

fare so great, that she deprived herself of many a comfort and many a luxury her heart longed for, that they might reap the benefit. And then a father, who, though he could spend his evenings very agreeably and profitably out of his own home, and had a natural inclination to do so, yet for the happiness of his wife and from the desire to make his children love their home and grow up contented with home life, and quiet ways, became a domestic man, and passed his evenings in the bosom of his family. And then he spoke of the self-denial of Jesus, how it was all for us. "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." That fasting in the wilderness, and battling with the devil, too, was all in connection with the work of our redemption.

The work was done. In the heart of Mrs. Richards there was an agony of suffering and sorrow. Her heart was too full to speak. She went home without a word to any one. The children were in bed, and her husband had not yet returned from town. In her room she threw herself down and wept as she had never wept since she was a child. It all rushed over her now—the emptiness, the foolishness of her past life—how the children, whom she loved, had been neglected because of her own frivolous life, and her husband left without any encouragement from her to make their house a truer home. How serious this life really was, and full of responsibilities, and how criminally thoughtless she had been! But there in that same room, by the help of God, to whom she poured out her sorrow, that energetic little woman resolved to live the life of a Christian wife and mother. In the weeks that followed many people noticed a wonderful change in Mrs. Richards, and were utterly at a loss to account for it. She seemed subdued, but yet so much more lovable, and her household duties interested her more than they ever had done. But Mrs. Richards knew the secret of it. She had passed from the shadow to the substance of Lent, from a shallow unreasoning formalism to a true realization of her condition. Abstinence and self-denial had a meaning now, and, by the help of God, she was trying to abstain from those sins that had well-nigh ruined her life and blighted her home, and in the interests of that home she was daily learning the Christ-taught lesson of self-denial.

THE church is never in a more perilous state than when she has quiet and peace.—*Luther.*

BY AND BY.

WHAT will it matter, by and by,

Whether my path below was bright,

Whether it wound through dark or light,

Under a gray or golden sky,

When I look back on it,

By and by?

What will it matter, by and by?

Nothing but this, that joy or pain

Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,

Whether through rack or smile or sigh,

Heaven, home, all in all—

By and by.

—Selected.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

MAY not this holy season of Lent so draw us near to the Saviour that we may feel ourselves to be in His very presence? May we not, by faith, lay upon His bosom, and speak to Him of the inmost secrets of our hearts, every thought, every impulse and desire? He says: "Come unto Me all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." May we not, then, speak with Him thus?

The Voice of the Disciple: O my Lord and Master, I hail Thee with joy. For I have had great longings after Thee. My heart is sore troubled, and none but Thee can give me peace. But oh! is it possible that I may speak with Thee? Wilt Thou permit one so sinful and so weak and so ignorant to make known to Thee his wants?

The Voice of the Master: My son, tell Me all that is in thine heart. Am I not ever ready to listen to My children's troubles? Fear not, but speak to Me as thou wilt.

Disciple: Lord, I want to be guided and taught the way in which I should go. How shall I ever reach my Father's Home above? There are so many paths and tracks that I am in great perplexity. And many, who would guide me, point to different ways. It is hard, Lord, to find the narrow way that leadeth unto life. I would come to God and to Heaven, if only I knew the way. "Show Thou me the way that I should walk in."

Master: "I am the Way." "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." O my son, if thou wouldst come to the Father—if thou wouldst be saved—thou must come by Me. Seest thou the path in which I walked upon the earth? Walk in that. Mark My Footsteps, and, where I have trodden, there tread thou. Dost thou ask for the narrow way? Is not My way narrow? Thou knowest the marks and tokens by the wayside. It is

the way of holiness; it is the way of self-denial; it is the way of sacrifice; it is the way of the Cross. Thou sayest thou art perplexed by the multitude of paths, and and the diverse counsels of men. But hast thou tried *this* way—*My* way? "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up my cross, and follow Me."

Disciple: O my Master, if I would walk in this way, I cannot. I am too weak. A very little trial of it wearies me; and I am afraid of the cross. "What shall I do to be saved?"

Master: My son, I know it well. Thou art very weak, and the way is rough and hard. Thou wilt not get very far in that way. But again, behold, "I am the Way." If the way of My Pattern is difficult, there is the way of My Atonement. Have I not died to open the way from earth to heaven? Is not My Cross stretched over the gulf like a mighty plank by which thou mayest pass over and be saved? When thou walkest in the way of My Pattern, and findest it too hard for thy poor strength, then try the way of My Atonement. The way to the Father and to Heaven lies through Calvary. "I am the Way."

Disciple: I thank Thee, O my Master, and will strive to walk in Thy way. Yet I long for another thing also. Oh! let not the Lord be "angry, and I will speak." I feel in my soul a craving after knowledge. I think it is not wrong. I think my Father has put this longing desire within me. But how shall I satisfy this desire? I would believe aright, as well as do aright. I would crave some portion of the Spirit of Truth as well as of the Spirit of Holiness. Oh! that that Divine Comforter might "enable with perpetual light the dullness of my blinded sight!" Yet, Lord, I see not the truth clearly. There are mists and shadows which hide it from me. And, again, one saith, "This is truth," and another saith, "That is truth," and I am drawn hither and thither, yet cannot satisfy my longings after truth.

Master: "I am the Truth." "For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." O my son, when thou art vexed with doubts and perplexities about many things, come unto Me, and thou shalt know the Truth, and the Truth shall make thee free. I am not come to unfold to thee all mysteries. Thou must still be tried with many things hard to understand. But in Me and in My words shalt thou find what thou cravest after. Grace and Truth are com-