

passes and mounts of transfiguration, in the Christian life. But there are no halting places, no Vanity Fairs, where the member of Christ, the child of God and the inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, may pause in self-pleasing and be conformed to the pleasures and fashions of the world. His Lenten discipline and Easter inspirations are designed to fit him for the daily duties that follow, for the ordinary life which he is to live by faith in the Son of God. The Christian who has made a right use of Lent and Easter, will live more nearly to his baptismal vows through all the year. "By their fruits ye shall know them." This is the time for testing the reality of our devotions in the seasons past. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Not every one who fasted on Good Friday and sang with spirit the Easter Anthem, is of necessity nearer to the Kingdom; but they who go on to do the will of God when no unusual appeal is made, unmoved by any transient emotion, are they who are accepted by Him. For such as these the cross is an ever present symbol of glory and the Resurrection an ever present reality.

The season following Lent and Easter is one in which the clergy especially have need to guard against relaxing their labors as husbandmen in God's vineyard. It is a time when the harvest should be most plentiful and the reaping should be most diligent. Though worn and weary with the unusual exertions of the seasons past, they cannot relax their efforts without great loss and danger to their work. The attention and interest which have been aroused must be maintained, half-formed resolutions must be strengthened, the seed sown must be cultivated. The houses from which the evil spirit has been cast out by the strong man armed, must be occupied, lest seven other spirits worse than the first enter in. Faithful and continuous effort alone can insure the permanent fruits of the Lenten services and sacrifice.

#### THE LIGHT BY LONELY ROCK.

That is a very tender story concerning faithfulness in humble places which Jean Ingelow has related for us. It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators. One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea. At last the morning came, and one boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing. It was her father's boat! And half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till it was laid in the grave; then lay down on her bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her case as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun. So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still and one hank over to pay for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story—fifty years—through youth, maturity, into old age—she turned night into day. And in the snow storms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor was never once without the light of that small candle. However far the fishermen might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window and he was sure of a safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, helped, and cheered, and saved.

Surely this was finding chance for service in a humble place. Surely this was loneliness glorified by faithfulness. Surely the smile of the Lord Jesus Christ must have followed along the beams of the poor candle, glimmering from the humble

window, as they went wandering forth to bless and to guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Matt. v., 16.

#### TAKEN HOME.

"He shall gather the lambs in his bosom."

It was evening. The western sun was streaming, in a flood of liquid gold, over the earth, and casting a purple haze over wood and field. Heaven's gates opened and a bright Angel floated downward towards the green earth.

A child lay dying on his narrow couch. Soft hands smoothed his pillow, loving voices whispered in his ear, and close beside him, with his little hand clasped tight in hers, sat his gentle mother. The golden rays of the departing sun fell in chastened brightness round the sick boy's head, like the halos of the saints of old.

"Take me to the window, mother," he murmured wearily; "the sun is going, and I must see him once more before the Angel takes me home."

"Hush, hush, my darling, sobbed the mother, as she bore him in her arms to the open window, "the days are hot and oppressive, and make you weak; wait till the soft September breezes come, and then my Bertram will get strong and well."

"Mother, dear mother," said the boy, earnestly, "do not say so. Something tells me I am going home to-night. Do not weep, mother, I shall be happier there, and you will come to me soon—I know you will."

"Bertram, Bertram, my own darling, stay with me; I cannot live without you—you are all I have left to love. Let us both go home together." And the mother laid her head on her boy's pillow, and wept.

The sun set, and the little stars came out one by one in the still glowing sky.

"A fairer sun will rise upon me to-morrow," murmured the child. "Oh, mother, you would not wish to keep me. I am always in pain here, but there, you know, all is Peace and Rest. See, mother, how bright the west is. I often think that must be the gate of heaven. When the sun makes the clouds look so bright and beautiful, you must think of me waiting and watching for you there."

"My child, I will come to you soon, very soon. I know our Father will not keep me long from our darling."

Was it the evening breeze that rustled past the window, stirring the jessamine blossoms, and softly kissing the sick boy's cheek?

The mother thought so, but Bertram knew well that the summons had at last come to take him home. "Good-bye, mother," whispered he for the last time, clinging round her neck. "The angel has come for me. I am going home to wait for you. Kiss me, dear mother." The blue eyes closed, the little head fell back, and another lamb was gathered home, into the Shelter of the Everlasting Fold.

The lonely mother knelt by the couch, and as the tears fell fast on the dead boy's face, she thanked the tender Father, who, in His love, had seen fit to remove her darling to His own Almighty keeping.

VERENA.

#### STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble and quake, because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence, composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then

reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be deeply provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

—F. W. Robertson.

#### TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade  
As the sun was going down;  
The German king, with a cavalcade,  
On his way to Berlin town.

Reined up his steed at the old man's side,  
"My toiling friend," said he,  
"Why not cease work at eventide  
When the labourer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;  
"And I am always free;  
Tho' I work from the time I leave my bed  
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain in a day?"  
"Eight groschen," the man replied.  
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"  
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,  
And two for a debt I owe;  
Two groschen to lend and two to spend  
For those who can't labour, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king; said the toiler "Yea,  
To my mother with age oppressed,  
Who cared for me, toiled for me many a day,  
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"  
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see  
When I am too feeble to toil any more,  
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said,  
"My sisters are old and lame;  
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,  
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good king's eyes,  
"Thou knowest me not," said he;  
"As thou hast given me one surprise,  
Here is another for thee."

"I am thy king; give me thy hand,"—  
And he heaped it high with gold—  
"When more thou needest, I command  
That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward  
The man who can proudly say,  
That eight souls doth he keep and guard  
On eight poor groschen a day."

—R. W. McAlpine, in St. Nicholas for March.

#### TEMPTED BY DEGREES.

John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are safe neighbors, but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this," "No great peril in that;" and so by these little chips we are at first easily lighted up and at last the great log is burned. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

FOR YOU.—If every communicant in the parish were an earnest church worker, how great would be the result! The rector would have an assistant in every communicant, a helper, a sympathiser, a fellow-worker! What is your work in the parish? In what way are you a help to the rector?

#### Children's

##### IF I WERE

If I were a boy again on the cheerful side almost every thing Life is very much I smile upon it, it is you, but if you frown upon it, you will be look in return. I am a grumbling, unthankful would have made sour apple if he born in that station sunshine warms the owner, but all with it. Indifference. "Who shall be shut out?"

If I were a boy myself to say "No" write pages on learning very early point where a man and decline doing because it is unwise. If I were a boy mand of myself my companions; I would rigorous towards strangers; est courtesies, in rough roads of English sparrow all winter long, son of ice and snow everybody.

But I have told this shall be instead of trying us do to be happy sole purpose of a boy again, try happiness.

##### HEROISM

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