

And may no evil bring a smart
To my sweet Baby Rosy.

WHAT DOES ASCENSION DAY MEAN?

If the boys and girls will listen, we will try and tell them just what this day, with its observance means.

If you all will take your Testament and turn to the 16th Chapter and 14th verse of the Gospel of St. Mark, and then to the 1st chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and read the accounts there given, you will see how, and when, Jesus left his disciples and ascended into heaven. Remember that this occurred just forty days after His Resurrection. On Easter Day we celebrated the Resurrection of our crucified Lord from the dead. He had died on the cross—His body had been placed in the tomb—but on the third day He rose from the dead—came out of the grave, and appeared among His disciples again. This was a great and wonderful surprise, and they were very glad. For forty days the risen Saviour was with His disciples from time to time, giving them all needful instruction and encouragement. At the end of this time, while He was in their midst, and talking to them, He suddenly disappeared, and went up into heaven.

Now we observe this day because it keeps in our memories a great fact—a wonderful fact. But it does more than this. It teaches us that as our Lord rose from the dead, so we shall one day come forth from our graves. We shall all die and be buried, but we shall not stay always in the grave. When our ascended Lord sends his summons all abroad, all that are in their graves will hear His voice and come forth. And then we are told all who believe in Jesus will go where He is and be with Him. As He has gone into heaven to prepare a place for His people, we shall ascend there, and dwell for ever in the mansions which He is preparing for us. But we must not forget that Jesus is now seated at the right hand of God, and that He will hear our prayers and help us just as much as though He were still on earth. We can go to Him at all times with our wants, and He will hear and bless us.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark
And wide around;
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green—
All, all was drown'd.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And, o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove fled;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest.
Christ is the ark my love,
Thou art the tender dove,
Fly to His breast.

THE ASCENSION.

Come children, come with me, and let us go up to this high hill and look about us. How fresh and pure the air is, and how sweet! Well it may be, laden as it is with the perfume of a hundred flowering trees. See them, lying here below us, looking as if a light snow had fallen upon them, tinged here and there with pink. Beyond stretch green fields; and there is a long low line of faint blue hills in the distance, with a cluster of houses at their feet, that look like a flock of sheep, so far away are they. They are gathered about a little church, and just below us, at our right, is our own dear church, with its cross-topped spire; and both the near church and the distant one have been thronged this morning, for this is the festival of the Ascension, and here and there it has been celebrated with a glad service of prayer and praise. These are the only churches we can see; but we know that in this land, and in other lands, thousands of glad hearts have joined in the cry: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye

everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in."

It was on a hill, you remember, that our Blessed Lord led His disciples upon the morning that He was taken up out of their sight. Perhaps they looked about them, as we are looking, at the woods that lay beneath them, so fresh, and fair, and beautiful. It was a different scene from this that met their gaze, for it was the Mount of Olives on which they stood, with Bethany at its feet, and the trees and flowers, the village, and all the land about, would be quite strange to you and me; but one thing they saw which we too saw to-day, unchanged from what it was when they gazed, not down, but up, into it. The bright blue sky was over them as it is over us, with the sun shining in it, clear and warm, and the little fleecy clouds hurrying to meet and form the great white cloud that should receive the Lord as He ascended into Heaven. The sky is like God's love that is over all nations; the sun is like the Sun of Righteousness that shines upon all people—upon us here to day, as upon the disciples gathered together long ago upon the Mount of Olives.

There they stood where the Lord had led them, and there, raising His hands He blessed them, and, as he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into Heaven. "A cloud received Him out of their sight," we are told. Do you think it was like that great billowy one just above our heads? The clouds must always remind us of our Lord's Ascension; and let me tell you something else that they may put us in mind of also.

As the disciples stood looking up, after their Lord was hidden from their sight, behold two men stood before them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here, gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven. As he had gone up in a cloud, so in a cloud shall He again return; and in the Revelation of St. John we read, "Behold He cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see Him." Do you not think that as St. John wrote those words he must have remembered the words of the angels on the day of his Lord's Ascension: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven?" Do you think that any one of those disciples who on that day were upon the Mount of Olives could ever again see clouds in the sky without a thought of the going up of their Lord into heaven, and of His coming again?

If we love God, there is nothing which we see in our daily walks that may not bring a thought of Him to our hearts. This hill on which we stand reminds us of His holy hill where the pure in heart shall dwell; the fields, of the green pastures where He feeds His sheep; the trees, of the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; the house of God recalls the House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; our homes are types of the heavenly home which our Saviour has gone to prepare for us; and the sky over all reminds us of God's love, as I have said, while the warmth of the sun is like the life-giving rays of the Holy Spirit upon our hearts. So the clouds have their lesson for us too, and looking at them we will remember, first, that it was a cloud which received our blessed Lord as He went back to the home He had left for our sakes; and next, that in a cloud He shall return with power and great glory, to gather together His people from one end of heaven to the other.

Even so come, Lord Jesus.

PAID IN ONE'S OWN COIN.

Peter's mother died. After that he was sent to his grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve.

Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. But he did not want to go. He felt sure he would not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said

grandmother. "Carry your love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy favorably. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind and you will be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he rose early, as he used to do at his grandmother's, and came down stairs, where, everything being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself; "I know I shan't; I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter came up to her and said:

"Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," said she, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you? for I'm afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a kiss was that! It made him so happy.

"That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter.

Then he knew he should love his new mother, and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

WILLIE'S TALK WITH GOD.

Willie was a sturdy little fellow about four years old, who had considerable mischief in his little body, and had to be watched pretty closely.

One day, as he was walking with his brother, who was about three years older, he espied some very tempting apples on the stand of a Chinaman, and slyly took one and slipped it into his pocket, taking good care not to let brother see it until they had gone some distance. Then, with an independent air, he produced the apple and commenced eating it.

"Where'd you get that?" exclaimed Eddie, his brother.

"Oh, somewhere," Willie managed to say, his mouth well filled with the delicious fruit.

After considerable urging, Eddie drew from him the story of the apple, and when they got home told the story to his mother, who was very much shocked. She talked to him earnestly about his sin, and at night, when he said his little prayers, told him to ask God to forgive him.

The next morning he went out to play, as usual, but soon came in with a very important air, walking round with his hands in his pockets for some time, and acting as if he had something on his mind that he wanted to say. Finally he burst out with these words:—"Mother I've been talking to God to-day."

"Have you, my dear?" answered his mother. "What did he say?"

"He said, he did—Little boy, did you hook an apple off of John Chinaman's table yesterday?" and I said, 'Yes, sir, but I'll never do it again,' and he said, 'Oh, you naughty boy! Are you sure you will never do it again?' and I said, 'Yes, sir, I'll never steal another apple so long as I live.'"

And then he said, 'All right, little boy, go home now.'

His mother could not help smiling at his simple story, told in his childish way, and hopes in after years the remembrance of it may save him from sins of greater magnitude.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD IT THEIR OWN WAY.—Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire.