

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"JESU'S GREAT LOVE,"

FOR PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS OF ADVENT, EASTER,
ASCENSION DAY, &c.

I.

We sing of the wonders
Of Jesu's great love,
Who came from the Father,
From glory above;
To seek poor lost sinners
In mercy He came,
And died to redeem us,
From guilt and from shame.
And now we rejoice
In Jesu's great love;
And soon we'll behold Him
In glory above!

II.

O'er death He has triumphed,
He rose from the grave;
To heaven He's ascended,
Almighty to save:
He stands interceding.
Our cause to maintain;
His merit still pleading,
Till He cometh again.
And now we rejoice
In Jesu's great love;
But soon we will praise Him
In glory above!

III.

Behold! He returneth,
His "kingdom" to claim;
All nations shall own Him,
And bow to His name;
His saints then shall meet Him,
And with Him shall reign;
"Come quickly," Lord Jesus!
"Come quickly" again!
For now we rejoice
In Jesu's great love;
But then we'll adore Him
In glory above!

St. Jude's.

—Rev. Thomas Mills, M.A.

GRETA'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEDY.

It was the Sunday before Ash-Wednesday, Quinquagesima Sunday, and the little girls in Miss Ashland's class, gathered in a group about the register at the end of the church, were talking over their plans for the coming Lenten season in subdued whispers.

Lent was not merely a part of the Church's year which grown up people observed, to them. Young as they were, for the oldest was not quite fourteen years old, they realized that they were not too young to follow in the footsteps of their Lord, and imitate as best they might, His blessed life of self-sacrifice and self-denial. They could not do grown people's work for their Saviour, but they could serve Him none the less faithfully in their childish way, and little sacrifices, and little duties well done, as unto the Lord, were as acceptable to Him as greater deeds.

"Well, girls, what are we going to do this Lent?" asked Miss Ashland.

Every year the girls had chosen some special object as their Easter offering, and had bent their best energies to its accomplishment.

"Miss Ashland, I had thought of something that would be nice for us to do, only I don't know whether doing it would really be an Easter offering."

"Well, what is it, Nellie dear," said Miss Ashland encouragingly, "tell me what it is, and then we will soon be able to determine whether it will be worthy to be an Easter offering."

"You remember Walter Barton, who used to sing with the choristers?"

Yes, Miss Ashland remembered him well, for he had the sweetest voice of them all, and when he had sung the solo part in the anthems, his face had lighted up with solemn joy, as he sang God's praises, and sometimes as his sweet boyish treble floated through the church it seemed as if one could catch an echo of the heavenly choir.

"Yes, dear, I remember him well," Miss Ashland answered.

"He will never get over that bad fall he had last winter," went on Nelly. "The doctor says that he will always be a cripple, and will never be able to walk again. I was there last week, and he felt so badly to think he would never be able to come to church again. He felt worse about that than about anything else. His mother said she meant to get him one of those rolling chairs that sick people can wheel themselves about in, but that they were dreadfully expensive and it might be a good deal over a year before she could save up money enough. You know she's real poor and has to take in washing to earn her money. Now I was thinking if we could only earn money enough this Lent to buy one of those chairs so he could go to church every Sunday how happy it would make him. But I don't know whether it would really be an Easter offering."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," repeated Miss Ashland gently. "I think that would be a very acceptable Easter offering, my dear child, and I am glad you thought of it. What do you say, girls, to Nellie's plan?"

"I think it would be lovely, if we could do it," answered one of the others.

"But, Miss Ashland, those chairs cost a great deal of money, and I am afraid we couldn't earn it. If we were older we might, but I don't know what we could do."

"I will try and think of some plan," said Miss Ashland.

"Suppose you all come to my house next Wednesday afternoon after church, and perhaps by that time I shall have contrived some way."

The girls had great faith in Miss Ashland's powers of finding ways and means for any good work they wanted to undertake, so they eagerly promised to come, and some of them even wished that Wednesday was not so far away that they might know a little sooner what plan they were to adopt.

Ash Wednesday dawned clear and cold, and when the bells rang their summons to morning service, the eight little girls in Miss Ashland's class were all in their places with their Prayer Books in their hands, for they loved the familiar words which were already dear to their childish ears, and they knew where to find their places and could follow the service as intelligently as any older people.

They met at the church door after the afternoon service and went home with Miss Ashland, trying to persuade her to tell them what her plan was, but she told them they must be patient a little longer, and though she smiled at their anxious curiosity she would not gratify it.

When they had taken their hats and wraps off she led them into the sitting room where they found the table covered with bits of bright silk and flannel, scraps of cardboard, bits of bright zephyrs and some cardboard and pictures.

"Does that explain my plan to you?" asked Miss Ashland, smiling.

"Oh, do tell us quick, Miss Ashland," exclaimed Nellie eagerly. "What are all these pretty things for? Do tell us quick."

The little girl almost danced up and down in her eagerness to know, and as the other girls were equally impatient, Miss Ashland did not keep them waiting any longer, but proceeded to unfold her plan.

"Suppose we meet here two afternoons of

every week all through Lent," she suggested, "and I will show you how to make all sorts of pretty things out of these scraps, then on Easter Monday afternoon we will have a little fair, and I think perhaps we will make enough money to buy Walter the chair."

"Oh, that will be a lovely way," cried one of the girls, while enthusiastic Nellie threw her arms about her teacher's neck. "You always do think of such lovely things. You are the nicest teacher in the world," she whispered.

The other girls were equally delighted, and were anxious to begin work at once, but as it was too late to do much that afternoon, Miss Ashland persuaded them to be satisfied with appointing the afternoons on which they were to meet, and promised to have some work ready for each of them, that they could do next time.

They were punctual to the minute at their next time of meeting, and some of them could scarcely wait for the hour to come.

Perhaps you can imagine what a noise they made as their tongues kept pace with eight busy pairs of hands. Each one of them had learned to do some kind of fancy work and Miss Ashland had work all ready for each of them.

"What can you do, dear?" she asked, as she came to the youngest one of all, little Greta.

"I can't do anything," murmured Greta, sadly, as she drooped her head to hide her crimson cheeks.

"You must not say that dear," said Miss Ashland, taking the little brown hands in her own. "I know these are very busy little hands and accomplish a great deal. I am sure your mother would not tell me that you could not do anything. Perhaps you mean that you cannot do any fancy work."

"Yes'm, that is what I meant," answered Greta, her face growing bright again at her teacher's praise.

"Can you knit?"

"Oo, yes'm, I knit 'most all the children's stockings," answered Greta, for she was a genuine little frauclin, and the shining needles would click very rapidly in her busy fingers.

"Then you shall knit some stockings of this bright scarlet yarn," and Miss Ashland drew a skein from the pile of pretty things on the table. "I want some for my little brother, and when these are done I will buy them and keep them for him till next winter."

Greta was delighted to find that ignorant as she had thought herself there was yet some way in which she could help, and her busy brown fingers were soon flying nimbly as she wound the scarlet yarn into balls. The two hours passed all too quickly to the happy children, and it was with a sigh of regret that they put their work away when the striking of the clock warned them that it was time for them to go home.

"Miss Ashland," said Greta, "may I take this yarn home with me, and knit the stockings there? Then perhaps I can learn to make some of these other pretty things and work on them here."

"It will be very nice for you to knit in the spare minutes at home," said Miss Ashland, "and next time you come I will show you how to make these pretty crocheted mats."

Greta's face grew bright at this promise, and her heart was very light as she hastened homeward, for she had her afternoon tasks yet to perform.

With three younger brothers and sisters there was always plenty of work for the industrious little girl to do, and she was very proud of being able to help her mother.

When she reached home she found a kind neighbor standing beside her mother's bed, with a look of great concern in her face.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Greta, springing forward in alarm.

(To be continued.)