



## *The Bread of Thankfulness*



He Wonder-worker was passing through the city of Jericho. Its priests and merchants, soldiers and tax-gatherers, were all pushing and jostling one another as they crowded toward the gate of the town in their eagerness to catch at least a glimpse of Jesus of Nazareth as He departed, surrounded, as usual, by a band of enthusiastic disciples. There was one in that surging throng more eager than the rest to see this Friend of publicans and sinners. It was little Zachaeus, the opulent chief of all the revenue collectors in Jericho. But so bitterly hated was he by his countrymen for acting as the willing agent of Roman fraud and extortion that, push or plead as he would, not one of those who lined the city's main thoroughfare was ready to yield an inch of ground to Zachaeus.

"Go back to your toll-booth," they would scornfully cry, "and reckon up your morning's robberies!"

Far too short of stature to see over the heads of the multitude, and repulsed at every point, Zachaeus soon realized that unless he at once found a way to command a view of the street he would miss altogether the coveted sight of the reputed Messiah; for a stir and a murmur of expectation in the throng indicated that the Stranger was drawing near. Then Zachaeus in his quandary suddenly bethought him of a tall sycamore tree that stood by the road leading out of the town. He would run ahead of the multitude, climb that tree, and