OURDBOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ROSE CROWNED KING.

A Legend of Nazareth.

its heary summit with gold. The slopes of this mountain of the prophets

in one direction and those of Mount

Tabor in another were already tinged

with the purple shade of evening, and

in the many small valleys of this hilly country was the gathering darkness;

panse of the great sea all ablaze in its

evening gelden glory. Close at hand myriads of bright hued insects made

the summer haza vocal with the motion of their untiring wings.

The white flat roofed houses of Naz-

areth appeared pink in the evening

sunset, and the red pomegranate blos

soms in the gardens grew more brilliant as they caught the slanting rays and presented to the eye and appearance as of many luminous orbs. The

beauty of these rich flowers and of their

companion roses was heightened by their dark background of olives and

palm trees which covered the valleys

borhood. All was motionless in the evening air, and no sound was heard

ling of a distant sheep-belt or an occa-

sional peal of merry laughter of some

happy boys who were at play in an

open space near the village.

The workers of Nazareth were rest-

ing from the labors of the day, and

many sat before their doors to enjoy the

Lithe, graceful maidens, carrying

water pots on their heads, noiselessly

passed on their way to and from the common well of the town, and with

these exceptions there was no sign of

animation on the streets, and to the

common observer nothing had occurred

to disturb the usual quiet of the place.

ful town there was more than ordinary

activity, arising from the pleasant

duties of hospitality. Simple and low-ly, and even despised, as these Naz-

arenes were, they were, nevertheless,

remarkable throughout all Galilee for

the warmth of the welcome they always

extended to their guests and for the

willingness with which they enter-

tained strangers who chanced to come

This cordiality was manifested in no

ings that formed the town. It was a

a few rooms. About it could be seen the marks of toil; shavings and pieces

of wood were lying around the ground which told a stranger that the dweller

therein was a worker in wood. It was the home of Joseph, the carpenter.

Mary were busy in making comfort-

able and attending to the wants of two

with a visit. No less a personage than

a priest of the temple at Jerusalem was

Joseph's guest. The venerable Zach ary, with Elizabeth, his wife, had come

Judea, Samaria and Galilee to see once

fathers that wonderful Child whom

Zachary two years before had seen dis-

puting with marvelous wisdom amid the learned men of Israel at the temple

porch in Jerusalem. The remembrance of this event had remained with

him ever since. It had become a part

of his life, and was ever present with

him in his waking moments and filled

his dreams at night, and he longed ere

and know more of this wonderful Being

whom he recognized as the Messias

his dust was laid in the grave to

among them.

In two houses, however, of the peace

cool breezes that came from the

hum of the insects, the tink-

and even the lower hills in the neigh

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foretold by the prophets. Already Joseph, according to the custom of the East, had brought water for the old man's feet and, notwith standing his guest's protestations, had washed them himself, and now the two men were sitting outside of the house engaged in quiet conversation, while Mary was entertaining Elizabeth in a

no less kindly manner within doors. In another house not a stone's throw away other scenes of hospitality were also being enacted. That afternoon Zabdai, from the little fishing town of Bethsaida, had brought his wife, Salome, and their two sons, James and John, on a visit of friendship to Geddiel Sodi, who was a relative of his wife. The host in this case was a rich farmer, owning more flocks and herds than any one else in this region. His household consisted of Miriam, his wife, and three sons, Subael, Abner and Ezri, together with numerous men and

maid servants. A more sumptuous meal had been prepared for these visitors than that offered to Zachary and Elizabeth. A lamb had been killed to celebrate the event, and delicious grapes, apples and citrons graced the board. More-over, the master of the house was no longer a strict Nazarene, and therefore did not hesitate to place on his table rich wines, cooled in snow, which had been preserved in huge boxes

buried underground. With this display there was to be observed slight traces of ostentation, and both Zabdai, or Zabadee, and his wife Salome, as the feast progressed, were conscious of being slightly patronized. James and John were too young to pos-ceive this, and they enjoyed the good things that Geddiel Sodi set before things that Geddiel Sodi set before "Shame! Subael," said

