

ministry. They cannot stand alone; they ask a great completion, a victory on their side, that they may have power, and not meet with discouragement. It seems as if Christ would say, "I appreciate how great a weight of conduct I have put upon you; I would help you bear it. I know how the forces of the flesh press on every side; a greater force of the spirit shall be with you through me. See what the spirit can do to the flesh, and be encouraged in every battle." The power of a risen Saviour is to show itself in spiritual lives. Do not be dismayed by that word "spiritual," as if it meant some kind of invisible pietistic existence, which had no beauty in it; for remember that the power of the risen Saviour did not leave the body in the grave, and walk unclothed among men: it brought that body forth to new life, and placed it on its feet among men. And so the power of the resurrection will go into our business, and make it more than money-getting, by bringing to light the true spirit of serving God, and developing His world; it will enter our amusements, and save us from debasing them to bodily relaxations, and from turning Divine music to low and sensual uses; it will enter our houses, and sweep from our tables the literature that dares to be any thing but pure and ennobling; it will be in our families, training our children to know and desire something more than earthly advancement and position; it will help us in the performance of every bodily action, and in the use of all this earth, to be noble and pure in motive and deed. It speaks of delicacy of feeling, grace of bearing, and refinement of intercourse, not by rules for the surface of life, but by the presence of that power which finds out our spirits, as surely as the spring finds out the seeds and buds. There is not a department of life wherein the presence of a risen Saviour will not be an encouragement to spirit to rise and assert itself as really existent, and rightly dominant in every action that is worth doing. Do you say that this may demand the giving-up of certain things? Then let them go; be "put to death in the flesh," if you can but live in the spirit. That was Paul's desire: "If by any means I might attain to the resurrection of the dead." It was a matter of present attainment in the triumph of the spirit day by day; and for that we, too, are to labor, if our Easter joy and songs do indeed mean all that they say.—*From Sermons on the "Life of Christ in the World," by Rev. A. Brooks.*

EASTER REJOICING.

In no season of the Church year are we more jubilant and triumphant than on Easter-Day. And properly so, for on that day we commemorate the victory which Christ achieved over death and the grave, and review the faith and hope of our future resurrection to eternal life. In our Easter celebration let us duly note the fact and the doctrine based thereon. We shall thus have an intelligent faith, and our enthusiasm and devotion will be divinely inspired.

The custom of the Church in providing appropriate decorations, and exhilarating music is laudable. It is not likely to be abandoned: it is not desirable that it should be. The plants and flowers which meet the eye, and music and song which greet the ear, are signs and symbols of a divine truth and spiritual joy, and we wish them to be continued. But let us not spend too much money and labor on mere floral and artistic decoration; and let us carefully avoid the fault of making our services assume a mere musical display. Our religion is something more than sensuous; and our service should increase spirituality and devotion while they gratify the senses and instruct the intellect.—*The Church Press.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A LENTEN CONFESSION.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I turn to Thee, O Christ! because I know
Thy human heart
Exhausted mortal anguish, learned each woe
Earth could impart.

Chose, with divine endurance to sustain,
All Thou didst bear,
That so to us might never come a pain
Thou couldst not share.

Therefore, I venture unafraid, and roll
My burden's weight
On Thee, because no burden for Thy soul
Can be too great.

The sacred season of a year ago
Comes back again,
Solemn with vows; and yet I follow on
Holding, as then.

I thought to find it such a year of grace,
So full, so sweet!
To keep through all its passing months, my place
Close at Thy Feet.

I vowed, with happy tears within mine eyes,
At duty's call,
To yield Thee up, a willing sacrifice,
My life, my all!

Yet now, when back the Lenten hours have come
To press their claim,
My heart grows palsied, and my lips are dumb
With silent shame.

The broken vow, the failure and the fall,
The doubts and fears—
What can I do but tell Thee of them all
Through blinding tears?

What can I say? Thou art compassionate,
And so I dare
To offer Thee, Thou only good and great,
My piteous prayer.

Touched with a sense of my infirmity,
Therefore I plead
That Thou who hast been tempted even as I,
Wilt help my need.

Lexington, Va.

TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUDED.

Reggie glanced at his companion's torn and thread bare garments, and then at his own, and then he looked wistfully into his face.

"I'm so sorry I've got nothing to give you. I've lots of beautiful Indian things, but they're all locked away in a cabinet, and Miss Everson keeps the key, and I can only see them through the glass doors. And I do have money every week, but I have to put it in my money box at once, and Miss Everson keeps that too. It's only opened at Christmas time for me to buy presents with. Perhaps Miss Everson would let me buy you a present then, but I don't know."

