

Children's Department.

A BROTHER'S LOVE. GOOD FRIDAY.

"Come, Hugh, it is a holiday; The day is fair and cool; Come fishing with us presently, We'll go to Dingley Pool." Some six or seven of us have joined, And we shall have such fun; Make haste, and fetch your cap, my boy, You'll catch us if you run." But Hugh, a little lad of twelve, Replied in accents slow, To Frank and John, "No, thank you, boys, To-day I cannot go." "Why not? It is a holiday—I wouldn't stay at home." "I shall not stay at home" said Hugh, "But still I cannot come." "I cannot come, indeed, to-day, I've something else to do; You would not laugh so, Frank and John, Or mock me, if you knew." He turned away with flushing cheek And quickly moistened eye; I followed him and gently asked: Hugh, will you tell me why? "His earnest eyes one moment sought My face, and he replied: "I could not go a-pleasuring The day my brother died." "It was some eight years ago he died— He gave his life for me, For I fell off the pier one day, When we were by the sea." "And he, sir—he was just eighteen; He sprang into the wave, He knew that it was dangerous, But still he tried to save." "He caught me safely, but his head He struck against a rock, He lingered on a while in pain, Then sank beneath the shock." "And I was such a little lad Then, I could hardly know What he had done for love of me— He always loved me so." "The day he died, he kissed my face, As I sat on his bed, And said to mother, 'Don't let Hugh Forget me when I'm dead." "My little Hugh! Oh! make him love Me always. Tell him, dear, How I loved him—then he stopped, For death was very near." "Yet once again he spoke, and said, 'This one thing, too, I crave, That every year, upon this day, You bring him to my grave," "That he may think of me awhile.' So every year, sir, we With fresh spring flowers journey to The churchyard by the sea." "We lay the flowers upon the grave, To make it bright and gay, And think of him and of his love, Who died for me to-day." "I love to think of him, and kneel Awhile by his graveside— How could I go a-pleasuring The day my brother died?"

SEEKING FOR HEAVENLY THINGS.

THE morning of salvation, the queen of days, has dawned upon us. Heaviness may have endured through

the long night of Lent, but joy has come on Easter morning. The whole wide world rejoices in the gladness of spring; the Church rejoices in her risen Lord. In some countries when one Christian meets another this morning, he says, "The Lord is risen," and is sure to receive for answer, "He is risen indeed." But whether spoken or not, these Easter words must echo, one would think, in the heart of every disciple of Christ. This is indeed the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. All nature sympathizes in our joy. The budding leaf, the opening flower, the sweet singing bird, the butterfly escaping from its prison tomb,—all the fresh young life of spring rejoices before the Lord. But we must not only rejoice at Easter with the unreasoning joy of inanimate things, we must search out the lessons of Easter and lay them to heart. To-day's Gospel teaches us by the example of Magdalene, to seek for our risen Saviour; the Epistle warns us, if we be risen with Christ, to seek for things above—to set our affections on heaven, not on earth. Both these lessons are illustrated by the history of Justin Martyr, one of the fathers of the Church. He sought diligently for Christ ere yet he knew whom he was seeking; and finding Him, he clave to Him, and gave up all on earth, even life itself, for Him. Justin was born in Samaria, at Neapolis, the city which is called Sychar in the New Testament, and outside whose walls was Jacob's well. He was of a Greek family, and brought up in pagan idolatry to worship such gods as Jupiter, Mercury, and Diana. But from his childhood he had an earnest longing for truth, a yearning after the very God, which no false creed could satisfy. He sought after Him if haply he might find Him; he studied poets, orators, historians, but all in vain. As soon, however, as he was his own master, he turned to the schools of Greek philosophy, hoping among them to satisfy his longing soul and hear of God. His first master was a Stoic, such as we read of in Acts xvii. 18. From him he heard much about overcoming the appetites and passions of our lower nature, and of pain being no evil, but not about the Divine help in effecting this,—there was nothing about God in the instruction of the Stoic. So Justin left him and went to a Peripatetic philosopher, as he was called. He seemed a clever man, and had a reputation for learning, but seemed so eager about the price of his lessons, and so desirous to get all he could for them, that Justin thought he could not be a real lover of wisdom. So he went to a third, but was disappointed to find that he required his pupils to understand music, astronomy, and geography, before they entered on the study of Divine truth. Leaving him, therefore, he tried a fourth, under whom he was studying, when one day, for the sake of quiet and retirement, he went to walk alone by the seaside. There he suddenly met an old man, whose noble and majestic appearance arrested his attention, and he gazed at him so earnestly that the stranger asked him why he did so. Justin answered that he could not but be astonished to meet any human being in so lonely a place; and so they fell into conversation, which Justin soon turned to the subject that filled his mind. He

