

ther tone and threatened Pilate himself (v. 12); this had the desired effect, and he at length gave the order for crucifixion. The sentence was unjust on his own statement, but he dare not risk his own safety. Nothing was gained by cowardice, however, for before long he was ordered to Rome to answer a charge of cruelty to the Samaritans. One writer says he committed suicide, another that he was beheaded under Nero.

## Lenten Reading.

### Self-Denial With a Purpose.

The season of Lent, in calling upon the people to practise self-denial, does not always appeal with equal force to all. Some persons are perplexed with the question of how they shall observe it, or of how much denial of self they shall practice, while not a few fail to grasp an adequate motive for daily discipline extending through the forty days. The Scriptures say, Humble yourselves with fasting, and the Church in Lent says, Now, appointing the time; but too often it is the case that for the want of an explicit aim the season fails to accomplish all that it might. In the case of the prophet Elijah and in the case of our Lord, their fasting was in preparation for a great work. In the case of the people of Nineveh it was to avert an impending calamity.

When our Lord came down from the mount and healed the lunatic, His disciples asked, Why could not we cast him out? and He replied, This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. The Church contemplates that by the faithful observance of this sacred season spiritual strength shall be received and spiritual work revived.

The Master seems to be saying to us now, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." The equipment for God's service has been given and His presence is pledged to the Church in carrying out His divine commission.

What then is lacking? What but the purpose to fulfil Christ's command—the consecrated lives and the consecrated gifts to support and strengthen the work?

We are bound by every consideration of love and gratitude toward God and toward our fellow-men to make speed in carrying forward the Kingdom of God throughout our land and among the nations of the earth. Spiritual earnestness alone can overcome the obstacle to success. We want the sacred fire from God's altar to inflame our hearts, so that we shall dare all things in the Name of Christ, and be ready for any sacrifice which may be needful to make His ways known. Let this purpose enter into our Lenten self-denial, and it will not only bring blessing to each one of us, but it will also make us instruments of blessing to the world.—*Spirit of Missions.*

### "I Will Give You Rest."

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Christ promised to be the "rest" of souls. Consider this well. No man ever made a greater claim. It were a small thing in comparison to promise to possess and govern all the kingdom of the world. We have seen something like that within a century. It is almost a hundred years since a man was born in a small island who became ruler of the French people, and kept the world in awe of his name. But who can give "rest" for souls? Who dares pretend to it? The doctor that can give rest to the body refuses to "minister to the mind diseased"; it is too deep to reach; "Herein the patient must minister to himself," says the poet. But here is one who claims this power—"I will give you rest"—a power beyond the reach even of our science; a power and wisdom which prove the claimant to be Divine, if the claim is true; to be the vainest pretender, if it is false.

And it is true. Christ is and has been the Giver of "rest." Even those who have not come very close to religion, even those who think it only a sentiment with which some people delude themselves, own that it is a resource and a repose to them in sorrows and troubles. Death smites;

and the survivors say, "It is the Lord! let Him do what seemeth to Him good," and they are comforted by saying it. Sickness confines them to a tedious bed; and they say, "We suffer; but He suffered more," and they smile at the tedium of their sickness; and you may visit them after ten or fifteen weary years of sickness, and find them smiling still. Yes—that the thought of Christ does bring with it a certain sweet peace and consolation, because it prevails over sufferings that are painfully real, cannot well be denied.

And then, oh, blessed revelation of the Gospel—"the forgiveness of sins"! What to me is all the rest of the creed without that article? Tell me that God is holy, is eternal, is the Lord of me and mine; I will believe you. I will adore Him as all these. But the more I think on these attributes, the clearer do I see how far above me this glorious Lord hath set Himself. The man of science tells us that the stars, that like ten thousand diamond sparks adorn the robe of heaven, are every one of them suns, some far brighter than our own, whose distances cannot be written down, because one page is too narrow for the millions on millions, be the unit as large as you will. I wonder; but they are far and high, not made for me, never to be known by me! So towards the Maker of them all I look with wonder; but if my *sin* has set a distance between me and Him, which neither tears of mine nor costly sacrifices can abridge, I can only wonder and fear. But even as I wonder, a voice says, "Thy sins be forgiven thee. Peace with God has been procured for thee by the life and death of Jesus. Look up to God as thy Father, reconciled to His lost son."

Children of sin and sorrow, the Lord saith, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." Come unto Me, you in whom conscience has begun to work and struggle, and to try to deliver herself from the load of sin that sits on her bowed neck—"I will give you rest." I will give you comfort in feeling that even sin is not too great for Me to deal with.

