

The Lighthouse Lamp.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The winds came howling down from the North,
Like a hungry wolf for prey,
And the bitter sleet went hurtling forth,
In the sinking face of the day.
And the snowflakes drifted near and far,
Till the land was whitely fleeced,
And the light-house lamp, a golden star,
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.
In the room at the foot of the lighthouse
Lay mother and babe asleep,
And little maid Gretchen was by them
There,
A resolute watch to keep.
There were only the three on the light-house isle,
For father had trimmed the lamp,
And set it burning weary while
In the morning's dusk and damp.
"Long before night I'll be back," he said,
And his white sail slipped away;
Away and away to the mainland sped,
But it came not home that day.
The mother stirred on her pillow's space,
And moaned in pain and fear,
Then looked in her little daughter's face
Through the blur of starting tear.
"Darling," she whispered, "it's piercing cold,
And the tempest is rough and wild;
And you are no laddie strong and bold,
My poor little maiden child.
"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,
Or its flame will die in the dark,
And the sailor lose in his utmost need
The light of our islet's ark."
"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;
Why, mother, I'm twelve years old,
And steady, and never afraid to climb,
And I've learned to do as I'm told."
Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,
Up the icy smooth-worn stair,
Went slowly and surely that very hour,
The sleet in her eyes and hair.
She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,
And its clear light glowed afar,
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,
This mariner's guiding star.
And once again when the world awoke
In the dawn of a bright new day,
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folk
Along the stormy bay,
When the little boats came sailing in
All safe and sound to the land,
To the haven the light had helped them win,
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

THE BOY DISCIPLE.

BY

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Who is that talking in the house?" asked Joel of Abigail the morning after the feast. He had been playing in the garden with Jesse, and paused just outside the door as he heard voices.
"Only father and Phineas, now," answered Abigail. "Simon the oil-seller has just been here, and I am sure you could not guess his errand. It was about you."
"About me?" echoed Joel, in surprise.
"Yes, I never knew until this morning that you were the one who persuaded him to go to the Master for healing. He says if it had not been for you, he would still be an outcast from home. During these weeks you have been away, he has been hoping to find some trace of you, for he longs to express his gratitude. Last night, at the feast, he learned your name, and now he has just been here to talk to Phineas and father about you. His olive groves yield him a large for-tune every year, and he is in a position

to do a good deal for you, if you will only let him."
"What does he want to do?" asked Joel.
"He has offered a great deal: to send you to the best schools in the country; to let you travel in foreign lands, and see life as it is in Rome and Athens, and the cities of Egypt. Then when you are grown, he offers to take you in business with himself, and give you the portion of a son. It is a rare chance for you, my boy."
"Yes," answered Joel, flushing with pleasure at the thought of all he might be able to see and learn. He seemed lost for a few minutes in the bright anticipation of such a tempting future; then his face clouded.
"But I would have to leave everybody I love," he cried, "and the home where I have been so happy! I cannot do it, mother Abigail; it is too much to ask."
"Now you talk like a child," she answered, half impatiently; but there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes as she added, "Joel, you have grown very dear to us. It will be hard to give you up, for you seem almost like an own son. But consider, my boy; it would not be right to turn away from such advantages. Jesse and Ruth will be well provided for. All that my father has will be theirs some day. But Phineas is only a poor carpenter, and cannot give you much beyond food and clothing. I heard him say just now that he clearly thought it to be your duty to accept, and he had no doubt but that you would."
"But I cannot be with the Master!" cried Joel, as the thought suddenly occurred to him that he could no longer follow him as he had been doing, if he was to be sent away to study and travel.
"No; but think what you may be able to do for his cause, if you have money and education and influence. It seems to me that for his sake alone, you ought to consent to such an arrangement."
That was the argument that Phineas used when he came out; and the boy was sadly bewildered between the desire to be constantly with his beloved Master, and his wish to serve him as they suggested.
It was in this perplexed state of mind that he started up to Jerusalem with Jesse and his grandfather.
The streets were rapidly filling with people, coming up to the Feast of the Passover, and Joel recognized many old friends from Galilee.
"There is Rabbi Amos!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of an old man in the door of a house across the street. "May I run and speak to him?"
"Certainly!" answered Reuben. "You know your way so well about the streets that it makes no difference if we do get separated. Jesse and I will walk on down to the shop. You can meet us there."
Rabbi Amos gave Joel a cordial greeting. "I am about to go back to the Damascus gate," he said. "I have just been told that the Nazarene will soon make his entrance into the city, and a procession of pilgrims are going out to meet him. I have heard much of the man since he left Capernaum, and I have a desire to see him again. Will you come?"
The old man hobbled along so painfully, leaning on his staff, that they were a long time in reaching the gate. The outgoing procession had already met the coming pilgrims, and were starting to return. The way was strewn with palm branches and the clothes they had taken off to lay along the road in front of the man they wished to honour. Every hand carried a palm branch, and every voice cried a Hosannah.
At first Joel saw only a confused wav-ing of the green branches, and heard an indistinct murmur of voices; but as they came nearer, he caught the words, "Hosannah to the Son of David!"
"Look!" cried Rabbi Amos, laying his wrinkled, shaking hand heavily on Joel's shoulder. "Look ye, boy, the voice of prophecy! No Roman war-horse bears the coming victor! It is as Zechariah foretold! That the king should come riding upon the colt of an ass,—the symbol of peace. So David rode, and so the Judges of Israel came and went!"
Joel's eyes followed the gesture of the tremulous, pointing finger. There came the Master, right in the face of his

