

his money, so they say, in "Oil," Carnegie his in "Steel," and the lesser lights in railways, beef—whatever it may be. Those who call things by plainer names, have a different version of it. After all, it is but another reading of the old axiom, "One murder makes a villain; millions a hero."

A Word by the Way.

Two ladies, both well dressed and evidently belonging to the higher walks of life, were going along a city street; one of them stopped and spoke a word to a dull, tired-looking woman, who had a fretful-looking baby on one arm and a basket on the other, in which she had a few bananas and apples and cheap candy for sale.

"Why, Helen," said the other, lady, "what made you stop and speak to that woman? What did you say to her?"

"Oh, nothing much. It was just a word or two by the way; that was all. She looked so tired and discouraged, and I stopped to give her a few pennies and say a word or two to her."

A few minutes later the two ladies were in one of the great stores of the city, where they made some purchases, and while they waited for their change, the lady who had spoken to the apple-woman entered into conversation with a sales-girl, and gave her half a bunch of violets.

When the two ladies were on the street, one of them said:

"Why, Helen, how could you be so familiar with the shop girl? What were you saying to her?"

"Oh, not much of anything. It was just a word or two by the way. I thought she looked tired and a little ill, and she said that she did have a severe headache. Did you notice how she brightened up when I gave her the violets?"

A word by the way! A kindly deed by the way! How many burdens would be lightened, how many hearts would be gladdened, how much weariness would be forgotten, how smiles would take the place of frowns, how much more beautiful and infinitely better the world would be if every man and woman, every boy and girl, lost no opportunity of speaking a kindly word or doing a good deed by the way! Try it for a single day, and see if it is not one of the happiest days of your life.—[Forward.

The Weeping Pitcher.

The subject of our picture is a tender legend which runs as follows: A broken-hearted mother, inconsolable for the loss of her little daughter, had a strange vision. She beheld the angel to whose care the souls of departed little ones are entrusted, leading her tender charge through the fields. The spirit band had passed over a low stone wall; but one child, the last of the company, bore in her hands a pitcher, the weight of which prevented her from climbing the wall. The sorrowful mother recognized this child as her own lost darling, and hastening forward clasped it to her bosom in an ecstasy of joy. The child nestled lovingly in the mother's embrace. "How warm it is in mother's arms!" she exclaimed. But she might not stay; and, as she turned again towards her young comrades of the spirit-world, she looked beseechingly into the mother's pale, yearning face, and said, "Do not cry so much, mother dear, for I must carry all your tears in my pitcher." Such is the pathetic story, framed no doubt with intent, if possible, tenderly to check the excess of maternal grief. But what can arrest that tide of sorrow! Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, is an enduring type of the bereaved mother.

"You can buy a lot of home happiness with a mighty small salary, but fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you're making."

Seeking the King.

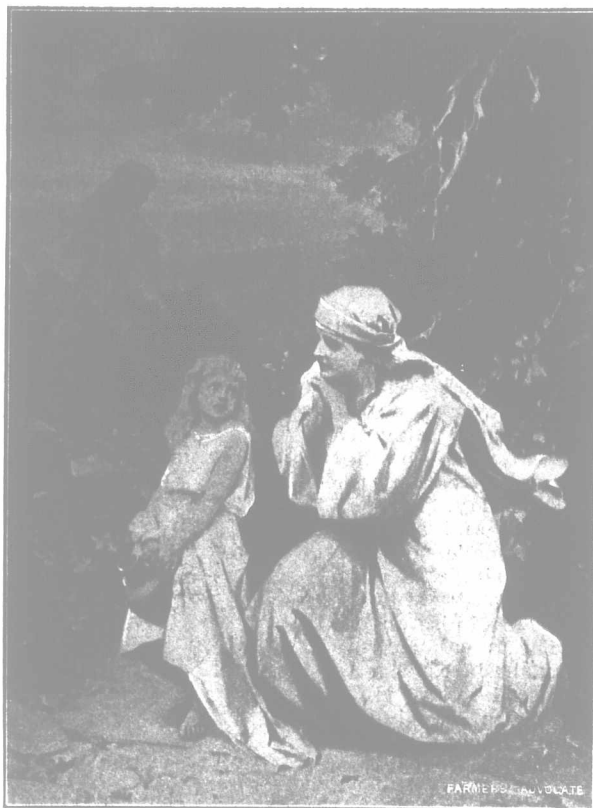
Draw me, we will run after Thee.—Cant. i: 4.

I will seek Him Whom my soul loveth.—Cant. iii: 2.

"What is it that I hunger for but GOD? My GOD, my GOD! let me for once look on Thee, As though none else existed—We alone! And as Creation crumbles, my Soul's spark Expands till I can say, even for myself I need THEE, I feel Thee, and I love Thee!"

