

The Divine Lullaby.

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
I hear it by the stormy sea,
When winter nights are black and wild,
And when, affright, I call to Thee;
It calms my fears and whispers me.
"Sleep well, my child."

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
In singing winds, in falling snow,
The curfew chimes, the midnight bell,
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low;
"The guardian angels come and go—
O child, sleep well!"

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
Ay, though the singing winds be stilled;
Though hushed the tumult of the deep,
My fainting heart with anguish chilled,
By Thy assuring tone is thrilled—
"Fear not and sleep."

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord!
And when the last dread night is near,
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
Oh, let my soul expiring hear
Only these words of heavenly cheer,
"Sleep well, my child!"

You.

There are some men who have a strong passion for self assertion; a dominating and overawing estimate of their superior wisdom, or superior power, makes them impatient of the rights and feelings of others. They seem to say, "I am Sir Oracle, when I open my mouth let no dog bark." "I am right, just right," and divergence from me is the measure of absurdity. These men will not deny themselves the pleasure of dictating opinions or controlling the actions of others. It is needless to say how much suffering and how much bitter regret their want of self-denial compels. Brethren, deny this passion and the violent expression it seeks, and remember, "soft words turn away wrath," and that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

What it Cost.

You are going off for a day's pleasure this Good Friday morning; you mean to join your friends and spend a pleasant day. You take no heed to the Church bells sounding on every side. They have nothing to do with you, you say; you do not trouble much about religion, it is not in your line. Good Friday is a holiday, and you mean to enjoy it. Very well, but just give two minutes, if you can, to think what it cost to get you this "holiday." I don't mean what it cost to redeem your soul; you don't think perhaps that it wants redeeming, but just what it cost to get you this day's holiday. Just that and no more.

Why is Good Friday a holiday? Why is it a day when no work is done, and people can take their pleasure if they choose? Why do we have a Good Friday and not Good Monday or Tuesday, or any other day of the week?

You know why as well as I can tell you. Though you do not believe in Jesus, though you do not love Him; still you know as an historical fact that nearly two thousand years ago, He did live upon this earth. You know He lived. You know He died. You know how He died. You know that for years, and years, and years, this day has been kept in memory of that Death. And because the Church has told her children to keep it as a day apart, therefore the world has made it a holiday, and you get the benefit.

The benefit of what? Do you ask again? Don't you see what it cost to win you this bit of pleasure? It cost the life of an Innocent Man. You believe as much as that at any rate. The hours, which you can spend in pleasure, were spent by Him on that day long ago in shame and agony unutterable. The night, the morning, the day were all alike passed by Him in insult, mockery, torture, so fearful that any attempt to try and realize it makes one's blood run cold; and the slow anguish of the Death which ended that innocent Life was born with a silent endurance which even you, though you do not love Him, must admire.

This is what your holiday cost. Go and enjoy it if you can.

Don't say, it is all over long ago; I need not trouble. We who worship Him and love Him know that it is over. For we believe that on the third day He rose again. But what have you to do with that? You say you don't believe it? You are picking out for your special pleasure day, the one day in the year marked out by the Death of Jesus Christ, the day on which an Innocent Man was cruelly hunted to death by His enemies. How can you be so heedless, so thoughtless, so cowardly? I say again, think what your holiday cost, and then go and enjoy it if you can.

Lenten Communion.

There is no little comfort, and a very real help, in giving to our Lenten communion with God a closeness and directness more strongly realized by the soul, perhaps, than at any other season of the year.

Keep before the heart the ever present, clearly defined thought of a Saviour, a living, personal Saviour, for the time being once more actually on earth, but apart from the world, in that quiet, secluded spot, voluntarily sought by Himself for the purpose of communion with His Father.

Then, when seeking to offer to that same ear your own petitions, make real to yourself the thought that you too may seek that same quiet spot where our Lord is at prayer, and assured of a welcome there, you may kneel by His side, and in unison with Him make known your requests unto God.

It is a most sweet and comforting realization this—apart with Jesus, praying with Jesus, and with Him lifting up your heart to that One who, He Himself declared, is "my Father and your Father."

Easter.

Jesus Christ to-day has risen,
And o'er Death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading Sin herself in chains
Kyrie Eleison.

For our sins the sinless Saviour
Bore the heavy wrath of God;
Reconciling us, that favour
Might be shown us through his blood.
Kyrie Eleison.

In His hands He hath forever
Mercy, life, and sin, and death;
Christ His people can deliver
All who come to Him in faith.
Kyrie Eleison.

The Roman Slave.

Blandina was a Roman slave girl; one of a despised, down trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel then when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude. Was it possible the incarnate God himself loved her? that He had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace? To her heart the name of Christ became very precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested. The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All the torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian! I am a Christian!" words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face, and with the name of Christ upon her lips the poor slave passed home to the gloryland.

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not yet God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has He redeemed you? Are you one of the redeemed? Is His name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name?" Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess His name by living a holy life to his honour and glory?

Reverence.

Dr. Liddon is the author of the following: "Burke has shown how various attitudes of the human body correspond to, or are consistent with, deep emotions of the human soul. You cannot, for instance, sit lolling back in an arm-chair with your mouth wide open, and feel a warm glow of indignation; and if you, or I, were introduced suddenly into the presence of the Queen, we should not keep our hats on and sit down with our hands in our pockets on the ground that the genuine sentiment of loyalty is quite independent of its outward expression. And if people come to church and sit and talk and look about them while prayers are being addressed to the Infinite and Eternal Being, it is not because they are so very, very spiritual as to be able to do without any outward forms. They really do not kneel because they do not with the eye of their souls see Him, the sight of Whom awes first the soul and then the body into profound reverence. After all there is nothing very spiritual, as some people seem to think, in the practice of outward irreverence. Church rules on the subject are but the natural outcome of the deep interest of the soul of man when it is confronted by the greatness of its Maker and its Redeemer."

Sowing Seed.

Out in the highways, wherever we go,
Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow;
Even the tiniest seed has a power,
Be it a thistle or be it a flower.

Out of each moment some good we obtain,
Something to winnow and scatter again;
All that we listen to, all that we read,
All that we think of, is gathering seed.

Gathering seed we must scatter as well:
God will watch over the place where it fell.
Only the gain of the harvest is ours;
Shall we plant thistles, or shall we plant flowers?

Giving an Afternoon Tea.

The hostess, her daughter, and the ladies receiving, stand at one side of the parlor, the hostess nearest the main door, and the debutante beside her, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott in an article on "Giving an Afternoon Tea," in the *March Ladies' Home Journal*. Each guest is presented in turn to the young girl who is only required to courtesy and repeat the guest's name, though the more cordial handshake is to be preferred to my mind. A girl who can make some little individual speech to her guests, or show in some special fashion her appreciation of their kindness in welcoming her to the social world, will make a better impression than the more silent debutante, though she must select the golden mean between too much and too little animation.

As each guest leaves the debutante, some one of the ladies or young girls receiving should come forward, and introducing herself, chat with her for a few moments. If possible some other guest should be presented and the group of two supplied with refreshments. I say that these things should be done, but as a rule they are conspicuous by their absence.

—Remember to do right and fear wrong; to endure trials patiently; to be prompt in all things; to hold integrity sacred; to observe good manners; to pay your debts promptly; to join hands only with the virtuous; to injure not another's reputation; to use your leisure time for improvement; to question not the veracity of your friends; to sacrifice money rather than principle; to yield not to discouragement; to extend to all a kindly salutation; to lend a helping hand to those around you.

The plain truth is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla. No need of embellishment or sensationalism. Hood's cures.

—How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself!