

every morning until they are tired of them. Although Tommy does not deserve one for looking in my hand before the guessing was over."

Tommy's lip went up so pitifully that his father hastened to add, "but he shall have one just the same. They will bring a good price in market," he said, turning to his wife, "for our hens are as early as any around here."

Rachel's face lighted up with pleasure at the prospect of the treat; and what a treat it seemed to her only those can appreciate who have eaten nothing but bread and milk for breakfast during a whole winter; but she sobered down a little as her father went on speaking. "Will it be my very own egg?" she said at last, to do just what I want with?"

"Of course it will; but I guess you'll find eating it the best thing to do, unless you want to keep them to set a hen with."

"No, I don't want to do that, for something always happens to my chickens before they get big—and, besides, I like to eat them best,"—she added quickly, for she thought to herself, "I can't give them up anyway." But still the words, "None of you are too poor to deny yourselves something," kept ringing in her ears. "If I should keep them until I had a dozen I could sell them," she thought, "and Mrs. Ashton would give me twenty-five cents for them. And if I give up one every day, I would have four dozen by Easter, and that would make a whole dollar!" A large sum to a little girl who had never owned more than ten cents at a time in her life. "Yes, I will do it, and I'll go to the rectory to-morrow, and ask Mrs. Ashton if she will buy them."

The next morning, with a beating heart, Rachel went up the low steps of Mrs. Ashton's house and knocked timidly at the door. It was opened by the lady herself, who remembered seeing the little girl at church, and said kindly, "Will you come in and sit down? Your school does not commence before nine, does it?" noticing Rachel's books.

"No, ma'am," and then with a great effort, "please, ma'am, I came to see if you would like to buy some eggs."

"How many have you to sell? Did your father send you with them?"

"No, ma'am, I haven't got any; but you see it's going to be Lent, and the minister said none of us were too poor to give up something, and I'm going to give up my eggs for breakfast, because I haven't got anything else to give up, and I thought perhaps you'd buy them when I've saved up a dozen, and so—"

Rachel paused with crimson cheeks; she had spoken so fast that she was entirely out of breath, but Mrs. Ashton understood now, and said, as she stooped and kissed her, "Yes, my dear, I see, and I will be very glad indeed to buy them. Suppose you bring them whenever you have half a dozen, then they will be nice and fresh," and she added, as the little girl rose up to go, "Mr. Ashton will be very much pleased to know that one of his Sunday-school scholars has tried so hard to do what he said."

It was a hard thing for Rachel to do, and telling her father and mother was by no means the easiest part of it.

"Well," said Mr. Kensall, when she had told him of her going to Mrs. Ashton's, and the lady's consenting to buy her eggs, "you shall not lose your eggs anyway, my girl, for I guess we can afford to give you another one for your breakfast."

"But don't you see, father, that wouldn't be giving up anything, she said, timidly, "and that's what the minister said we must do."

"What will you do with the money when you get it?" asked her mother.

"I am going to send it to a poor little sick girl in a hospital; teacher read about her to us last Sunday, and ever so many people send money, so that the little girl can stay until she is well, and when she is gone then another can come. It's sort of like buying a bed, you know."

The forty days of Lent went slowly by, and although Rachel sometimes got very tired of the bread and milk she never complained, for the sight of the bright silver quarters made her think of the little girl who was sick and could

not run around, and that made the sacrifice easier.

And on Easter morning, when she put the money, carefully wrapped in paper, and marked "For the little girl in St. John's Hospital," on the plate, she felt as happy and rich as any one there.

WHY WE KEEP LENT.

For Christ's Sake.

The one great object of the church is to make the Person and Life of our Lord Jesus Christ better known and better loved in a forgetful world.

This duty ought to be before the eyes of every christian.

Lent is the time for the special consideration of this. The time in which we may show the world that we do try to follow the crucified One. It is a time in which we may get the mastery over ourselves and enthrone Jesus Christ as King more firmly in our hearts—for what should we be without Him in the world? We have to live, we have to die, we have to be saved.

In sorrow what should we do without Jesus?

In illness and pain?

In poverty and hardships?

In the loss of those we love?

In the hour of death?

And in the Day of Judgment?

"SOWN IN OUR WEAKNESS."

"That picture is immortal," said a gentleman to Bonaparte, showing the result of the genius of a great master. "Immortal! How much longer will it last?" "Four or five hundred years," was the reply. Bonaparte's answer, "A fine immortality?" showed what he thought of eternal life that was bounded by five hundred years. A clergyman told us lately of a poor invalid, almost entirely paralyzed, who is in very truth, though by the world unseen, doing immortal work. He can use his lips, and he holds a brush in his mouth, and thus paints texts from the word of life, that go abroad with their message of healing, winged by the yearning love of the artist who must do something for God. When the fruit sown in weakness shall be garnered in power, the Lord who is very pitiful will assuredly reveal blessings from these feeble efforts, to abide for all eternity. "I wish I could do more," we say sometimes, half fretfully, forgetting that if all other power be denied, we can at least tender to God a patient heart. Yet it is wonderful what power for service he mercifully leaves even with the least among us. We have in our mind the room of a private house which may be said to be truly consecrated to the Lord, and where strong men, perhaps above joining "regular" "classes" for Bible instruction, throng regularly to be told by a weak woman of the way of eternal life.

