

impatient ones who could not wait. These—for their compatriots' good, got out and forged ahead, to be overtaken and passed, presently, by the car they had left.

"What does this mean Mr. Friesman? asked a grave, handsome girl, of the old gentleman beside her. "I thought the strike was off."

"So it is, Miss Patty, but some of the workmen could not get their places back; you see the places had been filled."

"And this is their revenge? Unreasonable creatures!"

"Hungry men are not inclined to be reasonable, my dear, nor to weigh questions of responsibility for that hunger."

"The trouble is, they think only of their own rights!" cried the girl impatiently, "they seem to think they have a monopoly of rights!"

"That poison works on both sides," said Mr. Friesland sadly; "We better off ones are too ready to repudiate our debt to our poorer brethren."

"What debt?" asked a stranger across the aisle.

"The world calls it 'noblesse oblige,'" answered the old man, "but the world's people do not honour the debt. My Master calls it the law of love, but my Master's children seem to forget His command to do unto others as they would have others do unto them."

Silence followed this a lusion to the Lord Jesus Christ, as so often happens. Mr. Friesman turned to his young neighbour again:—

"There was once a father, Miss Patty, who had a large family of children. He was vastly rich, and there came a time when he divided his property among his heirs; not equally, for they were of different ages and temperaments, and this would not have been wise. But to those who received the bulk of his property he left this testament: 'You know my children that I do not love you any better than your brothers and sisters, but for certain reasons I cannot give to them all the same that I am giving to you; now as you love me, your common father, you will love my other children, and you will feel it to be a debt of honour to divide your substance with them as far as it may be possible for you, and wisely helpful to them.'

"If they were true hearted children, Patty, would not they count this debt binding upon them? All the more binding because left to their honour to discharge. My dear, you and I owe just such a debt of honour to every poor, ignorant and sorrowful child of the heavenly Father within our reach."

The girl's dark lashes fringed her cheek, and they looked strangely moist. The stranger was silent, but as the car gave a sudden lurch and buzzed forward, he heard the voice raised in protest and question. The old man's deeper tones were more audible as he answered:

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"Hard to know? You may well say so! It is the hardest of all life's puzzling questions. But I generally find a piece of this tangled thread hanging pretty near my own hand, and the only thing for me to do seems to be to take hold and try patiently and lovingly to pull it straight. It is blessed work, my dear. Ah, this is your stopping place? Let me pull the bell for you."

The stranger across the aisle chanced to meet our dark eyed Patty a few months later on the same car route. It was a mean, drizzling day and the car was full of damp and cross people. There was no vacant seat when Patty got on, and our stranger rose and offered her his place.

"Thank you very much," she said, "but I hate to let you stand."

Patty did not know that she had ever seen this stranger before, but he recognized her at once, remembering a certain peculiar resonance of voice, which had struck him that day he had heard her denounce the unreasonable workmen.

A few squares further on a poor woman bending under a heavy basket and a heavy baby, staggered into the car, and was allowed to stand, swaying and tottering. Then Patty flashed out of her seat, which was instantly overflowed by woman, baby and basket.

"You should not take such a fine baby out in the rain," the stranger heard our young lady say, in a tone of shy friendliness. She was standing so near him, clinging, indeed, to the next strap, that he could not but hear her tactful advances to their

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poor neighbour, and her helpful suggestions.

"You are discharging the 'debt of honour,' I see," he could not help saying.

Patty started and changed colour, and then recognized her quondam vis-a-vis.

"Oh, yes—I know—that morning on the car—" she stammered, and added earnestly, "Mr. Friesman's little story about the father and his children gave me a new way of looking at things."

"A New Testament way," said the stranger; "will you be kind enough to give me Mr. Friesman's address? I want his advice about my debt."

All of which was an unknown tongue to the poor woman who was enjoying the comfort of Patty's seat; but she went back to her hard, bare life with a little glow at her heart. she had received a small instalment of a young life's debt of honor!