

Family Reading.

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

It is Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week—the most solemn week in the year. Many are the thoughts that come crowding in, and deep are the lessons that lie treasured in the story of these few days. Almost every hour is sacred to some scene in the last sufferings of our Divine Master. The loud hosannas, the bright pageant, the surging crowd of this morning will soon pass away, like the transient gleam of sunshine before the dark thunderstorm.

Four times during this week will the solemn narrative of our Saviour's Passion be read to us out of Holy Scriptures, each Evangelist in turn being brought forward to give his account. In the quiet stillness of God's house we may follow in the train of the little band of disciples; we may linger around the happy evening circle in the home at Bethany, and we may listen to the last words of comfort and advice breathed forth in the upper chamber at Jerusalem. To us, too, comes the dying injunction, "This do in remembrance of Me." Then, as we pass out into the moonlight glades of Gethsemane, and see that Sacred Form bowed to the ground in Its Mysterious Agony, we may learn, as we have never learned before, the hideous blackness of sin. Oh, what an awful reality is the tragedy of the Passion! The power of that passion is also real, and no less real is its demand upon us. An entire self-surrender, a change in our lives, a keen sense of our sin—such as pierced to the core the heart of the penitent Apostle when "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter"—these are the objects to set before ourselves, as we tread the road that leads to Calvary; and there, beneath the Cross of Christ—the union of God with man completed—the earnest penitent will learn what is the nobility, the dignity, and the glory of self-sacrifice.

THE LAST DAY.

"Live this day as if thy last," says the old morning hymn, which our fathers and grandfathers have sung before us.

How can we do this? Ought we not to be always on our knees in such a case praying to God all day long? And how could we do this every day of our lives?

God does not ask impossibilities of us. He has put us in the world with bodies as well as souls to be cared for, and He wills that we should work as well as pray.

A story from America, a hundred years old, will make this clear to us.

During the sitting of the Legislative Body in Connecticut an eclipse of the sun took place. Darkness fell on the earth, and many people imagined that the Day of Judgment was at hand. One of the senators awe-struck and alarmed, rose and moved that the House should adjourn.

But Davenport of Stamford, an old Puritan gentleman, made answer, that if the last day came, he desired to be found by his God doing his duty in his own place. "Therefore," he concluded, "I do move that candles be brought, and the House continue its sitting."

His calm words produced such an effect among his fellows, that the amendment was carried, and work was proceeded with.

GOSPEL SERMONS.

We hear a great deal of talk about "Gospel Sermons." As an illustration of how much—or little—some persons really know about the subject, the following actual incident is related.

A young man of good position and education, speaking of a certain clergyman in Brockville, said he did not like him because there is no good gospel in his sermons. He was pressed to give an illustration, which finally he did, mentioning the sermon at the funeral of Mrs. — at Trinity Church.

"But," said his interlocutor, "he did not preach any sermon at her funeral."

"Yes, he did," replied the young man. "He read it, every word, for I heard him, and there was not a word of gospel in it."

The young man referred to the lesson in the Burial Service taken from Saint Paul's epistle to Corinthians, beginning "Now is Christ risen from the dead," one of the grandest expositions of the "glad tidings" ever given to man.

Comment is unnecessary.—*Brockville Parish Magazine.*

SELF-CONTROL.

A young mother sat reading on the top of the cliffs one sunny summer day. Her little boy played near her, and for a time she was so absorbed in her book that she ceased to watch him. At last, raising her eyes, she saw her son on the very edge of the cliff, running backwards in his play. Another step and he would be over. "Richard," she said, very quietly, "come here!" The child bounded forward and was saved. He was frightened and puzzled at his mother's tears and fervent embrace. If she had screamed or sprung towards him hastily she would have lost her son.

This lady did not attain to such self-control by one effort or several. It must have been the daily habit of her lifetime; and see how great was her reward. Many of us who indulge in foolish shrieks at the sight of a spider or a mouse, or absurd terror during a thunderstorm, may be losing daily opportunities for acquiring a self-control which may one day be invaluable to us.