was two years younger, and both were already learning the trade of their father, a fisherman on the Lake of Tiberias. Their browned faces and It was evening, and the setting sun dipped gloriously into the Mediter ranean behind Mount Carmel, tipping

hands told of being much in the open air. They allowed their locks to grow air. They allowed their locks to grow Great Conqueror shall come to deliver long, after the Jewish fashion, while Israel from the Roman yoke." the other three boys affected a Roman custom of cutting the hair short, as did bael, and it seemed for once the game their father, much to the grief of his would have an unusual ending, but fellow-townsmen, who regarded him as one of the leading men of the place, but deplored the fact that he had departed from the traditions of their forefathers and had ceased to be a strict yet from the plateau upon which Nazareth stands the quiet, simple folk of that town could see in the distance, across the valley of Jezreel, an exfollower of their sect.

After the meal was over the five went out to the plateau, where most of the children of the town were accustomed to gather on the summer evenings, and it was their shouts that could be heard on the hillside where Joseph and Zachary were resting. The two elderly men had now been sitting for some time in silence, quietly enjoying each other's company with that satisfaction that does not seek to find expression in words, when suddenly Zachary started at the beau-

tiful vision presented to him.
Standing under the sich of the doorway, with the fading light of evening shining full upon him, was a most beautiful youth of fourteen years. He had just returned from an errand upon which Joseph had sent him before his guests had arrived. His gold brown hair was parted in the centre and fell in long waves, just reaching the shoul-der. The high and noble forehead

hone in the light like polished marble. His large, mild but penetrating eyes were overarched with rich eyebrows, and the eyes themselves spoke of meekness, ardor and love. The nose was straight and rather long, the lips exquisitely formed, with the redness of health. The chin was moulded into perfect masculine grace, and the pargarment was woven of one piece and reached to the ground.

At the moment that Zachary saw

Him there was a glow on His counten ance which seemed to light up all His The last traces of tears features. stood in those wonderful eyes, and it seemed evident that He had just risen

from the evening prayer.

The Nazarene mothers — those women whose beauty had made them famous even as far distant as Rome admitted that the son of the carpenter, Joseph, surpassed their own children in beauty and conceded to Him a winning grace they failed to find in To-day He seemed more beautiful than ever, even to Joseph, small degree in a dwelling that stood a little apart from the cluster of buildfor the usually calm and placid face was brightened with pleasurable emo tions caused by the visit of Elizabeth small and humble house, having only

and of the priest Zachary.

The youth, stood silently behind Joseph's seat, with His arms folded over His breast, in an attitude of deepest respect towards the two men. The old Levite was awed. His whole being All signs of labor had on this day been early laid aside, and Joseph and thrilled. Trembling with rapture the priest hastily rose and was about to prostrate himself and kiss the feet of the beautiful child. He was prevented from doing this, as Jesus took guests who had honored their dwelling him by the hand just as he was about to kneel, and so instead of kissing His feet, in a half-stooping, half-kneeling, wholly reverential attitude he kissed the Divine Child's hand, uttering pas a visit of charity to Mary and Joseph. Old as they were, they had travelled a distance of nearly seventy miles through the hill country of

more ere they were gathered to their Having performed this kindly know.' office to their guest, He once more as sumed the attitude of modest expect ancy on Joseph's will. Joseph, had risen when Zachary rose, now sat down again. Once before he had seen this calm dignity assert itself in the youth. That was two years ago in the temple of Jerusalem, when Jesus had said: "Know ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Joseph, realizing that as head of the family he represented all source of authority, called Jesus forward and said to Him :

"The children of Zabdai of Bethsaida are on yonder plateau. Lest we should seem wanting in hospitality, go and bid them welcome to our town.

With a slight inclination of the head towards Joseph, Jesus obeyed with alacrity the behest of His fosterfather. Zachary watched Him depart, and, with the glow of exalted enthusiasm still upon his face, exclaimed:
"O Israel! O Nazareth! If you did

but know! If you did but know!"
"Good master," replied Joseph,
"His time is not yet come," and he
added prophetically, "nor shall you
or I behold the mighty works He yet
shall do. Our years shall close before His work begins.

