

TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME.

Of the hard and weary loads
Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.
For grief that cuts like a knife,
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.
But to phantoms of pain and woe,
The lips of pity are dumb,
And there's never oil or wine
For troubles that never come.
There's a song to lighten the toll,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.
There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.
Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.
—Lettie S. Bigelow, in Zion's Herald.

BORN TO SERVE
By Charles M. Sheldon,
Author of 'IN HIS STEPS,' 'JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS,' 'EDWARD ELISE,' etc.
(Copyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon.)

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Three months after, Barbara was married at her mother's home. The few friends who had been faithful to her during the days of her service were present, the Wards, Mr. and Mrs. Vane, and Mrs. Dillingham, together with three of the girls from the stores whose friendship for Barbara had daily grown in meaning.

Five years after this Barbara and her husband were standing together one evening in the dining-room of the parsonage of Marble Square church, evidently awaiting some guests.

Ralph Morton was nodding approval of some little detail of the table furnishing, and Barbara was saying: "So lovely to have the old friends with us to-night, isn't it, Ralph?"

"Indeed it is. Although I could be satisfied with present company," the minister answered, gallantly. He was still the lover as well as husband.

"That's selfish," Barbara smiled as she came around to his side of the table and stood there with his arm about her, the love light in her eyes as strong as ever.

"I have never quite got over that interruption of Mrs. Ward's the night I courted you in your kitchen," he said, laughing.

"You have had five years to make it up, sir," Barbara replied, answering his laugh with a caress, and as the bell rang she ran to the door to meet her guests.

"We've all come along together, you see," Mr. Ward said, in his cheery fashion, as he entered with Mrs. Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Vane and Mrs. Dillingham. "We have been over to the training school and looked at the new addition. It's a great help."

The minister and his wife greeted them eagerly; and when they were seated at the table after grace was asked the talk naturally turned about the work of the training school and its results. A neat-looking girl with a pleasant, intelligent face came in to serve the first course.

"Jennie," Barbara said, with a smile that revealed her winsomeness and proved that the years had added to its power, "these are old friends of mine. You have met Mrs. Ward. This is Mr. Ward, Mrs. Dillingham, Mr. and Mrs. Vane, Jennie Mason."

"The girl nodded pleasantly in response to the words of greeting given her, and when her work was over she went out.

"Is Miss Mason one of your girls?" Mrs. Vane asked, rubbing her nose vigorously, as her wont was when she had some particular problem in mind.

"Yes, she is just out of the school. She is really fitting herself for hospital service, but wanted to take the course, and is with me this winter."

"Are these her muffins?" Mr. Ward inquired, suspiciously.

"No, sir," Barbara laughed. "Those are mine. I made them specially for you in memory of the old times."

"Ah, we've never had any like them since you left us for a better place, have we, Martha?" Mr. Ward said, turning to his wife.

"No, not even the girls from Barbara's school can equal her," Mrs. Ward answered, giving Barbara a grateful look. The years had strengthened their friendship and love.

"I don't see that the training school has solved the hired girl problem in Crawford," Mrs. Vane said, as if vexed at something she had heard. "Although it is wonderful what has been done in so short a time."

"We've had our woes," Barbara answered, with a sigh. "It takes so long to make people see the Divine side of service. Now, Jennie, as good and capable a girl as she is, longs to escape from the drudgery, as she calls it, and become something besides a servant."

Mrs. Dillingham referred to a scale of wages agreed upon in Crawford since the training school was started. This scale was a mutual agreement between housekeepers and servants, and was regulated by certain well-defined conditions of competency.

"At the same time," Mrs. Ward said, "I don't believe the servant girl problem is mostly one of wages or work. I believe it is more a question of an understanding on the part of those who go out to service of the opportunity to serve, and the real joy of being in a place where one is really needed by the homes of the world."

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Vane, who was a rarely modest man and seldom took any extended part in the talk.

