

LENTEN LYRICS.

Learn of Lent, to watch and pray;
Let thy foot stand right to-day;
Holy vigils constant keep,
O'er thy past transgressions weep;
Cast the idle world aside,
Come and with the Lord abide.

Learn of Lent: our tears and sighs
Bring a blessing from the skies;
Purple garb 'tis meet to wear,
Jesus' cross and shame we share;
While in humble posture bent,
We our wicked ways repent.

Learn of Lent: in patient love
Fix thy soul on things above;
Soon the cares and pains of earth,
Turn to gloom, its cheer and mirth;
Sacred joy alone shall last,
With no dreary shade o'ercast.

Learn of Lent: at Jesus' feet,
Listen to His precepts sweet;
Hear and heed His gentle voice,
Make His loving rule thy choice,
Then shall this our Fast be blest,
Life and Lent bring endless rest.

Life is Lent: its joyous days
Come and go like Sabbath rays;
Long the vigil we must keep,
While in anguish oft we weep,
Waiting for the Easter light,
Which shall change our faith to sight.

Life is Lent: its tender ties
Bide with bitter memories;
Broken vows and loved ones lost,
Heart and bark by tempest tost,
Billows dark upon the main,
When shall morning break again!

Life is Lent: O! use it well;
Blest the secret, silent spell,
That our thoughtful moments bear,
Spirit watch and earnest prayer,
These are better things than mirth,
Binding down the soul to earth.

Child of God, repent to day;
Cast not yet the cross away;
Hold thy life in sweet content,
Free from gloom and merriment;
Waiting for that Easter light,
Which shall change our faith to sight.

—Rev. Wm. Augustus White.

A STORY FOR LENT.

The afternoon sun was shining full upon St. Andrew's, transforming the flooded park in front into a sea of gold, and shedding a magic splendour upon the glittering cross that crowned the spire.

The congregation were coming slowly away from the church after the service. It was the first Sunday in Lent, and Mr. De Forest had spoken with unusual earnestness to his people, especially the younger ones, urging them to a right observance of the fast, and beseeching them in some way to practise a real self-denial, that at the end of the season they might have more to give to the Master, be it much or little, gold and silver, or a conquered fault.

Upon two of his hearers, at least, his words had made a deep impression. One of these was Robert Dutton, the son of a widow, who, by constant sewing, had gained for herself and her boy a home—comfortable, indeed, but wholly devoid of luxury.

The other, Archer Hartley, was the younger child of a wealthy lawyer. Archer, was generous and frank, but though kind-hearted and courteous to all his companions, he felt himself far superior to them all from a lofty pride in his family and surroundings.

Both the boys had been much moved by Mr. De Forest's earnest tone; but while Robert had determined upon some definite plan for keeping Lent, Archer had made up his mind to do something, if only that something would come into his way.

A few days later, as Archer was returning home through a cross street in the city, he was joined by Mr. De Forest, who greeted him cordially, and then said: "I've just been to see Robert Dutton; he slipped on the ice day before yesterday, dislocat-

ing his wrist and severely spraining his leg. Poor fellow! I'm afraid he will have to keep Lent in earnest this year, for the doctor thinks he will not be able to walk before five or six weeks. By the way, Archer," he added, as he turned away, "He is one of your school-fellows, and I wish you'd go and see him; 'twould brighten him up wonderfully, and be a real work of charity."

He, Archer Hartley, make a call at the house of a dressmaker! However, the boy was sufficiently ill to make it in truth an act of mercy; and then it was Lent, and the thought of the cross, and all his good intentions, caused him to turn rapidly away in direction of the Duttons', fearful lest, if he waited another day, his charitable emotions might have vanished away.

Archer had always had a courteous word for Robert whenever they met, though never approaching familiarity, and accordingly Robert had always regarded him with respectful admiration. He was overwhelmed with astonishment and pleasure, therefore, when Archer was shown into his room, kindly inquiring how he felt.

After a full description of the accident there was an awkward pause, when Archer burst out with: "I say, Rob, are you going to do anything this Lent like what Mr. De Forest wanted us to?"

"Oh, dear!" groaned Rob, "I had the most glorious plan, and was going to earn no end of money; but now I'm all knocked up, and shall have to give it all up."

"Oh! tell me," said Archer; "what was it?"

"Why, I saw in the paper that Barkentin, the stationer, wanted a fellow to carry round papers at noon, and, as it was between school hours, I thought I could do it; and, when I went to inquire, he told me he'd give me the job. And that's not the only bit of money I've got to let slide, either, for there's one place where I always clean the sidewalk after a storm, but then," he added, in a forced tone of resignation, "that's not much of a loss after all, for p'raps 'twon't snow again this year."

Archer's kind heart was touched by the boy's evident distress and disappointment, and in a fit of generosity, certainly without realising what he was promising, he exclaimed: "Now don't you worry, Rob, I'll get somebody to take your place; and you shall have the money just the same, only don't say anything about it."

