GOOD FRIDAY.

I bore with thee long weary days and nights, Through many pangs of heart, through many tears: I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness,

For three and thirty years. Who else had dared for thee what I have

I plunged the depth most deep from bliss I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared;

Give thou Me love for love. For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth, For thee I trembled in the nightly frost; Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth

Why wiit thou still be lost? I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced; Men only markad upon My shoulders borne

The branding cross; and shouted, hungry Or wazged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands, thy D.d thorns for frontlets stamp between

Mine eyes: I, Hory One, put on thy guilt and shame; I. God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My lefe; Six hours alone, athirst in misery;
At length in death one smote My heart and

A hiding place for thee. . Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down More dear, whereon to stretch Mysalf and

So di 11 a n a kingdom-share My crown; A harvest-come and reap Christina Rossetti.

" ONCE."

"There never was such an affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer restlessly tossing in her bed was such a racking pain.'

from the next bed.

patient tone resumed her complaint.

through. Nobody ever suffered more pain.

from the same direction. "I take it you mean yourself.

poor sou!! but-"

"O, not me," exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed wrong had been offered—no to herself, but to another.

ness that her restless companion and more famous for fervor of lay still for several seconds, and piety. Bishop Asbury, so late as gazed intently on her face. cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as in pain. Yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear side of heaven, and adds : He will gray eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with him who is "full of grace and truth."

"O, not myself! not me!" she

There was a short pause, and the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly broke the midnight silence of the place:

"'And when they had p'atted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand, and they bowed the knee before him and mocked him saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed and smote him upon the head. . . . And they crucified him. and parted his garments, easting lots. . . . And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads. . . . And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"'

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night nurse rose from her chair by the fire and mechan. ically handed a cup of barley water, flavored with lime-juice and sugar to the lips of both sufferers. "Thank, you, nurse," said the last speaker.

"They gave him gall for his meat : and in his thirst they gave him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to tess restlessly from side to side. "But," she added, "talking about his sufferings can't mend ours-at least not mine."

"But it lightens hers," aid the

'I wonder how." " Hush !"

And the gentle voice again took up the strain:

"He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was u on him, with his stripes we are healed "

The following day, as some laby the cots, they handed to each reformation of fillen men and after all are passed away-and a few fragrant flowers.

again, "If God so clothe the grass are thus beginning their life-work good thoughts, good words, good have a fortune left them shows stood outside. of the fields which to-day is, and | might profit by this hint. - Signs | deeds - the life of Christ and of that eight in ten never amount to | "May we came in?" asked the to-morrow is cast into the oven, of the Times.

shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

A few days passed away, when. on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and leaning over her she heard these words: "Going home! 'I have fought the good fight. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew Her "Lord is risen! Her Lord is risen that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment | He suffered once and forever more and all was over. The soul was gone.—Sword and Trowel.

GODLY WOMEN.

In his discourse at the funeral of the late Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Southern Methodist Church,

Bishop McTyeire said: Like Timothy, the unfeigned faith that was in him "dwelt first in his grandmother and his mother." Dr. Hinde, an English surgeon on the ship that brought Gen. Wo'te to Quebec, after that war was over, settled in Virginia, practicing his profession. There be married the daughter of a morchant, a fellow countryman, Hubbard. An affectionate hu-band, he was rousel to a strange fury when his wife heard the Methodist preachers, and attended their meetings in his neighborhood in one of the wards of a city hos- about 1789. A scientific infidel, pital. "I don't think there ever as he boasted himself, he undertook to cure this madness, and "Once," was faintly uttered actually applied a blister-plaster to her head. The next day the The first speaker paused for a Doctor asked how the bli-termoment; and in a still more im- plaster was coming on? "H know nothing about the blister-plaster," was the reply. "What! did you "Nobody knows what I pass not take it off?" he exclaimed. "No." Of course he knew it was in a bad condition. He stood "Once," was again whispered asfounded, overcome by the intensity of feelings which now were reversed. He dressed the blister as well as he could, and sitting down by her side, patiently remarked: "I expect if you were up to the very temples, as if some to join these people you would feel better." In the end he joined them too, and became as famous She spoke with such earnest. as his good wife for constancy,

1813, was at the Doctor's house

in Kentucky, where he had set-

tled in 1797, and notes in his

journal his joy at meeting his

happy old friend once more this

never again, I presume, put a

blister on his wife's head to draw

Methodism out of her heart."

