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## Calendar.

### CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day & date		MORNING.	EVENING.
8 March 27	Easter Day *	Exo-1 12 Rom. 6	Exo-1 14 Act 2
M. " 28	Mon. in Easter wk.	19 Matt. 23	17
T. " 29	Tues. in Easter wk.	20 Luke 21	2 Col. 15
W. " 30		1 Sam. 1 John 17	1 Sam. 2 Heb. 1
T. " 31		2	2
F. April 1.		7	6
S. " 2.		7	8

\* Proper Psalms--Morn. 2, 67, 111.--Even 113, 114, 118. The Athanasian Creed to be used.

## Poetry.

### THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl;  
I asked for her as some most precious thing;  
For all unfinished was Love's jewelled ring,  
Till set with this soft pearl.  
The shade that time brought forth I could not see;  
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

And many a soft old tune  
I used to sing unto that deadened ear,  
And suffered not the lightest footstep near,  
Lest she might wake too soon;  
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay,  
Ah, needless care I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed  
That this one daughter might not speak to me!  
Watched and watched, God knows how patiently,  
How willingly deceived:  
Vain Love was the untiring nurse of Faith,  
And tanded Hope till it was quenched in death.

O if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me "Mother," in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear!  
Alas! these sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart is sorely tried  
To see her kneel with such a reverent air,  
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;  
Or lift those earnest eyes  
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew;  
Then move her own as she was speaking too.

I've watched her looking up  
To the bright wonder of the sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,  
That I could almost hope  
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,  
All the grand music to which nature moves,  
Are wasted melody  
To her; the world of sound, a tuneless void;  
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;  
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould,  
The soft white brow, o'er which in waves of gold,  
Ripples her shining hair;  
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be  
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Will He the mind within,  
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,  
E'en that His still small voice and step might be  
Heard of its inner shrine,  
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?  
Then should I grieve? O mourning heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense  
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;  
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,  
Whose voiceless eloquence  
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
That e'en her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!  
And when his sons are playing merrily,  
She leads her head upon his knee.  
O, at such times I know--  
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild--  
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all other gifts bereft  
E'en now. How could I say she did not speak?  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,  
And render thanks to Him who left  
V'nto her soul yet open avenues  
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

## Religious Miscellany.

### A CALL TO PRAYER.

By THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B. A., CHRIST'S CHURCH,  
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"Pray and be both safe and happy."--DISHOR HALL.  
DO YOU PRAY?

"Men ought always to pray."--(Luke xviii. 1.)  
"I will that men pray everywhere."--(1 Tim. ii. 8.)

READER,--I have a question to offer you. It heads the page before your eyes. It is contained in three words,--Do you pray?

The question is one that none but you can answer. Whether you attend public worship or not, your minister knows. Whether you have family prayers in your house or not, your relations know. But whether you pray in private or not, is a matter between yourself and God.

Reader, I beseech you in all affection to attend to the subject I bring before you. Do not say my question is too close. If your heart is right in the sight of God, there is nothing in it to make you afraid. Do not turn off my question by replying that you say your prayers. It is one thing to say your prayers, and another to pray. Do not tell me that my question is unnecessary. Listen to me for a few minutes, and I will show you good reason for asking it.

I. *I ask whether you pray, because prayer is absolutely needful to man's salvation.*

I say absolutely needful, and I say so advisedly. I am not now speaking of infants or idiots. I am not settling the state of the heathen. I know that where little is given, there little will be required. I speak especially of those who call themselves Christians, in a land like our own. And of such I say no man or woman can expect to be saved who does not pray.

I hold salvation by grace as strongly as any one. I would gladly offer a free and full pardon to the greatest sinner that ever lived. I would not hesitate to stand by his dying bed, and say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ even now, and you shall be saved." But that a man can have salvation without asking for it, I cannot see in the Bible. That a man will receive pardon of his sins, who will not so much as lift up his heart inwardly, and say, "Lord Jesus, give it to me," this I cannot find. I can find that nobody will be saved by his prayers, but I cannot find that without prayer anybody will be saved.

