

Heartsease.

The Princess was daily expecting a messenger from court to call her home to the palace. While she waited she held a little court of her own and many who attended it said that one of the Princess's receptions was equal to an hour in the palace itself.

She held her court in a rather ordinary room to be sure, dainty and bright as the loving hands of her subjects could make it, and yet quite ordinary. Her throne was a bed from which, alas, she might never arise till the coming of the King's messenger set her free.

Sometimes she grew tired of waiting and wished the messenger would hurry, but that mood never lasted long because she thought of the Prince.

Of course she loved the Prince better than any one except the King himself and the thought of his loneliness when she would be called to leave him, often made her quite sad. She did not fear the parting so much herself, for to those whose work is nearly completed, and for whom the King has called, is given to see very clearly the littleness of separation and the nearness of re-union.

But the Prince, who had much to do for the King before he could enter the palace, mourned exceedingly, and dreaded the separation which he knew must soon take place.

One evening just at sunset the King's messenger came and the Princess bade farewell to those who were not yet called and gladly went away to enter her Father's house.

Though perfectly happy there and free from illness and sorrow yet her thoughts often wandered to the poor lonely Prince. With that strong vision that is an attribute of all who have "entered in" she saw that in his unhappiness and loneliness he was neglecting his subjects and the affairs of the Kingdom so that he was putting off farther and farther the day of their re-union.

So one day she asked the King that she might go back to her old home with some message of hope and comfort and was soon swiftly speeding away on her errand of love.

That day the Prince had as usual shunned all who would have sought to cheer him, and had wandered away into a forest path where he and the Princess had spent many hours together in the happy past. He missed her so sorely it seemed as though he could bear it no longer and flinging himself on his knees and reaching up his hands to the far blue sky he cried "Come back to me, come back to me, oh my Princess!" And as he spoke she came down the forest path towards him just as in other days when he returned at the sunset and she had come to meet him; in her eyes shone the love that had made his life happy and which he now missed so much.

And seated at his side she told him all about the Palace and who were there and of their occupations, how none were ever sick or tired and how she longed and watched for his coming. She urged him to take up his unfinished work that he might the sooner reach home. "And see" she said, "I have brought from the King's garden this little flower. I may not tell you its name you shall call it what you will, while its soft green leaves speak to you of the sure hope of our future meeting, its many-colored blooms will remind you of the glories of the Kingdom."

When she had left him he took the tiny plant and carefully placed it in a sheltered nook and watched and tended it with jealous care. And it grew and soon sent out a multitude of velvet blooms, purple, golden, blue, white and brown and every conceivable combination of dainty coloring and every blossom lifting to his a cheery little face with a new message of love and hope.

"It is her thought for me," said the Prince "she might not stay, but left her loving thoughts in this sweet form to show that she has not forgotten me." So he named it Heartsease.

But as time passed on other thoughts came to him. Every dainty color brought to him some special message of its own; the purple blooms led him to think of his royal birth, that his home was not here, but in the Palace of the King and that the King was his father. In the white he saw the emblem of the purity of all that enter there, the gates of pearl and robes "washed and made white" of all who dwell therein.

The gold reminded him of the streets of gold and the crowns worn by the Princes and Princesses in the palace. The blue kept in his mind the truth of the King's promise to his absent family and the rest and calm that remains for them at home. So many lessons of love and patience the little flower taught him that more and more he thanked the King who had allowed the gift. Every wonderful little bloom seemed to have some new and loving lesson for him and under the ministry of the flower from the King's garden his aching, tired heart became calm and peaceful and with new courage and trust he took up his neglected work and carried it bravely forward. It was then he gave to the flower its other name "Heartsease" which it still bears.

Many years have passed since the Prince finished his work and entered the Kingdom but he has left behind him the Heartsease to cheer other exiled Princes and Princesses. But only to the royal family is it given to read its sweetest messages.

S. T. P.

Denver Letter.

BY C. W. WILLIAMS.

