

then another on the fifth, so Isabel had much running. Somebody on the fourth floor would ring for ice, and another on the second would want hot water. If Isabel did not do things exactly as the previous girl had done, the roomers complained, and Isabel's employer, Mrs. Keefe, scolded Isabel, even though she tried her best.

Then, Isabel had to wait on the table at dinner, evenings, because there were more courses than at other meals. Today she had not got all her rooms swept till half-past four in the afternoon, and then she had had to hurry to be ready to wait on table.

'Mrs. Keefe been scolding you?' asked Andrew, the waiter boy. 'Why don't you do as I do? When she scolds I say, "Give me my money, and I'll go!" That quiets her.'

But Isabel dared not say that. It would be dreadful to lose earning twenty dollars a month.

Yet now, on the boat, returning to toilsome work, Isabel's future of labor and separation from home looked very hard.

'I've taken a servant's place, and I'm treated like a servant,' she thought. 'I'm only a servant!'

A thought flashed on her. Somehow her complainings brought to memory, as a word sometimes will, a Bible verse. It was David's cry, 'O Lord, truly I am thy servant.'

Was she Mrs. Keefe's servant only? Isabel had professed the name of him who said, 'Where I am, there shall also my servant be.' She was his servant. Should his servant look upon life bitterly? or hopefully, doing one's best, with the prayer of little Samuel, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth?'

'Thy servant'—the two words met her next morning, as she hurried to hard work. Yes, she would remember. She had thought she was only Mrs. Keefe's servant.

Isabel toiled up and down stairs. Sometimes she forgot the comforting words, and she was despondent. But she remembered again. On very hard days she began to repeat those two words often to herself, 'Thy servant.'

Once, when Mrs. Keefe scolded, and Isabel had with difficulty kept her temper, Isabel found another verse: 'The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men.'

'Maybe that verse is for me, as well as Timothy,' thought Isabel.

She searched out Bible verses that speak of servants. She found many. A great number of the Lord's people must have been servants in times past.

'But I never would have noticed the servant verses if I hadn't been a servant,' thought Isabel.

The 'servant verses' gave her a feeling of oneness with some of God's past followers.

One day Isabel thought of another thing. She had held herself aloof from other servant girls, rather despising them when on 'evenings off' they came from other houses to see Ann, Mrs. Keefe's cook. Perhaps these girls suspected that Isabel felt above them. But should 'his servant' altogether scorn these humble lives? To her surprise, Isabel began to see that these girls had hearts and heartaches.

There was a Danish girl, Katie, among these servants. One day, Katie confided one trouble to Isabel.

'I be always so avraid to make cake,' said Katie. 'I be avraid it vill fall or be

bad. So every time I make cake I pray Gott to let my cake come goot. And it so come!'

Isabel smiled sympathetically at the blue Danish eyes.

'God teaches folks even in kitchens sometimes,' answered Isabel, and Katie's young head nodded.

Then there was Ann, Mrs. Keefe's cook, with a real grief.

'You're lucky, Isabel, that you've got your mother yit,' said Ann. 'Iv'ry month I puts me money in the bank, an' the girls say, "Ann's gettin' rich." But I wish I had a mother I could go to, an' put the money in her dear hands, an' say, "Mother, your girl's worked all the month for you." Och, it's a weary world when your mother's gone!' and Ann wiped tearful eyes.

Yes, servants had hearts that could ache. How the servant girls knew whether real religion ruled in the homes where they worked!

'The man at the house where I work is a big man in his church,' said one girl, Tilly. 'But he don't have no blessing at his table, meal times. Now, I know! I've listened, purpose to hear! My mother's a good cook. She goes about town yet, carrying a basket selling pies, and she taught me to cook good as she can, but none of us would think our victuals tasted rightly if we didn't say a bit of thanks when we sat down to eat at home!'

Another girl, Lizzie, came in one evening, and said soberly: 'They had a funeral at the place I work. The young lady died of consumption. Oh, she was a Christian patient while she was sick! She wasn't patient at first, though. She was cross, with pain. Her mother was helping her once, and the girl spoke cross. When afternoon came, she says, "Mother, did I make you feel bad this morning, speaking cross?" And her mother tried to smooth it over. But the girl says, "Didn't I make you feel bad?" So her mother said, "Well, I felt kind of bad, but I knew 'twas pain made you speak so." And the girl said, "Well, the only thing I can do for God, now I'm sick, is to keep my temper. And I'm going to!" And, after that, all these months, she's never spoke a cross word. Not one! She gave me her Bible before she died.'

And Isabel, hearing, thought, 'If ever I employ a servant girl I will have a real Christian atmosphere for her to live in.'

Isabel discovered, too, how much the aims of young ladies at home influence the servant girl.

'One young lady where I work is school-teaching,' announced a girl.

'When she got her school she said she would do so much for her folks! She would help her father and sisters. Well, she gets seventy dollars a month now, and as for helping her folks, she doesn't! She spends everything on her own dress! You ought to see! She got a blue silk trimmed with beads, and she's getting new dresses all the time. Her sisters can't afford to dress. But wouldn't I like to dress like she does! I'm going to spend my money dressing, too!'

'You help your own folks!' warned Ann. 'They need your money real bad, Nelly!'

But Nelly was obdurate. The young school-teacher was teaching the servant girl selfishness.

Learning lessons, Isabel worked on, till, after many months, one day she received a note from her father.

'Come home, dear,' the note said. 'I earn more now, and I want you home with mother. You've worked faithfully, helping us in hard times. Now, come home to stay, dear.'

There was a joyful thrill in Isabel's heart. Father thought she had been faithful! She should not be a servant any longer!

Then, as Isabel stood there, there came that other thought about being a 'servant of Jesus Christ.' Oh, when that day should come when her heavenly Father should say, 'Come home, dear child,' would he think she had been his faithful 'servant'?

'I'll try to be,' thought Isabel.

In Isabel's Bible, after her dear home life began again, many a 'servant verse' remained marked. She would not forget the lessons that she had learned.

A Psalm of Life.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Longfellow.

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