

*heartedness—grant that my heart may be whole with Thee.*

**FOURTH SUNDAY.**—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was called by the early Christians "the perfecting Service," implying that it was the highest means of grace, to be used by those who were striving to attain to full growth. All true life is progressive. The Christian is one who is continually looking forward—pressing toward the mark—taking no low aim—following Christ.—*Lord Jesus, bid me follow Thee—speak the word of power to me.*

**FOURTH MONDAY.**—Are we growing holier?—if not, why not? Whose fault is it? Clearly our own. God does not fail in His promise to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. We have failed to yield ourselves to God to work in us. Who is there who does not feel that man has the awful power of resisting, if he will, divine grace—grieving the Holy Spirit of God?—*Make me willing, O God, in the day of Thy power.*

**FOURTH TUESDAY.**—It will never do for us to be trying to serve God a little and the world a little too. Singleness of heart is much to be prayed for, much to be sought for. God wants the love of our hearts. Oh that we might be so filled with a desire to please God, that He might become the centre of all our thoughts, and all our energies—the very centre of our being.—*Deliver me, good Lord, from all double-mindedness.*

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,  
Accept my will this day, for Jesus' sake;  
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,  
Nor any world-proud sacrifice to make;  
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,  
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,  
And Thou alone, O God, canst understand  
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all!  
Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see  
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,  
All that I love, and am, and fain would be,  
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite,  
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,

Olinched in my grasp, 'till beauty hath it none;  
Now, from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,  
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,  
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en  
If, in some desperate hour, my cries prevail,  
And Thou give back my will, it may have been  
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,  
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,  
I may not see nor know it as my own,  
But gaining back my will may find it Thine.

—*The North East.*

### GRANNY'S JUBILEE.

[FROM THE QUIVER].

(Continued.)

"Is Grandfather angry with anyone, Jane?" she questioned of the good-natured servant, while Granny went to don her hood and shawl before going out to feed the two motherless lambs in the shed, whither her little granddaughter always accompanied her.

"Ay, Miss Nance, he's always angry with —" The woman paused, and wiped up a plate or two in silence.

"Yes—who, Jane, who is he angry with?" was the eager question.

"Not with you."

"Yes—but who? Don't tease, Jane." The child's hand was laid on her arm.

"Well, you know the turned picture up atop the front stairs, in the dark corner?"

"Yes, my Uncle Jack's; but he isn't angry with him, he's only vexed. The father in the Bible wasn't angry with his son who went away, same"—Grandfather himself came dangerously near the back door, so his little granddaughter lowered her voice to a whisper—"same as Grandfather—he mustn't hear, 'cause it hurts him."

"Well, I calls it angry, and I pities poor mistress, I do. Now, that's a work for you, Miss Nance, to pray for—"

"Now, Nance, come." Here was gentle-eyed Mrs. Manly, in hood and shawl, and Nance skipped away at her side till the shed was reached.

"We haven't named them, Granny," said she, as she stroked the gentle creatures, while Mrs. Manly held the feeder to their mouths.

"No, dear—what shall we call them?" replied Granny.

"Nance and Jack—that's for mamma and Uncle Jack. Granny, why is Grandfather angry with Uncle Jack?"

"Hush, dear"—Grandfather was passing; he seemed everywhere to-day, his granddaughter thought. "He isn't cross; he's vexed," said Granny under her breath.

"Is your jubilee that you want about him?"

"Yes, child, 'tis; Granny trembled as she said it.

"Why don't you pray for it?" lisped Nance, thinking of what Jane had said.

"I have—these ten years."

"Ten years?—that's three year before I was born—what a long time! Granny shall I pray too? asked the prattler, after a silence.

"Yes, dear, if you like," but Granny's thoughts seemed wool-gathering.

"Praying always gets things, Granny." A happy thought seemed to strike the little maiden. "You and me pray together, because don't you know what the Bible says?—'If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven'—that was my text for Sunday. And, Granny," Nance drew Mrs. Manly's head down, "I think I'll ask Grandfather to pray; you know the end of the text, 'Where two or three are gathered together, in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.' I think three would be better than two," she whispered into her ear.

