

Within, the Lord's first passover was kept,  
 Eaten in haste by pilgrims hurrying thence,  
 Without, the passover of mercy swept—  
 The victim's blood, the chosen's sure defence,  
 Filled from the winepress of God's wrath, the cup,  
 Whose bitter dregs were over Egypt shed  
 When that wild midnight cry to heaven went up  
 From every house where lay each first-born,  
 dead :

But Abraham's seed, to liberty restored,  
 Went forth in peace to magnify the Lord !

Age linked to age swept down the chain of Time,  
 Symbol and type in fitting framework grew,  
 With sacrifice the altar's steps to climb,  
 Man sought for pardon—heaven obtained its  
 due.

All things were ready ! In an upper room,  
 Whose windows opened on Judea's land,  
 Sat, through the silence of the evening's gloom,  
 Around the board, a small and weary band ;  
 The master of the feast—the Son of God,  
 The Lamb prepared Jehovah's wrath to bear—  
 Long had the passover His symbol stood,  
 Its great fulfilment now was ready there.  
 Dark night of human anguish !—scorned, be-  
 trayed.

He kept his vigil—the disciples round ;  
 No passover for Him its type displayed.  
 The Cross was ready, and the victim bound.  
 No more with those, His chosen ones, to meet,  
 Until they share His kingdom in the skies ;  
 With great desire His soul had longed to eat :  
 The last foreshadowing of His sacrifice.  
 Thus with His followers ever to abide,  
 The last memorials of the Crucified.

And still remembering our passover slain,  
 We meet around the table of our Lord,  
 His full oblation made through shame and pain,  
 His dying love—His triumph to record !  
 The prayer of faith—the penitential tear—  
 The humble heart laid prostrate at His shrine ;  
 By these, in love we feel His presence near—  
 His flesh and blood within the bread and wine.  
 Oh ! when that summoning trumpet wakes the  
 dead—

The countless slumbers of land and sea,  
 From the lone tomb that shelters Adam's head,  
 To the last pilgrim from mortality—  
 Then on the lintel of our hearts be seen  
 The mark of safety, traced by God's right hand,  
 The blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin  
 Will give us entrance to our Father's land.  
 Living within the shadow of the Cross,  
 Dying within the glory of the Crown,  
 Counting all other victory as loss,  
 So shall we rise if thus we lie us down,  
 And through the might of Christ's prevailing  
 name.

Wake at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

M. J. K.

# STRAY THOUGHTS.

## Giving.

We are all givers, at times. Giving is a necessity of our nature a law of our being, but like heat, it may be graduated, exhibiting its strength and intensity in each individual character. The miser gives with trembling hand and anxious look the wretched dole, which though grudging, is necessary to sustain his miserable existence. He lives a life of torture to hoard thousands; dies, and

his pinched and shrivelled frame is covered over with less regretful feelings than the dead body of his neighbour's dog. Selfishness gives bountifully it may be, but only to gratify self, to evil passions, to enjoyment, to ease, to taste, to a thousand ministers, all standing behind his chair, waiting on him and him alone. For the outer world he has neither ears nor eyes, and it returns the compliment with interest. Vanity gives, and is never satisfied with giving—but his gifts are those of a fool, bestowed to bribe the world into admiration of himself. The world accepts and laughs with averted head. Pride gives with a loftier air and greater discrimination ! but the object is the same—the act is only stripped of its vulgarity, and polished according to the conventional notions of society. The hypocrite gives in order that he may be permitted to walk through the world with a mask, passing it off for his real face. Ostentation gives dinners to the rich and famous, and shuts the door against poor relations,—subscribes largely to a public charity, yet thrusts the widow and the fatherless atternly from his door. There are those who give to dress and furniture and equipage, who have little or nothing to give to clothe the naked or feed the hungry. There are not a few who can squander hundreds in fashionable dissipation and fashionable entertainments; who can afford to give little to charity and nothing to religion. There is the man who will enrich his tailor and starve his minister, and to add insult to injury will invite the latter sometimes to his house, to show how profusely generous he can be to the tradesman, the wine merchant, the jeweller, the butler, and the baker, and how niggardly to him. In this same giving there is a world of waste and folly, but a measure of wisdom also, which indeed counterbalances and keeps in order what would otherwise soon end in utter confusion and ruin. Pride and vanity and selfishness, are but the surface movements. Their folly and emptiness are patent to every eye. But there is an under current pure and strong which keeps all things straight. Piety and principle, truth and charity are silent and secret, but wise and bountiful givers. While the others feed society with husks or unwholesome meat, they supply the life giving beverage, and the life sustaining food. They build and maintain our Churches, plant our schools, support our charities, feed our poor, equip our missionaries, purify the moral atmosphere by their example and their life; to them the present world owes what of grandeur it possesses, and the world to come will welcome them with hymns of joy. Reader to which class would you belong ? The gay worldling, giving only to the world, or the humble christian, giving to the poor, to the unfortunate, to the religion you profess, more largely than the fashions of the world you affect to despise. If you prefer the latter, then act up to your profession.