The Master has need even of the feeblest. A respectable man who was gradually sinking into drunkenness went one afternoon to carry his little crippled daughter home from school, the weather being wet. He turned into his accustomed place at the public house bar, and was about to settle himself there with a glass, when he felt a tear fall down on his strong hand, and, looking at his child, he saw her face quivering all over, while "Father, don't!" seemed all that her frightened lips could say. He put the glass down, and set out once more to carry the little cripple home. "I can't drink any more," he told his wife. That tear and that childish cry were used of God to strengthen him to resist the craving, and the helpless one of the household saved her father.—*The Quiver*.

I'm so weary, weary, Lord,
But for promise of Thy Word
I should faint and fall, to-day,
In the straight and narrow way—
Give, oh, give me strength, I pray.

I'm the weakest of Thy flock,
Gathered by the living Rock;
But my soul shall rise to-day,
Earnestly I'll walk and pray—
Father, never let me stray!

DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

Surely, as the years pass on, they ought to have made us better, more useful, more worthy. We may have been disappointed in our lofty ideas of what ought to be done, but we may have gained more clear and practical notions of what can be done. We may have lost in enthusiasm and yet gained in earnestness. We may have lost in sensibility, yet gained in charity, activity and power. We may be able to do far less, and yet what we do may be far better done. And our very griefs and disappointments—have they been useless to us? Surely not. We shall have gained instead of lost by them if the Spirit of God has been working in us. Our sorrows will have wrought in us patience, our patience experience, and that experience hope—hope that He who has led us thus far will lead us farther still, that He who has taught us in former days precious lessons—not only by sore temptations but most sacred joys—will teach us in the days to come fresh lessons by temptations, which we shall be more able to endure; and by joys which, though unlike those of old times, are no less sacred, but sent as lessons to our souls by Him from whom all good gifts came. . . . Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life, we came, through selfish, stormy youth, and contrite tears—just not too late; through manhood, not altogether useless; through slow and chill old age, we return whence we came, to the bosom of God once more—to go forth again, it may be, with fresh knowledge and fresh powers, to nobler work. Amen.—*Charles Kingsley*.

"I'M HANDLING TRUST FUNDS."

Stepping into the store of a Christian business man one day, I noticed that he was standing at his desk with his hands full of bills, which he was carefully counting as he laid them down one by one.

After a brief silence I said:

"Mr. H.—, just count out \$50 from that pile of bills, and make yourself or some other person a life member of the Christian Giving Society!"

He finished his count, and quickly replied: "I'm handling trust funds now!"

His answer instantly flashed a light on the entire life and work and life of a Christian, and I replied to his statement with the question:

"Do you ever handle anything but trust funds?"

If Christians would only realize that all that God gives us is "in trust," what a change would come over our use of money! *I'm handling trust funds now!*

Let the merchant write the motto over his desk; the farmer over the income of his farm; the laborer over his wages; the professional man over his salary; the banker over his income; the housekeeper over her house expense purse; the boy and girl over "pocket money"—and what a change would be made in our business!

A business man who had made a donation of \$100,000 to a Christian enterprise, once said in the hearing of the writer:

"I hold that a man is accountable for every sixpence he gets."

There is the gospel idea of "trust funds."

Let parents instruct and train their children to "handle trust funds" as the stewards of God's bounty, and there will be a new generation of Christians.

Thanks to Mr. — for the suggestive remark: "I'm handling trust funds now." It will help us to do more as the stewards of God. May it help others! —*The Christian Giver*.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The Bishop of London, upon church music, says:—"He who possesses the gift may so use it that to himself and a few like himself in the congregation the singing or playing may be a spiritual help, and so edify these beyond measure, and yet to the body of Christians present it may be utterly out of reach. It is useless to plead that its beauty is for God's glory. It is not for the glory of God if it be out of place." The music must "take the congregation with it, or it transgresses St. Paul's apostolic directions."

Children's

A SHEPHERD

A little lad w
one Sunday mo
ringing for chur
going over the f
fellow began to
like to pray to
he say? for he
prayer. So he
menced the alpl
on to Z. A g
pass on the oth
heard the lad's
ugh the bushes
kneeling with
eyes, saying,"

"What are
man?"

The lad look
was praying."

"But what
letters for?"

"Why, I di
only I felt tha
care of me and
sheep. So I t
knew, he woul
spell all I wan
"Bless you
he will, he wil
heart speaks r
wrong."

ANECDOTE

When Bisl
Detroit, he t
the children c
St. Paul's chu
Buddhist fabl

Once upon
happy creat
tiful green
desert. The
and palm tre
all around w
support any!

These thre
key and a sq

One day w
together in a
saw an old m
scarcely wal



NO PEN CAN
which the
the thousands
been made hap
lating, itching,
skin, scalp, and
CUTICURA, th
SOAP, an exqui
it, externally,
Blood Purifier
every form o
pimples to sc
Sold everywhe
See, RESOLVE
DRUG AND CHE
Send for "H

Pimples,
skin p

ness eu
FA
INF.

ANOTHER
of Elma, O.
from gener
duced that
unconscious
Blood Bitt
she now
friends and