

A PRAYER FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

LORD, when Thy cruel cross I see,
And ponder all Thy pain and woe,
I think how hateful sin must be
That made my Saviour suffer so.

I think what sins and faults of mine
Are little heeded day by day;
And oh! what anguished hours were Thine,
To wash them all in blood away.

Teach me to hate those sins accurst,
That asked such costly sacrifice,
That grieved Thee more than pain or thirst,
And darkened o'er Thy dying eyes;

And all my disobedient will
And all my passions wild and free,
Each thought of pride, each act of ill,
Be nailed unto Thy cross, with Thee.

LENTEN OFFERING.

HILDREN of the Church, will you not try to save some of your offerings, or all of them, during Lent, for missionary work? The bishops ask you to do this in a letter which is to be read to all the Sunday-school children. That letter asks you to do three things for missions during Lent: (1) To pray; (2) to give; (3) to work. When at your prayers, pray for the missionary. When you have money to spend, think of those who need money to teach heathen children. But, besides, girls can sew and make clothes for the poor, and boys can make something which can be sold, and do some good with the money. If you have a will, you will find a way. Don't forget that Lent is a time for self-denial, for Jesus' sake.

LOST AND FOUND.

DON'T care! you can go home as soon as you like—so there!"

Slam went the door.

I confess I was surprised and grieved to hear the angry voice of the princess. "Poor child!" I thought, "how unhappy she must be!" If she had not been a princess, you know, it would not have been so hard. Princesses suffer dreadfully when they are angry.

While I was thinking, I wrote a little note and pinned it to my study door. Here it is:

"Lost.—An article of great value to the owner, at about four o'clock on the afternoon of January 25, 18—. The finder will receive a liberal reward on returning the same to

THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

Pretty soon she came in with a bright pink spot on each cheek. She was going to tell me all about it, when the notice caught her eye. She read it through; then glanced at the clock, and looked puzzled.

"I know you want me to advertise it, dear," I observed, as if it was all quite a matter of course.

"What do you mean, please?"

"Why, of course you are hunting for it now."

"Hunting for what?"

"Princess," said I, glad to notice that her eyes were brighter and her cheeks of a quieter color than when she came in, "oblige me by looking up a word in the dictionary: T-E—have you found it so far?—M-P-E-R. What is the definition, please?"

"Calmness, or soundness of mind," read the princess, slowly.

"Now, if you please, read this verse, Prov. xvi. 32."

That she read to herself.

"Once more, dear: Ps. xlv. 13; the first half of the verse. You see, your Highness, it's a pretty serious thing for a king's daughter to lose her temper, so I thought you'd like to have me help you find it."

The brown curls dropped upon my coat sleeve for a moment, and I am not sure that her eyelashes were not wet when they were lifted again.

The princess bestowed a dainty little kiss upon me, and pausing only to say, with a dimpling smile through her tears, "That's your liberal reward, sir!" hurried from the room. A moment afterward I heard the outer door close once more, softly this time.

Fully ten minutes later it opened again, but it let in the sound of light footsteps and happy young voices, chatting and laughing gaily.

I took down my notice and threw it into the fire.—Selected.

GOOD COUNSEL.

GUARD, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it,
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue!

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil word come in,
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear!

THERE is work in the world for every child to do—work that God the Father gives him, and that He would have each one do cheerfully. And, indeed, how happy we shall be in it if we do but remember that all our work is work for our dear Lord. And not only work for Him, but work with Him. We are fellow-workers together with Him. He does not set us our task, and leave us to do it unaided and alone.