

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LENT.

Almighty God, with love and power
Assist us in each Lenten hour;
Alone we have no strength to stand,
Uphold us with Thy strong Right Hand.

May this our fast with Thee be spent,
So Easter we shall find in Lent;
For midst our sorrow for our sin
Is joy as we Thy pardon win.

That we may nearer be to Thee
As Lent's last hour shall from us flee,
That we may more Thy presence share—
Such is the end of fast and prayer.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost be worship done—
Lent's solemn worship that one day
May turn to Easter joy, we pray.—Amen

—R. E. V.

—:o:—
"COULDEST THOU NOT WATCH ONE
HOUR."

One little hour? Oh sleeper rise awaken,
Swift breaks the purple morn through mists of
grey.

Night's brooding pinions lift—dim shadows
lighten—
Athwart the radiance of approaching day.

One little hour? yea, but one little hour,
Has not thy measure ever reached its fill
Of feeble joy, of vapid palling pleasure?
Dost linger at the fount unsated still?

Time's precious sands are slowly falling—
falling

In golden threads from out thy loosened
grasp,
In death's dark vale, how will the wasted
treasure
Be clutched with eager hand, and greedy
clasp.

Look yonder! a last sigh the veil has
rended,
Empty, the pulseless shrine where earth was
all—

Ah! could thy gaze sweep through that
mystic portal,
Haply, thy fount of sweets were turned to
gall,

Still in thine ears a tender voice is pleading,
"One hour with me—Friend open, long I
wait,
Knocking, though barred thy door, still ever
knocking,
Heavy the night dew, chill it grows, and
late."

From hands and wounded feet fresh gore is
dropping

Each call unheeded—a nail, driven anew,
A new thorn piercing—parched with thirst,
and weary,
Fainting and worn, The Saviour waits for
you.

Pass Him not by this once, oh thought of
terror

It may be that his knook has fainter grown
Yet e're it cease, unbar thy guarded treasure
Yield Him thy heart, the gem He seeks
alone.

Soon comes that Hour Supreme when all must
hear Him

No pleading voice then—but a trumpet's
blast

"Sleeper awake" veiled eyes unclose in dark-
ness

Life's day is over—and that call thy last.
—W. J. WEATHERS, Halifax.

GRANNY'S JUBILEE.

[FROM THE QUIVER].

(Continued)

CHAPTER III

"Granny, let me peep."

Nance stood among the sunbeams glinting
through a high window athwart the landing,
and down the front stairs. She had stolen upon
Mrs. Manly unawares, and surprised her tak-
ing a look at that turned picture, always in
shadow.

"I hardly know that I ought," said she
tremulously.

"Yes, Granny, you ought; then, if he comes,
I shall know him."

"Hush, dear, hush!" Granny looked down
the stairs and barked; all was quiet.

"Well, your grandfather never told me not,"
she observed: "he only said 'Shut him away,
out of light and sight, like one dead and gone,'" she murmured to herself.

"Did Grandfather say that?" asked Nance,
her quick ears hearing all.

"Yes, dear; but that was when the blow
came."

"Did my—did my Uncle Jack hit Grand-
father?" Nance's eyes were growing round.

"No, not with his hand, dear, but—but with
his heart."

"Oh, Granny, how funny! how could a heart
hit anyone? Mine only goes pit-a-pat," laughed
the innocent child.

"'T was his want of love did it—no, his want
of thought. Oh! child, that was a terrible
time when that blow was struck, and he went
out," continued Granny, as if she must talk of
it to somebody.

"Do you mean when he went away who is
to make your jubilee?"

"Oh! Nance, I can't think it will ever
come," cried the hungry woman.

"Not your Jubilee?"

"No," Nance's face grew a shade graver.

"But, Granny, He said it would."

"Who, dear?"

"Jesus. He said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask
the Father in My name, He will give it you';
Jane read that to me in my Bible; and what-
soever means anything, doesn't it?"

"Oh yes," agreed Granny.

"Then jubilee is anything, and 't will come,
Granny, 't will come."

"But how?" Ah! the doubts and fears
come between us and our prayers. "He doesn't
know we're hungering after him."

"Write to him," said Nance, sitting down on
the topmost stair to have it out.