"Oh! Nance, he'd be cross," said affrighted Granny. "But come, dear, the lambs have had their fill."

"Good-bye, Jack and Nance." The child put her daisy face to both dumb creatures, and kissed them; then she and Granny returned to the house and their afternoon needlework, sitting in the clean, comfortable kitchen, where the log fire crackled and burnt, and the kettle soon sang for tea.

A very preoccupied little maiden was Nance that afternoon; her needle did not keep time with her thoughts, so fast did they race through her busy brain; and, ere they had nearly done coming and going, it was tea-time, and Grandfather coming in for his share of the pleasant meal. When it was over, and the sunshine waxing rosy and red, Nance climbed up the front stairs, to sit on the topmost step to think. What if praying should bring Granny's jubilee—hers, and Granny's, and Grandfather's praying? She half shrank from asking Grandfather, because Granny thought he would be cross; but, no, he would not be cross with her. She could ask Jane to be the third, only it would be nicer for Grandfather to be the one; because Granny's jubilee would be Grandfather's jubilee, thought the wise little reasoner. So far had she gone in her cogitations, when Grandfather himself came tramping through the hall below. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot.

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" piped she, in her shrill treble, from above.

"Ah! little woman, are you up there?" said he, smiling up at her.

"Yes, Grandfather. You come up, too; I want to ask you something."

"How would it be if you came down to me?"

"No, Grandfather, 'tis something very particular; I want to tell you up here;" and obedient Grandfather mounted up.

"Now sit by me, Grandfather; I want to lay my head in your lap."

"What a queer little puss it is!" quoth he, but he sat down—he loved her so; and down went the fluffy little head into his lap.

"Grandfather, I want you to pray for something—you, and I, and Granny."

"And what's that?" inquired Grandfather, as if he more than half guessed.

"For Granny's jubilee;" the ready little tongue seldom faltered.

"Child, did Granny tell you to ask for this?" There was a sternness creeping into Abel Manly's voice.

"No! oh, no! Granny said you'd be cross, and I said you wouldn't, and you're not cross, are you?" her daisy face was raised to scan that of the other.

"No, not just that; but I can't do it, Nance."

"Oh! Grandfather, you can—everybody can pray—you mean you won't."

"Well, perhaps *won't* is the right word."

"But you will, Grandfather, you will; 'cause I want it, and Granny wants it, and—and I think someone else wants it."

"Someone else—what—who?"

"Don't you know?—he who said, 'I will arise and go to my father.' He must have wanted a jubilee. 'Every man unto his possession, every man unto his family.' How the echoes caught the silvery words, and tossed them about over the wide landing, where was that turned picture, with the fair boyish face hidden.

"How dare you, Nance! how dare you!" Grandfather put her from him, and rose: such a giant he looked, up there among the gathering shadows.

"Oh! Grandfather, you're cross—cross with me!"—with a pathetic little plaint over that last word. "I will ask Jane." Nance leant her pretty face on the stair, and sobbed.

"Ask who you like, Nance; I can't do it."

"Oh! Grandfather, you *won't*," came like a wail between her sobs.

To this Abel returned no answer, but walked away down the stairs, and out among the Lent-lilies dancing in the light of the dying day, a lark still high in the heavens singing of a bright to-morrow.

Nance did not cry long, but stole down from the high perch to the back kitchen, where Jane was just righting up for the day, as she told her watching her a moment ere she broached her request.

"Jane, will you pray for something along with me and Granny?"

"Deed, I will, Miss Nance; what is it I must pray for?"

"I want you to pray for Granny's jubilee."

"Granny's jubilee! bless the child, 'tisn't Granny's jubilee as is coming, but the Queen's."

"Yes, but Granny wants a jubilee all to herself—'Every man to his possession, every man to his family,' same as he who rose and came to his father," explained the little one.

"Yes I know, Miss Nance; she's wanted that for many a day."

"Yes, for ten years," said Nance. "And now I'm going to pray too, for two are better than one, and three are better still, Jesus says. If you'd time I'd read to you in my Bible all about it, and about Granny's jubilee too."

"I've time, Miss Nance, for I've done."

So away skipped Nance for her Bible as briskly as if she had not sobbed on the stairs so short a time before. Kneeling on the firelit