

"A Question."

What the question is we are not told, but assuredly must it have reference to
 "Love that is first and last of all things made,
 The light that moving has man's life for shade;
 Love that the whole world's waters may not drown,
 The whole world's fiery forces burn not down;
 Love that is fire within and light above,
 And lives by grace of nothing but of love."

The tender, dreamy expression on the face of the fair, sweet maid leads one to imagine that a favorable answer will be ultimately given to the handsome young lover at her side, so anxiously waiting her reply.

German landscape painting is characterized by a touch of romance, which finds a ready response in the hearts of all young people, and is not unpopular even with those who have long since left the flowery realms of romance to walk in the more enduring paths of everyday realities. The massive old walls of the garden make a most pleasing background for the figures of the young lovers; the delicate touches of the sun, as it is reflected through the leaves, being a very effective feature in E. Blair Leighton's painting.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Golden Fleece.

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As it had been prophesied that a man with one sandal should cast King Pelias from his throne, he had given strict orders that nobody should come into his presence unless both sandals were securely tied on. He kept an officer in his palace on purpose to examine people's sandals, and to supply them with a new pair at the expense of the royal treasury as soon as the old ones began to wear out. In the whole course of his reign he had never had such a fright as the sight of Jason's bare foot gave him. But, being a bold and hard-hearted man, he took courage, and began to consider how he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandaled stranger.

So, with a crafty and evil smile on his face, he said:

"What would you do, my friend, if a man by whom you were doomed to be ruined and slain stood before you and in your power?"

Jason guessed that the king had suspected his errand, and intended to turn his words against himself, but he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honorable prince, as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth, and tell the king precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do if he had his worst enemy in his power. Therefore he said, in a firm and manly voice:

"I would send such a man in quest of the Golden Fleece."

This enterprise, you must understand, was considered to be the most difficult and dangerous in the whole world. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, at this reply.

"Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and at the peril of your life, bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason, quietly, "but if I return to Tolchos with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must step down from your throne and give me your crown and sceptre."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime I will keep them very safely for you."

The first thing Jason did was to visit the Talking Oak of Doelona and ask it what course was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the center of an ancient wood. Standing beneath its spreading branches, Jason said aloud, "What shall I do in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

In a few minutes the leaves of the oak began to rustle gently. Presently the sound grew louder, like the roar of a high wind, although the other trees were perfectly still. Each leaf seemed to be a tongue, and all the tongues were talking at once, so that Jason could distinguish nothing. But the noise grew broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak, and then, though it still sounded like the wind, it was also like a deep bass voice. The words, spoken as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, were: "Go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

At Jason's request, Argus consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty men to row it, although no vessel of such a size had heretofore been seen in the world.

When the new ship, which was called the Argo, seemed to be quite ready for sea, Jason, who was sensible enough to appreciate the value of good

advice, visited the Talking Oak again. Standing beside its huge trunk, he inquired what he should do next. The whole tree remained silent at first, then the foliage of one great branch began to rustle.

"Cut me off!" said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly. "Cut me off! Cut me off! and carve me into a figurehead for your galley."

So Jason cut the branch from the tree, and a carver, who was a moderately good workman, engaged to make the figurehead. But, strange to say, he found his hand guided by some unseen power, and a skill beyond his own, through his tools and hands, shaped out an image which he had never dreamed of. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman, with a helmet on her head from beneath which long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and in its center appeared a lifelike representation of the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The right arm was extended, as if pointing onwards. The face was grave and majestic, and the lips seemed just ready to open and utter words of deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with his figurehead, and when it was set up in the vessel's prow, he said, gazing into the calm, majestic face of the statue, "Now I must go to the Talking Oak and inquire what next to do."



"A QUESTION."

"There is no need to do that, Jason," said a voice. "When you desire good advice you can seek it of me."

The oaken lips had certainly moved, and the voice had come from the statue's mouth. Recovering from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that, as the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, it was most natural that it should possess the faculty of speech. But certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he should be able to carry so wise a block of wood along with him in his perilous voyage.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed the young man, "tell me, where shall I find fifty bold youths to row my galley? They must have strong arms and brave hearts, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the statue; "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

So he sent messengers to all the cities asking for forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE QUIET HOUR.

"For My Sake."

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
 Three little words the heart can scarcely hold;
 Three little words, but on their import dwelling,
 What wealth of love these syllables unfold!

"For My Sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy,
 On earth this was my work; I give it thee.
 If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,
 Take up My cross and come and learn of Me.

"For My Sake" let the harsh word die unuttered
 That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
 "For My Sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
 That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For My Sake" press with steadfast patience onward,
 Although the race be hard, the battle long.
 Within My Father's house are many mansions;
 There thou shalt rest and j in the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
 If "For My Sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
 Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee;
 They only wear His crown that share His cross.

Small Courtesies.

In this hurrying age it behooves us all to cultivate a habit of being generous in the bestowal of small courtesies, especially upon the aged and lonely. One who is in the whirl of a busy career may never miss the slight attentions, but another who sits apart and sees life's "great occasions drifting by" is apt to feel hurt if notice is withheld. It is the sign of a gracious spirit to cherish such persons in thoughtful remembrance and to recognize them in all possible ways. "What a beautiful letter writer your friend is!" said a dear old lady, in a pleased tone, to her daughter. In point of fact, it was a quite ordinary epistle, but it contained a cordial message to the old lady, whom the writer had never seen, and the unexpected attention brought sunshine into the dull monotony of her days. In our correspondence, and in all the interchange of social life, let us take more pains to notice the unnoticed.

For Jesus' Sake.

A little gift for Jesus' sake,
 Unknown to ear or eye;
 A little breath of kindness left
 Adrift in passing by;
 A smile reflected in some face;
 A little worthy praise;
 A touch upon some lonely hand
 To sweeten many days;
 Remembrance shown in little things,
 Small favors scarcely seen;
 A written word; a spoken word;
 A flower heart midst some green;
 A breath of incense daily given
 In simple homely ways;
 Because in man we see the Christ,
 And noblest forms of praise.

Little Things.

"Despise not the day of small things" was written long ago, and has a deeper meaning than we fain would give it.

We very early realize that there is much to be accomplished in every station around us. Duties crowd thick and fast, and how will we meet the responsibilities faithfully in the small things as well as the great? The smallness does not prove them insignificant, or of less merit, but only declares the noble nature of him who does them. He is the one who will leave his footprints on the sands of time and a lesson to each heart.

"It is not the deed we do,
 Though the deed be never so fair,
 But the love, that the dear Lord looketh for."

Hidden with lowly care
 In the heart of the deed so fair.

Now turn to some of love's sweet ministrations, and what is remembered there? The box of precious ointment broken, embalmed that name in fragrance undying.

The good Samaritan with his wine and oil left a sweet example, to still pour the balm on wounded humanity. Even the cup of cold water is not forgotten.

"Behold us, the rich and the poor;
 Dear Lord, in thy service draw near
 One consecrateth a precious coin,
 One droppeth only a tear;
 Look, Master, the love is here."

With words alone we may give solace to some weary, careworn brother, revive some drooping hope, or cheer some lonely life. They fall like the gentle dews, and joy and gladness repay the giver. Sum it all up, little things are not in vain, but are often priceless in their worth.

One's Friends.

Money can buy many things, good and evil; all the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend nor pay for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes: