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'I Am the Resurrection and the Life.'

AN EASTER STORY.

(By Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins in 'Union Gospel News.')

Standing at the window, Jack Wilton looked aimlessly out at the throng of handsomely dressed people who were passing.

It was Easter Sabbath, and the sunshine flashed as brightly as though its one object was to typify that more wonderful brightness which spanned the spiritual uni-



'JACK, DO, PLEASE, GO TO CHURCH WITH ME, WON'T YOU?'

verse nineteen hundred years ago, when the glorious Sun of Righteousness burst the bonds of death and the tomb, and thereby proved the truth of his own words spoken to Martha of Bethany: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

'I wonder why all these people are going to church?' Jack mused. And then, noting the loveliness of many of the costumes, his lip curled as he added: 'Many are going, no doubt, to show off their new hats and gowns. I don't know anything myself about religion, but I think the Bible preacher was right when he wrote: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"'

Being in this mood it was little wonder that when his sister Nora, who was just twenty, and as pretty as a rose, came into the room a moment later, he examined her toilet with interest and critical eyes.

Her gown was a marvel of grace and beauty, and her jaunty hat held such a profusion of roses and violets, that Jack involuntarily sniffed the air as though to inhale their supposed perfume.

'Jack, do, please, go to church with me to-day, won't you?' she said, in a pleading voice, not noticing the expression on his face.

'Why should I go?' he inquired.

'Oh, I would like to have you walk with me, and then the chapel is to be decorated so beautifully, that I know you will enjoy seeing it. You have never been to church with me yet, Jack.'

'Are those the only reasons for my going?' he asked.

'Well, no. The girls will all have on their new Easter costumes, and you are such a lover of beauty, and so fastidious in your taste, that I know it will give you pleasure to see them. There are some beautiful girls

who attend our church, and they dress with exquisite taste,' was Nora's reply. She was wholly oblivious to the deepening scorn in her brother's face.

'With such weighty reasons for my presence in church, surely I must not disappoint you,' he said, and then added, surveying her from head to foot:

'What a stunning turn-out. Do you suppose that anyone in your vicinity will be able to listen to the sermon?'

'Why do you ask?' she inquired, while a pleased flush mantled her cheeks.

'Oh, my mind was merely reverting to our old game of weighing consequences,' he replied, with a laugh, as he stepped into the hall for his hat and gloves.

This fair sister of his had been a member of the church for almost two years. Jack had thought, when she joined, that she bade fair to grow into a genuine saint. He wished, at the same time, that he could feel the same enthusiasm in holy things that she seemed to. Looking at her now, with the frivolous air of the world so conspicuously

older members consider him a second St. Paul, but I find him so tiresome that I can hardly sit still.'

After they were seated in their pew, and Nora had quieted down from her flutter of pleasure in being able to march in with such a handsome and distinguished looking fellow as was Jack by her side, she whispered, under cover of the brilliant voluntary:

'Aren't the decorations lovely? And did you ever before see such a mass of beautiful dresses outside of an opera house?'

Jack made no response. His eye was resting upon the minister, who now arose, hymn book in hand, to announce the opening hymn. The choir had ended their joyous chant, in which Jack caught the words, repeated over and over:

'He is risen, he is risen from the dead. Depart, vain world: his glory fills my soul! Depart, depart, vain world!'

Jack almost laughed, as he noticed the flowers and feathers and costly array of the singers. He thought within himself, that 'the vain world,' so far as he could see, held



'FATHER, I WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.'

marking her, his lip curved into a cynical smile, and he said in his heart:

'Religion seems to be a back number these days. I wonder if it is not all a sham and an empty show?'

'You won't care to listen to the sermon,' Nora said, as they neared the elegant chapel where she worshipped. 'Dr. Gordon is a very plain, uninteresting speaker. I don't see why they keep him. But he is a good man, and I suppose they hate to hurt his feelings by letting him know that he is not popular with the young people. Some of the

more of their thoughts and hearts than did the glorious One of whom they chanted.

There was something about Dr. Gordon's face and bearing that wonderfully impressed Jack; a strength and power utterly at variance with Nora's description. He listened expectantly to catch the first sound of his voice. Yes, it deepened the impression his face had already made, and held just the rich, vibrant tone that Jack had expected.

The hymn took a new meaning when read by such a man, in such a tone, and Jack wondered why he had never before thought