All is changed by this message. God seemed too great to think of us, and our maimed and ruined plight. Now, we see He is too great to lose sight of anything. Meek and lowly in heart, the Saviour, who was present at creation, when all those splendours were poured forth, and knows their names and number, descends to earth, and gathers out His sheep, tends them, feeds them, carries them in His arms. The troubled mind learns of Him forgiveness and rest.

## Family Reading.

### "Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE HOSPITAL.

It was Joe Lovell, followed by two or three of his "pals," who had pursued the children in their sudden flight from the public-house; and when after they had been extricated from the horse's hoofs it was found they were both insensible, he had claimed them loudly.

However the policeman who had also seen the accident and rushed to the rescue, decided that the children were only fit for the hospital, which was fortunately close at hand, and sent at once for an ambulance, which quickly brought them within reach of a doctor.

Poor little Jenny soon recovered her senses, and being pronounced uninjured, Joe was allowed to take the sobbing trembling child away, but Missie, or as he now called her, "my eldest darter," had had a collar-bone broken, and was otherwise bruised, so the Doctor in spite of his assurance that her mother was the best person to nurse her, would not hear of her leaving the hospital.

"You'll let me stay here a bit, you'll let me stay," were the first words Dorothy uttered when the next morning on awaking after a long but somewhat restless sleep, she saw a pleasant-faced nurse bending over her.

As she spoke she caught hold of the nurse's dress. "Yes, yes, my dear, you shall stay till you are well, never fear; now I'm going to give you some breakfast, so you must let me go," said the

nurse, cheerfully; "we don't turn our patients out till they are quite well, so you need not trouble yourself about that!"

Dorothy now found out that the arm which was bound to her side was aching sadly; she had hardly noticed it the night before; also that she was so stiff and bruised she could not move at all without pain; but in spite of these evils she did not feel at all inclined to complain, and bore everything with such cheerful patience that she soon won golden opinions from her nurses, whom she regarded with a gratitude which did not often fall to their share.

To lie still in such a beautiful and warm place, to have plenty of good food, and nothing but kind words, made up to her for everything else, and she lay still all that day, and many which followed, watching the fire, not caring even to think much. The bed she was in was itself a delight, and the feeling that she had experienced such comfort before was strong within her, and filled her with vague recollections. "I remember sleeping in a bed like this," she thought dreamily, "only it wasn't just like this, there were curtains hanging round it . . . but there were blankets and sheets just like this, how nice and clean it is . . . how white the sheets are, I remember some just like them. . . ."

Dorothy submitted to all the washing which was necessary with pleasure, and was quite content to have her long hair plaited tightly in a coil round her head.

As the days went by, and she noticed more what was passing round her, she heard some of the other patients grumbling at the constant ablutions and hair brushings, but to her they gave a pleasure she could in no way have explained.

Nance was a clean woman, and had it is true taught her foster-child to love cleanliness as she understood it, but it was a cleanliness very far removed from what she now enjoyed; such luxury was not at all possible for van-folk.

For days she was very feverish, and then she began to feel she was getting well, and to fear that she should soon be sent out of this beautiful restful place.

She was very silent, partly from habit, for she had never been accustomed to make friends with any one, or to claim any sympathy.

Then the women who occupied the beds beside her were very ill, one much too ill to talk, and the other, a coarse violent old woman who was in great suffering, she was in no way drawn to confide in.

The nurses were too busy to be curious about their patients, and Dorothy was by nature both proud and reserved, so at the end of a fortnight nothing more was known of her than when she first came into the ward.

When she was well enough to read, books were supplied to her, and she read greedily, never had she had such a feast; when the first visitor's day came, and the other patients' friends arrived, she had watched the door of the ward eagerly, hoping that "mother" would come, but when she did not appear, she felt almost relieved, it was so pleasant to forget all her troubles and the life which had become so hateful to her, in the story-book which told her of happier, better things.

On Sunday afternoon a lady came to read and sing in the ward; she greeted many of the patients as old acquaintances. Dorothy's eyes followed her eagerly, for her recognition was immediate; it was the same lady that had spoken to her when she and Jenny were waiting at the street corner.

She knew the words of the chapters that were now read, they were some Jem had been fond of; tears came into her eyes, and she listened attentively. Jem's Bible was one of her treasures, but she seldom opened it, not caring to rouse the grief which was still fresh; she had told herself she was not good enough to read Jem's Bible.

When a hymn was sung books were handed round for those who wished them, and Dorothy stretched out her hand eagerly, and her voice joined in softly but clearly. She had not liked to raise it, but the lady noticed it, and on her way through the ward later she paused by her bedside, and asked her with a kind smile whether she was fond of singing?

Dorothy's eyes were very bright as she answered "Yes." And her heart beat fast with the hope of being recognised.