Pastor and People.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round
Breakfast, and dinner, and tea,
Smoothing the snow white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care,
There is ever some task in my little home,
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Over and over again?

Over and over again

The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again

The birds come back to the nest;
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cott ge door,
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before
What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

-Southern Presbyterian.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

THE TWO KINGDOMS OF HOVENWEAP,

The White King had arisen He saw the flight of Kolowits. "He did not know with all his wisdom and cunning, said he to Ayuta and Mahetsi, "that Montezuma has power to take his life again, that stake and arrows cannot hold me while there are willing people to redeem Come, my children, and walk with me." So they walked with him along the now desolated, but once beautiful, valley, till they came to the place where he rose before The rocky side of the canyon was high, and for a long way up very steep; so that nothing could be seen from below but a great wall of stone that seemed to lose itself in the clouds above. But as the children looked in obedience to their king's command, they saw gossamer ladders whose sides and rungs were threads of gold that hung down the cliff and touched the very bottom of the valley. They were slender as the spider's web, but withal so strong that no iron bar could break them, no human weight rend them asunder. Up the ladders the children climbed, at first in doubt, but soon with strong confidence. Looking down, now and again, from their dizzy height, they saw the Hovenweap far beneath, and at last they beheld a sight that filled them for a moment with terror. It was a moving body, coming nearer at every step, a body that at the distance looked like a swarm of ants, but which they knew to be Kolowits and his black soldiers, closely pursuing. He had got over his fright, just as Pharaoh did after the last terrible plague, and was determined that none should escape who loved the White King.

"Hasten, my children," called a voice above them. It was the voice of Montezuma, and, looking to the broken ledge whence it came, they could see his face and his arms stretch ed towards them. Then turning their eyes from the scene below, they nimbly sped up the golden ladders, and, taking the king's offered hands, were lifted into a new world, a world as yet by them unseen. The ladders were swiftly drawn up beyond the reach of man, so that none might follow the fugitives to their new retreat. No one could make a ladder up the rock, only he who dwelt at the top could send the ladder down. So Kolowits, full of bailled rage, stormed away at the foot of the cliff in words so distant that the children could not hear them, and his followers shot up harmless arrows and darts, that might as well have been aimed at the sky. Taking Ayuta's and Mahetsi's hands, one in each of his, the White King led them to his upper kingdom. It was a great and wide terrace, nor can any man tell how long, from one side of which the steep cliff descended to the Hovenweap, and from the other one, equally steep, reared its peaks among the clouds. But the lower part of the upper cliff was carved out into houses and galleries, into courts and granaries, into domed palace chambers and arching temples. The great rock was one vast house of many mansions for thousands and tens of ousands of hanny people. And before it spread the wide terrace, full of rich garden soil, watered by little lakes and connecting streams, and buttressed towards the lower cliff by a strong parapet of solid rock, fruit trees and flowers were growing there as once in the Hovenweap, and the birds sang, as of old, their songs of love and innocence.

"This is my kingdom for a little while, said Montezuma; "for a little while till I come again and take all the canyon country for mine and my people's own. But you must make the new kingdom for me, you two children who love your king. Down the ladders you have ascended must you go and tell the poor slaves of kolowits that I am living, and my home is here. Go, bring all my people here, all who are of Montezuma, and away on yonder altar peak, high up the cliff, keep my tre burning day and night, that I may see it, and that all I love may see it, too. So Mahetsiset climbed the peak and the altar fire, when lo! the bright sun, shining on the flinty face of the rock, sent its rays, like those from a burning glass, down upon the dry tinder that capped the pite. It smoked

before Mahetsi's fond gaze, then burst into a sheet of flame. Ayuta saw it from the terrace and rejoiced with a loud, glad shout. The people down in Hovenweap beheld the column of smoke and then the tongues of flame, far up in a place where they thought no human foot had ever trod. And Montezuma, from his far-off palace, knew the signal, and rejoiced over the faithful children saved from the power of Kolowits. But the Black King's heart was full of rage, of rage fierce and ungovernable, that fell on all his unhappy servants who were in his power, for he knew that, far above the reach of cursing and dart and destroying flood, were the saved from the Hovenweap, and, if they were, how many more of his victims yet might be!

