

EASTER CAROL.

God hath sent His angels
To the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings
To the sons of men;
They who first at Christmas
Thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb door
Sit on Easter Day.

CHORUS.

Angels, sing His triumph.
As you sang His birth,
Christ the Lord is risen,
"Peace good-will on earth."

In the dreadful desert.

Where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels
Gathered at His side;
And, when in the garden,
Grief, and pain, and care,
Bowed Him down with anguish,
They were with Him there.
Cho. Angels, sing.

Yet the Christ they honour

Is the same Christ still,

Who, in light and darkness,

Did His Father's will;

And the tomb deserted

Shineth like the sky,

Since He passed out from it,

Into victory.

Cor. Angels, sing.

God has still His angels,

Helping at His word

All His faithful children,

Like their faithful Lord.

Soothing them in sorrow,

Arming them in strife,

Opening wide the tomb doors,

Leading into Life.

Cho. Angels, sing.

Father, send Thine angels

Unto us, we pray;

Leave us not to wander:

All along our way,

Let them guard and guide us,

Wheresoe'er we be,

Till our Resurrection

Bring us home to Thee.

Cho. Angels, sing.

MORAL COURAGE.

It is a difficult thing to acquire moral courage, is so much easier always to give way. When laughed at for going to Church, for saying your private prayers, it is so easy to give way. Yet how noble it is to resist!

Some years ago, at a large public school in the south of England, the boys in their dormitories tumbled into bed at night without saying their prayers. New boys coming to school were speedily laughed out of their piety, if they bent the knee by the bedside before retiring to rest. At last there came a new boy, very young, carefully brought up. The first night he arrived, he knelt down as he had at home, he was greeted with laughter and groans of mockery, but he never moved till he had finished his usual prayers. Next night it was the same. In vain did the big boys try to make him give up. The little fellow was like a rock; harnessed with the armour of God he bent his bow, and his prayer like an arrow pierced the clouds.

Now there were, in the same dormitory, other boys who, at home, had always said their prayers, but who, shrinking from ridicule, had given up

the practice in school. Seeing the courage of the little fellow, they plucked up spirit also, and began to kneel down to say their prayers also. The practice spread, was recognised, and the masters hearing of it interfered, and thenceforth silence for ten minutes after entering their dormitories, was enforced on the boys, and all knelt to their prayers. The custom has ever since prevailed. A few years ago, that boy, grown to be a middle-aged man, died. Brave soldier; who turned not back in the day of battle!

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

In the Swedish war of the seventeenth century, a burgher of Flensburg was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a small wooden bottle, when a wounded Swede, fixing his longing eyes upon the beverage, exclaimed, "I am thirsty: give me to drink." Now, the burgher was a kind man, and replying, "Thy need is greater than mine," he knelt down by the man to give him the liquor. Then the treacherous Swede fired a pistol at him, wounding him in the shoulder. Thereupon the burgher started up indignantly, as he well might do, and cried out, "Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would shoot me in return. You shall now only have half the bottle instead of all of it." When the news came to the King of Denmark, he exclaimed, "A man who can do this thing deserves to be a noble," and he created him one, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle pierced through with an arrow, which was borne until quite lately by his latest descendant.

I BELIEVE, I DENY.

The following is given as an illustration of the manner in which the Rev. Jas. C. Richmond sometimes advocated the claims of the Church:

He was preaching one evening in one of the public halls of a neighbouring city, selected because no church was large enough to contain the immense congregations who always flocked to hear him. On the night of which we are speaking a congregation of nearly three thousand people had gathered to listen to a sermon upon "The Church." He well knew that not one-half were Churchmen, and hence he exerted all his powers to defend the distinctive claims of the Church and at the same time avoid giving offence to members of other Christian bodies. "My friends," he began, "why is it that we do not all belong to one church? Why do we have different names, etc., etc.? Let us try to answer these questions. Let us go around to all the churches in this city and try to find out what separates them. Let us begin in the North part of the city, the stone church, St. John's church as we call it. Here stands a benevolent looking man at the door. 'My friend, what is this building for?' 'This, sir, is a place where the Christian religion is taught.' 'But,' we ask, 'what do you teach for the Christian religion?' 'Go in, sir, and you will learn.' We enter, listen: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ,' etc., etc. Well, my friends, that sounds well. Let us come down and stop at the plain wooden building. 'What do you teach here, my friend?' 'We teach the Christian religion.' 'Why that is what they teach up at the stone church; why don't you unite with them?' 'Oh! we don't believe in water baptism; we don't believe in external ordinances, in a regular ministry,' etc. 'Ah, I see they say up at the old stone church, 'I believe.' You say, 'I don't believe.' Let us come down town and stop at the big church with the high steeple. 'My friend, what is this great building for; what do you do here?' 'We teach the Christian religion.' 'Why that is what they do up at the old stone church.