"Indeed, yes!" Barbara answered, her eyes flashing with enthusiasm. "All we have done so far in the training school has been to make an honest effort to teach girls to be competent in the affairs of the house so far as its management is concerned, and after doing that comes the hardest part of it—to help the girls to see the divine side of service."

"Why don't I have any of this?" the figure said, reproachfully, and everybody laughed while the child ran around to Barbara and put a curly head in her lap.

"Now, then, little boys that are put to bed must stay there," Barbara said, smiling at the sweet face that looked up at her after the first moment.

"Can't I stay and have some?" the child asked, pleading a little. "I dreamed you were having some good things without me, and I thought you would miss me, and—and—so—I came down."

Barbara hesitated and looked over at the father. Ralph's lips trembled suspiciously, but he said, gently, but firmly: "No, Carl, you must go right back to bed. It is too late for little boys to be up. We are very much obliged for your call, but we cannot ask you to stay."

"All right," said Carl, sturdily. He raised his face to his mother's and kissed her, and marched sturdily out of the room. At the door he fired a parting shot.

"If there's anything left, save Martha and me some."

He vanished up the stairs amid a general laugh, and Mrs. Ward wiped her eyes.



THESE ARE MINE. I MADE THEM ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.

her eyes. It was more than laughter that had brought tears to them.

"I think you have the most beautiful children, Barbara. I never saw any that minded like your Carl."

"I'm afraid they obey their father better than me," Barbara answered, slowly. "But they are lovely children. Did you ever see anything more funny than the look on his face as he said: 'Why don't I have some of this?' And as for Martha—"

"Barbara's eyes dimmed at the vision of that little one upstairs; and when she came back to her conversation Mr. Ward was saying: 'That was a trying time, Barbara. I tell you now, that I had no sort of expectation that you could hold your own in Marble Square. The night you were married I knew there were a dozen families fully intending to leave the church and never come back.'"

"And yet they didn't. At least, not more than two or three. How do you account for it?" Mrs. Vane asked the question, and then answered it herself: "Plain enough. They learned to love the minister's wife."

"Same's I did," said Ralph, bowing to Barbara. "I knew I was safe all the time."

"But there are some people that never called on you yet, my dear?" Mrs. Dillingham asked.

"Yes, quite a number," Barbara answered, quietly. "It does not hurt me. I am very happy."

at last. "When you came into my house, Barbara, six years ago, I was a fretful, irritable, cross woman. Your definition of Christian service really saved us our home. What you are doing for other girls in training them to have a Divine thought of service is saving many other homes in Crawford. I know it, because I see the effects on my friends wherever your girls have gone. You will never know, Barbara, all the good you have done amongst us."

"God has been very good to me," said Barbara, softly.

"He has been good to us all," her husband added, gently.

After supper Barbara went upstairs to see her mother and say good night to her. Mrs. Clark had for two years been confined to her room through an accident. This was one of the cheerfulness that Barbara had carried since her home began. She stayed with her mother for some time, and Ralph came up and joined her, with Mrs. Ward, until the invalid ordered them all downstairs again.

"The children are company for me," she said, and Barbara's tears fell as she said to Mrs. Ward: "I do believe mother is glad that she is one of the 'shut-ins.' She does enjoy Carl and Martha so! They play together all the time, and even when they are asleep mother calls them company." She kissed her mother good night and joined the company downstairs.

"Oh, did I tell you?" she said, as she came down. "Ralph and I invited in a little group of friends among the young people to-night. They'll be here pretty soon."

"We hope they're from a class of society that is equal to ours, Barbara," said Mr. Ward, gravely. "The last time I was here Morton introduced me to a lot of people who work with their hands in making an honest living. That isn't the 'best society' you know in Crawford."

Barbara looked at him humorously. "Remarks like that do not frighten me any more," she said. "The 'best society' to me is made up of people who have begun to learn the lesson of Divine service for human needs."

The young people arrived a little later. They were young men and women whom Ralph and Barbara had met and drawn into the circle of their companionship in service. There were eight or ten girls who were out at service and had been trained in the school as Barbara's own pupils.

