

## Lent.

O sinner, bring not tears alone,  
Nor but the form of prayer,  
But let it in thy heart be known  
That penitence is there.

To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,  
God asks not this of thee:  
Thy secret soul He bids thee bend  
In true humility.

O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,  
Draw near before our God,  
And pray to Him to grant relief,  
And stay the lifted rod.

O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign  
To grant us what we need,  
We pray for time to turn again,  
And grace to turn indeed.

## God in Man.

Alone in the garden of Gethsemane, His disciples unable to watch with Him even one hour, His agony is so great that "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground;" and here we contemplate the extremity of human suffering. The band of men and officers approach to seize Him. He goes forth to meet them. "Whom seek ye? They answered Him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am He. And Judas also, which betrayed Him, stood with them. As soon then as He had said unto them, I am He, they went backward, and fell to the ground." This is nothing less than the awful Majesty of God.

We follow Him to the judgment seat. We see Him clad in a purple robe, His head crowned with thorns, a reed in His hands. There are the chief priests and the scribes, who stand and vehemently accuse Him; the multitude instant with loud voices requiring that He might be crucified. Here is humanity in its utmost strait! But with unmoved calm He speaks to Pilate of truth: "Every one that is of the truth, heareth My voice." He turns to cast one look upon the Apostle who had denied Him, and St. Peter went out and wept bitterly. "I have sinned," said the traitor Judas, "in that I have betrayed the innocent blood," and went out and hanged himself. And here is evidence of the Divine nature, "Whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners, and to be merciful to them that truly repent."

The chief priests and scribes, and the whole multitude have dragged Him before the judgment seat, to be as Man pronounced guilty of death; but not one of the judges dares to give the sentence, because He is the Son of God.

Lastly, when He is on the Cross, His enemies pass by wagging their heads and insulting the last agonies of His human nature, till, as Man, He yields up the ghost. But the sun is darkened in the mid-heaven, the earth quakes, the rocks are rent, the veil of the temple is rent in twain, and like the centurion, we are compelled to exclaim, "Truly this was the Son of God!"

## Do Your Best.

"When I was a boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap and knee-breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-bye to him, he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, and then laying his hand on my head, he said, 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you. Will you try and remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, 'I will, grandpa.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is this: Whatever you have to do, always do the best you can.' This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them."

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## The Sin of Omission.

In our bustling, stirring life, is there not danger lest the still, small voice "prompting to tender, thoughtful acts and words, should be unnoticed? Often in hurrying on to do what seems to us imperative, we miss God's purpose for the moment.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone,  
That you had no time or thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind;  
Those chances to be angels  
Which every one may find;  
They come in night and silence—  
Each chill, reproachful wraith—  
When hope is faint and flagging,  
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late.  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you the bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

Are you troubled with dizziness, flatulency, flushings, fulness, general distress. Take K.D.C.,—the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you or money refunded.

## Duties of Daily Life

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way and whom He has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves.

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

## Real Politeness.

Insincerity and cowardice sail most wrongfully under the false colours of kindness and courtesy, while rudeness and bad manners cloak themselves under the specious name of sincerity. The petty lies of society, the flattery used for so many ends, the cowardly evasions of convictions and hiding of thoughts that demand full utterance, the apparent assent when dissent is in the heart, the profession of an esteem which is not felt and an affection which does not exist—all these have nothing to do with real politeness, and have actually not a shadow of right to justify themselves under her name. She does not demand them, and cannot be held responsible for them. They are simply the fruits of duplicity, and the sooner their source is laid bare the sooner will they sink into the disgrace they deserve.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

Camphor is offensive to mice, and will keep them away from places where it is scattered about.

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS.—Whisk the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; mix in lightly two and a half ounces of grated chocolate, one and a half ounce of fine flour, and one ounce of castor-sugar. Drop the mixture in small heaps on a sheet of paper, and bake for a few minutes in a brisk oven.

LEMON JELLY.—Put two ounces of gelatine to soak in a pint of water with half a pound of sugar and the thinly-peeled rind of two lemons. When the gelatine has melted, add the strained juice of five lemons and the whites and crushed shells of three eggs. Whisk it on the fire and pass it through the jelly-bag; at the last add three-quarters of a glass of brandy. Pour into a wet mould and let it set.

It is said that if a good feed of bran or meal moistened with vinegar is given to hens, they will eat no more eggs.

Soft, thin waxed paper is found to answer the purpose of oiled silk or muslin in the majority of dressings, and is much cheaper.

TURNIP PUREE.—Take six large turnips, peel, slice thin, and boil in salted water until sufficiently cooked; then drain in a colander, and afterwards rub through a fine sieve. Place the pulp thus obtained in a saucepan, mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, a seasoning of salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg, a good slice of butter, and a teacupful of rich milk. Stir over the fire until thoroughly hot, then serve as required—say, with beef or mutton.

THE LACING OF SHOES.—Not one person in a thousand laces his shoes correctly. About the nearest anybody gets to it is to lace as tightly as possible. The correct way is to put your foot, when you are about to lace your shoe, as much as possible in the heel of the shoe. You can do this best by lacing your shoes with the heel of your shoe resting on a chair standing in front of the one you are seated on. Over the instep the lacing should be drawn as tightly as possible. This will hold your foot back in the shoe, giving the toes freedom and preventing their being cramped. Lace about the ankle to suit your comfort.

BACON AND POTATOES.—Cut the rashers of bacon rather small, fry them as usual, tossing in with them at the last some roughly-chopped cold potatoes, till the latter are quite hot and browned. Another way is to fry the bacon, remove it from the pan, and fry in the latter some roughly-chopped potatoes; pile them on a hot dish, brown with a hot shovel or in front of the fire, and serve with the rashers on the top. In both cases the potatoes should be highly seasoned with pepper and salt.

BREAD AND APPLE PUDDING.—Butter a tin kettle or mould; cover the bottom with slices of stale buttered bread; cover this with tart apples cut in thin slices, with a grating of nutmeg or a little cinnamon: then add another layer of bread and apples, and so continue until you have the mould two-thirds full. Cover it and stand it in a kettle with sufficient boiling water to steam for one hour. Serve with caramel sauce made thus: Put a cup of milk, an ounce of chocolate, a half-cup of brown sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup on to boil; boil and stir until about the thickness of table syrup; take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and serve hot. This also makes a delicious sauce for apple-puddings.

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Mrs. Hight, Montreal, Que.

## Children

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