The children on the plateau had been playing a game of war, a popular pastime among the Jewish boys of that period and which indicated, as most sports of children do, the trend of national thought and desire. Sides were chosen and Hebrews were ranged against Romans. The game always ended with the defeat of the Romans and the triumphant establishment of Jewish independence by choosing a king and crowning him with myrtle or with roses amid the plaudits of the

victorious side.
"Whom shall we drown king?" shouted Micha, the son of Oziel, just as the mock contest was ended. "A king! a king!" shouted several

at once.
"We want no king," said Subael,
the eldest son of Geddiel Sodi, who had
been chosen leader of the Romans.
"We want no king. Caesar is our

"Even in our games you object to our being free. Oh! that the Great De-liverer would come in truth! The holy prophecies, so my father says, proclaim this to be the time when the

Abner agreed with his brother Suwould have an unusual ending, but Michs persisted. "A king! a king!" he shouted

again. Just at that moment Jesus appeared

Micha caught sight of Him and said : "See, here comes the son of Mary and Joseph. He is our king." The group of handsome Jewish youths turned to look at Jesus as He approached. There was a calm dignity surrounding Him which silenced the noisest among them for a moment. Somewhat slowly He walked up to the

at the outer edge of the plateau.

"I bid you welcome to Nazareth." James bowed low, as he would have done to some prince or the high priest whom he had once seen in Jerusalem when his father had taken him to the paschal feast in the hely city.

It was different with John. He stood transfixed and motionless. His eyes were riveted on that serene face, and it seemed as if he could never suf-ficiently drink in the sight. His color came and went. He scarcely breathed. A new life seemed to course through his veins. With unspeakable, ineff-able ardor he stepped forward and, with an almost unconscious movement, laid his head lightly on the shoulder of Jesus and said in a low tone, un-heard by the others: "Thou art indeed our king, and oh! I love Thee so!" John was almost fainting under

the sudden excitement. His heart beat rapidly; his temples throbbed and tially exposed neck enchanced the the whole love of his soul seemed to noble poise of the head. The outer flow out towards this marvelous youth, whom he now saw for the first time. Two pure souls had met, and that subtle fellowship of the pure had at once asserted itself, and so strongly was John influenced by it that he would willingly have died for this newly-found love. His head rested but for a moment on the shoulder of Jesus, but long enough for Him to

> Thou shalt yet know Me better and love Me more.

> The boys of Nazareth were accus-tomed to this strange influence which Mary's son frequently exercised over them, and, not being so deeply affected, recovered from it sconer than did the visitors. Micha was still intent upon a fitting termination to their game, and once more demanded that a king be chosen. This time the boys politely referred the question to the strangers from Betheaida

> John was still under the fascination of the searching eyes of his newlyfound friend, and advanced a step from the side of Jesus and, pointing to Him, said vehemently :

"Crown Him ! crown Him! for He is worthy in every deed to be the king of the Jews-aye, of the world."

A faint color tinged the face of the beautiful youth, showing the pleasure this speech had given Him. John's decision met with general approval and immediately there was increased animation in the little band. Some sionately as he did so:

"My Lord and my God."

The youth then led the aged man back to his seat, saying with wonderful dignity as He did so: "Blessed are they who know the things you crown. Others brought forward a high rown Others brought forward a high seat to be used as a throne by the new king. With laughter and shouts they compelled Jesus to sit on the throne, while all in boyish mirth bowed the knee before Him. Then came the great ceremony which closed the evening sport-the coronation.