There were three or four girls from Bondman's, who were trying to live in little apartments, in one or two cases, to Barbara's own knowledge, in terrible danger of losing their virtue on account of their surroundings.

The careless-looking girl was there, the one whom Barbara had actually saved from the pit; and with the light of life in her transformed face she was living a useful life as manager of a temperance restaurant in the city. She was engaged to one of the clerks in Bondman's, and they were to be married soon and begin a little business of their own in connection with the restaurant.

As Barbara watched them talking together with her husband she said to herself: "It is worth all it cost to save her, and only God and Barbara will ever know how much it cost, and they will never tell."

Then there were half a dozen young men from various places in the city, all of whom had no homes and had been saved by Morton from an aimless or sinful life. Nearly all of the young people were among the wage-earners.

There were light refreshments passed after an evening of animated talk, interspersed with much good music and several games, in which Mr. Morton surprised even Barbara with his good spirit and an ability like genius in setting everybody at ease.

About ten o'clock the minister called the guests' attention to the hour, and said, quietly: "We'll have our usual service to close with."

Most of them seemed familiar with the custom at the parsonage, and the company was soon quietly seated in the two large rooms.

Ralph turned to Matthew's Gospel and read the passage in which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, defines the term "brotherhood."

"While He was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold, His mother and His brethren stood without, seeking to speak to Him. And one said unto Him, Behold, Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, seeking to speak to Thee. But He answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?"

And He stretched forth His hand towards His disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, he is my brother and sister and mother."

He commented on it briefly, and then read the other passage which contains the matchless statement of service as given by Jesus again: "For the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

"The world will solve all hard questions if it only brings enough love to bear upon them," he said, looking out earnestly at the silent, eager young life in the circle. "Love can do all things. If only we learn that service is Divine, we can learn how to make a better world and redeem our brothers and sisters."

He offered a brief prayer that the Father would bless all the lives present and all dear to them, and give them strength for another day's work after a night's peaceful rest; and after the prayer the guests quietly went away after a strong handshake and hearty "God bless you" from the young preacher and his wife. Ah, Ralph and Barbara, only the judgment will reveal the number of jewels in your crown. For you have saved souls from death here and despair hereafter.

When Mrs. Dillingham went out, as she walked along with Mrs. Vane and the Wards, for they lived only a short distance from the parsonage, she said: "Well, there was a time when no one could have made me believe in the sort of evening I have spent to-night. I rubbed my eyes several times, thinking maybe I was resurrected, living in another world."

"I don't think the millennium has come quite yet," said Mr. Ward, "not even in Crawford. And yet Barbara and Morton seem to have made a little one of their own around them."

"Perhaps that's the way the big one is going to begin," suggested Mrs. Vane, wisely.

When all the people had gone Ralph Morton and Barbara reviewed the evening.

"They had a good time, I am sure. It's worth while, isn't it, dear?"

"Yes, even if I haven't solved the servant girl problem like a mathematical thing with an exact answer," Barbara said, smiling.

"Human problems are not solved that way, Barbara. I always feel suspicious of an economic formula that claims to bring in the millennium like an express train running on a schedule time. But this much we do know from our own experience: Love is the great solution, the final solution, of all earth's troubles. We know it is, because God is love. And service between man and man will be what it ought to be when love between man and man is what it ought to be, and not until then."

"I am glad," said Barbara, "that we have learned that. I am glad that we were born to serve."

"Amen," said Morton, gently. "Thanks be to God for the Servant of the human race."

So hand in hand these two, through their church and home, are ministering to-day to the needy of the brotherhood. Hand in hand they look with the hope of God for the dawn of a better day and the victory which always crowns the greatest of all human forces, the love of man for man.

CHILD MELTED HIS HEART.

What the Pinched Face Did for the Hard Man of the World.

He was comfortable and full-fed, having just done ample justice to a sumptuous meal. As he stood in the door of the cafe a ragged, unkempt individual approached him and asked for money that he might eat.

The man looked at him coldly and shook his head. "Pass on," he said, roughly, says the Denver Times.