Nine of their descendants in the

third and fourth generations be-

came Methodist ministers, "Mind

is from the mother," says Isaac

Taylor, when speaking of John

Wesley's mother. With this

agrees Tennyson's line: "The mother makes us most." This good woman, in advanced age, became apprehensive that she would lose her eyesight. To relieve in some measure the calamity she saw coming, she committed to memory a large portion of Baxter's Saint's Rest, some of the sermons of Wesley most admired by her, and forty hymns. "I have held the book," says her grandson, the Bishop, " and heard her recite for an hour at a time, and she but rarely miscalled a word; and those she would miss were a mere substitution of the little connective forms of speech, that did not much affect the sense. The satisfaction she realized in this, she said, well rewarded her for the labor of committing. Even in her blindness she was cheerful, devoted to her Christian duties.

and resigned to the will of God.' The daughter of this saintly and sensible woman, and the mother of our deceased Bishop, Hannah Hubbard Hinde, gave to her son as much of her name as possible. He was converted Nov. 3, 1817, and the following January joined the Methodist Church. His father, Rev. Willlams Kavanaugh, in some ecclesiastical unpleasantness, joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was a minister therein; but the mother clave to Method. ism, and carried the children with her. Bishop Kavanaugh used to say it was impossible, by nature Ex. and grace, for him to be a bigot; for his tather was an Episcopalian, and his mother a Methodist; he was convicted under a Baptist right life for rational beings; only sermon, and converted in the home of a Presbyterian preacher.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler says that if he had to begin his life-work again. women, and much more to the sal. that is neither more nor less than

TRUE EASTER.

The world for the dead Christ weepeth, And holdeth her Lenten fast; Doth she think that Christ still sleepeth And night is not overp.st? Nay, but the word is spoken, Na), but the tomb is broken, And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is lisen

Long past is the Lenten moaning, Long past is the bitter night, Long past is the Easter dawning, Now it is noonday light. Set every song to gladness; Why should the Bride have sadness?

the cross, the smitting, and pain, Once did the sepulcure sever, But never, never again. Earth nor heal can be reave us, Jesus rever will leave us, For "He hath risen! Yea, He hath risen

Always so ready to ease us, Always so willing to stay, Pray, pray that the Living Jesus May walk with us day b day Always the tast relery, Always the same glad story, "The Christ is essen! he Christ is risen indea!"

-Lillie E. Barr.

MAN AS A HOUSEKEEPER. Man is a creature that has always elicited our unqualified admiration; he is in many capacities useful, and by a judicious arrangement of blue cloth and brass buttons, can often be rendered to a certain degree ornamental. In the sphere of action for which his many estimable characteristics have qualified him, we accept him witnout a murmor; but when it arly unfitted; his soul is closed, and is not susceptible to the enno- he may be an ever-present Savibling and retining influence of our, a constant companion, a ple ten under him, and get up visits, to which, during his aba sworn enemy to all decorative looking forward; but he has said art, and it not watched will go to to each one of us, "Lo, I am with the bed-clothes & in the wash-bowl, and hangs the Spirit is ready to reveal him unto towel on the floor. He makes a us. The Conforter takes of the hat rack of the piano, and expects things of Jesus and shows him to find his slippers just where he unto us; shows him as able to left them last week. His idea of hold us back from yielding to our being comfortable is to throw open besetting sins; shows him as our every door and window in the constant, unchanging, complete.

ment of lights and shades, his mind him as able to keep that which is a perfect blank. He was never we commit unto him; shows him known to make a knot in a towel as able to do exceedingly, abunand chase flies out of the room, dinily, above all we can ask or and if he does not see what he even think. Then shall we in wants the minute he opens the this day of such blessed privibureau drawer, he knows it is not leges, in this the Holy Ghost disthere, and you cannot convince pensation, be forgetful of what him to the contrary. He lacks we owe to Jesus, and refrain our adroitness, and drags out the lips from uttering forth his praisweak-legged chair for a visitor to es? for has he not said, "I create sit in. His mind is not nimble the fruit of the lips;" and will he at taking hints. We have seen a not, then, give us the song in the man, who understood Emerson, heart that we may being forth the help himself to the last slice of fruit from the lips?—Mrs. W. E. cake, with company present, and | Boardman. unblushingly call for more, notwithstanding his wife was kicking him under the table and winking at him over it. It will be readily seen that he is, by nature and education, totally disqualified to act as gordess of the home. His occasional presence is necessary to have him patronize the deserving institution at least three times a day, and it looks well to see him sitting around in theevening; but it would never do to leave him in charge of the dearest spot on earth. He would bankrupt domestic bliss in a week. Let all who are interested in the preservation and maintenance of the fireside, humbly petition the managers of this new movement to exempt a few able-bodied, industrious women to continue the time-honored and laudable employment of house-keeping; or at least to postpone any radical change until a few men have been taught to discriminate between

There is but one true, real, and one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which God. - Kingsley.

macrame lace and dish-towels .-

" GO QUICKLY AND TELL."

