

TRUST AND WAIT.

Trust—and wait God's time appointed,
Let him lead thee all the way.
Thou must be by God anointed;
As he bids thee, go or stay.

Seek not, strive not, he will guide thee
In the way which thou shouldst go.
He doth ever walk beside thee,
And the way will surely show.

Trust him always—trust him wholly—
Look not to thyself at all.
If thou seek his pleasure solely
He will let no ill befall.

It may be thy work lies near thee,
Close beside thee day by day.
Some, perchance, whose lives are dreary,
Need thy help upon the way.

It may be no noble mission
Such as thou hast dreamed were thine;
It may be thy sole commission
In a narrow sphere to shine.

He will teach thee. Only follow
Though the light at times be dim.
Thou hast left earth's joys so hollow,
Left them all to follow him.

Trust him, then. God knows no hurry,
For his ways are not as ours.
Wherefore shouldst thou fear or worry?
He will use thy utmost powers.

Not perchance the way man chooseth,
Nor the way that thou hast planned?
But of all he nothing looseth
Which is yielded to his hand.

—Fairlie Thornton in *The Christian*.

THE GLOVE SHOP AND COUSIN AMY.

BY MARTHA C. RANKIN.

"Why, Anna Marshall, what in the world are you doing!"

"Just what you see, Maud. I'm taking my books home."

"But why are you doing it? Vacation's a long way off."

"Not for me," was Anna's laughing response.

"Oh, Anna, you're the worst girl for surprises that I ever knew. What's up now? Are you going away?"

"Yes, as far as the shop."

"Not honestly?" said Maud.

"Yes, honestly. I'm tired of school, and I want to earn some money."

"But your father! Did he say you might?" exclaimed Maud, knowing well Mr. Marshall's high ambitions for his only daughter.

"Oh, papa wants me to be a fine scholar, but I like pretty clothes better than geometry and Latin. He'll send me to any school or college I choose; but, dear me! the money would all go for school bills, and I should have to wear dowdy clothes like Harriet Latimer, and I'm not going to. I've been teasing papa for a silk dress, and he says I'm too young, so now I'm going to earn one for myself."

"I don't see what you want of a silk dress, Anna? You always have pretty clothes."

"Oh, I should love to rustle into church in silk. And then I may visit in New York this winter. My Cousin Amy is at home now."

The girls had left the school-house and were walking up the shady street of a little village, whose one industry was the making of gloves and mittens. As they separated at Maud's gate, she said, "Good-by, Anna. I can't help thinking you're awfully silly."

"Much obliged for your opinion," shouted Anna, and she walked on alone.

It was the dream of Maud's life to have a college education, but her mother was a poor widow, and, after this year, Maud would have to work in the shop. What wouldn't she give for Anna's chance!

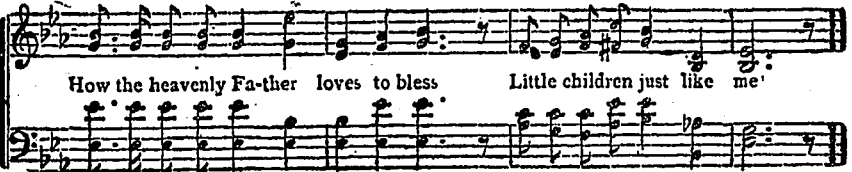
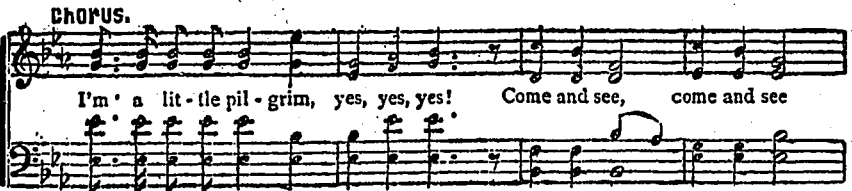
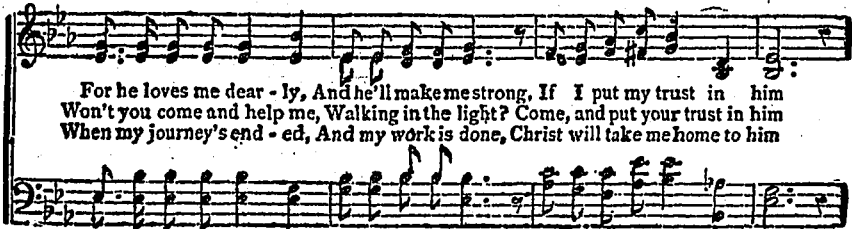
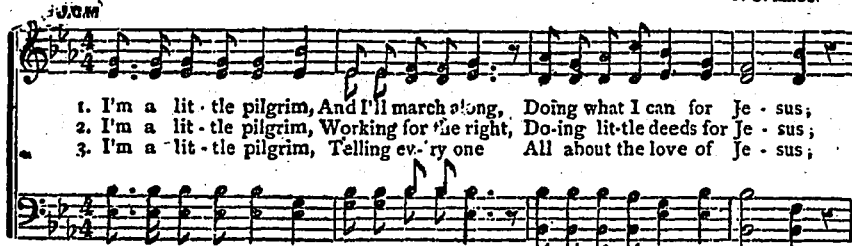
It must have been the law of contraries which gave Anna such an inordinate love of dress. It was a great trial to her parents, and, as they saw this love becoming a passion in their only daughter, they resolved to send her away to school, trusting that broader views of life would come to her with a complete change of surroundings.

