

a year in arrears. This we cannot allow, and all arrears must be paid at \$1.50 rate. Though we contemplate abandoning the special offer above referred to at an early date, we will accept renewals at this rate for the present if accompanied with arrears, if any, at \$1.50 per annum.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

EASTER.

From The Church Year.

The Easter bells are sounding clear,
Their music swells upon the ear;
'Tis of the Easter joy a part,
And wakes to life the coldest heart.
And fragrant flowers of every hue,
Tell with a pathos ever new,
Their Easter tale of hopes that bloom,
And life that lives beyond the tomb.
And it is meet that bells should ring,
To Christian ears a welcoming,
And calls us for a little space,
Into the high and holy place
Where we may meet our Lord, and find
Refreshment for the heart and mind.
Then bring sweet offerings to the shrine,
Round chancel-rail the blossoms twine,
And wreath the font with ferns and
flowers,
Cull'd fresh from Nature's sweetest bowers,
And telling us with every breath,
Of life triumphant over death.

Ring out sweet bells, and call us in;
Call us awhile from self and sin,
Bid us forget the world awhile,
Its scoffing tones, its treacherous smile.
Bid us unfold its clinging bands,
And for a space, stretch forth our hands,
To Him, who liv'd for us—who died—
Who for our sins was crucified—
Who rose again, no more to die,
Victorious now, He reigns on high.
And here within His Church we meet
Our blessed Lord: here at His feet
We bow, and such a rapture feel,
We almost could forever kneel
Within His shrine, He seems so near—
Awful as God, as Saviour dear!
All thro' the solemn Lenten-tide,
We lay our thoughts of joy aside;
We lay aside our worldly schemes,
We check a while our worldly dreams;
We leave the pleasant paths of life,
Forget awhile its eager strife,
And up the weary mountain-side,
We follow Him, our Lord and Guide.
With Him we fast, with him we pray,
And closer still beside Him stay
Thro' that last dreadful hour, when He
Hung on the cross in agony.
We see Him laid within the tomb—
Oh, hour of woe, and fear, and doom!
How shall we frame a further prayer?
And what shall comfort our despair?

But Easter morning dawns once more,
The pain, the dread, the gloom are o'er.
Heaven sends its message glad abroad,
And earth springs up to greet her Lord.
All Nature hails the glorious day;
Now sings the bird a sweeter lay,
Now shines the sun with brighter glow,
And fresher still the blossoms blow,
And deep o'er every Christian Soul
The waves of Easter gladness roll;
And with one mind, one heart, one voice,
In Jesus risen we rejoice;
And hail our great High Priest and sing,
Exultant praises to our King.

—MRS. R. M. ROGERS.

Thou dost never ask such labor as keep us
away from Thee.—Goodell.

THE RAINY SUNDAY.

"My dear child, you certainly are not going out in this rain!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill, as her daughter entered the room, dressed for the street, on a disagreeable Sunday morning.

"Yes, mamma, I am going to church," she answered, pleasantly; "the rain did not keep me from that concert last week, nor from going down to the stores yesterday. Tom, what did you do with my umbrella?"

"I am sure I do not know," said the young man, who had just sauntered in. "But what nonsense—your going to church this morning! You had better stay at home; you can read a sermon that will do you just as much good."

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," quoted his sister. "Ah! here's my umbrella. Good-bye."

As Mary approached the church, walking carefully through the rain and mud, Harry Hampton, a bright faced boy of fourteen, came rapidly down the church steps and rain against her as she started up.

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, raising his hat. "Why, Miss Mary! is it possible you are out such a day as this? Let me help you up these slippery steps."

"You are going the wrong way," Harry, said Mary, pausing a moment, as he turned again toward the street.

"Well, yes," replied Harry, with a slight blush; I looked into the church, and it looked so empty and desolate, that I thought I would go to see some fellows who had invited me to their room to-day. I know that it is not the way to spend Sunday," he added, apologetically, "but you do not know how lonely a boy gets in a town like this, by himself all day Sunday."

Harry Hampton was the son of a farmer, with whom Mrs. Hill and her family usually spent the heated summer months. Mary had heard that Harry had come to town and entered a store. They had intended to ask Tom to look him up; as he now spoke, she reproached herself for not having done so.

