

## Unaware.

(Sent in by F. R., Sydenham, Ont.)

They said—"The Master is coming  
To honor the town to-day,  
And no one can tell at what house or  
home  
The Master will choose to stay."  
Then I thought while my heart beat  
wildly—  
"What if he should come to mine?  
How would I strive to entertain  
And honor the Guest divine?"

And straight I turned to toiling,  
To make my home more neat—  
I swept, and polished, and garnished,  
And decked it with blossoms sweet.  
I was troubled, for fear the Master  
Might come ere my task was done,  
And I hastened and worked the faster,  
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,  
A woman came to my door:  
She had come to tell me her sorrow,  
And my comfort and aid to implore.  
And I said—"I cannot listen  
Or help you any to-day,  
I have greater things to attend to,"  
And the pleader went away.

But soon there came another—  
A cripple, thin, pale and grey,  
And said—"Oh! let me stop and rest  
A while in your home, I pray;  
I have travelled far, since morning,  
I am hungry, and faint and weak,  
My heart is full of misery,  
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said—"I am grieved and sorry,  
But I cannot keep you to-day.  
I look for a great and a nobler Guest,"  
And the cripple turned away.  
And the day wore onward swiftly,  
And my task was nearly done,  
And a prayer was ever in my heart,  
"That the Master to me might come."

And I thought I would spring to meet  
Him,  
And treat Him with utmost care:  
When a little child stood by me  
With a face so sweet and fair—  
Sweet, but with marks of teardrops,  
And his clothes were tattered and old,  
A finger was bruised and bleeding,  
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said—"I am sorry for you,  
You are sorely in need of care,  
But I cannot stop to give it,  
You must hasten elsewhere."  
And at the words, a shadow  
Swept over his blue-veined brow,  
"Someone will feed and clothe you,  
dear,  
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,  
And my toil was over and done,  
My home was swept and garnished,  
And I watched in the dusk, alone,  
Watched, but no footfall sounded;  
No one paused at my gate;  
No one entered my cottage door;  
I could only pray, and wait.

I waited 'till night had deepened  
And the Master had not come.  
"He has entered some other door," I  
cried,  
"And gladdened some other home."  
My labor had been for nothing,  
And I bowed my head and wept,  
My heart was sore with longing;  
Yet, spite of all—I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,  
And His face was grave and fair,  
"Three times to-day I came to your  
door,  
And craved your pity and care.  
Three times you sent me onward,  
Unhelped and uncomfortable,  
And the blessing you might have had was  
lost,  
And your chance to serve has fled."

"Oh! Lord, dear Lord, forgive me  
How could I know 'twas Thee?"  
My soul was shamed and bowed  
In the depths of humility.  
And He said—"The sin is pardoned  
But the blessing is lost to thee:  
For failing to comfort the least of Mine,  
You have failed to comfort Me."



## A Royal Guest.

Behold thy King cometh unto thee.—  
S. Matt. xxi. : 5.  
She . . . saw Jesus standing, and  
knew not that it was Jesus.—S. John  
xx. : 14.  
To-day I must abide at thy house.—  
S. Luke xix. : 5.

The Spirit of God lies all about the  
spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready  
to rush in at the smallest chink in the  
walls that shut Him out from His own.  
—Geo. MacDonald.

A missionary, talking with some lepers  
in India about the second coming of  
Christ, asked: "Do you think He will  
come to-day?" The answer came quick-  
ly and earnestly: "We don't know, but  
we hope so."

Don't we know? He who said to  
Zaccheus, "To-day I must abide at thy  
house," says to each of us to-day,  
"Behold, I stand at the door, and  
knock: if any man hear My voice, and  
open the door, I will come in to him,"  
Unless He is already inside—an honored  
Guest—He must, even now, be standing  
at the door seeking admittance. He is

the tomb, who saw the Master she loved  
standing beside her "and knew not that  
it was Jesus."

An old wood-cut represents Christ as  
the Bridegroom appearing to the Bride—  
the Soul. He is holding a mask before  
His face, and the Bride shrinks back in  
fear because she does not recognize her  
Lord. Instead of welcoming Him she is  
trying to escape, for the beauty of the  
loving face behind the frowning mask is  
hidden from her sight. Is it not often  
so? Christ appears to us sometimes in  
all His wonderful beauty, and our souls  
are enthralled by that glorious Vision.  
But sometimes He comes in a strange  
and terrible disguise. Pain, sorrow,  
poverty, death force their way into our  
homes, and, instead of meeting them  
bravely and looking for the love which  
is surely hidden behind the mask, we try  
to escape. Some valuable gifts they are  
sure to leave behind—unless we fight bit-  
terly against God's will in sending such  
stern messengers—but we can only find  
"joy" in tribulation if we are clear-  
sighted enough to recognize the Bride-  
groom through His strange disguise. If  
we do know Him surely we can be strong  
and brave enough to  
hold out welcoming  
hands; even though, like  
many another wise  
physician and surgeon,  
He should offer a bitter  
cup of healing medicine,  
or cut us to the quick.  
Instead of shrinking  
away from His touch,  
let us try to press near-  
er, even though we can  
only grow like Him  
through fellowship with  
His sufferings.

"O shun not thou the  
Loving Cup  
Nor tremble at its  
hue;  
There is no bitter in the  
bowl  
But Jesus drank it  
too.  
He counts thy tears, and  
knows thy pain,  
Yea, every woe is  
weighed;  
And not a cross He bids  
thee bear,  
But once on Him was  
laid."