When Anna declared herself wholly unwilling to go, saying that she would rather work in the shop, they wisely concluded to let her have her own way for a time, and await results. Perhaps in the school of experience she would learn some useful lessons.

It was not that the thought of having

I'm a Little Pilgrim.

J. C. MACR.



their daughter join the army of wage-earners hurt their pride, for they considered no honest work ignoble; but to have her deliberately choose trifles, instead of high opportunities, revealed a serious weakness of character.

Working in the shop in Glovetown did not mean the social ostracism that it does in many places; and although Anna's appearance in Van Allen's glove shop caused quite a stir and a great deal of gossip, she was neither prettier nor more ladylike than many of her companions at the sewing machines.

In spite of the fact that the machines were run by steam power, Anna found the work hard enough, and as days and weeks went by, she more than once regretted her folly, and would have been glad to go back to her books; but she said nothing.

With her first earnings she bought the silk dress; but rustling into church did not give her all the enjoyment she had expected. Indeed, after working so hard, she began to think there might be some wiser way of spending money.

She was relieved when, at the end of three months, the shop was closed for the annual inventory; and, without confessing her mistake, she could bid good-by to the noisy work-room.

Just at this time a letter came from her cousin Amy, saying that she had been visiting friends in the West, and planned to spend a day or two in Glovetown on her way home. She added that she should expect Anna to return to New York with her and stay at least a month.

Anna was delighted, and at once began to plan for some new dresses.

When Amy came, she brought with her a trunk full of beautiful clothes. She was several years older than Anna, her parents were wealthy, and she had been away several weeks.

Anna thought the dresses so lovely that she wanted to have some of her friends come to see the display.

But Amy would not listen to this. Indeed, she apologized for having so many things.

"I had to have them," she said, "because I was visiting so long; and with only one trunk, of course I had to bring them all here."

Anna remembered her own vanity in always calling in "the girls" whenever she had anything new, and parading about till they had admired it to her satisfaction. She wondered how so pretty a girl as Amy could care so little about clothes, and con-

cluded it was because she had graduated at Vassar.

She thought it a shame that the girls couldn't have even a glimpse of the things. "Perhaps she'll go to church twice on Sunday, then they can see two of the prettiest," was her mental comment.

But when church-time came Sunday morning, Amy appeared in a dark cloth suit.

"Oh, Amy," exclaimed Anna, "you aren't going to wear that, are you?"

"Why not, Anna? It's what I've worn to church everywhere else."

"Oh, I wanted the girls to see some of your lovely clothes, and this will be their only chance."

"Sorry," said Amy, smiling, "but mamma always has me dress plainly for church. She says poor people are sometimes kept away just because they feel shabby by the side of silks and velvets. I know I should feel so if I were poor. And I want people to go to church. I don't want to keep them away."

For the first time in her life Anna felt ridiculously over-dressed. Amy's words kept running through her head. She could think of people even in Glovetown who stayed from church because they said they couldn't dress well enough to go; but she had never cared before.

She ceased to wonder what the girls were thinking of Amy's quiet gown, and wondered instead what Amy must think of her gaudy attire.

Whatever Amy thought, she did not even show that she noticed it, and nothing more was said on the subject.

But Anna had learned a lesson which no one else had been able to teach her, and her month's visit in Amy's beautiful home served to enforce it.

She saw that girls could have handsome clothes without caring very much about them. She found that Amy and her friends talked very little about dress, but were bright and intelligent in conversations in which she was too ignorant to join.

In short, her eyes were opened. She awoke to the possibilities of life; and the trifles which had hitherto filled her mind sank into insignificance in comparison. Her desire to earn money for fine clothes was gone. She went home; but, as soon as possible, she started out in the quest for knowledge, which marked a new era in her life.

To-day she is a strong, cultured woman, whose life is an inspiration to all about her. She seldom talks about herself; but whenever she thinks of the past, she thanks God

for sending her Cousin Amy at just the right time. "I'm afraid I should never have known my silliness and vanity," she says, "if it had not been for the glove shop and Cousin Amy."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

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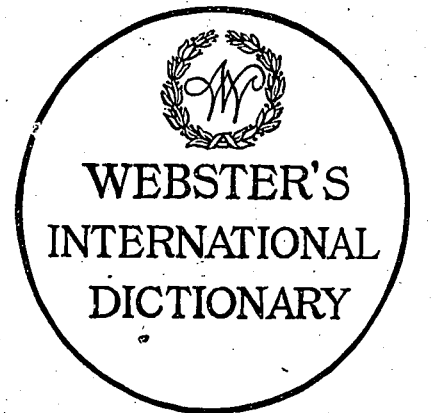
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