To the women was the commission given to bear the joyful intelligence that Jesus had risen; they were able to testify by word of mouth to the vision of angels, and to the fast that they had seen a terrible blunder. The father the side pews. You can't see the him who, no longer dead, was soon to appear to them. And how the hearts of the disciples would have thrilled with delight had they believed the testimony of the women, instead of regarding their words as "idle tales."

One has very truthfully said, " Man does not owe to Christ the peculiar tribute of loyalty and devotion that woman does." Christ has, indeed, atoned for the sins of man; but his mission to woman has been twofold in its relation to her, for he has not only saved her but puncture them, let their con- are gone," said the boy. soul, but actually brought and cultivated her intelligence for the good of society.

It was the women more than the men whose faith ventured to show to Jesus those personal kindnesses which our Lord ever uppreciated. How his heart went, out in loving sympathy toward the woman who, though "a sin ner," came into the house of a Pharisee with her box of ointment, and washed his feet with her tears, and kissed them, and wiped them with her hair, and then anointed them with the precious ointment. And Jesus enjoyed this personal devotion, and he said that though her sins were indeed many, yet they were

all forgiven. Jesus well knew what a power comes to have him foisted upon this woman would be to show us as a housekeeper, we indignant- forth what his love had done toly reject him. We have winter- ward the worst of sinners. And ed and summered him in that ca- her testimony was needed then as pacity, and he is an ignominious much as testimony is needed now. a failure. For the ornamental And we in this day have even part of housekeeper, he is peculi- greater advantages over those who lived when Jesus was upon and his vision dim to the truly the earth. We can have personbeautiful. He scorns bric-a-brac, al communion with him; to us, that home angel, the tidy. If friend; and not only our conquerthere were fifteen tidies on one or, but our keeper. Mary and chair he would manage to crum. Martha enjoyed only occasional with the rest on his back. He is sence, they must have been ever bed on the illow shams, He pulls you alway." He has promised to

house, and, as to becoming arrange- and perfect Redeemer; shows

YOUNG MAN, BRACE UP. you complain of afflictions.

A lazy man is too contemptible to live, and has no rights his tellow men are bound to respect. Young man, you may as well understand, first as last, that you have got to work for all you get in this world. You may not always get what you earn, but if you would keep out of the poor house, and have a competency in your old age, you will have to work for it. To be sure there is a great difference in men. Some are endowed with greater intellectual powers than others, while some are greater physically. Some men are born low down in the scale of intellectualism, but mark you well the physique of such men. There is a way provided, however, for every man to better himself. You won't find it in the gin mill, neither is it to be found at the gaming table. Remember one thing, and that is, you have not the capacity to take into yourself all the strong drink made in the world, and you had better let the contract out before you attempt to work on it.

the dust whence it came. As for house with music. will ever be known of it.

a single atom in the world, and by.

seven out of the eight die bankrupts, financially, morally and said the little girl.

otherwise.

in idleness, never teaching him the first principle of economy or still as can be," said the boy. the boys with fathers who bring good look at them." then up in idle luxury, ere they reach the meridian of life are to- shabby pair, sitting so quietly in tal wrecks-wrecked on the rocks | the pew nearest the door. One of total depravity which lie be- young lady stopped to ask them: neath the stream of life, and on "Why don't you go home now? whose sharp and ragged edges The service is over." thousands of lives have been wrecked and ruined. Money bags | said the little girl promptly. the waters of distress for a time, there and see them after the lolks tents escape, and you sink.

Loung man, you have undoubt- take you to see them." edly meant to do well. No young man ever goes astray intentional- lady up to the attar, and stood ly, but in some idle, thoughtless | feasting their eyes in sincuce. moment he graduates from soda water and lemonade to something | and turned away. stronger, and before he is fairly aware of it he has not only lost caste; but has a whole menagerie that we got in to see the flowon his hands and is employing a doctor to help dispose of his immense elephants and snakes that laughingly cuddle in his boots. Yes, the world presents too many temptations for the minds of all to withstand, and the only safe way for a young man is to keep away from the temptation.