It was the custom in those simpler times for the mothers and fathers to take an interest in their children's games and pleasures. On summer evenings at Nazareth this was usually done by the elder people coming out of their houses to the plateau and being present at the coronation and witnessing the homage the younger people paid to their chosen king of the day, and this evening Josesph and Mary had invited the aged Zuchary Elizabeth to the plateau, and Geddiel Sodi and Miriam had also brought with them their guests, Zabdai

and Salome. At the moment of the coronation when the merry boys were heartily shouting, "Hall, king of the Jews Long live our nation's king! and bowing the knee in homage to the one of their choice, a small band of Roman soldiery came in sight on the edge of the level ground. They had come from Tiberias, on the Lake of Genesareth, and were passing through Nazareth on their way to Niam, which

lies at the foot of Mount Tabor. Dacius, the captain of the band, seeing a gathering of people and being aware of the frequency of Jaw ish insurrections against the Roman yoke, haited his command close to the gathering. As he did so he heard the children shouting their "aves" to harmless gathering like ugly birds of prey, and the captain flushed angrily as he heard the words of the children. He hastily descended from his horse The villagers clustered in a group, with the now frightened children on one side of the throne, while opposite them were the Roman soldiers. Mary trembled. She dreaded that insults and indignities would be heaped upon her son by the half-drunken and ribald so'diery. Nor in this was she mistaken. The only way in which a man can "A king! what king? Tie thus "retire en a fortune" with safety,

nearly sixteen and his brother John Amerias,, a tall boy in the little group. you teach your children treason and with comfort, with happiness, and sedition even in their games," said the honor, is to lay his plans so that his

Roman steel. The flower crowned king had not moved from his chair. The soldier sults, the total subversion of the aims realized the inoffensiveness of the and labors of a litetime. pastime, yet, having come down from his horse with an air of so much im portance, he was loth to mount again without letting his subordinates wit-ness some act of authority on his part. He cast a searching glance over the company of boys and their frightened faces seemed to satisfy him. Looking at Jesus, however, he perceived in at Jesus, however, he perceived in Him no signs of ismay. He was still seated, and the chaplet adorned His beautiful brow. This angered the core; then the greatest pleasure, the

little gathering and, looking at John rough soldier.
and James, He said:
"You, who w "You, who would be king, come here and bring me your crown.

Jesus neither moved nor spoke.

seated, but now there were ominous gence, and there being nothing to do looks of anger on the faces of the chill but for the mind to dwell on these disdren surrounding him. "Do as I command you at once,"

shouted the Roman.

Jesus, calmly.

The officer became more furious, while the youths were getting demon-stratively angry. Some furtively picked up stones, and by their angry regular drinker, is "uncomfortable" gestures and sullen faces it could be without it; the appetite for it grows seen in the gathering darkness that apace; he is a confirmed and hopeless the boys were determined to defend drunkard, and "death and hell" his their chosen king, and the Roman end. That now excellent paper, The officer might have departed not without some ugly bruises had not Jesus calmed the rising tumuit by one word : parties : "Peace!

At that single word the boys ceased ing firm was engaged in a lucrative their hostile demonstrations, and the business on Water street. Its integevidences of the anger and hatred of rity in business was beyond suspicion the Roman soldiery died out of their faces. The officer watched this trans-formation with wonder, and was at a boy king exercised over his companions. Decius had heard that witches had dwelt from early times at Eudor, a little to the south of Nazareth, and he this was some of their magic art.

Amazed as he was, his anger had not subsided. Striding rapidly towards the throne, the rough soldier seized the crown of roses and tore it violently from the boy king's head. Throwing the flowers on the ground, he trampled them under foot and then, springing to his horse, gave a hurried order for instant departure, and the company of soldiers almost instantly disappeared in

the gathering gloom.

The rich brown hair of the beautiful youth was disturbed-by the action of the rough soldier and fell forward over his ace, that was now pale at the indignity He had suffered.

Mary rushed forward and clasped Him in her arms, saying in an agony of grief:

'My child! my son! my son!" His head rested a moment on her shoulder, as a dove nestles in its nest, and as it did Mary saw across the clear pure brow a blood-red mark which the thorns of the rose crown had made .-From the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

Would you know the secret of suc cess; why some people succeed where others fail? Here is the answer that Turner, the great artist, made to the query of a lady: "What is your secret of success?" asked the lady.

Mr. Turner simply said, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."
Whatever a man's work may be, the
road to success is the road of common sense, energy and industry.

The Aim of Life.

