

Holy Ghost, to give him the kingdom of heaven and life everlasting."

If there is one thing that more than another should touch a tender chord in the heart of the minister of a parish it is when he sees one of his flock laid low with sickness, perhaps laid up on a bed of extreme pain and weakness, or it may be of hopeless disease and approaching dissolution. Then all the love and tenderness that are in his heart, if he be a true pastor and spiritual friend and brother, will spring forth and with "a tear in his voice" he will use these words:—"Dearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining, as youth, strength, health, age, weakness, and sickness;" and so he will proceed to comfort the sick member of Christ's Church, exhorting him to repentance, patience, submission, and a full and perfect reliance on the mercy of God through Christ.

We trust that the remarks we have endeavored to make on the pastoral salutation, "Dearly beloved," may serve to lift them above the low level of mere conventionalism, and in vest them with the real and substantial element of true ministerial affection.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A WINTER EVENING CONFIRMATION.

BY M. E. BEAUCHAMP.

Loud howled the wind, the waves beat high
From th' lake, our little church hard by,
While thickly fell the blinding snow,
Veiling from sight the young moon's glow.

Within the church, all sweet and bright,
With summer warmth and mellow light,
With fragrance from the cedar bowers,
And the soft breath of fresh culled flowers.

Before the church's altar stood,
In all their pure, young maidenhood,
And all their springing hopes and joys.
A fair young band of girls and boys.

Scarce knowing what the deed implied,
Yet standing, faithful, side by side,
Renewing their baptismal vow,
With steady voice and earnest brow.

Then kneeling meekly, while above
Each head, like an overshadowing dove,
The Apostolic hand was laid
On every youth and eve y maid.

Scarce knowing what the rite implied,
Bless'd, strengthened, rose they, side by side:
Child-like, but earnest in their faith,
To be His servants unto death.

Loud howled the wind. The storm raged high;
Black clouds obscured the wintry sky,
Without all nature seemed at war,
And not a glimpse of moon or star.

Within, was peace, and joy, and light;
Songs rose upon the wintry night,
And from a world of gloom and care,
A little flock was folded there!

—*Living Church*.

THE LENTEN CALL.

BY REV. F. REED.

Again, in tender accent, grave and low,
The Lord entreats the soul His blood has won:

"To bear my cross tow'rd Calvary I go;
Wilt thou not, too, take up thy cross and come?"

"Thou did'st my praises at the Christmas feast
In unison with glad-voiced children sing;
Thou camest with the wise men of the East
Before my feet to lay thine offering.

"My gracious words, My ministering deeds,
At least thy wistful wonder did not lack;
Now, when the Spirit to the desert leads,
Does dread of fast and trial turn thee back?"

"Wilt thou receive all gifts—resent each loss;
Sing at all feasts—at no sad vigil weep;
Grasp readily the crown—evade the cross,
Through My lone sorrow in the garden sleep?"

"Oh, if I have left the courts of perfect bliss,
That thou might'st one day have them for thy home,
Wilt thou not do so small a thing as this,
And when I call, take up thy cross and come?"

—*Church News and Forum*.

FIGHTING FOR JESUS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The children had the whooping-cough: Hugh and Alice and Jenny and the twins. You can imagine what a racket they made; for when Alice left off coughing, Hugh or Jenny was sure to be just beginning, and the twins coughed, as they did everything else, both together. Of course they could not go to church, and that was how Aunt Ruth happened to think of preaching them a sermon. The rest of the family went to hear the Bishop, and Aunt Ruth arranged her congregation on the sofa, and gave them some lumps of sugar with cough medicine dropped on them. Hugh and Alice liked the medicine, and the twins would have swallowed any kind of a dose for the sake of a lump of sugar. Then Aunt Ruth began.

"My text is a very short one. It has only four words, and is about fighting."

"I know," said Alice, looking at the boys: "Thou shalt not fight."

"H'm," said Hugh, "that's no text."

"The congregation musn't interrupt," said Aunt Ruth. "My text is about fighting, and it is this: Fight the good fight. You may all say it with me. If I were a minister, I should always have my people repeat the text." They all repeated it together, and then Aunt Ruth went on.