It is not absolutely needful to salvation that a man should read the Bible. A man may have no learning, or be blind, and yet have Christ in his heart. It is not absolutely needful that a man should hear the public preaching of the Gospel. He may live where the Gospel is not preached, or he may be bed-ridden, or deaf. But the same thing cannot be said about prayer. It is absolutely needful to salvation that a man should pray.

There is no royal road either to health or learning. Princes and kings, poor men and peasants, all alike must attend to the wants of their own bodies and their own minds. No man can eat, drink, or sleep by proxy. No man can get the alphabet learned for him by another. All these are things which everybody must do for himself, or they will not be done at all.

Just as it is with the mind and body, so it is with the soul. There are certain things absolutely needful to the soul's health and well-being. Each must attend to these things for himself. Each must repent for himself. Each must apply to Christ for himself. --And for himself each must speak to God and pray. You must do it for yourself, for by nobody else can it be done.

How can you expect to be saved by an "unknown"

God? And how can you know God without prayer? You know nothing of men and women in this world, unless you speak with them. You cannot know God in Christ, unless you speak to Him in prayer. If you wish to be with Him in heaven, you must be one of His friends on earth. If you wish to be one of His friends on earth, you must pray.

Reader, there will be many at Christ's right hand in the last day. The saints gathered from North and South, and East and West, will be a multitude that no man can number. The song of victory that will burst from their mouths, when their redemption is at length complete, will be a glorious song indeed. It will be far above the noise of many waters, and of mighty thunders. But there will be no discord in that song. They that sing will sing with one heart as well as one voice. Their experience will be one and the same. All will have believed, All will have been washed in the blood of Christ. All will have been born again. All will have prayed. Yes! we must pray on earth, or we shall never praise in heaven. We must go through the school of prayer, or we shall never be fit for the holiday of praise.

Reader, to be prayerless is to be without God--without Christ--without grace--without hope--and without heaven. It is to be on the road to hell. Now can you wonder that I ask the question--Do You Pray?

II. *I ask again whether you pray, because a habit of prayer is one of the surest marks of a true Christian.*

All the children of God on earth are alike in this respect. From the moment there is any life and reality about their religion, they pray. Just as the first signs of life in an infant when born into the world, is the act of breathing, so the first act of men and women when they are born again, is praying.

This is one of the common marks of all the elect of God, "They cry unto him night and day." (Luke xviii. 1.) The Holy Spirit, who makes them new creatures, works in them the feeling of adoption, and makes them cry, "Abba, Father," (Rom. viii. 15.) The Lord Jesus when He quickens them, gives them a voice and a tongue, and says to them, "Be dumb no more." God has no dumb children. It is as much a part of their new nature to pray, as it is of a child to cry. They see their need of mercy and of grace. They feel their emptiness and weakness. They cannot do otherwise than they do. They must pray.

I have looked carefully over the lives of God's saints in the Bible. I cannot find one of whose history much is told us, from Genesis to Revelation, who was not a man of prayer. I find it mentioned as a characteristic of the godly, that "they call on the Father," that "they call on the Lord Jesus Christ." I find it recorded as a characteristic of the wicked, that "they call not upon the Lord." (1 Peter i. 17. 1 Cor. i. 2. Psalms xiv. 4.)

I have read the lives of many eminent Christians, who have been on earth since the Bible days. Some of them, I see, were rich, and some poor. Some were learned, and some unlearned. Some were Episcopalians, and some Christians of other names. Some were Calvinists, and some Armenians. Some have loved to use a liturgy, and some to use none. But one thing, I see, they all had in common. They have all been men of prayer.

I study the reports of Missionary societies in our own times. I see with joy that heathen men and women are receiving the Gospel in various parts of the globe. There are conversions in Africa, in New Zealand, in Hindostan, in China. The people converted are naturally unlike one another in every respect. But one striking thing I observe in all the