Civic Reform.

Civic conscience asserted itself last week in Denver. The "taxpayer's" ticket was the outcome of a convention of citizens who were interested in good government, a convention that evidenced heroic disregard of ward causes and primaries. Allied with the taxpayer's committee, was the Civic Federation, a woman's organization. At the head of the ticket thus chosen was Mayor McMurray. This gentleman may or may not be an astute politician. He is certainly a good civic officer. He has stood flint-faced during the past two years against the "gang" and against encroaching corporations. Mayor McMurray received a vote equal to the combined votes of his principal opponents the Republican and Democratic, Populist candidates. Better still, the whole taxpayer's ticket was elected, and therefore our mayor will, for the first time, have an opportunity to show the city what he can do, with an official Board that will support him. The attitude of the News which gave its vigorous support to the reform ticket had doubtless much to do with the result. There were many timely appeals from our pulpits the Sunday preceding election. It is evident that the church of Christ in Denver does not intend to succumb to the sin of otherworldliness. There is much encouragement in the triumph, here in this western city, of the principle that municipal affairs are business not politics.

Archibald Brown.

The devoted pastor of East End Tabernacle, London, has now been at work in Denver about ten days. It is pleasing to read this good and true word in the Times: "No man has ever made so strong an impression upon Denver's preachers and people. His expositions and rare gem of Bible illustration are remarkable. Between Brown and C. H. Spurgeon there is marked similarity. Brown as did Spurgeon, despises any attempt at oratory for display, yet in speech, gesture and enthusiastic delivery he proves himself an orator in his ability to impart his thought and energy to his audience."

Pastor Brown is easily one of the leading preachers of the old school. His genuineness, his consecration, his common sense, his sunny heart, his strong spirit and his vigorous mind win the people of necessity. Here indeed, to recall Mr. C. A. Eaton's characterization, is "imperious force, tenderness and a rare devoutness amounting almost to mysticism." His sermons are simple and systematic, practical and positive. He has the rare faculty of flashing old truths. So far, probably the vast majority of the people who have attended Mr. Brown's meetings have been Christians, would that he might be permitted to herald his tidings to the most reckless of our city. Perhaps this may come to pass. At any rate, the Lord seems to have been with the work from its very inception.

An Heroic Norwegian Girl.

Margaret Neilson, eighteen years old, is the daughter of a Norwegian sea-captain who lately sailed from Wales for Nova Scotia. Margaret had made several voyages in her father's vessel before, so that she was at home on the sea. For company she took with her a water spaniel, a big black cat, and half a dozen rabbits.

A heavy storm came on, and the ship, which was twenty-seven years old, sprung a bad leak, and soon all hands who could be spared from the management of the vessel were put at the pumps.

Margaret herself, seeing that her father could not be everywhere, took a hand at the pumps and encouraged the men. But the storm rose higher and higher; the men could not pump the water out as fast as it came in. The ship was gradually filling. Huge waves rolled over the deck.

Then Margaret, still sticking to the pumps, began to sing. Her father had taught her many of the old Norse sagas, recounting the bravery of the sailors' ancestors, for they were all Norsemen. Through the howling of the storm the girl's voice rose in these old songs. The sailors dropping with fatigue and loss of sleep, and fighting a losing battle, were urged on to heroic efforts by Margaret's example, as well as by the spirited words and music that she was singing to them.

At last it became clear that the ship must be abandoned; but the captain, before ordering out the boats, lay down and slept a little, for he was at the end of his strength.

Margaret went on singing and cheering the men. As she worked she spied a sail in the distance. Signals of distress were already up. They were seen by the distant ship. It was a long time before the sail, which was a brig bound for New York, could come alongside, and in the interval the Norwegian ship was very near sinking; but at last Captain Neilson, his brave daughter and all his men were taken off, and their vessel almost immediately went down.