He looked again at his new friend and sighed. His appearance, Reggie felt sure, would not recommend him to Miss Everson's good graces.

"I don't want anything from you," said the boy gruffly. "I didn't bring it to you to sell 'cos you was rich, but 'cos I liked the looks of you."

"I think you are richer than I am," said Reggie mournfully, "for you have things to give away. And it must be nice not to have to mind about tearing your clothes."

The boy laughed at the idea of having to take care of his things had not occurred to him, and he quite saw that it might have disadvantages.

"What is your name?" said Reggie suddenly.

"Nat," was the reply.

"Gnat," said Reggie doubtfully, "do you mean like the gnats in the summer-time?"

Nat laughed again.

"Not as I knows on," he said. "There's a lot more teacht on it by rights, I don't rightly know what. Nat's just for short you see."

"I see," said Reggie. "Well, it's a nice short name, isn't it? Mine's dreadfully long, Reginald. Only Sam calls me Master Reggie, and that isn't so bad."

"Well, I can call you Master Reggie," said Nat cheerfully.

"Oh no, don't! Let's make it shorter. You call me Reg. Do."

"Well, if you like," said Nat. "It ain't much odds, I suppose. There ain't no one to hear."

"And will you come and talk to me again? I can't always come out you know. Only when it's fine, and dry, and Hannah lets me."

"Yes, I'll come down to the corner and watch for you. I've seen you often I have."

"Has any one else seen me?" asked Reggie, smitten by a sudden fear. "Any one to tell Miss Everson?"

Nat laughed merrily.

"None of her lot, you may be sure. I knows the old lady, I does."

By this time they had reached the garden, and Reggie begging his companion to wait, rushed in, in search of Sam.

"Oh, Sam," he began, almost before he got up to him, "do lend me your handkerchief or something to bring in a hedgehog."

"A hedgehog, Master Reggie!" exclaimed Sam, leaning on his spade, and looking down at the child's bright face.

"Yes, Sam, a dear, beautiful, delightful, nice, sweet, little hedgehog. It is such a pet. A boy gave it to me, and it's just outside the garden wall, and please, Sam, make haste, for I'm so afraid of being called. Do, there's a good Sam. It's so useful, it will eat the snails, and save you such a lot of trouble."

"Well you can bring it in if you like, Master Reggie. Miss Everson can't have nought to say against it. There's a basket in the tool house with a cloth in it, you can take that. Only if you've left it outside the garden wall I doubt if you'll find it when you go back again."

Reggie did not stop to explain that he had not left the hedgehog alone, but rushed off in search of the basket. Nat wrapped the hedgehog in the cloth, and pronounced that there was no danger of its getting away.

"Thank you very very much," said Reggie. "I'll come to-morrow if I can. You won't forget to look out for me, will you?"

"Not I," said Nat. He thrust his hands in his now empty pockets, and sauntered off, whistling as he went.

Then Reggie hurried to display his treasure to Sam who found himself obliged to declare that it was the finest and most wonderful hedgehog he had ever seen.

"Perhaps it'll get away, Master Reggie, you must mind that," he said.

Reggie looked rather blank.

"Oh! I am sure I hope it won't. You don't really think it will, do you, Sam?"

"Well, perhaps not. There's plenty of snails for it to eat anyway. Never was such a season for them it seems to me."

"Oh, what a good thing!" exclaimed Reggie, who was unaware that this was the case every season according to Sam.

At this moment Hannah's voice was heard calling "Master Reginald, Master Reginald," and Reggie, thrusting the basket into Sam's hands, was off as fast as his feet would carry him.

In the afternoon he got a few minutes talk with Sam, and began at once upon a subject which had been troubling him a good deal.

"Nat is a curious name for a boy isn't it?"

"I don't see as its curious," answered the gardener, "not curiuser than Sam for the matter of that. It's a Bible name too, you know. Nathaniel it stands for, him as was under the fig-tree."

"O!" exclaimed Reggie, in a tone of relief. "I'm glad of that. But he was under a furze bush, you know, or beside one at least; there are no fig trees on the common."

"I should think not!" ejaculated Sam. "Fig trees ain't much good here without glass, they ain't. But whatever do you mean by 'under a fuzz bush,' Master Reggie?"

"That's where he was," repeated the child again.

Sam inquired no further, and Reggie made up his mind to find out all he could about Nathaniel, that he might be able to tell his new friend.

(To be continued.)