

plication." Ask, believing in your word, though all may seem unreal to you. Put yourself into the Saviour's hands, remembering to honor the Holy Ghost, and plead the promises in John xiv and xv, saying: *Thou hast promised!*"—*The Church Chronicle, Ky.*

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION.

Before the cross, whose cruel wood  
Upbears the dying Son of God,  
To-day my only thought shall be:  
He died thereon for love of me!

For love of me! Ah! dearest Lord,  
My heart seems bursting at the word—  
Thy passion in Gethsemane—  
Those drops of blood—for love of me?

For love of me! Was it for this  
Thou didst endure the traitor's kiss—  
The judgment-hall's indignity—  
The robe of scorn—for love of me?

For love of me, did'st thou essay,  
So weak and faint along the way  
That led to awful Calvary,  
To bear Thy Cross? For love of me?

For love of me, Thy riven side—  
Thy pierced limbs, O Crucified?  
Thy crown of thorns—thy misery  
Of quenchless thirst—for love of me?

For love of me? Nought I can say,  
Or do, such love can e'er repay:  
With all my soul would I love Thee,  
And so return Thy love for me.

My love for Thee—like all the earth,  
Is weak, I know, and little worth;  
Yet all I have I give to Thee,  
Because, dear Lord, Thou lovest me.

My love for Thee wilt thou refine,  
And make it daily more like Thine;  
Until my heart's affections be  
Entirely wrapt, dear Lord, in Thee.

—Rev. J. C. Middleton, D. D.

### LENT.

The darkness was just coming on. Annie had been writing a letter, and had not finished the fourth page before the sun had sunk behind the horizon, and had left her with her writing-desk still on her lap, and her pen in her hand, but unable to go on with her letter; partly because she could not think what to say next, and partly because it was too dark to see the lines on the paper. Some one knocked at the door, and Annie answered "Come in." She knew who it was, as the knock had been preceded by a stumble up the stairs, and that always signified that Fred was on his way.

"Annie," said Fred, almost before he had fairly entered the room, "let's go skating to-night. Will you? There's splendid skating on the pond, and a good many of the boys are going to be over there, and Fannie and Hattie Kelso, and Mame Morris, and ever so many others. It'll be no end to fun."

"Yes indeed I will, if Papa has no objection. I have not had one really good skate this winter, and here it is almost spring again."

"Oh! no it isn't. We have almost a whole month of winter left. To-day is only the ninth of February."

"Yes, I know that; but Lent coming so early this year, makes it seem nearer spring than it is. Do you know that day after to-morrow is Ash-Wednesday?"

"Yes, and that makes me think. How is it sister Annie, that we tell what time Lent comes?"

"Let me see," said Annie; "it is something about the next Sunday after the full moon

after the twenty-first of March, I think, but I am not sure. I'll look," and so saying she lighted the gas and turned to the first page of her Prayer Book, to the "Rules to know when the moveable feasts and holy days begin," and read: "Easter Day, on which the rest depend, is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after." Now, Fred, just count forty days backwards, and you'll find out when Ash-Wednesday comes."

"Yes, I see," said Fred; "but as I know it comes to-morrow, I won't count just now. I am much obliged to you, though, for telling me. I never know where to look for those things, as you do; and then you always have your Prayer Book, or any other book you happen to want, so handy that it isn't worth while to look for mine."

Annie laughed and turned down the gas, and proposed that they should go down in the library and sit till it was supper time.

"Why, it's hardly dark here yet," said Fred as he opened the door; "how long the days are getting."

"Yes they are. Do you know that the name Lent was taken from an old Saxon word that meant the Spring of the year, because the Lenten fast always happens about the beginning of Spring, or when the days are growing longer?"

"Is that so? I didn't know it."

"Nor I," said Nellie from behind the curtain, where she had been sitting unnoticed before by Annie and Fred. "Sister Annie, what do we call the first day of Lent Ash Wednesday for?"

"Wasn't it because the people in old times used to sprinkle ashes on their heads on that day in token of penitence?" asked Fred.

"Yes, and the ashes were the ashes of the palms and other evergreens burned on Palm Sunday of the year before. Wasn't that a curious custom? The primitive Christians used to commence their Lent on the Sunday which is now the first Sunday in Lent, but it was afterwards changed to the Wednesday before, as that made just forty days of fasting, and forty days is what it ought to be. You know that our Saviour was under the dominion of death about forty hours, and so we keep that number of days. I was reading somewhere the other day that Ash-Wednesday used to be called the 'Head of the Fast.'"

"There comes papa," said Nellie from her seat in the window, where she had been watching for him, and she ran out to meet him. In a moment more she came back triumphantly riding on her father's shoulder.—*Selected.*

### WOULD NOT DRINK.

There is nothing which the enslaved drunkard will not do to get his liquor. Sometimes, however, the spectacle of one who has lost all his will and his fine feelings, and who has degraded himself below the level of the brutes, makes other men who are on the road to the same degradation pause and reflect.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I have sworn off."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a hard drinking man all my life,

ever since I was married, as you all know; I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I'm done."

"Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing thread bare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand."

"Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes, little things with buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn once or twice."

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em; I want a drink."

"You had better take those shoes back to your wife. The baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s-she won't because she's dead. She's lying at home now; died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case and cried like a child. "Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence. No one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*South Western Presbyterian.*

### PLAIN WORDS TO YOUNG MEN ABOUT LENT.

#### FIND OUT YOUR BESETTING SINS.

Read carefully Matt. v, vii, xxii, 36-40, and 1st Cor. xiii, and size up your life by their standards.

TELL YOUR SINS TO GOD. Hosea xiv, 1-4.

LAY HOLD ON CHRIST YOUR SAVIOUR. John i, 29; John iii, 1-17; Acts xiii, Acts 38-39; 1st John i.

AMEND YOUR LIFE. Ezekiel xviii, 25-32.

Pick out your besetting sin and it in His name."

If it be IMPURITY resolve neither to speak nor willingly hear one word of smut; to look at no picture or piece of statuary, no matter how respectably located that suggests to you an impure thought; to look on no woman "to lust after her." (Matt. v, 28.)

If it be UNDUE INDULGENCE of any other appetite, cut it off absolutely. Don't touch a drop of liquor, and cut off smoking. Eat moderately, cutting off entirely those things of which you are immoderately fond.

If it be GAMBLING touch no card in any game.

If it be PRIDE, offer yourself for such Christian work as may be most distasteful to you. Seek out those whom you have wronged and ask forgiveness, and those who have wronged you, and offer it.

If it be SELFISHNESS, seek at all times and places—at home with the family, at school, or office, or store, or in society with your comrades—to make those about you happy. Put yourself out of mind and try and think only of others.