Why don't you go up there and unite with them?' 'Oh! we don't believe in the infant baptism; we don't believe any baptism is valid except by emersion.' 'Ah, I see! They say up there, 'I believe,' but you say, 'I don't believe.' We come to the next church. 'What do you teach here, my friend?' 'We teach the Christian religion.' 'Why don't you go up there to the old stone church; that is what they do up there?' 'Oh! we don't believe in the Divinity of Christ.' 'Ah, I see; they say 'I believe,' you say, 'I don't believe.' So he passed from church to church and summoned up by saying: 'The difference between the Church and other Christian bodies is only this: the Church says, I believe; the other says, I deny. Every denomination of Christians is founded on the denial of some one or more articles of belief which the Church of Christ has always held and valued.'

A GOOD RULE.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself:

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air, will do it at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one happy, through each day, there are three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And supposing you live forty years only, after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time.

AT THE MOTHER'S KNEE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury attended recently, and delivered an address at the opening of an infant school in the old parish, Lambeth. In the course of his remarks he said: "There was little real dispute in the world, he thought, as to the best mode of training children of the age of those gathered together in the infant school. A secular education for children of such tender age would be rather a foolish undertaking, and he did not believe that any sensible father or mother of a family would attempt to educate their children or any other than the sort of principles there adopted. The hymn they had just heard sung was the sort of instruction they desired these children to receive, and they felt confident that the influence of this simple Christian teaching would be prized as long as life lasted. Secular education was a very good thing, but he did not think that little children could possibly be trained to be very good citizens unless they were given some very distinct motives by which to regulate their conduct. Unfortunately, human nature was such that if care were not taken to put something good into the mind, a great deal that was bad was almost sure to find a way in. These lessons they were trying to teach their little children would certainly have a good effect on their after lives. He had himself had to do with the training of young men for a great number of years; he had had candidates for Ordination brought before him for nearly twenty-five years, and had held nearly fifty ordinations, and he must say that those young ministers of the Gospel of Christ who had most shown their acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, and therefore, most fitness for the great office they were about to undertake, had principally gained this knowledge of Scripture at their mother's knees."

THE FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

"The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—Zechariah viii. 5.

God is our Father. This is the name by which He calls Himself, and by which He would have us think of Him. The best earthly father is good and father-like, only so far as he is like the Father of us all. Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful. He knows what we are: He makes kindly allowance for our weakness and childishness. He is so great that He can feel with us in our little cares and needs. Our lightest pains and fears are taken note of by His large, loving sympathy. Our least, guileless joy is pleasant to Him as brightening the way of those whom He loves. The most trifling gift we offer, or work we do, for Him, is welcomed as a sign of our love to Him.

God is not a Father in whose presence His children must feel constraint, whom they must forget before they can feel glad. There are earthly fathers, the sound of whose voice or step is the signal for free happiness to end; the little ones move and speak before them with a dread of making some mistake and bringing down anger or punishment. The timid look, and the nervous voice tell of a hard ruler; and are the sorest reproach to the man who thus loses his hold for good upon his children, and destroys the meaning and the power of the name "Father" as a name of God. The Father on high would have his children love to have Him near; He would have them be at ease and happy in His presence. He would add to their joy, not damp or still it. He knows when there is a true, simple love for Him and wish to please Him; and He wants His children to trust and to be sure that He loves them and is glad to see them happy.

It is wrong to think that God only cares to see us pray, and worship, and do our daily tasks and what men call religious work. Our amusements are as needful as our food and rest, to keep mind, and body, and spirit, in health and vigour. God has so made us: He is interested in us and all we do and enjoy, all the hours of our life. The boys and the girls at their play, and the men and women at their more quiet pleasures are under the eye of a Father, whose loving tenderness looks kindly on them always. He is the awful God: but, to those who love Him, His might is shown in the power of His love. There is nothing to dread in His nearness. Nothing need be feared but sin, which would separate us from Him.

A TIGER STORY.

While a party of natives, under the direction of a Scotchman (says Dr. Duff), were in clearing the jungle on Saugar Island, they were annoyed by the night attacks of a tiger of unusual size and ferocity. It carried away some of their oxen, as well as two or three human beings. While thus engaged, a cyclone burst upon them and caused the waters to rise over the island. As many natives as could swim went to the Scotchman's bungalow for shelter, until it was greatly overcrowded.

At last, while watching the flood rapidly rising to a level with the floor, he noticed, at a distance, driven before the tempest along the mighty torrent of waters, the famous tiger, evidently bent on reaching the house! Happily he had a double-barrelled gun ready loaded. The tiger reached the bungalow, leaped into it, worked a way through the dense mass of human beings, and did not stop till it got head and nose into the remotest corner, where he lay trembling like an aspen leaf.

The Scotchman concluded that though under the influence of terror produced by the violence of the tempest, he was then quite tame, if the bungalow escaped.