An invalid lady, whose husband was on the point of leaving her for a long journey, saw from her bed the feet of a robber protruding from under some dresses hung up behind a curtain. She had the presence of mind to wait quietly till her husband came up to bid her farewell, and then she managed to tell him on her fingers that a man was concealed in the room. Thus the thief was easily arrested, and perhaps her own life and her husband's life was saved.

But it is not only in times of danger that self-control is necessary. A certain reserve and discretion, about the betrayal of even quite innocent emotions, is very much to be respected. It is the ill-educated and self-indulgent who give vent unrestrainedly to feelings of joy, surprise, affection, or grief, and those who know how to control such emotions, do not lose credit as unfeeling, but win respect and admiration for their self-restraint. A man or woman with the habit of self-command, is trusted and confided in, far more than an impulsive, unrestrained person. A word of affection or a look of reproof, from the man who is seldom moved, has infinitely more value than the fierce anger of a man who is always demonstrative. It is besides more important than appears at first sight to learn how to suppress our feelings. Firstly, such self-control has the sure effect of deepening the character. How can he be anything but shallow who takes pains to get rid of each emotion as it arises? Secondly, it wins the confidence of others. There can be no trust in those who are in a perpetual state of effervescence. And thirdly, it helps us to be true. If we are careful not to express all we feel, we are in no danger of expressing more than we feel—if once we do that, affectation and exaggeration gain upon us, and we are humbled in our own opinion and in that of others.

DOLL ROSY'S DAYS.—THE BATH.

'Tis time Doll Rosy had a bath,
And she'll be good, I hope;
She likes the water well enough,
But doesn't like the soap.

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,
Her eyes and nose and ears,
And splash her fingers in the bowl
And never mind the tears.

There now—oh, my? what have I done?
I've washed the skin off—see!
Here pretty pink and white are gone
Entirely! oh, dear me!

Babyland.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

COCOANUT Cake that never fails. One-half cup butter, one cup milk, one cup powdered sugar, three cups flour, whites of four eggs, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter and sugar—add eggs last of all. For the frosting, whites of three eggs, two cups of powdered sugar, three heaping tablespoons of grated cocoanut. Beat the eggs until they are slightly foaming; then put in half of the sugar, beat a little and then add remainder of sugar. Stir in cocoanut and flavor. Spread between layers and on top.

An excellent cleansing mixture for silks, velvets, cloths and gloves is thus made: One quart deodorized benzine, one drachm sulphuric ether, one drachm of chloroform, one of alcohol, one of oil of wintergreen. Put into a saucer, wash gloves and rub dry with flannel. Put it on the silk or velvet and rub with flannel. For very delicate color or fabrics do not rub but pat lightly. Use the liquid freely, placing the fabric over several layers of flannel. When this mixture is not in use keep it corked tightly. It contains so many solvent and highly volatile elements that when they come in contact with the dirt they dissolve it, and evaporating, carry it off. Water in which raw Irish potatoes cut in slices have lain half an hour is good to renew silk. Sponge carefully on both sides, then press with a warm iron on the under side.

A HANDSOME tidy that has the merit of washing well is not often seen. One recently invented answers to this description: Choose some coarse, white crash; look at it carefully to see that it is as evenly woven as possible, then pull out threads until it is barred off, and stitches may be counted as in canvas; work a border on each end, and then begin at one corner and work in diagonal lines, in common cross-stitch, all over the crash. This is to be done with crewel, in four colors, red, green, yellow and black. The ends of the crash should be fringed before anything else is done. This tidy may be put smoothly over a chair back, or made so long that it can be tied in a graceful knot in the middle. It is a pretty way also in which to make a sideboard cover.

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy, 'Heap's Patent' Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound Ont.

Childrens' Department

A QUEER POST-OFFICE.

Hunt up on your map of South America the Straits of Magellan; look at the mountain hanging over; imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-office! No postmaster stays there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact, it has no key. Yet it is a grand old post-office. Ships coming along that way stop and their captains take out packages of letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way and if so, they take them on; in their place they leave a package which is to go in another direction and some day the officers of a ship passing that way, read the direction of that package, and say, "Ah, we can take that," and away the vessel sails. And the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day, without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.

If God's Spirit abide with thee, all things will be easy from the Spirit and love. For there is nothing which makes the soul so courageous and venturesome for anything as a good hope.