By day Mahetsi tended the sacred fire, while Ayuta let fall the golden ladders and went as a missionary among the people he knew best down below. Day after day he told the story of the White King and his kingdom, till playmates and parents, relatives and friends who believed him, were won to the foot of the lofty rock. Then, by the gossamer threads they mounted, the old and the young, the weak and the strong, all with the same confidence and safety, till they stood among the terrace gardens and laid themselves at length to rest in the cliff-hewn chambers. Every new man or boy that ascended became a new missionary to win souls out of Hovenweap, and every woman or girl took her turn with Mahetsi at the sacred fire. Kolowits' king tom daily became weaker and the terrace domain of Montezuma waxed stronger and stronger. The corn, the native beans, the sweet potatoes, grew in rich profusion, and filled the granaries and root cellars in the rock. To the people their bread was given, and their water was sure. From year's end to year's end the many hued flowers blossomed; on the orchard trees and bushes fruits and berries were never wanting. No deadly serpent, no ravenous beast was there. The fearless rabbits scampered through the fields and thickets, the gleaming lizards paid no heed to the feet of wayfarers passing under the forest trees, and the birds sang as gaily as those that once made vocal the canyon down below. Day by day the mansions in the rock became more fully occupied, day by day the joy of all increased, and the fire burned higher and brighter each night in expectation of Montezuma's return.

The missionaries did not all escape the rage of the Black King, whose subjects they took away. Some were caught by his soldiers, were cruelly tortured and put to death. Others were stoned and beaten by the very people they came to save. Those who were killed their friends brought to the place where the White King had shaken death oft from himself, and at once they lived again and ascended; not up the ladders that led to the terrace kingdom, but by others that were longer still and that brought them straight to the place where dwelt the living King in glory. As for Kolowits, he never scaled the chill nor found a careless ladder hanging. His anger could not harm the dwellers in the happy land. Those who dwelt there, looking away beyond the altar fire far into the south, could see more clearly the shining of the city of gold, could hear more distinctly the chiming of its bells of peace, and catch the notes of a great song ascending day and night. "Our King is there," they said in solemn whispers, "and our martyr missionaries are singing so igs of joy about his throne," When the south wind blew gently there was wasted to the terrace kingdom the perfume of roses and the odour of a thousand flowers that was sweeter stili. Then the people said: "This is home indeed, but not our rest. A glorious day is coming when our King and our brethren and we shall all be one again." So diligently they kept the fire burning for Montezuma's return, and ever and anon as its flames ascended heavenward, they heard the voice of their beloved king.

At last all the people that would answer to the call, were gathered out of Hovenweap. "You may all come," cried Ayuta and Mahetsi, pleading in vain. Some despaired and said it was useless to try; they had homes and lands and friends in the valley, and could not get away. Many were afraid of Montezuma, and would not believe the kind and true things the children said about him. Their case was a very nard one, because they pretended they wanted to think well of their former monarch, while all the time they listened to the hard words that Kolowits told his friends to speak about the White King. Then there were many who, like their evil marter, dearly loved wickedness, and who cared to go to no land where they could not steal and kill and destroy. It grieved the youthful missionaries to the heart to leave so many behind. But a voice they knew well called to them to come up, and, as they mounted the ladders, another voice, strong but sad, cried "The time is come." That night, while all in the Hovenweap were wrapped in slumber, the dwellers on the rock heard from north and east and west a mighty rushing sound, the sound of many waters. It was the great rain floods coming down the canyons. Three great mountain billows, surging onwards from the three quarters, met in the Hovenweap as a devastating sea They heard the cries of horror of the suddenly-awakened victims. Leaning over the parapet, they saw them madly strive to climb the awful steep. Then the surging waves swept on, and the city of the Hovenweap, its inhabitants, its wickedness, were no more.

Ayuta and Mahetsi heard a voice of some one close beside them gently saying, "My children." They looked up and saw Monte.cima in all the glory of his long white hair, his robe and crown, but with the same kind look as of oid, and the same voice so full of music. "Who is your king?" he asked the assembled people on the terrace, and with one consent they all replied. "The White King, King Monteauma."

