

Speak, Speak in Prayer.

Rev. John Joseph Mallon in the Seminary.

Our souls a hearer craves in pressing woo
Not everything is given here below.
Then speak, O soul, in words of fire,
Thine instant need in prayer,
Earth hearkens not, but God above
Receives and grants thy message there.

The trembling compass ever feels
The un- seen presence of the north,
Why still, O soul, with whom God deals,
Those words that long to issue forth?
Though hope be shattered by our fear,
And pendant clouds be darkling nigh,
Yet God's on high.
Speak, speak in prayer.

For man alone knows distance, space,
And hill on hill confronts him thus;
The sun may be God's mirrored face,
Who lived and walked the earth with us;
The nightly dome, star-bright and fair,
The footprints of His angel host,
Where is our boat?
Speak, speak in prayer.

Slave helps not slave, but God above,
Dispensing good and ill to man,
Has freed us by His law of love,
And being gave when erat began.
The world is cruel, sin and care
Have snatched most souls from God's high throne.
Make thou no moan,
Speak, speak in prayer.

Speak, and thy words will give thee strength,
And sweeten toil and care and pain;
For help oft sought will come at length;
Where hope seemed dead lives hope again,
Long burthened hearts begot despair.
Though faith be stronger in the dark,
Launch forth thy bark,
Speak, speak in prayer.

Our souls a hearer craves in pressing woo—
Not everything is given here below;
Then speak, O soul, with words of love,
Thine instant need in prayer.
Earth hearkens not, but God above
Receives and grants thy message there.

THE OTHER WISE MAN.

From the London Weekly Register.

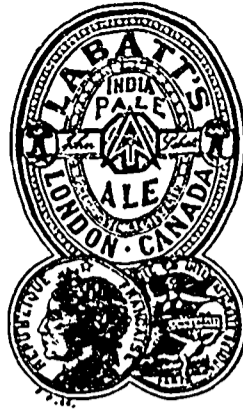
In the current number of *Harper* Mr. Henry Van Dyke tells "The Story of the Other Wise Man," a fragment of a tale heard in the halls of dreams in the palace of the heart of man. This fourth Wise Man of the East also saw the star in the east, and set out to follow it; but he came not with his three brethren to the presence of the King. Artaban the Magician was his name. He sold all that he had, and bought three jewels—a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl—to carry them across the desert as a tribute to the King. As he hastened to meet the other three, to join them on their pilgrimage, his attention was arrested by a Jew, apparently perishing of fever, alone in the marshes. Unwilling to leave the wretch to die he dismounted and spent several hours in bringing him back to life. The result was that the other three Wise Men had departed before he reached the trysting-place. He had to go back to Babylon, sell his sapphire, and buy camels. When he arrived at Bethlehem he hastened with the ruby and the pearl to offer them to the Son of Mary. But Mary, Joseph, and the young Child had departed for Egypt, and the next day the massacre of the Innocents began. Artaban stood on the threshold of a house where a young mother hid her child under the folds of her dress. When the massacring party came to the door Artaban said to the captain, "There is none here save me. I am willing to give this jewel if thou wilt leave me in peace," placing at the same time the ruby destined for the King into the hand of the soldier. The man, dazzled by the splendor of the gem, ordered his men to march on, declaring that there was no child within. Then Artaban prayed: "O God of Truth, forgive me, for I have said the thing which is not, to save the life of a child, and two of my jewels are gone!" Artaban wandered to Egypt in the hopes that he might at least be able to offer the pearl to the King, but he found Him not. From the Hebrew writings he gathered that the King must in some mysterious way suffer,

be distressed, and cast into prison. So Artaban spent much of his time in visiting the captives. Although he found none to worship he found many to help. As he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the wounded, and comforted the captive, thirty-three years passed by more quickly than the weaver's shuttle. At last, worn and wearied and ready to die, but still seeking the King, he came to Jerusalem. It was the day after the Passover, and the streets were thronged. The great throng passed through the Northern Gate to a place called Golgotha. Artaban joined the crowd and heard them say that they were going to crucify Him who claimed to be King of the Jews. The end of the story is as follows:—

Dark and mysterious were the tidings, for how could it be that 'he king should perish? But he hid within himself, "The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of man, and it may be that I shall find my King in the hands of His enemies, and offer my pearl for His ransom ere He dies." So Artaban followed the multitude, with slow and painful steps, towards the Damascus Gate. But as he passed by the door of Herod's Prison, there met him a guard of Macedonian soldiers, who were dragging with them a young maiden with torn dress and dishevelled hair, thrusting her with rude blows towards the dungeon. As the old man paused to look at her with pity, she stretched forth her hand and caught the edge of his long white robe. "Have mercy on me," she cried, "and deliver me, if if thou canst, O my Prince, for I also am one of the children of Iran. My father was a merchant of Persia, and he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death." Artaban trembled. He drew the pearl from his breast, and laid it in the hand of the slave. "Take thy ransom, daughter; it is the last of my treasures which I had kept for the King."

While he spoke there came a great darkness over the sky, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth, heaving like the bosom of one who struggles with a mighty grief. The walls of the houses rocked to and fro. Dust clouds filled the air. The soldiers fled in dismay. But the Wise Man and the slave girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall. With the last thrill of the earthquake a heavy tile, loosened from the roof, fell and smote the old man on the forehead. He lay breathless and pale, with the blood trickling from the wound. As the maiden bent over him to see whether he was dead, through the silence there came a voice, small and still, and very distinct, like music sounding from a long distance, in which the notes are clear but the words are lost. The girl turned to look if someone had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one. Then the old man's lips began to move as if in answer, and she heard him say in the ancient Persian tongue: "Not so, my Lord! for when saw I Thee an hungred, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw I Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? When saw I Thee sick or in prison, and came unto Thee? Three-and-thirty years I sought Thee, but I have never seen Thy face, nor ministered on earth to Thee, my King." He ceased, and the strange sweet voice came again, and again the maid understood it not. But the dying soul of Artaban heard these words: "Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as though hast done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, thou hast done it unto Me."

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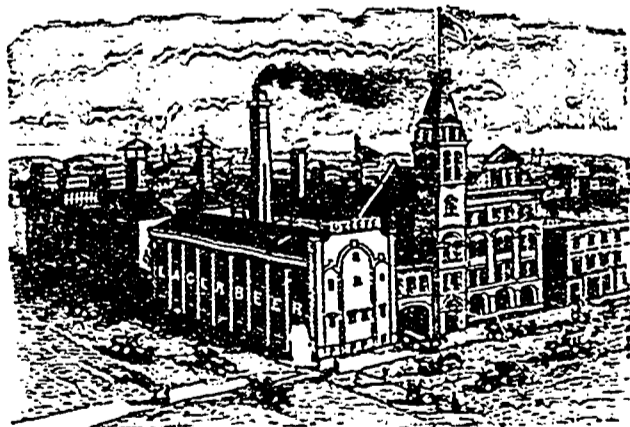
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