As the tramp disappeared around the corner the hard lines around the man's mouth grew harder and his eyes colder. He was thinking of how he had to work for his money. Why couldn't this able-bodied tramp do the same? Then a piping treble broke in on his thoughts.

The man looked down and beheld a diminutive person—a little girl with a half-dozen papers under her arm and the saddest and most pitifully hunger-pinched face in the world.

"Buy a paper, mister?" she asked. The man cleared his throat. "Why, yes, certainly; here." He handed her a silver dollar.

"I hain't got the change," the little woman said, hesitatingly. "Don't want it; keep it."

The man looked down the street and wondered why his heart had suddenly grown so warm. The child was silent, awed with the vast wealth that had just been thrust upon her.

The man reached down and patted her head. "You're a mighty small affair to be out on the street," he said, almost tenderly.

She did not reply. Her mind was still dazzled with her newly-acquired wealth. Finally she found her voice. "Good-by, mister," she said, backing away.

"Good-by, little girl," and the man coughed suspiciously. "God!" he said, half aloud. "I'm glad and thankful my babies are in out of the cold. Poor little thing. I wonder if she has any place to go?"

Then he walked down the street, feeling strangely at peace with himself and the world.

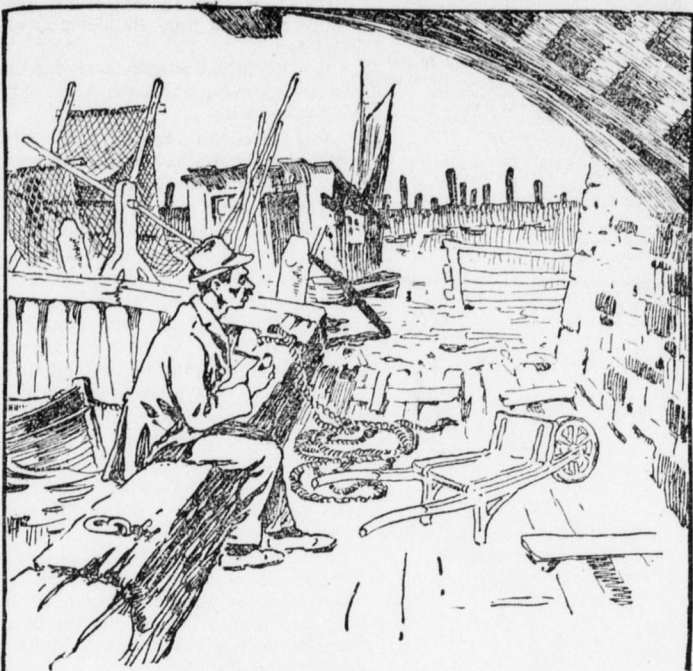
Why They Were Selected. It has been recorded that Gen. Henry Knox, in 1783, was the "greatest" of 11 distinguished officers of the army, weighing 280 pounds. Noah Brooks, in his book entitled "Henry Knox," gives the following incident relating to the general's full habit: "With a Capt. Sargent, he was selected to present the hard case of the starving and naked men at Valley Forge to the attention of a committee of congress. One of the congressmen, wishing to show his wit and sarcasm, said that he had never seen a fatter man than Gen. Knox, nor a better dressed man than his associate. Knox managed to keep his temper and remained silent, but his subordinate retorted: 'The corps, out of respect to congress, and themselves, have sent as their representatives the only man who had an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body and the only other who possessed a complete suit of clothes.'—Youth's Companion."

Pat and Biddy. Pat was a bashful lover and Biddy was coy—but not too coy. "Biddy," Pat began, timidly, "did ye ever think a-marryin'?" "Sure, now, th' subject has niver entered me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy.

"It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away. "Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a-thinkin'."—Harper's Bazar.

Money and the Mare. Money indeed makes the mare go; but whether this indicates pecuniary power or feminine weakness, merely, does not definitely appear.—Detroit Journal.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HAVE YOU A MATCH, YOUNG MAN?" WHERE IS THE YOUNG MAN?

A STUDY IN CASTE.