The chief ambition of most young men of intelligence and energy, on en tering the great field of the world, is to accumulate money enough to enable them to retire from business, and pass the latter years of life in quiet comfort. On a minute inquiry as to the meaning they attach to that expression, it wil be found that it is to have a plenty of everything, except that of having a plenty to do of what is necessary to be done. They want to be placed in a position which will allow them to do mething, anything, or nothing, according to the inclination of This is an aim at once narrow-minded, selfish, and dangerous langerous to soul, body and estate dangerous alike to social position and to noral character. That very activity, energy, and enterprise which enable a man to "retire on a fortune "at fifty, and be compalled to do comparatively nothing, will as certainly make a wreck of mind and body, as that the fleetest locomotive in the world will be shivered to atoms if it is instantaneous ly arrested in its progress. But there e this difference between man and matheir youthful king. The military chinery; the magnificent engine may company appeared to have swooped be gradually brought to a perfect stand down suddenly on the innocent and still, and can be put in motion again to accomplish other labors new and grand not so with machinery of the mind in its "connections" with the material body, it has acquired a "momentum in half a century's progress, a habit of action, which cannot be arrested, can-not be brought to a dead stand, to a position of having nothing to do, and doing nothing, without the wreck of mind or ruln of body, if, indeed, not both.

officer, angrily.

"Nay, sir," responded one of the townsmen, "be not angry. It is mere children's sport. We have no thought of insurrection here in Nazareth."

"Tis well or, soon you would taste of ful business men travel, the steps taken ful business men travel, the steps taken an observant physician, the as seen by an observant physcian, the little things which lead to grand re-

A man retired on a fortune has nothing to do after he has built his house, taid out his grounds, and arranged his affairs perfectly to his "own notion," according to his own ideas of comfort." The mind can no more be arrested in its activities, than can a star in space. He gets tired of one which can be looked forward to several times every day, is that of eating; it in time becomes, to a certain extent, the only pleasure; it is indulged "Look you, you Jewish dog; heed in; after a while, the surplus not you not what I command?"

The calm and placid youth remained fails, or discomfort attends its indulcomforts, they become exaggerated, and nine times out of ten a sip of brandy is resorted to; nine times cu! "Nay, I do no harm. The play is of ten it alloviates, and having an allorocent and harmless," answered leviant so easily accessible, it is not at all wonderful that it should be frequently resorted to; so frequently, indeed, that before the man is aware of it, or even his watchful wife he is a regular drinker, is "uncomfortable Philadelphia Inquirer, narrates the following, and can give the names of the

" About five years ago an enterpris or evil. The promptness with which its obligations were met was the sub ject of general encomium, and its loss to understand the influence this bank notes, or of specie. The firm lons. Declus had heard that witches them wealthy. With time their riches grew apace, and with cash their kind that believed in his ignorance that ness and integrity increased. The this was some of their magic art. West End mansion, surrounded by all the luxuries which money could com mand and taste could ask. The junior mand and taste could ask. partner lived with his family in a rural district, upon a small farm. passed the business hours in his estab. lishment upon Water street, and in the cool of the evening rested in his cot-tage. His children grew up healthy and contented, and all the fireside virtues gambolled about his feet.

"In the lapse of time the firm dissolved. Its purposes had been sub served in the success of its speculations and the preservation of its integrity, and each partner retired to his home to enjoy the profits of his labor. The West End millionaire has forfeited the respect and friendship of his ancient partner. We passed him last evening in a state of bloated intoxication, filthy with exposure and absolute want. The men with whom he once associated would blush to-day to recognize him. His fortune has been squandered in continued excesses, his family is scattered and penniless, and the sole aim of his degraded ambition is to find the CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. wherewithal to purchase drink. The junior partner has not changed in cir cumstances. The home ties have proven stronger with him than the at tractions of vice, and he still lives to lemonstrate the advantage of retired virtue and contented competence.

Instead, then, of aiming to pass the latter part of his life in dangerous, in glorious ease, let the ambition be to spend it in active benevolence, happyifying alike the heart of both giver and receiver, thus leaving s name behind, not written in the sands of selfish indulgence, but engraven in imperishable characters on the grate ful memories of man, and in the "Book

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