

years on the couch where the weeks had dragged themselves away so wearily.

At first the young girl's heart was full of passionate rebellion, but at last, when the first violence of her emotion had spent itself, she relapsed into a state of sullen apathy that grieved her mother even more than her first resistance.

"I am of no use in this world now," she said bitterly one day, when her mother was trying to comfort her. "What is the use of living when I will only be a helpless burden?"

"Tell me, darling," her mother said gently, "what is the hardest part to bear of your trouble; is it your suffering or your fancied inactivity?"

"The pain is hard enough," Marjorie answered gloomily, "but I could bear that if only I could keep on with my work. I meant to do so much for the Lord, and be such a useful Christian, and here I must lie with idle hands when there is so much to do in the world."

"But, darling, if this is the way he wants you to work for him, are you not willing to do it, even if you would rather carry out the plans you had made for yourself?" asked her mother tenderly. "Perhaps he has work for you to do that you could never accomplish if you had your health and strength. It may be that you can win more souls for Christ by patient, uncomplaining submission to your Father's will, than you could by any amount of active service. Can you not say, 'Thy will be done,' even if it is not your will, dearest?"

Marjorie's face grew brighter.

"If I can still work for him, I can bear the pain," she answered gently. "I have been thinking that there was not anything for me to do, because I had to give up all the work I had delighted in, but I will try to serve with folded hands since it is His will."

It was a hard lesson to learn, and sometimes when she remembered the brightness and activity of her former life she was tempted to repine, but she schooled herself to say, "Thy will be done," and in time she had the joy of knowing that she could still serve the Master with folded hands, and could win souls to him by patience and submission to his will.—*Christian Intelligence*.

#### WHY WILL YE DIE?

O THOU, for whom Christ suffered, wilt thou ponder?

If naught of thine harsh discord heavenward flows—

Think'st thou that He, who, mid the bliss above us,

Looks on thy sinfulness, no sorrow knows?

Think'st thou that all is blessed yet in Heaven,

That naught but happiness can enter in?

If there be joy, mid angels, o'er repentance,

How much of sorrow must there be for sin!

If thou wouldst know how God beholds thy sinning,

Go, look where o'er Jerusalem He weeps;

Go, listen to the accents of His mourning,

And ponder on the grief His soul that steepes.

If thou hast mourned o'er wayward son, or brother,

Hast anxious watched the ways of kin, or friend,

I pray thee, through thine own remembered anguish,

Our Father's waiting heart do thou not rend,

Let not the pains of Christ for thee be fruitless;

Arouse thee, take: the Father pleads to give:

"Why will ye die?" He crieth through the prophet:

Come unto Me, saith Christ, and thou shalt live.

—Leila R. Ramsdell, in *Parish Visitor*.

#### HYPOCRITES IN THE CHURCH.

ANY hypocrites in the churches?

Why, of course there are. It would be one of the strangest things in this world if there were none. Who was ever surprised at the announcement that the bills of a bank were counterfeited? Did you ever hear any one say that the existence of counterfeit bank-notes was a strange thing? No, never. People of all classes expect such a thing, and look out for the shrewd counterfeits.

Why, then, should ungodly people raise their hands in "holy horror" when referring to the existence of hypocrites in the churches? Because they wish to score a big point against Christianity. But do they thereby prove the falsity of Christianity? No; they only point to one of the best proofs of the reality and value of Christianity. The moment that one says there is a counterfeit bank-note, he virtually says that there is a real bank, and a good one too; and he also tacitly declares that its notes are valuable. Does a man who gets "taken in" by a counterfeit bank-note get angry at the bank and refuse to patronise it? No. Then let him not get angry at the Church of Christ, and refuse it his support, because there are hypocrites in it.—*The Gospel Trumpet*.

#### GOOD FRIDAY THOUGHTS.

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." In these few terse words St. Peter tells us what Jesus did for each one of us. He came into the world to seek and save the lost, to do this it was necessary that atonement should be made for sin. As all had sinned—all had gone astray and were under the sentence of condemnation, so must someone take the place of the poor sinner, and suffer the penalty due to his sins. Who could do this? No man, no human being, for all were under the same condemnation. The case seemed hopeless. But in this extremity God came to the rescue. He loved—yes—so loved the world that He gave up His only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; and He came and took our place. In His own person, His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree—on the cross. Thus it was that Christ crucified became the great central fact of the Gospel and His death the power of an endless life.

How impressively this teaches us that being dead to sins we should live unto righteousness. For by His stripes we are healed—by His death we are made alive.—*Parish Visitor*.

#### A MISSIONARY INCIDENT.

DR. JOHN PATON, the veteran missionary from the New Hebrides, whom many here had the privilege of hearing lately in this country, gives in his book a very remarkable account of a journey during the night through some hostile tribes in Tanna. So dense was the darkness that at a certain point where he had to descend from the top of the cliffs to the shore, he could not find the path. He says: "I feared that I might stumble over and be killed, or, if I delayed till daylight, that the savages would kill me. I knew that one part of the rock was steep-sloping, with little growth or none thereon, and I searched about to find it, resolved to commend myself to Jesus and slide down. Feeling sure I had found this spot, I hurried down several stones, but the distance was too far for me to hear or judge. At high tide the sea there was deep; but at low tide I could wade out of it and escape. First, I fastened all my clothes tightly so as not to catch on anything; then I lay down at the top on my back, feet foremost, holding my head downwards on my breast to