I have just been reading Henry Van Dyke's beautiful little romance, "The Story of the Other Wise Man," which, as he explains, came to him one sleepless night. He says: "I have never felt as if it were my own. It was a gift. It was sent to me; and it seemed as though I knew the Giver, though His name was not spoken." The story of Artaban—the "other wise man"—is, briefly, this: He had arranged to travel with the other Magi to Judea, taking with him three magnificent jewels to present to the new-born King. One of these jewels was a sapphire, "blue as a fragment of the night

the man would certainly die. Should the great quest be risked for the sake of a deed of love? One short prayer for guidance was flashed up to the "God of Truth and Purity," and he hesitated no longer. After a long and tedious delay his restoratives proved successful, but not without great cost to Artaban. The caravan had started without him, and he was forced to part with the sapphire in order to buy camels and provision for the long journey. Reaching Bethlehem at last, another disappointment met him: The Infant King had departed into Egypt in order to escape the wrath of Herod. While Artaban talked to a young mother in a cottage and caressed her little baby, the soldiers began their dreadful slaughter of the innocents. There was no hesitation this time. Artaban's face, as he stood blocking up the doorway, was as calm as though he were watching the stars. He held out to the captain of the band of soldiers the great, glistening ruby—parting with this second jewel in order to save the life of the baby in the cottage behind him. Forced by the constraining power of love, he had "spent for man that which was meant for God," and wondered sadly whether he should ever be worthy to see the face of the King.



The Weeping Pitcher.

sky"; the second was a ruby, "redder than a ray of sunrise"; the third was a pearl, "as pure as the peak of a snow mountain at twilight."

Artaban had planned to meet his companions at Babylon, but, as he hurried to the meeting-place, he discovered a dying man lying right across the road. Then came a moment of painful indecision. This stranger had no real claim on him, and, if he lingered, his friends would go without him to seek the King. On the other hand, if he hurried on,

But no disappointments could quench the soul-hunger which drew this wise man on. Year after year slipped by as he eagerly searched for Him, Whom, having not seen, he loved. Although the search for the King seemed fruitless, he found many who needed kindly help. He "fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and comforted the captive," while thirty-three years went swiftly by. Old, worn and weary, but still seeking everywhere, he at last found himself in Jerusalem—only to hear that the King was

dying on a cross. One last hope drew the feeble old man on. Perhaps he might yet be in time to offer the pearl as a ransom for his Master's life. But again he was stopped. A young girl was being dragged down the street by a troop of Macedonian soldiers. She threw herself at his feet and begged him to save her for the sake of the "God of Purity." He, who had so long lived a life of love, had no choice now. The pearl was "luminous and radiant, and full of tender, living lustre," as he gave it for the poor maiden's ransom. Now, Artaban had nothing but his love to present to the King if he should find Him. But suddenly there was an earthquake, and a heavy tile fell from a roof above, striking him to the ground.

Then some softly-spoken words in his own tongue sounded like music in the distance, and the old man answered:

"Not so, my Lord! For when saw I Thee an hungered and fed Thee, or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? . . . Three-and-thirty years have I looked for Thee; but I have never seen Thy face, nor ministered to Thee my King."

Very faintly and far away sounded the answer:

"Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, thou hast done it unto ME." The pale face of Artaban was lighted up with wondering joy; for his long journey was ended, his treasures—sent on before—had been graciously accepted. "The Other Wise Man had found the KING."

Strange and mysterious is the attraction of Christ. Quietly, secretly, yet with irresistible power He draws souls after Him. Like Artaban, we press on, seeking our King. Perhaps we also think that the opportunities of service which lie right in our path are interruptions and hindrances instead of helps. But, in our search for Him, let us never forget St. John's warning: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?"

Artaban only understood the glory of a life of service when it was ended, but why should we not live always in the sunshine? That wonderful "Inasmuch" text can transform the most commonplace life, changing difficulties into opportunities, weary duties into loyal service. We need not seek year after year to find the King, for He is always at our side, and will gladly accept our gifts—even the gold of a secret consecration revealing itself in the whiteness of a life purer than a pearl of great price; a love more precious than any sapphire, proved by a glad self-sacrifice brighter than the costly blood-red ruby. Such jewels as these our Great High Priest wears "upon His heart, when He goeth in unto the Holy Place, for a memorial before the Lord continually."

Surprises there will certainly be when God's great light is turned on the lives of men. Some who think they have offered great treasures, may find that they have already received their reward—the reward they coveted—even the praise of men and the pleasant consciousness of self-satisfaction. While others, who think they have had no influence for good because their lives have been quiet and unassuming, may find that the mites, which seemed to themselves and the world so insignificant as they were dropped unobtrusively into the Treasury, are jewels indeed, and dear to the heart of the King. Oh, let us keep unsleeping guard over our motives; for, terribly often, examination will prove that our gifts, if they are the expression of love at all, only express self-love.

Men's circumstances may change, but the deepest instincts of human nature are the same in every age. The joy of giving is always greater than the short pleasure of getting. Sacrifice—real sacrifice—if it be, indeed, the child of Love will always walk hand-in-hand with Joy. The mysterious attraction which constrained the wise men to leave home