

## SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years / Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing, And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;

You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,

So urgent was your heart to make it known. Though years have passed since then, do not despair;

The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done. The work began when first your prayer was uttered.

And God will finish what He has begun. If you will keep the incense burning there, His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered,

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock; Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,

Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock. She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,

And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.")

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE NEW HOME.

If you had been there to get a glimpse of the red face, and had seen Reuben Watson Stone, I presume you would have said, "Well, never!" The words seemed almost to take Reuben's breath away; he sat quite still for a full minute. Another ride with a drunken man! Over a wild road, with four horses, and rows of men, women, and children inside!

"I should like to know," said Reuben, in his rapid thinking, "Why I'm having all this time with drunken folks. I don't need so many examples, I'm sure. I don't believe there ever was a fellow less likely to grow up a drunkard than I am. But, see here, what am I going to do?"

"I'll tell you what he wanted to do. He believed in his heart that he could slip those reins from that stupid, sleepy man's hands, and manage those four horses as skillfully as he had managed Spunk but a few nights before. Only to think how splendid it would be to drive into the village with a grand flourish, having guided the four horses through all the snow-drifts and brought home the people safely! Four horses! What would his old city acquaintance Tony Phelps, who boasted of the time when he once drove two, think of that story! It made Reuben's heart beat fast to think of the possibility. Why shouldn't he do it? Why wouldn't it be a grand thing to do?"

He managed Spunk in the night and darkness, with a railway track to cross; here was nothing but snow, and daylight to see it with. But—and here Reuben's heart beat faster—who helped him the other night? who he was almost sure had heard the words he spoke in his terror, and quieted his heart, and given him courage, and brought him through in safety. Well, would not the same great Helper give him aid now? What made the difference? Reuben felt rather than reasoned out the difference. He knew very well that, in the other case, he was doing right; doing his best—doing the thing that mother, and every one else who knew of it, could commend him for. But suppose he should trust to his own small knowledge of horses, and undertake to manage this whole thing without the help of any of those men inside, would mother think he had done right? Suppose he got through safely, would that make it a right thing to do? Could he look up with fearless eyes to God, and ask his help for such a work? Thoughts some-

thing like these ran rapidly through Reuben's mind; he went over the whole ground much faster than I have been able to tell you, and decided not only what was right to do, but just exactly what he meant to do. He turned himself around in his high seat, stooped down, lifted the leather flap that served as a sort of window to the front of the coach, and putting his mouth to the opening, spoke these words: "see here! this fellow out here has gone to sleep."

"What fellow?" asked two or three startled voices inside.

"Why, the driver; he has been drinking, and the motion of the sleigh has put him to sleep. He doesn't know what he is about. I've got the reins, but the road is awful."

Then there were a commotion inside. Two or three of the women screamed, and the little old woman grasped her umbrella tighter, and looked as though she would like to use it on the driver.

"You go, Dick," said one frightened woman, laying her hand on the shoulder of a rough-looking man who sat beside her. "You can manage any horses that were ever made; and I'm sure I shall die of fright if you aren't driving."

Thus coaxed, the rough-looking man smiled kindly shook his brawny shoulders and slowly clambered out, saying nothing except to Reuben, "Tumble in there boy, in my seat, and get warm."

"Ho!" giggled Andrew, the minute Reuben was comfortably seated, "you got a scare—did you? I wish I had been outside; I'd have kept hold of the reins and said nothing; and you'd have seen us come into town with a dash. I can drive four horses as easy as I can one. I just wish I had taken the outside seat."

"Thank heaven you did not!" This is what a pale-faced young lady said. Not carelessly, as some speak their thanks, but with a grave, earnest face; and Mr. Barrows answered, "I think as much! It is fortunate for us that we had a trustworthy boy on the front seat."

"Humph!" said Andrew, with a chuckle, "a coward on the front seat, you better say; and not a single person in the coach knew how great a temptation Reuben Watson Stone had met and conquered, when he gave those reins into the hands of another. Never mind. He did not like to be called a coward, it is true. Who does? But in spite of that, there was a very happy feeling at his heart; he could not have explained the feeling, he hardly knew why it was there; but any boy who wants to understand just what it was like, has only to persist in doing what he knows to be right, when he doesn't want to do it, but would fifty times rather do what he believes to be just a little bit wrong."

A very busy day was that to our "man of the house." In the first place, there was dinner to eat at Mr. Barrows's house—a large brick house, with a beautiful yard in front, filled with trees and certain mounds covered with snow which Reuben knew must be flower beds and a barn in the rear which he privately thought was plenty nice enough for a house. The dinner, though not served in so elegant a style as at Spunk's home, was still much finer than anything that Reuben had ever seen away from there, and it did full justice to it,—a little hurried, it is true, by the fact that Miss Grace Barrows, who was only eight, had not yet learned that it was rude to stare, and gave him a good deal of curious attention. After dinner, Mr. Barrows said, "Now we will go to the shop."

