

less gratitude and the strong desire to do His will. The mercies "new every morning," wide as the Universe which He has framed, should make us seek His face as the source of every joy and every blessing! But alas! even as we breathe the common air and bask in the common sunshine, as though they were our right and without realizing that in Him we live and move and have our being, so with every other blessing, so with that greatest of all—the state of salvation to which He has called us for his dear Son's sake! But in this kingdom of Christ it is not as in the natural world, where God suffers His sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and His rain to fall upon the just and unjust. In this kingdom of Christ of which we are citizens, *we forfeit the blessings if we cease to value them.* What an awful thought is this! We may be bartering away our birthright. All unconsciously to ourselves perhaps we may be suffering ourselves to be drawn away from the faith which is the condition of salvation, from the holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. But now in this solemn season of withdrawal from the world we can hear the pleading voice of our mother the Church speaking of Righteousness and of Judgment to come, of Christ the Mediator between us sinners and a just God, of the death and passion of Jesus, of the hope of forgiveness and peace! Not vainly shall she plead with us, that faithful mother. Lord, we will come unto Thee! We will lay our burthen of sin at the foot of Thy Cross, Thou wilt speak peace to our souls, and by Thy grace we shall walk again as the children of Light.

ENERGY THAT SUCCEEDS.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story given by Judge P—, strongly illustrates this truth:

About thirty years ago, I stepped into a book store, in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply. "How much do they cost?" "One dollar, my lad." "I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and opened the door, but closed it again, and came back. "I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked. "Try another place, sir." "Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?" "Oh yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked. "Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?" "To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, I will have eleven cents left towards buying some books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain.

The captain, who had been below with his chart now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

He did land us safely; but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P—, do you recognize me?" I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?" "Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly!—*Youth's Companion.*

A PRAYER FOR LENT.

BLESSED JESUS, we kneel before Thy cross, humbly praying that, through Thy Spirit, power may come forth from it to show us more deeply the heinousness of sin. We see Thee laden with our iniquities. What must iniquity be, if there can be no pardon except Thou shalt thus expire! We see the outgoing of the severity of divine wrath. What must that evil be which thus excites it! In that crown of thorns, in those pierced hands and feet, in those bleeding wounds, in that bruised frame, in that dying cry, we are taught the enormity of our guilt. We know Thy blood to be the blood of God. Its worth is infinite. Its precious value exceeds all thought. Infinite, therefore, must be the evil for which it is the only ransom. In Thy death we see the tremendous desert of our offences. We see it, and we cast ourselves in the lowliest humility before Thee. Sin is the malady which so sorely afflicts us. It is born in our birth. It lives in our lives. It adheres to us when we lie down to die. It follows us as our very shadow. When we go forth, it is by our side. When we come in, it still accompanies. We are tied and bound by its enslaving chain. At Thy cross we are taught how terrible is this evil. We see how unutterable is the wrath which it so righteously awakens. Laden with it we especially come at this time to Thee for refuse."—*Dean of Gloucester.*

LOOK BEYOND.

When the troubles of life thicken and seem about to bear you to earth, look beyond. When loved ones upon whom you have lavished your affection, whom death takes away at last from our sight, look coldly with eyes that once reflected the love they bore for you, oh then look beyond steadily to the future that sets all things aright, for the time will cover under the dust of oblivion all differences. Look beyond over the dark clouds of adversity that hover over us and seems for the time to be about to cover us with a pall, to the bright beyond—the 'cloud with a silver lining.'

Look beyond the grave, even which covers all that we hold dear or will sooner or latter hide from our sight those who look love and affection into our eyes and lean for our support on our greater strength perhaps; for if we look steadily and with faith we shall surely see the grand sight of eternity opening its beautiful scenery to our vision, and it will be a means of giving strength to our almost failing energies; and lastly but not least, look to the great Creator of all with that faith that filled the hearts of our fathers of old, and all will be well; and though the storms and tempests of our earthly life may come and envelop us for a time, in

the end we shall triumph and be at last at rest from the toils and troubles of this life.

THE DYING BOY.

ON a cold winter day a gentleman in Edinburg had out of pity, bought a box of matches of a poor little shivering boy, and as he had no pence, had given him a shilling, of which the change was to be brought to his hotel. Hours passed by and the boy did not return. Very late in the evening a mere child came to the hotel. "Are you the man that bought the matches of Frae Sandie?" "Yes." "Well then, here's fourpence out o' yer shillin'; Sandie canna come. He's very ill. A cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and yer saxeppence, and baith his legs are broken an' the doctor says he'll dee; and that's a'." And then, putting down the fourpence on the table, the poor child burst into great sobs. "So I fed the little man," said the narrator "and I went with him to see Sandie. The two little things were living almost all alone; their father and mother were dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as I came in, and said; "I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the cart knocked me down and both my legs were broken, and oh! Ruby, little Ruby! I'm sure I'm dying, and who will take care of you when I'm gone? What will ye do?" I took his hand and said I would take care of Ruby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment—

He lay within the light of God,  
Like a babe upon the breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

ANECDOTE OF OLE BULL.

WHEN Ole Bull was about eight years of age a Frenchman came to Bergen with violins for sale. The boy pleaded with his father until he consented to buy one. It was purchased late in the afternoon, and put away in its case. What happened that night is told in the following words, quoted from Ole Bull's own account given in later years, when he first came to the United States:

I could not sleep for thinking of my new violin. When I heard father and mother breathing deep, I rose softly and lighted a candle, and in my night-clothes did go on tiptoe to open the case and take one little peep. The violin was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me even more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little; and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I did creep farther away from the bed-room. At first I did play very soft. I make very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a capriccio, which I like very much; and it do go ever louder and louder; and I forgot that it was midnight, and that everybody was asleep. Presently, I hear something go crack! and the next minute I feel my father's whip across my shoulders.

KIND DISCIPLINE FOR CHILDREN.

In the bringing up of children an encouraging word has in it a great deal more of power than most people imagine. So thinks the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who says in the *Evangelist*:—"One sentence of honest praise bestowed at at right time, is worth a whole volley of scolding. The Sun understands how to raise plants, and to open flowers at this season of the year—he just smiles on them, and kisses them with warm rays, and they begin to grow and unfold." A storm of scolding that sets in in the morning, and lasts till night, has about as good effect on childhood graces as a hailstorm has on young plants.

CHARACTER is a self-revealing thing. It cannot be hid. Sooner or later everything about us will reveal what we are. We are throwing on our surroundings the sunshine or the shadow that exists in our own souls.