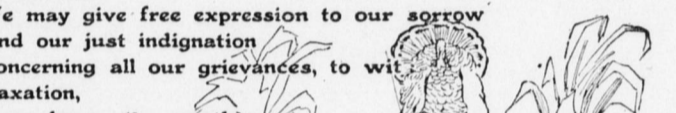
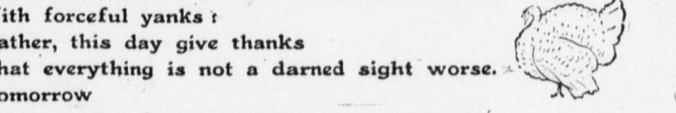
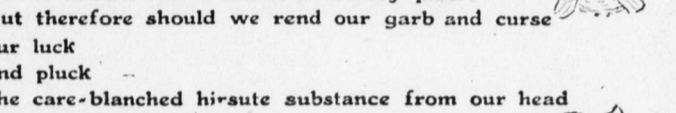
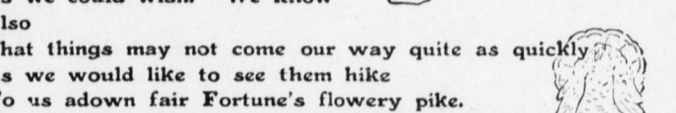
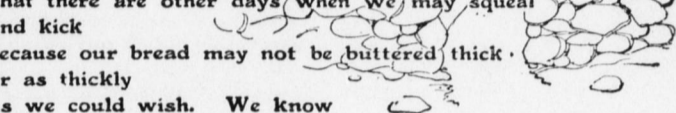
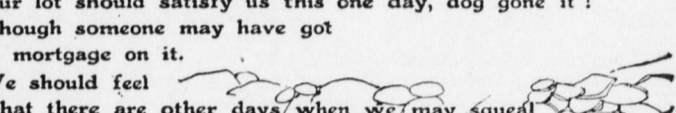
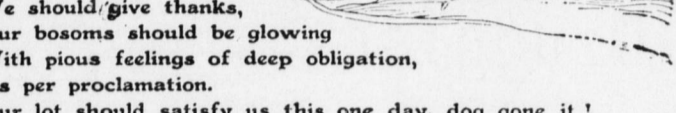
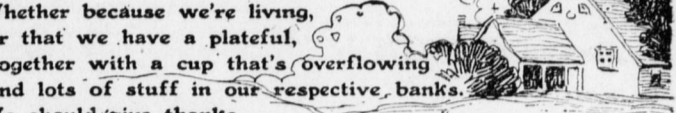
Penny approached cautiously, first on this side, then on that, till he had gone round the snake several times, always finding him ready for a fatal blow in any direction. Suddenly he stopped still, and turned his head to one side in serious contemplation. I think if he had a finger he would have scratched his head just back of his right ear in search of an idea. After a few moments' reflection, his plan seemed formed. He stepped back a step or two, made a bound forward, towards the snake, and snapped at it with his teeth, coming very close to it but not touching it; then bounded back as quick as a flash. The snake struck out his full length, and very fiercely, but he was not quick enough. Penny had dodged him. The snake, of course, was now straightened out; and the dog, springing so quick you could hardly see him, caught it in the middle of the body, and, giving it one quick, violent shake, dropped it on the ground, completely stunned, so that it was only a moment's work to seize it again and shake it into many pieces.

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple-tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohamadansto represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman—YOUTH'S COMPANION.



This is Thanksgiving Day, Otherwise plain "Thanksgiving," The day when it behooves us to be grateful, Anyway, Whether because we're living, Or that we have a plateful, Together with a cup that's overflowing And lots of stuff in our respective banks. We should give thanks, Our bosoms should be glowing With pious feelings of deep obligation, As per proclamation. Our lot should satisfy us this one day, dog gone it! Though someone may have got A mortgage on it. We should feel That there are other days when we may squeal And kick Because our bread may not be buttered thick Or as thickly As we could wish. We know Also That things may not come our way quite as quickly As we would like to see them hike To us adown fair Fortune's flowery pike. But therefore should we rend our garb and curse Our luck And pluck The care-blanch'd hi-sute substance from our head With forceful yanks: Rather, this day give thanks That everything is not a darned sight worse. Tomorrow We may give free expression to our sorrow And our just indignation Concerning all our grievances, to wit: Taxation, Duns, bores, the weather Together With the undreamed of flummox in the pit When wheat dropped six before we took a tumble. We may grumble Consistently for four and eighteen score Days in the year to come, But this one day, at least, We may find some Things to be thankful for And feast On every season hallowed comestible With added gratitude If what we've chewed Don't turn out seriously indigestible. Be glad Your business, after all, is not so bad. Let Providence be praised Though the small salary that you receive Has not been raised. Don't grieve But let your bosom throb With thankfulness that you have got a job. Give thanks for wife and children dear, or if You have no wife Maintain your super-labia! structure stiff. There are advantages in single life. If you have wealth This is the time to show appreciation Of the glad fact And act As if you really felt some slight elation. Not to declare you'd give it all For youth and health And appetite to relish pork and beans. And likewise, if your means Are small You can console yourself with the reflection That there is not, As far as anybody can descry, A jot Of stuck-up, purse-proud, coddish aristocracy About you, and your rest Is not disturbed by anxious scheming As to the best Method of dodging taxes, you know That you have got to pay, and let it go. At that and lose yourself in happy dreaming. And so, To show That we are duly thankful for each blessing, Heap high—the festive board with all the fixings And mixings, The turkey and the dressing, Cranberry sauce, The oyster soup and pumpkin pie, of course. Then gather round the family connection, Leaving some members out For pleasant conversational dissection. They'll talk of you, no doubt. Eat and be merry, see the football game, Conclude that Dame Fortune has not confined herself to spansks. And—though it may have the appearance of repetition, yet it Can't be impressed on you too often—give thanks.



KENNETT F. HARRIS.