

The Lord is Risen To-day.

(Carrie L. Sessions, in the Michigan
'Christian Advocate.')

Within a tomb so dark and bare
The dear Lord Jesus lay.
His faithful friends with tender care
Bowed low with grief, had laid him there,
While darkness spread o'er earth and sky,
And mournful hearts made sad reply,
'The Lord is dead to-day.'

'Tis Sabbath morn. With spices sweet
The women wend their way.
They long to kneel at His dear feet,
And bring their gifts with love replete.
They near the tomb with tear-dimmed eyes,
And hear these words in glad surprise,
'Thy Lord is risen to-day.'

A shining vision greets them there,
And drives their tears away,
They see the tomb no longer bare,
But filled with joy and hope so fair.
And their glad message bringeth cheer
To all who hold his memory dear—
'The Lord is risen to-day.'

And now within each silent tomb
That vision waits alway;
To take away the chill and gloom,
And bid the flowers of hope to bloom,
By man came death, through Christ came life,
And we, set free from earthly strife,
May rise with Him some day.

Then heart of mine, in Him confide,
Thy Saviour reigns to-day,
Through shadows deep the way He'll guide,
By waters still o'er troubled tide.
Mid partings drear He'll comfort thee
And thou and thine with Him shall be,
For He is risen to-day.

The Lesson of Easter.

What will come to pass when the world shall take seriously the lesson of Easter? Not satisfied with flowers and the sound of music, and congratulations that Christ is risen, what will take place when the world wakes from its own sleep and rises itself? It throws off its grave clothes, it rolls away the stone from the mouth of its tomb. It rises from death. It begins really to live in the eternal life. What then?

A thousand million people, sons of God and his daughters, will begin on that Easter morning, whenever it shall come, to engage themselves in God's affairs first and their own afterward, and then only as their affairs relate to his; as in the rush of a great battle a brave soldier for a few moments forgets his own danger, even his own life, in the determination that the colors shall go forward and a certain ridge be won. On that Easter morning the souls of all men and women, all youths and maidens, all boys and girls, shall start up and control their bodies and their minds. To-day, on the contrary, the body of a man and his mental machinery generally control his soul and keep it under. When of a sudden he acts from faith, or hope, or love, the three attributes of his soul, he sets it down himself as something exceptional. He is a little surprised that it all turns out so well. Life controls the tools, and the treadle and the fly-wheel no longer keep the life down to their pace of dead and mechanical movement. This life is eternal and abundant. This is the secret of life with which Easter has to do, the life of faith and hope and love.
—Edward Everett Hale.

Easter Joy.

To the Christian no festival of the year is so full of holy, triumphant joy as this which celebrates the resurrection of our Lord. Advent is a time of mirth; the bells ring out merrily in accord with the gay voices of little children happy because the child Jesus was born under the clear star of Bethlehem. But Easter joy is different. If we enter into its true meaning, we have been with the Christ from childhood to maturity. We have lived with him his life of sympathy for humanity, with its inevitable pain. We have shared his heaviness of Spirit for the sin of the world.

We have stood awe-stricken in the shadow of the cross. We have wept with Mary in moments when the sepulchre was the only object through our blinding tears. We have thrilled with happy recognition when we knew his voice. We have heard his commission, 'Go quickly, and tell that I am risen.' We have walked and rejoiced in communion with our living Lord. All this is included in our Easter joy. It is the settled, calm, and yet exultant joy of experience, tested by trial, mellowed by sorrow, illumined by faith.

'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord,' The vision of the risen Lord always makes us glad. For if he rose not from the dead, then is our faith vain. But if we see him, know him, talk with him, we know that 'all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen.' The world would be sadly dark without its Easter. Human hearts would be unconsoled without the risen Jesus. Alas that so many, even among those who have hope of eternal life through his death, fail to rejoice in the power of his resurrection. 'Because I live, ye shall live also,' he says. Life is ever victor over death. His life in us is daily victory over all that tends to death. It is victory over sin, triumph over pain, conquest over foes; it is life abundant.