One of the Peripatetic Gentry Who Was Particular About His Classification.

Human nature is so happily constituted that as long as the humble man has an humbler man to look down upon he can still maintain a degree of dignity and self-respect, says the Detroit Free Press.

To the back door of a city residence the other day came an old man tramp. He was grimy and tattered, weary and wretched in appearance; but asked no money—merely something to eat. A cup of hot coffee was added to the bread and meat bestowed upon the poor fellow, and as he munched and sipped contentedly, albeit ravenously, on the doorstep, the lady of the house chatted with him.

He said that he was from old England—that he was once a traveling tinker and made good wages every day, but that he had grown old, work made him very tired, so he had concluded to beg his bread.

"Couldn't you find occupation of some kind, somewhere?" asked the sympathetic lady. "It would surely

be less tiresome than walking as much as you do, to beg." "Oh, no, lady," replied the old tramp. "An' I hain't a low-down beggar; I hain't the lowest o' the low, lady. Na, na; there's a class twixt me an' th' gypsies."

Porcelain Tower for Paris. Paris is to have a porcelain tower which will rival in size and beauty any similar structure in China. It is to be over 130 feet high, covered with porcelain decorations made for the purpose at the government factory of Sèvres, and will be erected in the Park of St. Cloud, on the site of the old tower known as "Diogenes' Lantern."—N. Y. Post.

One Possible Use. "Do you think, professor," said a musically-ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?"

"Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to halloo with in case of fire."—London Tit-Bits.

Do Business in New York. Philadelphia has quite a colony of business men who, while maintaining families in the Quaker city, do business in New York.—Boston Herald.

The Duties of the Rich

By HON. ABRAM S. HEWITT, Ex-Mayor of New York.

The rich owe certain duties to the poor. If they fail to perform them the future of America must be viewed with grave concern.



Hon. Abram S. Hewitt.

One of these duties is to improve the environment of the poor who are congested in tenement districts of the big cities. Conditions in those localities are such now that it is almost impossible for the people to lead decent lives.

"The commercial supremacy of the United States" is a phrase heard around the world. The country is rolling in wealth.

UNLESS THE POORER CLASSES SHARE IN AND PROFIT DIRECTLY BY THIS GREAT ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH, IN IMPROVED CONDITIONS OF LIFE AND HOME OUR ADVANCEMENT IS TO BE REGRETTED RATHER THAN ADMIRIED.

Our very progress has produced to a great extent the conditions of which I complain. But remember this: IT IS NOT TO BE DEFENDED THAT THE PRODUCTION OF WEALTH SHALL GO ON AT THE EXPENSE OF HUMANITY, AND IT IS NOT TO BE TOLERATED THAT ONE CLASS SHALL GROW RICHER AND ANOTHER CLASS MORE WRETCHED.

At the close of my life I feel I am justified in saying that unless the means which the rich have acquired are used for the general good of society, as a trust fund which they should have only the right to administer, the lives of such rich men are a failure.

I am glad to say that this view of wealth is becoming very prevalent. We have men of great wealth to-day who are busy distributing it in their own life-time.

I am the reverse of an agrarian or an anarchist or a socialist. But I believe that the individual has rights and privileges that the community should protect. The family is the foundation of social progress and society should take care that everyone as far as possible shall have a fair chance.

For the past 20 years, notwithstanding schools and churches and benevolent societies, the chances for the children of the poor born in New York have not been improved. I speak from observation here. I suppose the same holds good in other great cities. To convince you all you have to do is to go over to the East side of New York and see the streets crowded with specks of humanity surrounded with influences that are simply dreadful. They have not been fairly dealt with, these little children. Here is a chance for the rich.

Suitable provisions, too, should be made for worthy old people who have no means at the end of their career for their support. There is the poor house. Yes. But the poor house is not the proper home for respectable old people. The rich who are looking for something to give money to cannot do better than to devote it to this purpose.

In this country the making of money should not be regarded as the only object. THE MAKING OF CHARACTER IS ALL IMPORTANT.