

found him looking greatly better. He had received his doctor's visit, and made his morning toilette, and was now lying propped up with pillows, very cheerful, and evidently feeling much stronger.

"I am so glad to see you," he said, holding out his hand to Hugh. "My tyrannical doctor has given me leave to talk as much as I like to-day, and it is tantalizing, after that, to have no one to talk to; besides, I want to make use of my liberty at once, in order to thank you for all your kindness to me, Carlton. It is very good of you to remain in this dull little place when you are not tied to it by a broken ankle, as I am."

"I have been very glad to stay," said Hugh, honestly enough; "and you have a right to a good deal more from the Carltons than I can do for you, considering that you saved the life of Kathleen's husband."

"That has proved so great a happiness to me, that it is I who have most reason to be grateful for it," said Raymond, gravely. "But, Carlton, I am very anxious to hear how Estelle is. You have not seen her, I suppose, since her uncle's death."

"No, not once; she will be at the funeral, which takes place at twelve to-day; but, of course, I cannot speak to her then. Dr. Lingard's old lawyer is to bring her."

(To be Continued.)

GOOD FRIDAY.

Can it have happened? Can it really be? That this calm moon, these quiet burning stars, Are looking down in peace upon that earth Which witnessed once the dying agony Of Christ, the Son God.

These hills and valleys, and the running stream Or placid lake where shadows lingering lie, Have they beheld His presence, felt His touch, Or borne the impress of His hallowed feet And yet returned to common use again? Oh, can it be, that the cool garden shade, Where sweet birds warble; the fresh sod Beneath our feet, or grass of living green We tread so lightly, once was stained, Bedewed and sprinkled, turned to darker hue, With drops of blood.

Oh! wondrous thought, that God, the God of Heaven, Can still His providential gifts outpour; Can bear to tolerate on this His earth, One scion of the vile accursed race That shed His blood.

More wondrous still that man, for whom He died, Can live, and sleep, and dream his time away, Without one thought of Him, one throb of love Or pity for His woes, one shudder at the sin For which the price, the awful price was paid Of His dread sacrifice.

O God, arouse us ere it be too late; Speak, though in tone of terror; speak the word That shall wake up these poor deluded hearts, From their fond dreaming. Oh! at any price, Let us not spurn the blood so freely given, Nor even treat it lightly. May we feel One earnest purpose, one overwhelming thought, How to pay back with love, and heart, and life, The love that spared not life; the heart that in its wealth Of wonderful compassion, could outpour On man, frail man, the goodness of a God. —I. A. F.

Children's Department.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Ere I lay me down to rest, Jesus hear a child's request; I can only lisp my prayer, Asking for Thy love and care. I am very young and weak; Gentle Jesus hear me speak; See Thy child on bended knee— Suffer me to come to thee.

Let me now Thy kindness prove— What I want is Jesus' love; Save Thy little child from harm, Clasp me in Thy loving arm. Ere I sleep upon my bed, Lay Thy hands upon my head; Thy sweet blessing give to me, Suffer me to come to Thee.

Me, Thy ransomed child, receive, All my naughty words forgive; Peace bestow and joy impart Sealed upon my childish heart. Sprinkle me with Thy dear blood; Make me holy, meek, and good; Like Thyself thy child would be— Suffer me to come to Thee.

O'er my bed thy angels keep Watch, while I in safety sleep. Let me rest upon Thy breast, Let my dreams be bright and blest; When I in the morning wake, Into Thy protection take, Till in heaven Thy face I see, Suffer me to come to Thee.

EASTER DAY APRIL 13th.

This, the day of our Lord's resurrection and the earnest of our own, the chief and sovereign of all festivals of the Church. It is called by St. Chrysostom "the desirable feast of our salvation, the foundation of our peace, the occasion of our reconciliation to God, the destruction of death, and our victory over the devil." It is a day of rejoicing with holy, spiritual joy. "Let us keep the feast:" above all by doing our duty to God in receiving with deep gladness the precious Body and Blood offered to us in His Holy Sacrament, and then by showing forth our joy in words and deeds of kindness to all around us.

EASTER-TIDE.

Easter was in the primitive church, the principal season of the three—Epiphany as supplementary to Christmas, and Whitsun-tide being the others—which were so solemnly dedicated to the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism. For one week, till the first Sunday after Easter, the newly baptized, who were in those days very often grown-up people, wore their white robes. On that Sunday, known by the name of "the Lord's Day in White," the white robes were taken off and laid up in the church. Every day in the week was a holiday and a holy day, spent in sober happy rejoicing, frequenting the daily services, and in prayerful recollection that they, through God's goodness have been made Christians.

The same happy spirit was infused into the whole period between Easter and Ascension. It was considered a time of holy joy and exultation. Early writers tell us of a habit usual at this season: as the Christians prayed, they stretched their arms heavenwards, their arms upraised, and their eyes looking upwards, as if wishing to rise and be with their risen Lord. The habit is no longer practised, but the spirit which lived then may live still among us if, as good Church people, we notice how the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for all the Sundays between Easter and Ascension are intended to encourage us to look upward for help in our earthly work till that happy time comes when we shall "see Him as He is."

"A LITTLE BOYS SERMON."

"Eddie," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people."

Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one,—'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:—

"First: Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is: but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear any one speak a word.

"Second: Be kind to mamma, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"Third: Be kind to baby—" "You have left out, be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying: Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your 'red soldier' to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth: Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddy looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People musn't talk in Church," said Harry.

"Fifth: Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon 'most done?'" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse he began to sing and so Harry had to stop.

"I DIDN'T THINK."

ONE of the hardest things a boy is called upon to do is to think. How often he will do something he ought not to do, and the only reason he will give is, "I didn't think." Yes, this is the common excuse, and a very poor one it is. What in the world were our thinking powers given to us for, if we are not to use them? We suspect any number of boys go astray, and do no good in the world, just because they do not think. But some one asks, "How shall I begin; what shall I do?" Now just be quiet, and we will tell you how. There is John Sparks. He is a good sort of boy, but doesn't get along. He is always late at school, and never has his lessons. The reason is, he is so thoughtless that he will let any and everything come in and occupy his mind. While dressing he will chase the kitten, knock over the chairs, and overturn the water pitcher. Now did he stop and think, he would do none of these things, but dress himself promptly, and be ready for breakfast and for school. Instead of studying, applying his mind, he is looking about, diverted by everything he sees. This habit, one fixed, will never leave the boy, and he will never succeed. To think, then, is to stop and consider whether it is right or wrong to say or do this or that, and what will be the results of doing or not doing it. If a boy jumps into a pond, he knows he will get soaking wet, and perhaps muddy. Shall he do it? He must think about it. When a boy is tempted to tell a lie, or steal some fruit, he knows he may be found out, and catch a whipping. Shall he do it? Just let him stop and consider all about it. He says to himself, "I never have told lies; I never have stolen fruit. I know it is wrong. I know my mother would be dreadfully grieved. I should be looked upon, if found out, as a little liar and thief. I should feel mean, and wish to hide away from the sight of my parents and playmates. I declare I won't do it, but will be an honest boy." Now this is thinking, and it is good thinking, too.

—There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.—Ellis.

—Creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow; the sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us.—Carlyle.

—Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.

—There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which, by ill-management, makes so contemptible a figure.—Swift.

—Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.—Cotton.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MARRIED.

On 25th March, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. O. P. Ford, Incumbent of Woodbridge and Vaughan, Mr. Henry Peters, of Etobicoke, to Martha Ann, 5th daughter of the late Matthew Griffith, Esq., Grouse Hill, West York.