Boys, the recklessness of youth is what has caused so many mothers' hair to turn as white as the driven snow. It's this that has caused so many fathers and mothers to give up by the wayside and be laid in premature graves. The tollies of our youth hang heavier upon the hearts of our fathers and mothers than the mill-stone that grinds the kernel into the finest flower. · Its almost a pity that some of our young men of to-day didn't fall in between the millstones before they had caused the trouble they have.

COUNT THEM.

Count what? Why, count the falling in your path through every | put into the children's hands. period of your history. Down the Father of lights, to tell of your best friend in heaven. Have you | girl, and kissed the flowers. lived these years wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? It you have, heaven pity you! You have murmured under your affliction; but who has heard you rejoice over the these mercies? Ask the sunpriety of stopping to play with a ones.' thorn-bush when you may just as Their story was told to the well pluck sweet flowers and eat | weary mother, shut in and burpleasant fruits! Happy is he | dened by care and labor; to the who looks at the bright side of hard-handed, unlearned, but honlife, of providence and of revela- est father, and all day and all tion; who avoids thorns and through the week the words thatsloughs until his Christian growth | were most in their thoughts were is such that, if he cannot improve | those the young lady had spoken, them, he may pass them without | "For the love of Christ."-Joy injury. Count mercies before Allison, in Youth's Companion.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASTER.

Give flowers to all the children this ble sed Easter Day-Fair crocuses and snowdrops, And tulips brave and gay.

And tell them, tell the children, How in the dark, cold earth The flowers have been waiting Till Spring should give them birth. All Winter long they waited,

Till the south wind's soft breath Bade them rise up in beau'v, And bid farewell to death. Then tell the little chilren

How Christ our Saviour, too, Once death and darkness knew. How, like these blossoms, silent Within the tomb he lav.

Then rose in light and glory,

To live in heaven for aye,

So take the flowers, children, And be ve pure as the .. And sing to Christ our Saviour This blessed Easte: Day!

EASTER FLOWERS.

The church on the Heights was When a young man sits down decorated with flowers for Eastin idleness, with the idea that the er. The pastor was in the pul world owes him a living, it's high pit, and the people were in the time his body was committed to pews. The organ was filling the

dies visiting the hospital passed he would devo'e less time to the was before all worlds, and will be his soul, nothing in this world. The sexton, standing just inside the door, felt a pull at his sleeve *A record of the young men who from behind. He looked around. "The gentle voice was heard vation of children. Those who a good life; a life of good feelings, have been unfortunate enough to Two children, a boy and a girl,

" Wanth to thee the flowerth,"

" I don't know about you," said

When a father brings up his son he. "You mightn't sit still." "We will! We'll sit just as

the value of a dollar, he commits "Well, you may sit in one of guilty of such a crime generally flowers there, to be sure. But if has to saw wood for a living in you wait till service is over, you his old age. Nine out of ten of can go near the altar and have a

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Many wondered at the little

" Waitin' to thee the flowerth," may, like bladders, keep you above "The man said we might go up

"O! Well, come with me. I'll

The children forlowed the young At last they seemed satisfied.

"We must go home now," said the boy. "Mother II be pleased

"Why didn't your mother

come with you?" asked the young "O,she can't never go nowhere,

'count o' the baby and Lil. Lilis a cripple, you know." "Where do you live?" " 37 M. street, top floor," said

the boy. "Awful long wayth," said the

"Would you like a ride home," asked the young lady, "in a car-

riage with me?" There was no reply to this strange proposition. The little couple were dumb with amazement. But their shining eyes and

smiling lips were answer enough. Sue spoke to the coachman, and then the children were put into the carriage. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and off they rolled, in such state as they never rode before.

They stopped in front of an elegant mansion. The young lady went in, and came out again with mercies which have been quietly two lovely bouquets, which she

Thank you!" said the boy, in ake up his abode, his dwelling- they come every morning and a still, dazed fashion, as if he when he gets up; he leaves water place, in our hearts, and the Holy evening, angel messengers from doubted whether he was awake. "Fank you," said the little

"You don't talk much to me." said the lady, laughingly. "What makes you so silent? What are

you thinking about?' "I was a-wonderin' what you did it for," said the boy. " For the love of Christ, dear,"

said the young lady, softly, " Beblessings? Do you ask what are | cause to-day is Easter Sundaythe day the dear Lord arose. He beam, the rain drop, the star, or is my Lord, and yours if you love the queen of night. What is life him and obey him. And he likes but a mercy? What is the pro- to see me kind to his little

A QUICK TEMPER.

What did I hear you say, Theodore? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with tears. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressively that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;" that " Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;" and "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You wouldn't care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you teel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle, and when he was revited, reviled not again .- Child's World.

Most men die before they have learned to live.