

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.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S 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.

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 today?"

Barbara was really interested in the entire sermon, and as a whole it helped her. 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.

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 petition for patience and wisdom in the life she had chosen, much blessed and comforted by the service of the morning.

As Barbara came out into the aisle again, Mrs. Ward was standing near the end of the pew opposite. She 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 of them that Barbara had even seen, spoke to her abruptly but kindly as she came up, Carl still clinging to her.

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

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

"Dear me! It is strange Thomas never told me. Perhaps he did not hear of it. Is your mother living?"

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 her. But I'm interested in you, and perhaps I can do something to help."

The Wards were still standing near the door, and Carl was pulling Barbara's dress and crying to her to hurry home for dinner, when the young minister came up and shook hands heartily with Mrs. Ward.

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

"O' he's quite well," Mrs. Ward answered, as Morton looked at her. "We expected him home a month ago, but he had to give up coming at the last minute on account of some society doings. But—" by this time Carl had dragged Barbara out past Mrs. Ward.

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

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 society.

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

"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.

"Mr. Morton was a senior in college when Alfred entered," Mrs. Ward explained to Barbara, as they walked out of the church. "He had an opportunity to do Alfred a great kindness, and our boy never forgot it. He used to come home with him quite often during the last term Mr. Morton was at college before he entered the seminary."

"He's a very promising young man," said Mr. Ward, positively. "I like his preaching. It's sensible and straight."

"And interesting, too," Mrs. Ward added, her heart warming to the young man who had befriended her son. Just how much Ralph Morton had helped Alfred Ward not even the mother ever knew.

Barbara colored deeply as she allowed the whisper to die away in uncompleted fragments of imagination. 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.

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 stop him. I don't feel well enough to walk faster."

So Barbara hurried on with Carl and as she passed 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 people.

"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 Square church that set Barbara'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.

"Then I win. You see, this is a sure thing; one or the other of us is sure to win."—Ohio State Journal.

went with the place she had chosen. Perhaps it was not at all the thing for Mrs. Ward to do. It might not accomplish any good. But then, it—she stopped thinking about it and went on to the house to prepare the lunch. When Mrs. Ward came in, she found Carl satisfied with a bowl of bread and milk and Barbara quietly busy getting lunch for the rest.

"I'll have everything ready very soon," she said cheerfully; and, as she went back into the kitchen, she 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.

"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 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 the 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, and Mrs. Ward abruptly stopped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My dear sir," he began as he entered the room across the hall, "I find myself short by about—" "Sorry, but I'm dead broke," interrupted 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 it is."

"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 can have a hundred if you want it."—Boston Globe.

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 thing; one or the other of us is sure to win."—Ohio State Journal.



IMPROVING A BARN. Roof Window That Gives a Chance to Unload Hay into the Loft from the Outside.

There are thousands of barns like the original of that shown in the cut scattered throughout the country, the roof space in which is but little, if at all, utilized, largely for the reason that the roof space is inaccessible. A barn was recently seen by the writer in which this difficulty was solved by the insertion of a roof window similar to that shown in the cut.



THE IMPROVED BARN. of window that is shown is much better than the pitched roof dormer window that is sometimes put upon roofs. The style shown admits of having a large square window in front—especially useful if a hay fork is to be used.

The advantage of this changing a barn is that the loft can be floored over and the hay and straw stored in the second story, utilizing the space clear to the ridge pole. This leaves the first floor clear for a silo and quarters for the stock, giving more room for the latter, and affording a warmer barn, since many buildings are kept cold almost wholly because of the big empty space in the top—heated air always rising because lighter than cold air. With a window in each end of the barn above, and the new window in front, the loft will be as light as the first floor, while in summer this means of ventilation, with the loft floor to separate the upper part of the barn from the lower, will cause the lower part of the barn, where the stock is confined at night, to be much cooler than it otherwise could be.—N. Y. Tribune.

ONE BREED IS ENOUGH. For the Average Farmer There is No Money in Raising a Dozen Kinds of Poultry.

A single breed is better to have about than a dozen different kinds. There are many reasons for this. When considered from the fancier's standpoint, a single breed is about all one person can successfully care for, unless the fancier's whole time and attention are given to them. If this can be done, then as many varieties as there is space to accommodate may be kept to advantage. But even then it will be found that the fancier who puts his whole energy into one variety will progress more rapidly than the one devoting himself to many varieties. When taken from the standpoint of eggs for market, it will be found that it is more attractive for customers to have all the eggs as near alike as two hens' eggs can be; when for market poultry, it is to the credit of the seller to send to market a whole killing that are alike; and when it comes to the care of the fowls, one soon learns the habits and eating capacity of the one variety, and thus in feeding and treating them all alike good average results will be realized. But when they are in the flock, the active Leghorns with the less active larger breeds, when fed together, the active fowl will get too much, while the slower moving fowl will not have enough. For this reason, when kept in yards or colonies, it is better to keep hens to themselves and pullets to themselves.—Country Gentleman.

Hints on Wintering Ewes. I do not think it advisable to keep the ewes too much confined. I always permit mine to run on the pasture during the day time, when the weather is suitable, and when they can get at the grass. At the same time I feed them some corn fodder. At night also, if the weather is mild, I leave the doors of the barn open, so they can go out and in at will. As to feed, I always give them all the clover hay they will eat up clean. For 100 head of sheep the grain feed consists of two bushels of oats and corn, mixed in the proportion of one-third corn and two-thirds oats.—John H. Henn, in Farmer's Review.

Good Money in Mutton. Farmers who at one time abandoned sheep are again bringing them on the farms. They are also learning that there is more money in mutton than in wool.