enemies, boldly riding in to take possession of his kingdom.
At last! No wandering now in lonely wildernesses! No fear of the jealous scribe or Pharisee! The time had fully come. With garments strewn in the way, with palms of victory waving before him, with psalm and song, and the shouting of the multitude, he rode triumphantly into the city.
Joel was roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, to see his best beloved friend so honoured. People understood him now; they appreciated him. The demonstrations of the multitude proved it. He was so happy and excited, he scarcely knew what he was doing. He had no palm branch to wave, but as the head of the procession came abreast with him, and he saw the face of the rider, he was almost beside himself.
He waved his empty hands wildly up and down, cheering at the top of his voice; but his shrillest Hosannahs were heard only by himself. They were only a drop in that mighty surf-beat of sound. Scarcely knowing what to expect, yet prepared for almost anything, they followed the procession into the city. When they reached the porch of the Temple, the Master had disappeared.
"I wonder where he has gone," said Joel, in a disappointed tone. "I thought they would surely crown him."
"He evidently did not wish it to be," answered Rabbi Amos. "It would be more fitting that the coronation take place at the great feast. Wait until the day of the Passover."
As they sat in the Court of the Gentiles, resting, Joel told Rabbi Amos of the offer made him by the wealthy oil-dealer Simon.
"Accept it, by all means!" was the old man's advice. "We have seen enough just now to know that a new day is about to dawn for Israel. In Bethany, you will be much nearer the Master than in Capernaum; for surely, after to-day's demonstration, he will take up his residence in the capital. In time you may rise to great influence in the new government soon to be established."
The old rabbi's opinion weighed heavily with Joel, and he determined to accept Simon's offer. Then for a while he was so full of his new plans and ambitions, he could think of nothing else.
All that busy week he was separated from the Master and his disciples; for it was the first Passover he had ever taken part in. After it was over, he was to break the ties that bound him to the carpenter's family, and the simple life in Galilee, and go to live in Simon's luxurious home in Bethany.
So he stayed closely with Phineas and Abigail, taking a great interest in all the great preparations for the feast.
Reuben chose, from the countless pens, a male lamb, a year old, without blemish. About two o'clock the blast of two horns announced that the priests and Levites in the Temple were ready, and the gates of the inner courts were opened, that all might bring the lambs for examination.
The priests, in two long rows, caught the blood in great gold and silver vessels, as the animals were killed, and passed it to others behind, till it reached the altar, at the foot of which it was poured out.
Then the lamb was taken up and roasted in an earthen oven, and the feast commenced at sunset on Thursday. The skin of the lamb, and the earthen dishes used, were generally given to the host, when different families lodged together.
As many as twenty were allowed to gather at one table. Reuben had invited Nathan ben Obed, and those who came with him, to partake of his hospitality. Much to Joel's delight, a familiar shock of sunburned hair was poked in at the door, and he recognized Buz's freckled face, round-eyed and open-mouthed at this first glimpse of the great city.
During the first hour they were together, Buz kept his squinting eyes continually on Joel. He found it hard to believe that this straight, sinewy boy could be the same pitiful little cripple who had gone with him to the sheep-folds of Nathan ben Obed.
"Say," he drawled, after awhile, "I know where that fellow is who made you lame. I was so upset at seeing you this