The Norwegians were taken to New York, where, on landing the captain plainly showed signs of the terrible strain he had been brought through; but his daughter was as bright and calm as ever. When the reporters came to talk with her she disclaimed any heroism, but her father said that it was her spirit that kept the sailors up.—Youth's Companion.

Johnny and the Gate.

"Johnny, I want you to do an errand for me."
"Where, mamma?"
"Over to Mrs. Root's. Here is a note for her. Put it in your pocket."

Johnny set out on his errand, soon arriving at Mrs. Root's gate. And here he found trouble. The latch on the gate was so tightly caught that he could not open it. With all his might he tugged at it, but his small hands were not strong enough. What did he do? Turn about and go home again with his errand undone? No, Johnny was not that kind of a boy. He had been sent to give that note to Mrs. Root, and he meant to do it. He tried to climb over the gate, but it was too high. Then he looked about him. The gate belonging to the next house was low. He was an active little fellow, and could easily climb that. He walked carefully along the fence until he came to the board wall which divided Mrs. Root's lot from this one. There was a ledge along it. He climbed on this, then hung by his hands and dropped into Mrs. Root's yard. Coming out, he found it easy to open the gate. Within sight of the gate there was a tiny park with seats under the trees. As Johnny started for home, he saw his father sitting on one of them.

"How long have you been here, papa?" he asked.
"About ten minutes," said his father.
"Did you see what a time I had getting into Mrs. Root's?"
"Yes."

"And you didn't come to open the gate for me," said Johnny, feeling a little injured.

"No, because I was thinking of the times when I shouldn't be with you, and you would have to make you own way—just as you did now."

"But I don't go to Mrs. Root's very often. Perhaps I shan't go there again for a great while—and perhaps the gate will be fixed then."

"I mean, my boy, that I was thinking of the times which will come to you as you go on in life, when they will seem hard for you and you will have to work it out alone. Now, God has given you your strong active, body, and your bright mind, and He expects you to use them.

When you cannot do a thing one way by the powers of your body, you call on the powers of your mind to tell you of some other way; just as you did in getting into Mrs. Root's yard when you could not open the gate."

"Yes, I had to think it out," said Johnny, brightly.

"I was much pleased at seeing that you did not give it up when you met with a difficulty. A boy who brings his best thought and power to the overcoming of an obstacle, will be sure to make his way.—M. H. Cochran.

The First Lighthouses.

When ships are sailing upon the ocean the lights of heaven are their guides. Even in the dark ages, when the compass and sextant were unknown instruments, the seemingly motionless pole-star hung like a beacon light in the northern heavens, and the rising and setting of the sun and stars distinguished the east from the west. When, however, ships come near the land the lights of heaven are not sufficient safely to guide them. Rocks lie in their paths unseen in the night, reefs and shoals spread under the water; while unsuspected currents sweep the frail craft all blindly upon these dangers.

Nevertheless, ships were sailed along dangerous coasts for centuries before a plain system of marking dangerous places was invented. The early mariners were bold and reckless rovers, more than half pirates, who seldom owned a rood of the coasts along which they sailed, and could not have established lights and landmarks on them had they cared to do so. The rude beginning, then, of a system of lighthouses was when the merchants with whom the reckless mariners traded in those dark ages built beacons near the harbor mouths to guide the ships into port by day, and lighted fires for their guidance at night. As such a harbor-guide had to be a sure landmark in the daytime and a light by night, it soon took on a settled shape—a tower, on which could be built a fire, and such a tower is usually built of stone.

This system of guiding ships into the ports which they sought was scarcely established before human wickedness used it as a means for their destruction. Bands of robbers, or, as they came to be called, "wreckers," would hide themselves somewhere near the haven sought by a richly laden vessel, and after overpowering the fire-keepers, would extinguish the beaconfire on the night on which the ship was expected. Then they would light another fire near some treacherous reef. The mariner, sailing boldly towards the false light, would dash his vessel to destruction on the reef, whereupon the robber band would plunder the wreck and make off with the booty.—St. Nicholas.