

The Large Heart and the Shrunken Purse

BY JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN.

WILL you listen to the legend of the maiden with the large heart and the shrunken purse? for there are many who may profit by it if they but give heed to it. There was once a maiden whose heart was so large that it was fit to burst, and whose purse seemed only to shrivel and shrink as it lost itself in her pocket. Whereupon, this maiden sighed and wept, and loudly did pre-
tend to heaven.

"God above," she cried, almost with reproach, "why didst Thou give me so large a heart, with so great a desire for giving, and at the same time cause my purse to shrink and shrink, each day the smaller?"

Whereupon the Voice replied: "Go, cast thy shriveled purse among the bushes in the garden, and go out thyself into the highways, and thou shalt find service for thy hands to do that requires not the aid of gold or silver."

And the maiden did as the Voice had commanded, and she cast away her purse with its few bits of worthless silver into her flowerless garden, and went out herself upon the highways, empty-handed, but with arms and soul outstretched to succor and her heart open to the sunshine.

And she realized, as never before, that the walls of the castle within which she had dwelt and sighed for gold with which to do great deeds had become damp and musty, and she drank in great draughts of sunshine and her soul was refreshed.

Now there came a woman toiling up a hill, carrying a fretful child. The way had been long and the child was burdensome and the hill above was steep, and her strength failed. And the maiden of the great heart ran down to meet her, and she carried the child to the summit, and set a bench in the shade for the weary woman, and gave the child to drink of clear, cold water from the spring. And the two passed on refreshed. And there followed an aged pilgrim who was footsore, and to him she gave a basin of soft water, and bound up his feet with ointment and strong cloths for sandals, and he passed on, blessing her and calling on heaven to remember her kindness "against the day."

And as the sun was at its height, the maiden looked down the road into the valley, along which a little procession wended its way sadly to God's acre on the hill, and she knew that they were bearing the child of the carpenter to its last resting-place.

And she stopped and gathered daisies and daisies till her hands were filled, and wild roses and branches of blossoming elder till her arms could hold no more; and she hastened to the little new-made grave on the mountain slope, and lined it, and covered all the ground with God's flowers, so that even the pangs of parting were softened.

And the maiden of the large heart put her arms tenderly about the peasant mother till there was at last no castle and no hut—but only a little grave between them; and the peasant mother was comforted.

And as the maiden sought her castle again, and entered the gate, lo! there crouched one beside it who had fallen, crushed beneath the sorrow and remorse of her sin, against whom everyone's hand was raised, and to whom no door was open. Her head was bowed, she spake no word, but the loneliness of her despair looked out from her piteous eyes as she raised them at last, and the great heart of the maiden was torn open, and she stretched out her hands to the fallen one and cried:

"What am I that I should look down upon thee, whom our Lord tenderly forgave long years ago! I who, until this very morn living within the walls of my heartless castle, was not so much as worthy to touch the hem of His garment, which thy contrite lips have kissed!"

And she took the fallen one in, and set before her food, and gave her a task to do; and the fallen one lifted her

head, and once more she saw before her the clean road of pure living, and her weakness seemed to leave her—and the work of her hands eased the pain at her heart, and she felt God's love come back to her again.

And the night fell.

Now when it was morning the maiden rose even before the sun was well up, so eager was she to begin another new, bright day; and as she threw open the shutters she saw her garden, which had been to her one of flowerless shrubs and wasted opportunities, blossoming with roses. And wherever a bit of silver had fallen from the shriveled, shrunken purse which she had cast into its midst, lo! there had sprung up a pure white lily of loving service.

And she knew then that the Royal Gardener had been at work in the night and had touched her garden into eternal bloom. And the Voice said "Sing!" And she said, "What shall I sing?"

And then of a sudden the Voice became her own and her heart and life seemed full of music, till the castle walls resounded with the echo of her song—

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only give
Richly who can richly live."

—The Outlook.

A Heroic Fever Patient

The railroad life-saving medals granted by President Roosevelt have interesting stories attached to them. One of the most thrilling is the story of how a sick man saved three lives. On September 20th, 1907, a Louisville and Nashville train ran into an open draw over the Cumberland River at Clarksville. Engine, mail and baggage cars were flung into the river, and two mail clerks and a baggage man went down with them. With desperate efforts the three men managed to break their way out of the cars and climb on top of them as they floated down the river. They called for help, but though many people gathered on the bank, no one dared to go to their rescue in the swift, wreck-laden current.

Charles Arms lay ill with malarial fever, in a house near the river. He heard the crash of the accident, and his daughter told him what had happened. Instantly he sprang up, hurried on his clothes, and dashed to the bank. He found a little skiff, jumped into it and offered \$10. all the money he had, to anyone who would go with him. Not one man moved. The ferryman's helper tried to dissuade Arms from going, insisting that if the current and the pieces of wreck did not upset his tiny boat it would certainly be swamped when the men jumped into it. But the brave rescuer would not listen. He pushed off, he gained the wreck, and with great skill as well as courage, he saved all three men and landed them lower down the river. What others, strong and in health, could not do, this sick man, by the power of his courage and indomitable will achieved.

The mainspring of it was that he forgot himself. He thought only of the men in danger. He was willing to cast his life away for them. The foundation of his heroism was unselfishness. Only when a soul is unselfish is it on the way to be really and truly heroic. Not to dream of self-glory, but to forget self for others—there lies the road of the heroes, and the only road.—Forward.

A New Wire

A new wire of special advantage in electrical industries is obtained by a Parisian metallurgist through a perfected process of welding copper to steel wire. Great conductivity is combined with the tensile strength and elasticity, giving a wire stronger than copper and smaller and less exposed to wind action than iron or steel of like capacity.