spoke of his long search after truth, and of his hope to find it by the study of philosophy; on which the aged man showed him plainly how mistaken were the principles on which the systems of pagan philosophy were built. "Who then," exclaimed Justin, "can set me in the right way?" The stranger answered this question by telling him of the prophets who bore testimony to the one true God and his Son Christ Jesus, and ended with these words, "As for thyself, above all things pray that the gates of life may be opened unto thee; for these are not things to be discerned unless God and Christ grant to a man the knowledge of them." So saying, the old man went away, and Justin never saw him again; but his mission was fulfilled and his words sank down in the young philosopher's heart. He made inquiries respecting the religion which was thus pointed out to him; he noticed how pure were the Christians' lives, and how great was their courage under persecution; he sought Christian teaching, believed, and was baptized. Justin now led a holy and strict life, making his learning and his past studies of use to the Church, by writing different books to show the vanity of idolatry and the weakness of mere human philosophy. He also composed two apologies for the Christian religion, or what we should now call defences of it. In these he set forth Christian faith and Christian practice, and disproved the slanders of the heathen. The first apology is said to have gained the Church a respite from persecution; the second brought death upon the writer's own head. Marcus Aurelius was now Emperor, and Justin was living at Rome. He was apprehended and brought before Rusticus, the prefect of the city, who said to him, "Obey the gods, and comply with the edicts of the emperors." "No one," answered Justin, "can be justly blamed or condemned for obeying the commands of our Saviour Jesus Christ." The prefect asked him what school of philosophy he followed, and he replied that he had tried every kind of discipline and learning, but had finally embraced that of the Christians. "Wretch," said the prefect angrily, "are you then taken with that religion?" "Doubtless I am," was the resolute answer; "for it affords me the comfort of being in the right path." "What are the tenets of the Christian religion?" asked Rusticus. "We Christians," replied Justin, "believe one God, Creator of all things visible and invisible; and we confess one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, foretold by the prophets, the Author and Preacher of salvation, and the Judge of all mankind." After further questioning, Rusticus said, "You are a Christian, then?" and Justin answered, "Yes, I am." The same inquiry was put to five other men and a woman who were apprehended at the same time, and all replied that, by God's grace, they were Christians. The prefect turned again to Justin, whose learning distinguished him above the other prisoners, and began to argue with him, but to no purpose. He therefore commanded them all to go and sacrifice to the gods on pain of torments and death, on which they said, "Do quickly what you are about. We are Christians, and will never sacrifice to idols." They were accordingly sentenced to be scourged and then beheaded. As they were led to the place of execution, the seven disciples of Christ poured forth praises and thanksgiving to God, and then each in turn yielded his body to the tormentors, and his spirit to Him who gave it. Justin won the crown of martyrdom A.D. 167. Long had he sought for truth, searching as did Mary Magdalene in the twilight of the Resurrection morning. Like her he found the very Truth, and, finding, he would not let Him go. He did not shrink from peril, toil, or pain; step by step he followed in the way of the Holy Cross, and now he is at rest with Him whom his soul loved.

