

ourselves in trained service. And so He trains us faithfully, teaches invaluable lessons of patience in the class of suffering and disappointment; drills us in trustfulness, as He drilled Israel of old, by showing us plainly our own helplessness and ignorance, and then supplying us with necessary food from heaven, and water from the Rock smitten for us. Can He give us Christian graces ready-made? Don't we have to be made perfect through suffering?

If we are given this holy privilege of being "shut in with God," let us make the most of it. Let us be very glad that He wants to be shut in with us, so that our fellowship may grow stronger and more beautiful. Let us never doubt His ability to see that our work—the work He wishes to have done—will be attended to, faithfully and thoroughly. The work is His, you know, not ours.

HOPE.

WORK.

"We are His workmanship," "To every man his work."

I laid it down in silence,
This work of mine,
And took what had been sent me.
A resting time;
The Master's voice had call'd me
To rest apart;
"Apart with Jesus only"
Echoed my heart.

I took the rest and stillness
From His own Hand,
And felt this present illness
Was what he plan'd.
How often we choose labor,
When He says "Rest."
Our ways are blind and crooked,
His way is best.

The work Himself has given,
He will complete;
There may be other errands
For tired feet;
There may be other duties
For tired hands;
The present is obedience
To His commands.

There is a blessing resting
In lying still,
In letting His Hand mold us
Just as He will.
His work must be completed,
His lessons set,
He is the higher Workman.
Do not forget.

It is not only "Working,"
We must be train'd,
And Jesus "learn'd obedience"
Through suffering gained
For us, His yoke is easy,
His burden light,
His discipline most needful,
And all is right.

We are but under workmen,
They never choose,
If that tool, or that one
Their hands shall use,
In workings, or in waitings
May we fulfill,
Not ours at all, but only
The Master's Will.

—From the Watchword.

DON'T SHOOT!

Don't shoot! Consider this one fact,
The lack of manhood in the act;
How could a creature of your size
Take aim at any bird that flies?
We are so helpless, and so small!
The very tiniest boy is tall
Compared with us. Put down your gun,
And seek some manlier kind of fun.

Don't shoot! Out there in tree and glade,
In pretty nests that we have made,
Our hungry little birdlings wait.
Ah, think of their unhappy fate
If we came not at set of sun!
Put down your gun, put down your gun.

Don't shoot! But leave us free of wing
To build, and nest, and soar and sing.
We ask so little, just to live—
And for that privilege we give
Our souls in song, till life is done,
Put down your gun, put down your gun.

Don't shoot! Earth has enough of joy,
Of space, and food, for bird and boy;
Enough for both of light and sun,
Put down your gun, put down your gun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

POWER LOT

A Story of "Down East."

BY SARAH McLEAN GREENE.

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Not wishing any further to antagonize him, whose sweetheart he had already inadvertently stolen in his careless, offhand manner, Rob gathered up a recuperative supply of apples from the cellar and went to join Bate for a few moments of friendly converse by the pigpen fence.

Bate morosely paid no attention to this tacit appeal for mortal communion.

"I tell you, Bate," said Rob, nevertheless, in his boyish, laughing voice, putting his shining teeth through an apple, "it's deuced funny the way we get on up here, isn't it? Bacon fat and potato make 'hash,' and we have hash till the old chop-pin'-tray must be worn thin as an eggshell; and beans and meal bread—ha! ha! And clams, and once in a while a fish; and meat for Sundays! Really, you ought to see some of the steaks we have in New York, broiled, two inches thick, served up with mushrooms, and, for incidentals, quail and terrapin, and scallops and frogs' hind legs; and sauterne, and claret, and port, and fizzy champagne, and old whisky, and—"

Rob smacked his lips, an aching sorrow in his eyes.

"Get out o' here," said Bate, gruffly.

Rob thought Bate's tone signified only a heart-broken appreciation of the good things so hopelessly beyond his reach, and he went on:

"Say, the first few times I ate 'meat' here, I couldn't taste it, for wondering what it was. Ha! Ha! Tough? Strings? Oh, Tamarack! But, now, I'm crazy for it. Honest, Bate, I look forward to the day when old Sloke 'll drive his butcher cart up Joggins, full o' leather an' shoe-strings an' baseball covers. I swipe mine off my plate as fast as you do, now; I give you my word I'm hungry an' hour after I've filled up on beans and cornmeal, and then it's apples and water, and water and apples—Ha! Ha!—and apples and water, and water and apples—"

"Get out o' here!" repeated Bate, this time in a tone whose inflections were unmistakably not those of sympathy. "Just as soon as you git yer muscle up a little, Daisy Lee, I'll give ye a lickin' ye'll never furgit. But I don't want to maul a sissy; so ye're safe."

"What is the matter with you, Bate?" said Rob, deeply chagrined at this requital of his kindly-meant overtures. Bate had often growled openly at his food and at Mary; while Rob's present diatribe had been given only in purest jest, feeling as he did keenly that gratitude was an eminently becoming garb both for himself and Bate under the circumstances in which poor Mary did her lavish best. He had intended only a bit of jolly intercourse concerning what he regarded as their mutual epicurean difficulties.

Aside from that, he considered Bate as rather a sort of third, slow, stupid ox on the place, a grumpy beast of burden.

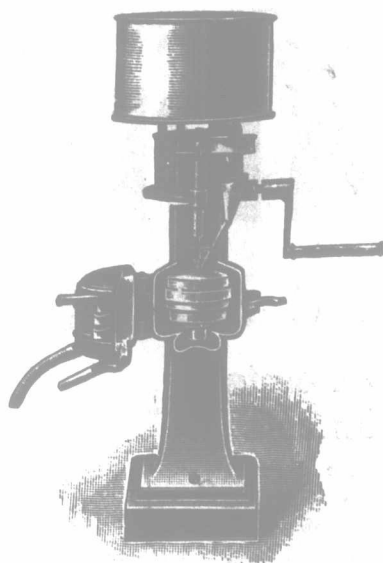
The snarl and menace were a disagreeable surprise.

"He's taking this excuse to attack me, because Cuby likes my company," discerned Rob, in a flash of mental acumen, and silently he regretted that he had made Bate's ear the storehouse of his mirth; it had not been worth while.

"What is the matter with you, Bate?" he asked, his sunny, good-natured face and tone seeking to ignore the later phases of the dilemma.

(Continued on page 1019.)

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