way that I forgot to tell you. He had a dreadful accident, and you have already had your wish, for he is as blind as that stone."
"Oh, how? Who told you?" cried Joel, eagerly.
"I saw him myself, as we came through Jericho. He had been beaten nearly to death by robbers a few weeks before. It gave him a fever, and both eyes were so inflamed and bruised that he lost his sight."
"Poor Rehum!" exclaimed Joel.
"Poor Rehum!" echoed Buz, in astonishment. "What do you mean by poor Rehum? Aren't you glad? Isn't that just exactly what you planned; or did you want the pleasure of punching them out yourself?"
"No," answered Joel, simply; "I forgave him a year ago, the night before I was healed."
"You forgave him!" gasped Buz,—"you forgave him! A dog of a Samaritan! Why, how could you?"
Buz looked at him with such a wondering, puzzled gaze that Joel did not attempt to explain. Buz might be ignorant of a great many things, but he knew enough to hate the Samaritans, and look down on them with the utmost contempt.
"I don't really believe you could understand it," said Joel, "so it is of no use to try to tell you how or why. But I did forgive him, fully and freely. And if you will tell me just where to find him, I will go after him early in the morning and bring him back with me. The hand that straightened my back can open his eyes; for I have seen it done many times."
All during the feast, Buz kept stealing glances at Joel. He could hardly tell which surprised him most, the straightened body or the forgiving spirit. It was so wonderful to him that he sat speechless.
At the same time, in an upper chamber in another street, the Master and his disciples were keeping the feast together. It was their last supper with him, although they knew it not. Afterwards they recalled every word and every incident, with loving memory that lingered over each detail; but at the time they could not understand its full import.
The gates were left open on Passover night. While the Master and his followers walked out to the Garden of Gethsemane, where they had often gone together, Joel was questioning Buz as to the exact place where he was to find his old enemy.
"I'll go out very early in the morning," said Joel, as his head touched the pillow. "Very early in the morning, for I want Rehum's eyes to be open just as soon as possible, so that he can see the Master's face. Lord help me to find him to-morrow," he whispered, and with a blessing on his lips for the one he had so long ago forgiven, his eyes closed softly.
Sleep came quickly to him after the fatigue and excitement of the day. In his dreams he saw again the Master's face as he made his triumphal entrance into the city; he heard again the acclamations of the crowd. Then he saw Rabbi Amos and Simon and little Ruth. There was a confused blending of kindly faces; there was a shadow-like shifting of indistinct but pleasant scenes. In the fair dreamland where he wandered, fortune smiled on him, and all his paths were peace.
Sleep on, little disciple, happy in thy dreaming; out in Gethsemane's dark garden steals one to betray thy Lord! By the light of glimmering lanterns and fitful torches they take him now. Armed with swords and staves, they lead him out from the leafy darkness into the moon-flooded highroad.
Now he stands before the High Priest, —alone, unfriended. Sleep, and wake not at the cock's shrill crowing, for there is none to make answer for him, and one who loved him hath thrice denied!
Dream on! In the hall of Pilate now, thorn-crowned and purple-clad, him whom thou lovest; scourged now, and spat upon. This day, indeed, shall he come into his kingdom, but well for thee, that thou seest not the coronation. Sleep on, little disciple, be happy whilst thou can!
(To be continued.)