And Reuben, who was fond of all shops, or places where machinery could be seen, found plenty to keep his eyes busy. "What in the world are they all for?" he asked at last, in great astonishment, after he had been taken through two or three rooms, piled from floor to ceiling with pasteboard boxes of all sizes and colors. "What can anybody possibly want of so many of them?"

"A good many people want them," said Mr. Barrows, laughing. "Gloves and mittens for all the world are packed in those boxes, and as there are a good many people to wear those, of course a good many boxes are needed."

From the warehouses, where the finished boxes were kept, they went the northrooms, here were boxes in all stages of manufacture. Reuben stood before the huge shears, and saw its jaws, like some great monster, pounce down on sheet after sheet of pasteboard, and bite them into two smooth pieces. He went over to one side, and stood by a boy who was seizing two pieces and gluing them into

one so fast that you could hardly see the way in which it was done; he went to a little machine in one corner, and was astonished and delighted to see the rapid way in which it was biting out the corners of "box covers." A boy about his own size was rapidly creasing these same covers, and still another was bending them into the right shape.

"Well," said Mr. Barrows, watching the eager eyes that were taking in so many new things: "which of all these things would you like best to work at?"

"Me!" said Reuben, charmed at the idea of anything so new and strange. "Why, I think I should like to work at every one of them, and know ever, thing that there is to know about them all."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Barrows, and he laughed.

Then they went up stairs to the pasting-room. At the door stood a barrel of paste. Reuben had seen his mother make a cup of paste to paper the shelves of her cupboard, and he stopped and gazed at this barrel-full, almost in dismay. He had not realized that so much was made at once anywhere in the world. Two girls were at work in the pasting-room, each at her own table, covering a great sheet of thin, white paper, four feet long and more than two feet wide, with paste, then spreading it skillfully on a sheet of pasteboard of the same size, and smoothing it down. "It will tear all to pieces!" said Reuben excitedly, and he watched the reckless girl seize the wet paper, by what seemed two careless hands, and flit it over.

"She will never get it turned in the world," but even while he spoke, the paper lay down gently and smoothly, and was patted skillfully into place.

"I don't see how she did it!" he said in astonishment, and Mr. Barrows laughed pleasantly. He liked the boy's keen interest in everything that he saw. In the trimming room, just as wonderful things were going on. Lovely blue, and red and green strips of paper, looking for all the world like ribbon, were being spread over a table, twenty strips at a time, each strip about half an inch wide and forty inches long, and when all were laid in smooth rows, to Reuben's utter dismay, a brisk girl dashed them with paste! "They are ruined!" he said breathlessly. But no sooner was this dire act finished, than she seized upon one of them, Reuben expecting to see it drop into a dozen pieces, and whisked it around a box, covering the rough edges, and making it look like a gay treasure box. So many wonderful things were going on here, that after a few minutes Reuben ceased his exclamations, and gave silent and eager attention, bobbing his head from right to left, to take in all the sights, much astonished, all the while, at the reckless way in which boxes, that were just pasted together with flimsy looking bits of cloth, were tossed about, and piled on top of each other, five, ten, fifteen feet high. He expected every minute to see them drop apart, and tumble around the room, but none did; and he could not help thinking of what Beth would say to such quick fingers, and wonderful work; so much prettier than taking little bits of stitches in long, gray seams!

"Would you like to learn the trade?" Mr. Barrows asked him, as they went down the stairs, after he had watched in silence, for half an hour, the movements of a boy who was feeding a machine for trimming the edges of the pasteboards.

"Yes, sir," said Reuben promptly. "I would."

Whereupon, Mr. Barrows said it was about time they went to look after the little house. This recalled Reuben to a sense of his responsibility as "the man of the house," and he followed, with eager steps, across the street, behind a great snow-drift, to a trim little house, set in a yard, with a great tree before the door, whose huge branches were leafless now and snow-covered, but plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and tomorrow the milk bill will be left. I owe Mr. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder"—here she again became

lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabby-booted foot went on.

Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before:

"I believe it will have to be done; of course I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard, but really I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses I must make the sacrifice, and, as well as I can, get about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I cannot do without, so I see no other way to begin saving but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. Jacob Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said as she closed the envelope; and by aching away a falling tear, she called Jennie and laid her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said.

"Stopped it!" he ejaculated blankly; "why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling, "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment, "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes such as you allowed me to copy once, and I knew you would spare it a few minutes."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! oh, well, never mind," and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared.

"I'm a little ashamed to have it known that we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson-papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jamie, "and I am ready for our Sunday-school lesson. Where's the paper—I'll get it."

"We have no paper to-night, Jamie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try and get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jamie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh, dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do without it? I don't see what you stopped it for."

"And there's the story mother always read to us, after the Sunday-school lesson was learned," wailed Jamie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear anything more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough. I'm surprised it makes such a fuss all round, just one paper."

No more was said that night.

The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along was seen coming up to the door.