

loveliness which at length looks out upon him with meek, shy face from the coppice and the wood, the signal comes with fine suggestions and symbolism, and with something of healing power to the heart. Once again the Earth's shroud is being gradually transfigured into her wedding garment. The saffron robe of the crocus, and the Lent lily's lovely cup: the grass that grows upon the mountains and upon the new graves, speak to us with a new accent of that mystic power which is once more stirring at the heart of Nature. "How could the rude Earth make these, if her essence, rugged as she looks, and is, were not inwardly Beauty?" It is a true instinct which leads us to mark in the springing grass, or the rapture of the blossoming almond-tree, a lovely fragment thrown up from that great inner sea of Beauty which is hidden from us. To look for this final cause simply in the law of motion, operating in the direction of least resistance, would be indeed to rob Nature of her Poetry and Divine Symbolism: and ourselves of the comfort which grows from faith in the nearness of a Nameless Love. The most gifted souls the world has ever seen have never been content so to account for the vision of beauty which has beamed upon them, or so to regard that subtle energy which stirs in the grass and flower year by year so silently as to elude our utmost vigilance.—*Christian World*.

An Easter Meditation.

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* Made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead.—Romans i. 3,4.

Christ had two risings; He rose from the seed of David, and He rose from the seed of Death. He had a double Christmas. His first Christmas was His birth from the house of Israel: His second was His birth from what we call the narrow house appointed for all living. But the narrow house was the larger ancestry: His second Christmas was the more glorious. His first coming was, after all, from a very slender root—a small fragment of the race of man. But Easter Day was His true Christmas. It came from man himself—man at the lowest, and, therefore, man at the widest. We do not all sit in the house of David: but we all rest in the house of death. That is to me the charm of Easter Day. It is not simply that Christ ascended; it is that He ascended from our most hopeless state, our most universal state. There have been other visions of ascending souls. We have seen Enoch ascending: we have seen Elijah ascending. But even while we gaze, we are parted from them. We feel that their rising has not come from the common ground, the ground of our corruption: there is a great gulf fixed between us. But when Christ rises we rise with Him. We feel that He has risen out of our dust, out of our miry clay. We see Him borne upwards on no impossible chariot of fire, but on the wings of our human weakness. We see Him ascend from no vanished stem of royalty, but from the meanest level of the lowliest soil. The possibility which Easter reveals is the possibility of death's own life.