

APRIL 13, 1911

on a change. The equinox was set for March 21st, disregarding its variations, and Easter arranged to fall on the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon that is in the ascendancy at that time.

The use of eggs, of course, is symbolical of resurrection, although eggs have been held as sacred or symbolical by many non-Christian peoples, as among the ancient Brahmans, for instance, who told of a primeval "water" upon which arose an egg which gave birth to Brahma. The custom of eating hot-cross buns on Good Friday has descended from the pagan worship of the Queen of Heaven with cakes which were made to resemble the sacred heifer in Egypt, and so called "bons," or "boun," hence "bun."

The Windrow.

Until the reign of James II., it was customary at Easter for the British sovereign to wash the feet of a number of his subjects corresponding to his own years of age. When Queen Elizabeth was thirty-nine, she washed the feet of thirty-nine courtiers, but it is recorded that the feet had been put through a double washing and perfuming process before the ceremony. William III. was the first to break loose from the custom, deputing the task to his almoner, and finally gifts of money, "maunds," were substituted for the service.

In paintings, even quite famous ones, of the women at The Tomb, the conceptions of the artists have often shown the women attempting to roll away a huge stone. Archaeological research now shows that these pictures give an erroneous idea. These stones at the tombs were really shaped like wheels, and were made to roll in a groove. They were usually placed before a "shelf-tomb," in which the body was placed on a shelf placed in a recess excavated in the rock. The traditional tomb of Jesus, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, is a tomb of this kind. It consists of two chambers, an antechamber or vestibule, now called the "Chapel of the Angel," and the tomb proper, containing a shelf now overlaid with marble. The doors of these tombs were small and low, this explaining why Mary Magdalene and again Peter "stooped down" to look within.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Same To-day.

JESUS Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. xiii.: 8.

"The world sits at the feet of Christ, Unknowing, blind and unconsented; It shall yet touch His garments' fold, And feel the heavenly Alchemist Transmute its very dust to gold."

On the first Easter Day, the men and women who knew that their Master was living, and at hand, could not be expected to think or talk about any subject of less vital importance—at least when they were with any of His friends. They had loved Him as their dearest earthly companion, now they revered Him as Divine. Some were still feeling that all the sunshine of life had gone out; they still mourned over a dead King, not knowing that He was Risen. Those who knew the glad tidings of great joy could not rejoice alone, but must run quickly to carry the good news from house to house. Breathless, but radiant, they repeated the story over and over again, wherever a wondering listener could be found. Then, in the evening, the apostles talked together about the Lord they loved; and He was listening to every word, though they did not know it. And, as they talked about the wonderful story of the Risen Christ, scarcely believing that His Resurrection could be a natural fact, without any warning, Jesus Himself stood visibly in the midst of them, "and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had told Him after He was risen." At first they were frightened, supposing that they

saw only a disembodied spirit, so He showed His hands and feet and side, and even shared with them their interrupted meal. He was eager to prove His identity with the Friend they fancied they had lost, saying tenderly: "It is I Myself: handle Me, and see."

Bishop Wilkinson says these words might be more clearly translated, "I am Myself," and goes on to say that the Risen Lord "seems to forget the little parenthesis of the grave and Paradise, of death and the Resurrection, and takes up the broken thread of the discourse." What a comfort it is to us to know that death does not destroy identity any more than life does. If our identity depended on this changing body of ours—the tent where the soul lives—then we should not be the same people that we were ten or twenty years ago. Every moment I am losing part of my body. In a very few years, not a particle of it will remain, yet I shall be the same person as before. We not only live and love as we did long ago, but even our changed appearance is not enough to keep our friends from recognizing us—though, after a long absence, we may have to show some marks of identity. The mother who parts with a smooth-faced boy, and does not see him again for many years, may find it hard to believe that a bearded, weather-beaten man is really the same loved son. But she soon gets used to the change, and knows that it is only a surface matter. It is her son himself.

So it will be with us when death lies behind us instead of before. We shall soon grow accustomed to the changed life, as we have grown accustomed to the change from childhood to manhood or womanhood in ourselves and others. We shall step out of this room of the King's palace into the Park of Paradise, and we shall not have to go alone even that short distance. The dear Master, who has led us so carefully here, will not lose His strong hold of our hand. He is the same to-day as He was yesterday, and will be unchanged through all the ages of eternity. We, like the apostles, shall "be glad when we see the Lord."