"The first thing I want to say about my text is this: There is a fight going on in this world; not just a battle, which comes to an end because one side or the other is beaten, but a regular war, that goes on and on, day after day, and year after year, and never really comes to an end. It is a fight between all the good and all the bad: a fight between everything that is true and pure and noble and lovely, and everything that is untrue and impure and dishonorable and unlovely.

"The second thing is: everybody is wanted for it.

"In most wars, this is not so. If the old men come and say, 'We want to join the army, take us,' they tell them 'O no! you are too old, we want only strong men.' And if the women or the girls should say 'We want to join the army, take us,' they would say 'O no! you are only women; you cannot fight; we must have strong men.' And if the boys say 'Take us,' they tell them 'O no! you are too young, only strong men can fight.' But in this fight everybody is wanted; young and old, weak and strong, and most of all, the children.

"The third thing is: Everybody is in it.

"No one can stand on one side and say 'I am not going to join either army,' for every one is enrolled on one side or the other, and helping either the good or the bad to win. Satan does not wait until we come and say 'Put me down on your side; I am going to fight in your army.' No indeed, most people never say that; but Satan finds them standing idle, or waiting to make up their minds, or trying to please themselves, and he says 'Put them down in my army: every one that is not fighting me, counts one on my side.'

"The boy that wouldn't swear himself, counts on the wrong side if he goes with those that do swear, or stays to listen to profane and wicked words. The girl that would not tell a lie herself, counts one on the wrong side if she only laughs at those who do. Satan says 'Every one that is not against me is on my side,' and Jesus Christ says 'Every one that is not with Me is against Me.'

"The next thing is, that on both sides they have recruiting offices and camps of instruction. You know that when men are first gathered into an army they do not know how to be soldiers. They have to learn to obey orders, and to be always ready and watchful and vigilant, and how to use their weapons and bear all sorts of hardships like brave soldiers. So they put them into camps of instruction, and there they are drilled and taught.

"Satan has his camps of instruction on the street corners, and in the saloons, and at the theatres, and in all places where his crafty officers can get hold of foolish people and teach them his ways.

"And Jesus Christ, the great Captain of the other army, has his camps too—in the homes and the churches, and the Sunday schools, where children are taught how to march and stand guard, and use their weapons."

"What do they fight with auntie?" asked Hugh.

"The Book of Instructions tell all about that; you learned it not long ago, Alice."

"O yes! I remember: 'Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'

"Thank you, Alice, that was exactly right; and then it says we are to pray always, and to watch with all perseverance. But I was going to tell you one thing more about this fight. All the soldiers of Christ fight under the very eye of their leader, and he is always at hand to see their brave deeds, and send them help when they need it. You know it sometimes happens in battles that a soldier, or a company of soldiers, will be surrounded by the enemy, and find themselves in great danger, with no way to send for reinforcements, and are cut to pieces before any help can get to them. But in this fight, Christ's soldiers have only to say 'Lord, be thou my helper,' and the commander answers 'Fear not, for I am with thee: I will deliver thee.'

"Another thing is that every faithful soldier is sure of promotion, whether he does little or much, if he only obeys orders, and does his best. In other armies, thousands of brave men die and are never heard of, or go away maimed and crippled and poor, while the great officers get all the glory. But Christ rewards every one of his soldiers, and gives them all crowns and honors. He says, only 'Fight the good fight,' and promises that 'he that overcometh shall inherit all things.'

"I am going to fight in that army," said Jenny.

"So am I," said Hugh; "only it sounds nice to talk about, but I could never quite see what a fellow was to fight."

"I think my sermon needs an application, said Aunt Ruth, "because that is the trouble with all of us; we are expected to meet some terrible enemy, and have an out-and-ought fight with him. Now I can tell you, children, some of the ways you will have to fight. Some of these cold mornings, when the rising-bell breaks right into the middle of a nice dream, and the bed feels warm and soft, you'll hardly suspect that you have a chance for fighting by