

but it would have been a crime for him to do it. His wit was to illuminate great themes; his voice to summon men to God and noble action; his face to shine with great emotion, and his brain to think world shaping thoughts; and his power over men to be exerted for man, and not for money."

Use your ability as a trust. Get to thinking of it as something apart for yourself. You are an underworker of the Master Carpenter, and your abilities are the tools He lends you to work with.

Use your ability boldly. It is more than a dead tool. If it has been dedicated to God, it is like the tools in the fairy story, which guide the hand that uses them.

Use your ability freely. Freely you received it. Did the artist buy his talent in any store, or the musician pay so many dollars for her genius? Freely give it.

Use your ability happily. Man's power is the only power in the universe that mopes. Electricity never sulks. Gravitation is always briskly ready. Sunlight laughs as it runs on its errands. Good cheer multiplies talent many fold.

Listen to the stirring words of a young man, all too early taken from us, who used his great abilities for God and man, as a trust, boldly, freely, and happily, Maltbie D. Babcock:—

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

WHERE I BELONG.

Maria was old, and Maria was poor and Maria was a widow. Could it have been worse? Yea, verily, for God was still in His heaven, and all ought to have been right with Maria's world, for it is God's world, too. When Maria became so enfeebled by illness and age that it was no longer safe for her to live alone, a home was opened to her with a sister and brother-in-law. They were kindly, generous people, and their sister ought to have been happy. But she grew more wretched every day, and her gloomy face made other members of the household unhappy.

One day there came still another "outsider," as Maria called it, to live in the sunny, comfortable home. She was hardly a relation, being a cousin of Maria's brother-in-law's sister-in-law. Her name was Letitia. She was like Maria in one thing only, she was poor. But her poverty seemed not to distress her at all, and she sang about the house as though sorrow were something yet unknown to the world.

Maria used to peer over glasses at the light-hearted girl and shake her

head. One day, out of the fullness of her disapproval, she spoke:

"It does pass me, Letitia, how you can go about so unconcerned, and you eating the bread of charity."

Letitia flushed. Then she answered quietly: "Charity—that is love—yes, I am eating the bread of love. It is very good bread."

"Now what do you mean?"

"What I say, ma'am."

"Well," sighed Maria, "it passes me! I realize that I have no rights in this house. I don't belong here and I hope I'll never forget it. I do not see what I have done that God should let me end my days in dependence and misery."

Letitia was thoughtful. "I do not pretend to understand God's way with me," she said at last. "Dependence must be good for me just now, or He would not permit it. As for 'misery,' are you sure you are not committing a sin, ma'am?"

Letitia was only twenty; Maria was over seventy; but the younger woman stood her ground.

"Well, now you've got your sermon half preached, you'd better go on to 'finally,' hadn't you?"

"You are older than I, but I believe I am right. May I tell you how I reasoned it out for myself?"

Maria nodded. She was too far gone in amazement to speak.

"First place, I did not ask to be born. God sent me into this world, and I'm glad I believe that He wanted me here and had His place for me all chosen."

Maria was fairly gasping at such audacious, far-reaching faith. "I was dependent according to the laws of nature for many years. God meant that, too. I had a right to be because He meant it. I am only twenty years old, but in that little time I have learned that God loves me and plans for me; that the plans are God-plans, and that it would be awful of me—awful!—to quarrel with them."

"Well, that passes me!"

"It brings the peace that passeth understanding, ma'am. It surely does! When father died, and then mother, and I had no home, it took a great deal of courage for a while to trust Him. Then it all came over me that He knew what He was doing, and it was very little of my business except to be happy in it—in whatever place He put me. So when he opened your sister's and brother's hearts to give me this home, why I came to it like—like a queen to her throne! It was my right to be here, don't you see? Because God made it so. All I have to do is to be brave and patient, unselfish, cheerful, and whether I can help Cousin Ella much or little, to do my best. It would cost her more to keep me if I was sad all the time, do you not think so?"

"Well, that does pass me!" said Maria under her breath, but after that her smiles were brighter and more frequent. —Michigan Advocate.

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A SONG OF TRUST.

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me
on
With hand of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit, I shall
know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward
course
My ship must take;
But, looking backward, I behold afar
It's shining wake,
Illumined with God's light of love; and
so
I onward go,
In perfect trust that He who holds the
helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on
blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows
And oversees,
And that in all details with His good
plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to
solve
Them one by one;
And, when I cannot understand, to say,
"Thy will be done!"
—GERTRUDE BENEDET CURTIS.

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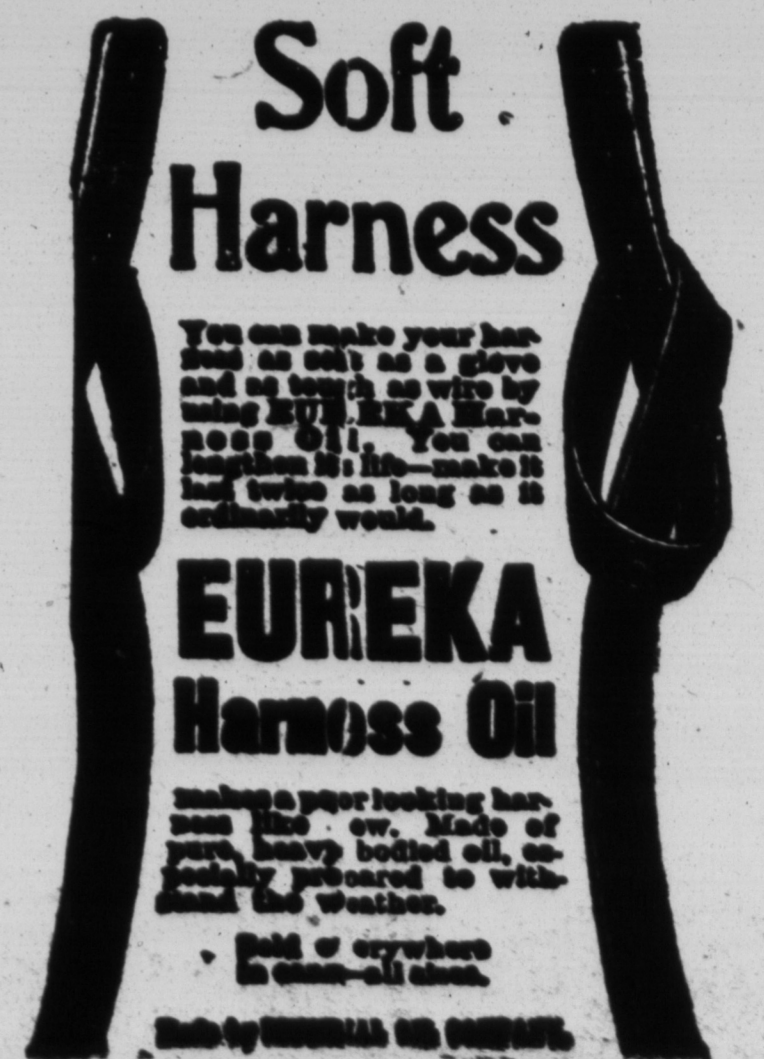
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