The one thing which filled the thoughts of the disciples at that first Eastertide, was the Living JESUS, and no other thought can begin to compare with it now. We may be interested in business or pleasure, but in a short time these will have faded out, and we shall have new interests. The child is interested in toys or games, but in a few years he feels amused to think that he ever cared for a toy gun or a rocking-horse. A

few years more pass and he can hardly understand why skating or coasting were once a keen delight. The dearest earthly joys slip out of our grasp, or out of our affections, but JESUS is "the Same" yesterday, to-day, and for ever. A very clever Professor was drawing daily nearer to death. His friend read to him one of the learned books that he used to enjoy. "Oh, I'm awfully tired of it!" he remarked. Then he spoke about the living Christ, and said, "There is nothing else of any use to me now."

Our own experience tells us that we grow away from many things, and the experience of those who have passed triumphantly or peacefully into the unseen life on the other side of death, leaning on Christ, makes us certain that He can and will help us safely through. We cannot grow beyond His fellowship.

But the Easter message that "JESUS LIVES!" is not to be kept to ourselves. The women, who were first told the glorious tidings, were sent to bring the disciples word. Even if they had not been commanded to spread the good news, even if they had tried to keep the secret, their glad faces would have spoken plainly. So it is to-day. If we live every day consciously with our Master Christ; if we tell Him about our pleasures, consult Him in our difficulties, and endure His strength, then others will be more sure that He is really close at hand. If only one or two people in the world believed that they could speak to Christ and be answered by Him, then they might often doubt their own conviction of His Living Presence. If only one person had seen Him on the first Easter Day, that one might have doubted his own experience. But the faith of one was strengthened by the witness of another. And it is always so. If we allow our faith to grow weak, we are injuring the faith of other people; without intending to do them any harm, of course. If we have a clear vision of our ever-present King, then others will find it easier to believe.

But how can we make ourselves believe? Faith is the gift of God, and we can ask Him for it. Faith comes to us through the Holy Spirit, and He is always given to those who pray for His indwelling Presence. Faith was given to those who loved Christ at first, and He is "the Same" to-day. We do not hear that He showed Himself alive after His death to anyone but friends. Of course, the people who do not want to believe, do not want to fight each favorite sin to the death, are not easily convinced. The

witnesses were not sent to tell Caiaphas or Pilate, they were sent to the sorrowing disciples.

A few weeks ago I heard a missionary tell the story of an old man who had been converted from heathenism. "But," said the eager convert, "how long have you known that God loves us all?"

When told that the good tidings of great joy had been known for many hundreds of years, he said: "Oh, why did you not let us know sooner? Perhaps I might have died, like others of my people, without knowing anything about it?"

Christendom is waking up to a sense of its responsibility, but are we—each one of us—virtually interested in Missions? If we have had our eyes opened to see the Face of the Living JESUS, are we satisfied to enjoy the knowledge of His Love without trying to let others know? I don't mean only sending money to missionaries—though that is very important, too.

JESUS is the same to-day as He was yesterday. Then He hid Himself under the commonplace. Many saw Him working in the carpenter's shop, and yet did not know Him to be God. Now He touches us in every sorrow and in every joy. He comes to us in every man, woman or child we meet. He puts each moment's duty into our hands, and pours wonderful gladness into our hearts when we lay our lives at His feet. He still reveals Himself sometimes in dreams. A few weeks ago, I dreamed that I saw Him, not clearly, but in a shadowy vision. The face was hidden entirely, and I did not hear a voice, but I knew that His orders were to do something that was against my own wish. In the dream came a sudden rush of joy as I yielded my will to His. The remembrance of that dream has helped me to rejoice in the privilege of obeying when obedience is hard. You have that privilege too.

"As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven on His hands;
As a Priest, with God-uptilted eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice;
As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
That we too may live He lives again."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Near Home at Last.

The following is an extract from "Near Home at Last," a poem, by Rev. J. V. B. Monsell, written a week before his own



A Fine Back Yard.

Good alike for tennis, for bleaching, or for quiet enjoyment of its beauty.

Residence of Mr. Rowland Stephens, Middlesex County, Ontario.