'Not for the trump of doom and judgment hour
Waits, through slow years, the resurrection power.
To-day He lives, to-day His life may be
Eternal life begun, O soul, in thee!'
—'Christian Advocate.'

I Say to all Men, Far and Near.

(Friedrich von Hardenberg.)

I say to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who harkens to His word
Shall reach His father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more.
Though his beloved sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare;
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

He lives. His presence hath not ceased.
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life!

Risen With Him.

Roll once more the stone away,
Angel of our Easter Day.
Roll away our stone of doubt;
Let us from its prison out.
Roll away our stone of grief;
Breathe into our faith relief.
Roll away our stone of fear;
Let us feel that heaven is near.
Roll away our stone of sin;
Shed thy light where death hath been.
Angel, come from Christ to-day,
Roll our stony heart away;
Stand beside its grave and say:
'One more soul hath risen to-day.'
—Clarence Mills Burkholder.

Rising With Christ.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the Magna Charta of the spiritual liberties of the Christian. The familiar Pauline argument tells us that if Christ is not risen everything dies in His death, and nothing of hope or of cheer for the race remains. The New Testament makes every good thing for the believer contingent upon the sublime fact of the resurrection of the Founder of Christianity. The logic of the situation is so evident as hardly it would seem to require statement. Unless Christ rose, nothing could be, but now is Christ risen from the dead, and since He lives all who believe in Him live also with a higher life which is His gift and a promise for the life to come which is indescribably fair and glorious.

The Christian then should humbly yet confidently pass on from the negative way of stating the case, 'If Christ be not risen your faith is vain,' to glory in the positive conviction, 'The Lord is risen, we too shall rise,' and to respond sympathetically to the divine injunction, 'If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.' There is always an upward look and tendency to the true Christian life. No man can rise with Christ who allows himself to be still weighted down with the ceremonies or mortal desires or the heavy drag of carnal things. The resurrecting grace of Christ gives wings—to those who are ready to fly—and lifts the willing soul from off the planes of sordid desire and raises it into the upper airs of a rarer, richer spiritual experience. It was this thought that fired the imagination of the poet when he sang:

'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven Thy dwelling-place!'

There is a tonic influence in the air at Easter time, there is a call to a higher life vibrating in the chimes which then ring gladly out, there is a glow of divine promise to the blooms which then grace the pulpits of the churches. All these things are tokens of immortality. They are intimations of the coming of a better age for the world. They denote the importation into the world, from a higher and heavenly sphere, of a new and quickening energy, which is none other than the grace of Jesus Christ and the power of His resurrection.

Yes, the 'power of His resurrection.' We owe that phrase to Paul. Paul's ambition was to know Christ and the force or energy of the resurrection which He accomplished and accomplishes. This resurrection of Jesus is in the present tense just as much as in the past or future tenses. It is not simply an historic fact, though it is that, but it is also a blessing in which to rejoice now and a hope toward which the believer may look forward in the future. The true believer, who yields himself in perfect obedience to the rule of Christ, is being constantly resurrected, experiencing day by day new and more invigorating importations into his life of the quickening heavenly grace. These anticipatory resurrections all look forward to and prophesy of the final rising from the dead in perfect holiness in the Last Day.

Too much cannot be made of Easter when it is celebrated as a spiritual feast and an inward resurrection. What may be called the trappings of Easter are but the visible tokens of an invisible regenerative process. That soul begins at once to rise, in the scale of intelligence, in moral capacity, in spiritual power and perception, that has Christ in it as its 'hope of glory.' There is no possible resurrection for the individual or for the race apart from the grace and gift of Jesus Christ as the Redeemer. Let the Easter bells peal out, let the grand anthems roll out from organ and choir loft, let the fairest flowers be plucked to adorn the chancels and the pulpit stairs, but let it be remembered all the while, that it is Jesus Christ who makes Easter, and that only the soul united to Him by faith, has in it any promise of life or has given it any sure hope for the unnumbered ages of a swiftly approaching eternity.—New York 'Observer.'