"I know you must be lonely," replied Mary, "won't you come and sit with me in our pew? I, too, am alone to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish it," and the boy's face brightened as he followed the pretty, and well dressed young lady into the church.

The minister gave his text, "Choose this day whom you will serve," and forwarded it with an earnest appeal to those who had not yet chosen the Lord's side. When the services were ended, and Mary turned to Harry, she was startled at the earnest, thoughtful expression on his face; he refused her invitation to dinner, and walked quietly on to his own room.

Several weeks had passed, and Mary had seen nothing more of Harry; when one bright Communion Sunday, she was made happy by seeing him come forward to be received into The Church.

"I want to thank you for keeping me at church that rainy Sunday said Harry, afterwards. "I was on the road to ruin that day, and the sermon I heard stopped me."

Harry Hampton is an active member of the church in—. Mary Hill often thanks God that he used her faithfully spent "rainy Sunday," in the salvation of a soul.—*L. L. in Christian Observer.*

TALKS WITH BOYS.

It is a very pleasant occupation to study the derivation of words; it lets us into their deeper meaning. I presume some of you are learning Greek by this time; but if you are not, you can take a large English dictionary and turn to the word Bible. You can trace it back to a Greek word which meant the inner bark of the papyrus. That was a certain flag

which grew mostly in the valley of the Nile, and its inner bark was used as paper on which to write books. Thus the word came to mean a book, and from that, the Book. It makes all the difference whether you say a book, or the Book.

There was a man who had lived through what would seem to you a long life, and had written a great many books. When he was ill and death was very near, he called to his son-in-law, "Bring me the Book." "What book?" said the son-in-law. "There is but one Book," answered the dying author. I repeat this often repeated story because it shows so well how things look from certain points of view. All that man had read, all he had written, seemed not worth a thought then; he wanted only what lay between the covers of one Book. I suppose if he even caught sight of one such sentence as "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," or "I go to prepare a place for you," it would satisfy him at such a time.

But such things are difficult for you to realize now, full of life and vigor, and spirits, as you are; and the very thing I do not want is, that you should think of the Bible only as a Book to die by. Unless people live by it, they are not very apt to die by it, I can assure you.

The power of association is very great. I once knew a injudicious woman who punished her children by making them read so many chapters, or learn so many verses. It was, "Here, John; I'll see if you will disobey me again. You take your Bible and read four chapters." Or, "Harry, the next time you do that you'll have to learn twenty verses from the Acts; so take care!" It isn't much wonder if those boys hated the Bible.

A very different experience was mine not long ago. I was in a family where the mother teaches her children on Sunday afternoons, and she said to me, "You take them to day, they will enjoy the change; you need not follow our regular course, but take any subject or incident you choose." So we had our Bibles and our hymn books on a little table at one end of the pleasant drawing room, and it occurred to me to ask them what they could tell about the children and young people of Sacred Story. Rather a long lesson for a half hour; you see I had no idea they would know so much.

But they went on about Ishmael, and Moses, and Joseph, and Samuel, and Daniel and all the rest, what they did and what they said, in a way that was really delightful. I was so interested in the two bright boys that I forgot for the moment wee Annie, aged nine, who sat by my side, until she shyly put in, "Wasn't there a little girl who did something? Somebody carried her off, and she helped a great man who was sick, he was a—a-leper" (hesitating on the word). Bless the child, I could have hugged her. So then we had the story of Namaan and the little Hebrew maid, and I thought, "There is something in the Bible for everybody."

Always remember that; something for the boys and girls; for old and young; for you and me; something for every place in life.

If you are not quite young men yet, you will be very soon, and in the Bible you will find a great many things said to young men, and about them. I remember in one place, some one asked a very serious question, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" that is, make his life clean and keep it so? What do you suppose is the answer? "By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word." If you read through the Psalm in which this question is asked and answered, you will learn much about this Word, and what it will do for a person. You will find it called by a variety of names, "Thy testimonies," "Thy precepts," "Thy law," "Thy statutes," "Thy commandments." You will see that the writer loved this Word, that he rejoiced in it, and was always comforted, and helped, and guided by it.