

THE MAN WITH A PITCHER.

Ada Benedict was almost discouraged. The doors that a twenty-year old girl, with earnest Christian purpose, expects to find open before her seemed all to be shut in her face, and her career seemed likely to limit itself to her mother's sick-room and the children's nursery; and the work was not just what she would have chosen.

Eight months ago, in the midst of her senior year at Lake View Seminary, a call had come from one of the far-off lands for helpers in the missionary work. Prayerfully and thoughtfully the subject had been considered, and Ada and one of her class-mates were ready to offer themselves in response to the call. But when she wrote to ask her parents' permission, Ada's father replied with affectionate sympathy that he felt she was needed in her own home for the present. Her mother's health was very poor, and while they were anxious that Ada should finish her seminary course they were looking forward to the time when she should be with them to relieve her mother as much as possible of the care of the children and of the house. So this plan, which had begun to be very dear to the young heart, must be given up, and the sacrifice was not made grudgingly.

The months went by, and the school days were at last over. White dresses, flowers, music, essays, and diplomas had marked the long-anticipated Commencement Day. Tearful good-bys had been said, and the homeward journeys taken. In Ada's home she found her mother much more feeble than she had expected, and her heart and hands were soon full with care for her and for the little brothers, whose needs were various and endless. Calls from outside her home came frequently; but, ready as she was for the Master's service, she found it almost impossible to join any of the bands of workers who applied for her aid. The president of the missionary society invited her to attend the monthly meeting, but on the appointed afternoon her mother was too ill to be left. A Sabbath-school class was offered her, but when Sabbath morning came she could only prepare the little ones for the school and send them off alone. Very lovingly

and very faithfully these daily tasks were performed, but was it strange that on this Saturday evening, early in October, she was disappointed and almost discouraged?

Then came the word of comfort, the little crumb of manna to feed the hungry soul. She had been teaching Charlie his Sabbath-school lesson from the fourteenth chapter of Mark, the story of the Passover, and Charlie, with the boyish propensity for asking unexpected questions, had demanded, "Who was the man with the pitcher?" The little boy was asleep now, but his question stayed in his sister's mind as she went about the evening's work, and now it came back to her, in the quiet of her own room, as she made her last preparations for the Sabbath.

The man with a pitcher. Who

follow me to find the way to the Passover Supper."

So she took courage for the future, ready to spend and be spent, at the Master's will, "content to fill a little space," or to step out into a broader field at His call, but making each day's work an offering of love.

"If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
The trivial sound, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

WHAT CAN I PAY?

A young Spanish girl went to live in a Christian family. Her mistress soon found she did not know Jesus and his love, nor anything of the Word of God, and said to her:

"Would you like to hear some-

"Oh, sir, I want to know did Jesus die for servant girls?"

"Why do you want to know that?"

"I felt last evening that I am very bad; and if Jesus did not die for servant girls, I am lost."

"Are you a sinner?"

"Yes."

"Can you read?"

"Yes."

"Read the text."

And she read: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"If you wish to be saved, poor or rich, mistress or maid, if you confess you self to be a sinner, Jesus died for you."

The joyful news filled her heart.

"What can I pay?" she asked.

"God's grace is free; but you can tell others the favor God has shown to you."

She became a messenger of salvation.--*Sel.*

TO THE READER.

BY A LAYMAN.

Nomatter what your income, nor from what source it comes. No matter how old you are, or how young. You receive something. Set aside one-tenth of it; try it for a year, anyway.

"Can't afford it!" You can. You will make money by it; not only to spend for Christ, doing good, but you will have more money for your own use, if you do it. You cannot afford not to do it.

"Sounds strange!" Possibly it does; but no stranger than you can do more in a year, working six days in the week than if you work seven. Thousands, tens of thousands, have tried proportionate giving—are trying it—and their testimony is uniform as to its benefits.

It pays! Pays in spiritual blessings; pays in temporal prosperity; pays in happiness; pays in embraced opportunities for usefulness and doing good; pays in a higher, deeper, broader, happier Christian experience; pays in every good sense.

"Don't know your exact income." You know what you have now; tith that. Do it now! You know what you receive to-day—this week. Take the first step. Light will come as you need it. You have your Father's promises: take Him at His word. Test them, by saying "I will."—*Christian Giver.*



PUSSY'S FIRST SLEIGH-RIDE.

—*Harper's Young People.*

was he? Nobody knows his name; only a humble servant, perhaps, doing a humble task that in an Eastern land usually belongs to a woman; perhaps feeling degraded by that fact, but quietly carrying the burden, all unconscious that he was acting as a guide for Peter and John, all unconscious that the Master was using him in his great plan. Was there not comfort for the tired heart in this simple mention of the man with a pitcher? Ada thought it over and took the message to herself. "It does not seem as if I were doing much for Jesus, when I am so busy here at home; but if I carry my pitchers of water carefully and faithfully, and give cups of cold water as I have opportunity to the little ones whom I meet, perhaps Christ will use my work in some way; perhaps some one may even

thing out of this book?"

"I should."
And the lady read to her out of the New Testament. "Do you like it?"

"Yes what you read is good, and I would like to hear more of it."

"Then you can come with me to-night to the church and you will hear the pastor."

The pastor noticed that evening a new face in his audience, but did not speak with the girl, though he prayed for her.

"Do you like what the pastor said?"

"Yes; can we go often?"

The next evening the girl accompanied by a child of her mistress, entered the room of the pastor. She wished to speak to him.

"What do you want, my child?"