THE RUINED MANUFACTURER.

MR. WESTON WAS a well-known manufacturer, who for many years employed hundreds of workers in his mill, and was thought to be a very prosperous man. He always had a careworn look, and no one ever saw him in the house of God, or quietly reading in his dwelling on the Lord's-day. Sometimes he would go off to his office, lock himself in for hours, and be busy with his account-books; sometimes he would pace up and down his rooms lost in thought, and on Monday morning he would tell his clerk he had planned some great business transaction on the previous Sunday. Mark the issue of all this toil. He was seized suddenly with congestion of the brain. The physician who attended him, said very impressively, "he is overwrought; his mind has had no Sabbath." He recovered the first attack, but his faculties were so impaired that he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum, where he remained six years. His affairs, meanwhile, were too confused for strangers to know how to arrange them, and though his wife made the effort of carrying on the concern, its failure added to her grief, and hastened her death in the fourth year of her husband's lunacy. At length he recovered his reason, and found himself a ruined man, alone in the world, with a shattered constitution as his only inheritance.

Ah! to think of the once wealthy manufacturer now applying for a ticket of admission into the Union Workhouse, at the house of the poor-law guardian, who lived within sight of the mill he once called his own! God's holy and merciful law of one day of rest in seven, is good for body as well as soul, for time as well as eternity.

THE BEST BOOK.

THE best book of course is the Bible. The word Bible means "book." We talk of "the Bible," meaning "the Book," the best book, that book which we must keep even if we lose all the rest. And we call it sometimes the Holy Bible, because, as our Creed tells us, the "Holy Ghost" is holy, the Holy Catholic Church is holy; and that book which the Holy Ghost gave to the Holy Catholic Church must be holy too.

We talk sometimes of the "Scriptures." By that word we mean "writings." They are the writings, the best writings, the writings which we must keep and value, even if we lose all others. And we commonly talk of the Holy Scriptures just as we talk of the Holy Bible. Let us all try to realize this great truth. There is one book in the world that is not of the world. It is far above all the knowledge and wisdom of the world. It tells us all that we ought to know. It is perfect, and its aim is to make us perfect. Sinners, who are full of imperfection themselves, think they see flaws in it. But the greatest saints, those who get further from sin, are never able to tell all the perfections that they find in it.

I have told you what the Church thinks of the Bible. What do you think of it? You know how the Church exalts the Holy Scriptures. If you go to Church at all, you know that the Church of England shows her special love and reverence for God's Word, by her constant use of it. This, in fact, is one great reason for our confidence in her. She is not afraid to put the Bible into our hands, in church and out of church. It is her constant effort to lead our hearts to the Word of God and to God.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, DIABETES.—No danger from these diseases if you use Hop Bitters; besides, being the best family medicine ever made. Trust no other.

APRIL 6, 1882. DON'T SWI DURING th occasion to r on the was rather which being of what we enough to survey. My in the framc ture suspenc on which, it found the swear: God feeling came I felt as tho presence of I was there! handwriting purpose. A tor made hi story was t Some mo in the same sented him mer had be the road. man who d EVERY h family pray No meml lect private He who ne get the cro EVERY church reg headache, cold, or a pany, keep SET a gr ple will dr be worldly Be polit comes to c glad to se come aga HAD SU grew do b D. H. Ho dismissing half a gro liver ren benefit; Blood Bit and Gen vanced a young a wonderfu P! Wheat, Fal Do. Spr Barley... Oats ... Peas ... Rye ... Flour, brl. Beef, hind Do. fore Mutton ... Lamb ... Hogs, & 10 Potatoes, 1 Carrots bag Beets bag Turnips ... Onions, b Cabbage d Beans,..... Wool, & 11 Hay, & 11 Geese ... Turkeys... Butter, lb A G water should and con use of liver is and Bu liver a healthy blood p