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### Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

**CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.**  
Faith went up to her room tired and rebellious. She sat down, and at first said she would not go to church. Then she thought of her dear home circle, and for almost the first time since she came away she grew dreadfully homesick. She threw herself down on her bed in the dark and had a good, hard cry. When it was over she felt somewhat ashamed, and lay still awhile thinking. Then she arose and suddenly turned on her electric light.

"Faith Kirk, you are ashamed of yourself. Is this Malcom Kirk's daughter?" She asked the question as she put on her cloak and hat and resolutely determined to go to church and be a good Christian in spite of her troubles.

"To him that overcometh," the verse happened to be the subject of the Eodeavor meeting that very night, and as she took up her Bible and went out

there showed her a seat.

The meeting began promptly, and Faith could not help wondering a little as she looked around at the very well dressed young men and women, how much any of them knew of the struggle of overcoming. The next moment she related herself to judging others.

"They all have their trials, no doubt," she said. "It won't do to judge from appearances. Rich folks are not the happiest ones."

She enjoyed the singing, and some of the most familiar Eodeavor songs brought tears to her eyes.

When the hour was about half gone, Faith had an impulse to give her testimony. She kept saying to herself that what she had been through that day was something that might help others. In her father's church at home the young people had always been encouraged to help one another by relating their experiences, and Faith had no other thought in mind when she rose during a pause and told very frankly something of her struggle that very day.

The young people all turned and looked at her in surprise. Faith knew how to express herself very well. Her father had helped her very much. She did not mean to exaggerate her difficulties, but she spoke more frankly than she might if she had not been overflowing from the day's experience. Besides, her heart warmed to find herself in the society once more, and she longed for the Christian fellowship.

When she sat down she had time to think if she had said anything she ought not. She had simply confessed her struggles as the Bible said Christians ought, and she had only incidentally mentioned the fact that she was working out. At home they had girls in the society who were working out at service and they did not think much about it.

That hot and cold by turns as she thought of having told all these young people that she was a "hired girl." She was almost tempted to get up again and tell them that she was the daughter of a minister and a high school graduate, and that her father had more than one letter from the Pastor of the very church where she now was, commending the work done in Concord and asking for counsel as to similar work in the great city. Then she glowed with shame for her lack of courage. "If I did tell them what I am doing it is no disgrace! It is an honest thing to do. I am not ashamed of it."

In spite of all that, when the meeting was over, Faith faced that the girl who had been sitting next to her turned away very hurriedly without trying to speak to her. The one who had ushered her to the seat, however, came to her and introduced her to a girl standing near by. The girl shook hands rather stiffly, and then excused herself, saying she had some committee work to do. Faith was left standing alone, and no one else spoke to her. She tried to believe there was no intention in the neglect. But her face burned, and she finally resolved to go out, to shake the dust of that church from her feet and never return to it.

She had reached the door, when the face of her father came up before her, the patient, loving, long-suffering father at home, who had, to Faith's own knowledge, endured for years numberless privations and slights without losing his Christian meekness or courage. With the face of her father also came another, the Master's, as Faith remembered it from one of the pictures she had at home of Christ in Gethsemane.

This is not overcoming," she said to herself, and at the door of the chapel she stopped, walked back to the church door entrance and into the main room.

An usher showed her to a good seat, and she sat there with her head bowed for fifteen minutes before the service began. When she raised her head, her eyes were wet with tears, and the people near her looked surprised. But Faith had overcome. She had fought another battle so that "eventful Lord's Day," and had won the victory.

When the service began she enjoyed it. The singing was by a quartet, and to Faith in her present condition the music came with refreshing. The

sermon helped her too. It was on the subject of Christ's sufferings, and she felt ashamed as she listened and compared her own troubles with those of the great Sufferer for the sins of a whole world.

At the close of the service she hesitated, but finally went up to the front of the church and introduced herself to the minister.

He was one of the Chicago pastors who had known her father when he was in the seminary. They were not in the same class, but had corresponded a little of late years.

