

'King, great King of Fancy,' he said, 'I will no longer be content with only facts. I, too, will become one of your subjects, so that I, too, perhaps, may add to the learning, the progress, the humanizing of the world. Let me but conceive one noble fancy, and I will leave the facts to—'

'Lesser souls,' added the King gently, 'any machine can grind out facts, but imagination, vital, all-compelling imagination, is given only to master minds, in whose fancies lie the destiny of the world.'

After this strange adventure, Dick was no longer regarded by the friends of the family as smart. Instead they began to call him an 'idle dreamer.' But Dick only smiled a slow, thoughtful smile. He knew now that it is only dreams that can come true.

Keep Clean All the Way.

It was on a transcontinental train. We were fellow passengers and had become quite well acquainted by reason of our sharing the same section for a day or so. He was a young man full of hopes and ambitions. Learning who I was, he became quite confidential, and told me of his plans for the future and the purpose of the present journey.

He was on his way to a western town to marry the sweetheart of his boyhood days. On the second day, after a very dusty ride across the desert, I missed him for a time. He soon came back from the toilet room, cleanly washed and shaved, his clothing neatly brushed and fresh linen in place of the soiled.

I said to him, 'You must be getting near the end of your journey, to where you will meet your future bride.'

'Oh, no,' said he; 'I find that the best way to be clean at the end of the journey is to keep clean all the way along.'

Oh, if the young men and women of our day would not put off cleaning up until the end of the journey! If they would not think that they will have time enough to prepare to die! If they could only be made to realize that it is a far more serious thing to live than it is to die, and that the only way to be clean at the end of the journey is to get clean now and to keep clean!—M. C. Advocate.

Happiness.

The possession of happiness is the desire of all. To-day, as always, men and women are in pursuit of happiness. But how infinite the lines of pursuit and the character of the things sought that are to be to them a source of happiness! According to the Scriptural idea, contentment is the foundation rock on which all happiness is founded. Yet how few there are who realize this and are at complete rest and ease of mind! Alas, how few have learned to discern the true meaning of—'to live'!

There is a difference of opinion as to the true meaning and source of human happiness. The reason for this is that men and women, as a rule, know but little about the subject and have not a large vision of the nature of happiness.

A writer says: 'Happiness; what is it? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little? Aristippus pursued her in pleasure; Socrates in learning and wisdom, and Epicurus in both; but she bestowed her endearments on neither. None bid so high for her as kings, but she has no more respect for kings than for subjects. Antony sought her in affection, Brutus in glory, and Caesar in dominion. The first found disgrace, the second disgust, the third ingratitude, and each destruction.'

God is the giver of true happiness, and it is not to be found in selfishness and pursuit of worldly pleasures and riches, but the rather in service for others. In having a care for others and aiming to see their side of life, we will learn more of duty, and in the performance of duty some measure of happiness must come. By entering into the sorrows as well as the joys of others, by sharing somewhat of their trials, disappointments and privations, we may find the royal road leading to the possession of true happiness. For Jesus teaches that He Himself found his true source of happiness in rendering unselfish service to and 'for others.'—Central Christian Advocate.

At the Well.

We who have always plenty of water at command, and who use it and waste it more carelessly than any other article necessary for our daily life, can scarcely understand how these people live who have to draw water like this poor Soudanese from a rude well dug in the sandy, stony desert.

See how small is the quantity that he is bringing up with all his labor!

'Not enough for the baby's bath,' suggests Maud, shaking her wise little head.

And she is right, but it is enough for his

obliged to go to the wells early in the morning or in the evening, though the sun sets in a much shorter time than it does in England, and they have no soft twilight in the Soudan as we have here.'

'But how the water gets to the bottom of the well is what I should like to know,' remarks Jack, thoughtfully. 'If the sun is so hot, and there is no rain, and the river is a long way off, where does the water come from?'

'The water at the bottom of a well comes from a natural spring, my dear,' replies his mother. 'Many miles away from this spring



A SOUDANESE DRAWING WATER.

breakfast, and for his master's breakfast also; and as he cannot obtain water in any other manner for himself and his family and cattle, he is obliged to draw water in this way until he has sufficient for the time being, and then you may be sure he uses it very carefully, for without water neither man nor beast can live.

'But why does he take all that trouble? why does he not catch the rain?' asked Lizzie; 'or why does he not get it from a river? He could get plenty then without half the trouble.'

'Probably he is far away from the river Nile,' replies her mother, 'and rain does not fall in the country in which he lives; and there are no large wide-spreading trees to shield him from the blazing sun, so he is

there is a range of high hills, the tops of which are often hidden with thick clouds that dissolve into water, which penetrates into the ground, and this goes on until the pressure from above drives the little streams through rocks and sand until they find an outlet like a well, which they fill up. If the volume of water is great it overflows the side of the well and becomes a stream, which, meeting other streams, swells into a river, and travels on, let the distance be ever so great, until it finds its way to the sea.'

'There are wells mentioned in the Bible, are there not?' asks Lizzie.

'Certainly, my dear; it was by Jacob's well that Jesus sat when a woman of Samaria came to draw water; and when He asked her for water to drink she objected, inquiring