It is very easy for me  
to talk, isn't it? when  
my life is all sunshine;  
but I dare not hold up  
a low ideal, even though  
I utterly fail to practice  
what I preach.  
But it is not only in  
dark days that "thy  
King cometh unto thee."  
In spite of the sorrow  
of the world—which we  
are apt to think of in a  
mass—in spite of the  
personal troubles which  
force themselves on the  
attention, there is a  
vast amount of sun-  
shine in most lives. And,  
if the Light of the  
world can lighten the  
worst kind of dark-  
ness, what a glory He

can shed on our happiest hours, for His  
Face is as the sun that shineth in his  
strength. What can make our hearts more  
glad than welcoming our Guest, talking to  
Him, quietly listening to His words,  
doing Him willing service? Do we al-  
ways know Him when He stands waiting  
for a welcome? He may not knock at  
the actual door of our house like the  
poor woman, the cripple or the little  
child in the poem. But someone there  
surely is within reach, in ministering to  
whom we may minister to our King. If  
only we always remembered His presence  
in our midst what a pleasure the every-

day routine work of life would become.  
Then everything would be "worth while,"  
and we should never chafe at the ap-  
parent dreary monotony of duty. The  
"common task" which has to be done  
every day would then be always new and  
beautiful. Then we could never fret at  
the little interruptions and disappoint-  
ments which come straight from His  
hand; we could never grow impatient  
with other people, because we should see  
Him in them, and should know that to  
be cross or unkind to them would be to  
rebel against Him. If we really felt His  
invisible presence in the room harsh or  
ill-natured words to or about anyone  
could never be uttered, we should never  
think of indulging in rude or unseemly  
behavior before our Royal Guest, and—  
most important of all—we should keep  
careful guard over our thoughts, know-  
ing that they are naked and open to His  
sight.

Living always with people whom we ad-  
mire and consciously try to copy is sure  
to result in our becoming steadily more  
and more like them, and the only way of  
becoming changed into the image of  
Christ is to gaze on Him day after day,  
and to reflect, as a mirror, the shining  
brightness of His character. That is the  
best kind of preaching, too, for every-  
body is attracted by beauty; and those  
who continually look at the King in His  
beauty grow surely—though, perhaps, al-  
most imperceptibly—in the beauty of holi-  
ness, and so attract others nearer to the  
Great Source of soul-beauty. Shall I  
tell you of a beautiful life that is being  
quietly lived in Toronto? A noble  
woman is so eager to entertain the King  
royally that she goes out washing by  
the day. This she does, not to earn  
money for her own necessities, but that  
she may be rich enough to receive into  
her country house 16 poor girls for sev-  
eral weeks each summer. This is not a  
second-hand illustration, but an actual  
fact that I know of myself. She washes  
for a friend of mine, who declares that  
her presence in the house is "a real  
benediction." Of course it is! One  
who sacrifices herself in order to enter-  
tain the King so loyally is sure to carry  
His presence with her everywhere she  
goes. People cannot fail to take knowl-  
edge of her that she has been with Jesus.  
When the Light of the world lights a  
candle, and it burns with such a bril-  
liant flame as that, it certainly cannot  
be hid. A life lived always with the  
Greatest must be great, no matter what  
"common" work may spoil the white-  
ness of the hands.

What an honor it would have been to  
hand our Lord His tools, or to work  
under His direction in the carpenter shop  
of Nazareth! Well, may not every man,  
woman and child work with and under  
Him on the farm, in the shop, kitchen  
or school? And when Christ dwells in  
a human soul the fragrance shed by His  
presence, who is the Rose of Sharon and  
the Lily of the Valley, whose very Name  
is an ointment poured forth, will fill the  
whole house with sweetness. As some  
aromatic earth says in an Eastern fable:  
"I was common clay till roses were  
planted in me." Perfumes are not only  
pleasant to the senses, many of them  
have a healthful influence. MacMillan  
says that during a visitation of cholera  
in London and Paris, none of the people  
employed in the perfume manufactories  
were attacked by the disease. And he  
also states that the essences of some  
flowers—such as lavender, mint, thyme,  
etc.—in contact with oxygen in sunlight,  
exert a very purifying and health-inspir-  
ing influence on the air. So is it with  
fragrant lives, they unconsciously purify  
the moral atmosphere. Scandal cannot  
breathe in their presence, and they touch  
with healing power diseased souls, wak-  
ing fresh aspirations after holiness.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its  
own,  
So, when Christ dwelleth in a mortal  
soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems around  
it thrown."

HOPE.

## Camera Competition.

We wish to call the attention of our  
Home Department readers to our  
"Camera Competition," which is now in  
progress. If you have a camera, this is  
the time to use it. For further particu-  
lars, see page 924 of this issue.



The Light of the World.

By Holman Hunt.

your King, and has a right to the best  
room in your house, the highest throne  
in your heart. The beautiful verses  
given above, which were sent in by one  
of our readers, show how often He is  
refused admittance, even by those who  
think He is the One they must delight to  
honor. If we live in the future, dream-  
ing of the great things we should like to  
do if only we had plenty of time and  
money, of course we can never catch up  
to our opportunities. He is here to-  
day; we have sight in our hands, the  
opportunity of ministering to our Royal  
Guest. Don't let us be like Mary at

the tomb, who saw the Master she loved  
standing beside her "and knew not that  
it was Jesus."