"What!" he exclaimed, as Faith spoke her name. "Miss Kirk, of Concord! My dear," he called to his wife, who was near by, "this is Malcom Kirk's daughter. You remember his stories in the Compassion. Our boys think there are no stories just like his. We are so glad to see you!"

The minister's wife greeted her very kindly, and Faith almost cried, she was so touched by their cordial reception.

"Where are you stopping in the city?" the minister asked. Faith hesitated, and then frankly told him where she was and what she was doing. There was a moment's look of surprise on the face of the minister and his wife, but they were genuine Christians, and without asking any more questions, the minister's wife said, as she laid a loving hand on Faith's arm: "My dear, come and take tea with us next Sunday evening at five. Don't fail, will you?"

She gave Faith her house number, and Faith walked out of the church feeling as if some Christianity were left in that great sinful city after all. That night she wrote home a long letter to her mother, telling her all about her work, and especially the experience of that day. When she closed the door of her room, the words were on her lips and her heart was hot within her. But she choked the words down, and without replying to Mrs. Fulton, she started to go out. Even in her excited condition of mind she could not help noticing that the young man was gazing at her with great attention.

"It is not your place to touch the piano," continued Mrs. Fulton, who was angry. "You can leave it alone after this."

"Mother!" Alice spoke up in a tone of timid remonstrance. "There has been no harm done, has there? She plays better than I do. I never knew before how that march ought to sound."

"You're right about that," said the young man, in a big, hearty voice. "It was finely done, and I've heard it played by Sousa's band, too."

Faith colored to her hair at the unexpected praise, while Mrs. Fulton shut the piano with a bang and looked extremely annoyed.

"You can finish your work here some other time," she said to Faith, sharply.

Faith went out of the parlor without having said a word. She was glad when she reached the kitchen that she had controlled herself, but the effort not to say anything in defence, to excuse her action, cost her a tremendous struggle. As she prepared the midday meal she choked several times with a dry sob as she realized that she must not try to be anything but a hired girl while employed in that capacity.

"This isn't the work I ought to do," she said to herself again and again. "But I am doing the best I can. I wouldn't have touched the piano if I hadn't forgotten myself at the sight of the music. If I can get anything else to do, I won't stay here. But what can I do, unless I give up everything and go home? I won't do that until I have tea."

Then she quieted her excitement by recalling the home circle. Her father's face came up before her and she said: "I am selfish to mind such a thing. For dear father's sake!"

When she appeared at the table in answer to Mrs. Fulton's ring of the bell the first time she showed no signs of temper, and served, quietly and cheerfully. Mrs. Fulton looked at her sharply several times, but apparently found nothing in the girl's face to annoy her. The only embarrassing fea-

ture of the meal to Faith was the fact that the young man, Malcom, was looking at her very directly. It was not a stare, but it embarrassed Faith somewhat. His face was honest and manly, but the look he often turned towards her was very searching.

She was relieved when the meal was over and she could clear things away. It was Thursday afternoon, and she very quietly put her kitchen rights on, and running up to her room, she put on hat and cloak and went out. She determined to have another look at the picture on State street if it were still there. And if it was gone, a plan had suddenly come to her mind which she had resolved to try before going back to the Fulton's.

She had been gone out of the house only a few minutes, when a conversation occurred in the parlor which would have interested her intensely if she could have heard it.

### CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Fulton was first to speak. "When you are through playing the piano you can go on with your work," she said, coldly.

Faith stopped and picked up the dusting cloth and then rose to her feet. The words were on her lips and her heart was hot within her. But she choked the words down, and without replying to Mrs. Fulton, she started to go out. Even in her excited condition of mind she could not help noticing that the young man was gazing at her with great attention.

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the cultivation of the intellect, but the cultivation of the intellect alone is not sufficient. "In one important respect," said Charles Kendall Adams, "character differs from every other element; it is the only element of success which is strictly within individual control. I am fond of quoting that fine saying of George Eliot, 'Character is the result of reiterated choice between good and evil.'"—Success.