Then the solid rocks, that seemed to have been there since the world began, opened up before his leading, and, ere they knew where they were, the light of the golden city was upon them, and the sounds of many voices and instruments welcomed them into the palace of the great king, where sickness never enters nor any pain. There Ayuta and Mahetsi became a prince and a princess, as it was meet that a king's children should be. There the old peaceful time returned, now never again to be broken, when all the creatures were the servants and the friends of man.

Part of this story has come true and part has not, for still in the canyon country the Indians keep up their fires in expectation of Montezuma's coming. The White King is our God the loving and good revealed to us in the Lord lesus Christ. The prince of darkness came, and foolish man believed Ifis falsehoods and sold himself into his power to work wickedness. So this world of ours lies in the wicked one, The prince of darkness is the prince of this world. Alas! we see it too well in all the sin and cruelty, the sorrow and suffering, the destruction and decay and death that reign, and in which even the creatures and the very plants, that happily cannot feel, have their share. As we chose that evil one freely, and as God will only have free people to serve Him, we were left to our choice to learn how bitter a thing it is to depart from God. Yet God never gave us up. He came by His prophets, He came by His Son, but His own received Him not. By wicked hands He was crucified and stain. We read of the man who came to earth from heaven and, standing before Pilate, said he was a king. Is he our King? The Jews said, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Now Barabbas was a murderer. "Ye are of God, little children." O surely not of that wicked one who comes to steal and kill and destroy! That enemy of souls and bodies is strong, but Christ is stronger. Ye are of God because He has bought you back. In this life He has a home for you, far above the power of the evil one; and at last, when this wicked world is destroyed, He will take you to His paradise. As Isaiah said of the man that chooses the godike life, so shall it be with you-"He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks, bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

Still there are those who worship Kolowits. In many a heathen land the children bow down to devils. Even those who still dwell in the canyon country and burn fires to Montezuma, do not know the real White King. Shall we not make Jesus known to them? May we not be Ayutas and Mahetsis, sending down the golden ladders to bring them up into the happy land of shelter we have found. The ladders are prayers and work and money, not separate but all en twined together, and spun out of one substance which is the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ wrought in us by the Holy Chost. Then the voice of the loving disciple, who not only rested on Jesus' breast but spent a long life toiling for that blessed master, will sound very clearly in your hearts, saying, "he are of God, little children.

(To be continued.)

A WISE BOY.

Mr. Hill was busy in his carpenter shop one morning. The door stood open and he heard a voice outside. He turned and saw a bright-faced boy with a brown suit and a red cap.

"Good morning, my little man," said Mr. Hill. "What can I do for you? Do you want a house or a bridge built?"

"No," said the boy. "We've got a house, and there's a bridge now over the creek. My name's Johnny Jay, and I want those, if you don't want them yourself." He pointed to the shavings which lay under the bench.

"You do, hey? And what will you do with them, Johnny? Build a bonfire?"

"No; I'm going to sell them to old Miss Clark. She'll give me a cent for a basketful."

"Wall, I guess you may have them."

So Johnny brought his basket and picked up the shavings. When he was nearly done he saw something bright upon the floor. It was a dime. Johnny had never had more than a cent at a time in his life. He looked to see if Mr. Hill had seen it. But he had not. Johnny picked up the dime and slipped it into his pocket. He filled his basket and went out without saying anything to Mr. Hill.

But as he was going away he thought: "This dime isn't mine It's Mr Hill's If I keep it I shall be a thief. Lut I want it very much. I s'pose Mr. Hill has plenty more dimes. He doesn't know it was on the floor.

And very deep into the little boy's heart came the thought.

'What would mamma say? What would God say? He ran back to Mr. Hill and said.—

"This is yours. I found it on the floor."

Mr. Hill took the money and put it into his pocket. "You are an honest boy," he said.

"You may come every day for shavings."

Do you think Mr. Hill ought to have given the dime to Johnny? He thought of it, but then he said to himself.

"I'm not going to pay the little fellow for being honest. He will find pay enough in doing right for its own sake."

And if you had seen Johnny running away with plenty of little skips and shouts you would have said that Mr. Hill was right. The Sunleam.