

In those early days the Turks, or Mohammedans, as followers of Mohammed were called, were kinder to the poor pilgrims than the half civilized Christians of Europe had been. Instead of robbing them, the Turkish authorities protected them and provided a hospital for them. And the great Sultan, Omar, whose name was given to the mosque which was built where the temple had been, was so considerate that he would not go into it, because he knew that his people would very likely say that if his precious foot touched it, no Christian pilgrims should go in; and he did not wish to disappoint these poor people, although he despised them.

But after the Crusades began, about the eleventh century, when Christian armies came to Syria to take away by force the Holy City from the Turks, then all was changed, and the angry Turks considered even the humblest pilgrims as enemies, and drove them away.

So it happened that many lingered about the shores of the Sea of Galilee, unable to take the terrible journey home. Some became fishermen, and lived just such lives as our Lord's disciples did. Others became solitary hermits, among the hills, and there they lived and died, far from home and friends, yet regretting nothing, because they were in our Lord's country.

If any of you should have the good fortune to go to Syria, try to remember where you are; and if the railway, the hotels, and the careless, noisy tourists, distract your thoughts from Christ, try to get away alone, and think of the loving, earnest faith of the early Christian pilgrims. That will bring you into a proper frame of mind to think of the life of our Blessed Lord on earth, and His work among the poor and suffering on the shores of the Sea of Galilee.

THE TWO JARS.

IN the distant land of Palestine, the very country where our dear Lord walked from village to village, doing good, sat a potter, singing at his work. He piled a mass of clay on his wheel, then, turning it slowly, shaped it with skill till it grew into a jar.

Two jars he made. One he smoothed with great care and ornamented with graceful figures in bright colors; the other he left rough and clumsy, for the time was short, and night near at hand.

Two boys had watched him as he worked. One stood in front, straight and brave, while slaves waited humbly around, for he was a prince. "I will send for that jar," he said, "when it is made."

The other boy peeped through a crack in the potter's shed. He could not come in front while the little prince was there, but he, too, watched eagerly, and said to himself, "I will try to buy that jar."

The sun set and the boys went home. The next day the jars were put to the fire to be baked hard. Then they stood before the potter finished, and he was satisfied. The painted jar was graceful and beautiful, fit for the king's palace; the rougher jar was sound, and good for holding water and keeping it cool.

The little prince clapped his hands when a slave entered the palace with the beautiful jar. "It shall stand by my couch," he said, "and shall always be filled with sweet herbs and spices."

As the sun was setting, a young girl put a few coins into the potter's hand and carried away the other jar. She hurried to the river, and dipped it deep where the water was cool, then, raising it to her shoulder, bore it to a hut. As she entered the doorway, two brown arms were stretched toward it, and a boy's voice cried, "Have you got it? Is it full?"

It was the same boy who had watched the potter as he made the jars, and who now lay in the little hut, burning with fever. But when his sister gave him drink from the rough jar, the cool water refreshed him, and he slept.

Thus the two jars, made of the same clay, but fitted for such different work, as the potter chose, found their work and did it well.

And the two lads, the prince and the slave, whom the Great Creator had made of the same flesh, but for such different purposes, also found their work and learned to do it.

The prince studied hard, and gained wisdom, that he might rule wisely; and the slave learned to labor and gained strength, that he might obey wisely.

When each has finished his work in the world, each will be given a place in the heavenly home. For the Father of all loves all His children alike, and will bless all with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

But some of our brothers do not know this; shall we not hasten to tell them of the Father's love?

MARY M. BURGESS.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.



COMPANY of monks in the olden time lived together in a monastery, working busily, tilling the land, and caring for the sick and poor, yet ever hallowing their work with prayer. Every evening they sang the beautiful hymn "Magnificat" at their vesper service, but, as they grew old, their voices became harsh and broken, and they almost lost all tune, but they still sang on.

One evening a stranger youth came in to see them; he was strong and beautiful, and when they began the "Magnificat" his lovely, clear voice soared upward, as if to sing at the very gate of heaven. The poor old monks listened, enraptured with the wonderful music, until they forgot to sing themselves.