"I daren't, dear, I daren't; Grandfather told
me not."

"Then show me his picture—and he'll know,
and come, somehow."

Mayhap, had the child been older, the words
of the hymn would have come to her ready
tongue, instead of that "somehow"—

"It may not be my way,

It may not be thy way,

And yet in His own way,

The Lord will provide."

"Well, dear, just one peep, and you mustn't
ask me again; remember, Grandfather has
never forbidden this."

"All right, Granny," and the picture was
turned to the light for an instant. A fair-faced
youth, with blue eyes very much like Nance's,
looked at her from the canvas. The fellow to
this, that of Nance's mother, was down in the
parlour. They both had once hung there, one
on each side of the glass door, so that Granny
could see them as she sat by the fire. But
Granny was speaking.

"Kiss him, dearie, kiss him;" and Nance's
pretty, rosy lips were pressed to the pictured
ones.

"He smiled—he really smiled," she whisper-
ed, when the picture was hidden again, and she
went tripping down the stairs with Granny.

"Yes, Nance, pictures of those whom we
love always seem to smile when we look at
them," returned the patient little woman, pa-
thetically.

"And I and you love him, and so does Jane;
and only Grandfather doesn't."

"Hush, Nance! Grandfather loves him; 't is
because of the love he is so bitter."

"Because of the love that he is so bitter,"
and "How will he know that we are hunger-
ing for him?" were subjects for thought with
small Nance for days. She was pondering of
this, walking among the lumps and daisies, one
fine afternoon, she and her dolly, both in their
sun-hoods.

"Well, little woman, what are you thinking
of?" Grandfather surprised her thus, with a
pat on her head.

"I was thinking of you, Grandfather, and
how we can get Granny's jubilee to come."

"It won't come, child; I've said it, and I
mean it."

"But, Grandfather, we're praying for it, and
Jesus and praying are stronger than anyone,"
hoped the child.

"I wasn't thinking of prayer, Nance, I was
thinking of—of—"

"The bitterness? The bitterness is love,
Granny—somebody said, and I think so too."

Mr. Manly groaned.

"You love Uncle Jack, Grandfather—don't
you?" Such a daisy-faced pleader.

"I did once"

"Granny says, love never dies, and it lives
on in heaven."

"Nay, child, my love is lost;" he walked
away, and here was a third subject for Nance
to ponder over.

"If Grandfather's love is lost, the bitterness
is lost with it, and bitterness means cross. If
Uncle Jack knew Granny hungered for a
jubilee, he'd come, if he knew Grandfather's
love was lost, he'd bring it back; for, of course,
he wants it back when 't is gone out into the
far country. And the bitterness may be put
off with the rags;" she fancied Grandfather
couldn't be cross with him, dressed like his son
again, as she pondered, tripping among the
bleating lambs and nodding daisies. "Granny
mustn't write, and I can't." Somewhat of a
dunce was she; though reading so glibly, she
could not form a letter. "But I can make a
letter from my pretty printing, as Jane calls
it," was the bright thought. She often amused
herself by cutting out letters from placards and
the like, and stringing them together on paper,
with a little gum, into words and sentences.
Why not make Uncle Jack a letter? She fairly
skipped at the thought, and went dancing into
the house. Oh! the hours and days of patient
toil, up in her own little nest of a room in
secret, and anon the work of art was complete
—two sheets of paper, and by no means a
lengthy letter. It ran thus:—

DEAR UNCLE JACK;—I'm Nance, and Gran-
ny hungers for a jubilee, and wants you to
come and make one. She does not want a
queen's one, you know. I, and Granny, and
Jane are praying for you. Grandfather says
his love is lost—that's you, and the bitterness.
COME."

The come was all capitals. Away she flew
down the back-stairs to Jane. She was ready
to cry, she was so tired, so glad, as she clung
to the old servant's arm while she read it.

"Yes, dearie, that'll do, and I'll direct it, and
we'll have a secret, you and I, even from Gran-
ny. Yes, Miss Nance, I know where he went
to—I'll direct it; and you post it."

Tears were in Jane's eyes as the child danced
away to the cross roads to meet the postman
with her precious letter. Now to the praying
and waiting again; surely an answer of peace
would be vouchsafed them.

We want 10,000 subscribers; who will help
in securing them?