Rob did not stop to consider the justice of this arrangement, but, delighted beyond measure, he poured forth his thanks as best he could. After gaining the necessary information concerning the work, Archer took his departure.

That night Archer had time to think it all over, and then he discovered the magnitude of his proposal. His first idea had been to have one of his father's office boys deliver the papers, but of course no fellow would do it for nothing, and to pay some one else would worse than spoil the plan; besides, his father had forbidden him to contract any debts which he could not pay out of his own allowance.

After much pondering, accompanied with marvellous screwing about, and a wonderfully puckered face, he decided that one of two things was to be done—either to back out of the whole business, or else to do it himself. He was too manly to resort to the former method, after having given the promise and received Rob's thanks, and gradually the disagreeable conviction formed itself upon his mind that that must be his Lenten work.

It was too humiliating! that he, the wealthy son of a highly honoured man, should be carrying around newspapers like any urchin from the streets.

But gradually there came to his help the thought of the Suffering One, and all that had been borne for him—the harsh mockery, the cruel taunts, and the bitter agony upon the Cross—and that night Archer Hartley gained his first real victory over self.

The next day he began his self-imposed labours. The work itself was not so difficult, but the performance was thoroughly galling to his sense of pride. However, he determined that no one should recognize him, so he hunted up an old cap that had belonged to his older brother, pulled it well over his head, and turned up his coat collar. To his great satisfaction none noticed him, and he had just time before lunch, after going his rounds, to conceal his new found disguise.

After a day or two he became somewhat accustomed to this work; but the thought of the snow cleaning haunted him, and most earnestly did he hope that winter had gone. A slight flurry of snow at the beginning of Lent vainly frightened him, but after two weeks an unmistakeable snow storm commenced early in the evening.

"A pretty fix I've got myself into now," sighed Archer, as he started off for full particulars from Rob; "the other is bad enough, and this is ten times worse; but I've got into it now, so I might as well go full figure."

But, horror of horrors! when Rob gave the name of the gentleman who had engaged his services Archer gave a great start; it was the father of his most intimate friend, and somebody would be sure to know him. "They sha'n't though," thought the resolute boy, as he turned away from Duttons'; "I'll disguise myself still more."

Fortunately for his pride the snow ceased to fall during the night, so that Archer could start off early in the morning. He slipped down cellar, begrimed his face with charcoal, in addition to his new adornments, as if poverty and dirt must necessarily go together and dashed off.

Very luckily for him, owing to the early hour, he escaped detection, as the money was delivered to him by a servant. Though his very rosy countenance, caused by vigorous rubbing to remove the dirt, drew forth some wondering remarks at the breakfast table, nothing further came of it; and to his intense relief, no more snow fell that season.

It was weary work carrying around the papers, day after day; but he persevered and finally Holy Week came on. By that time the doctor had pronounced Robert well enough to take up again his daily duties; and, though here ally wished now to do the work himself, Archer begged him not to take it away from the other fellow until after Lent.

Robert had already begun to suspect who this other fellow was, and, though he had promised never to tell, his astonishment and gratitude knew no bounds.

It was with a feeling of real pride, very different, however, from his old enemy, that, late on Easter Eve, Archer walked around for the last time to Robert Dutton's, to carry to him the hardly earned money.

His kindness to Robert was amply repaid by the grateful boy's really sincere thanks, and still more by the significant smile and glance which Robert cast upon him the next morning, as the gift was placed upon the plate to be laid upon the altar and sanctified thereby.

Easter Day dawned bright and beautiful; it seemed to Archer as if never had the whole earth been so radiant, and never before had he so realized the beauty of the services of the glorious Resurrection Day as after his well kept Lent.

His joy was complete when Mr. De Forest, in his sermon that day, spoke of the peace of those who, unknown to others, had gained some victory, or in some way denied themselves for the Master's sake, and assured them that, though perhaps unnoticed here, it would never be forgotten or finally unrewarded by Him.

That Lenten experience and discipline wonderfully influenced for good the after life of those two boys; the one perfected through bodily suffering, and the other by a conquered pride and a real self-sacrifice.—E. H. K. in Church Press.

—Is there one among us who does not need to heed this holy Lenten call? Is there one who can afford to disregard it? If not, I beg of you to renew with me our allegiance to our common Lord, to follow Christ, our example, who for our sake withdrew from the world and fasted forty days and forty nights, and struggled with the tempter, and found his food in God. I beg of you to heed His invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." There is no new way of salvation. There are no cross cuts and by-ways in the Christian life. If we enter heaven, it must be through heaven's only door, Jesus Christ. He is the pearly gate. Would we overtake Him in this world? We must follow in the very path trod by His own blessed feet.—Rev. E. McGuffey, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Urbana, O.