

Sunday School Lesson.

Easter Sunday.

April 2nd, 1893.

THE COMMUNION.

After the prayer of Consecration Christ is really present. He is present sacramentally, present not in a carnal or natural manner, but in a spiritual and supernatural manner, present "after an heavenly and spiritual manner," but yet none the less really present.

He is present that we may hold communion with Him. That we may be one with Him and He one with us (St. John vi. 56), as we pray in the Prayer of Humble Access, may be the case (see prayer, "Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, etc., to end"). We have come to the time of Communion. Read the rubric; you will see the minister receives first, "then shall he deliver," etc. Notice the regular order—"into their hands," the holy Bread should be received on the palm of the hand (ungloved of course) resting on the palm of the other, not in the fingers, lest some of the consecrated crumbs be dropped. The chalice also should be taken in both hands by those who come to receive the Communion.

I. THE WORDS OF ADMINISTRATION.

How many parts are there in a Sacrament? And so we have two parts mentioned here, in the first part the inward and spiritual grace, and the second part, the outward and visible sign.

(i) *The Body of our Lord, etc. The Blood of our Lord, etc.—everlasting life.* Our Lord promises a blessing to the body of the faithful communicant as well as to the soul (St. John vi. 54), and here the priest, as he comes to each communicant, prays for him that he may be made partaker of the benefit both in body and in soul (preserve thy body and soul, etc.). But the promise to the body is something to take place "at the last day," *I will raise him up at the last day.* The promise to the soul is something we need now. What is the great need of the soul now? Eternal life. How are our bodies kept alive? By food. Our souls need food also to live. The food of the body is carnal food, the food of the soul is spiritual food. What strengthens and refreshes the soul in Holy Communion? *The body and blood of Christ*, and, if our souls are in good health and are kept strengthened and refreshed, then we have everlasting life.

(ii) *Take and eat, etc. Drink this, etc.* How do we partake of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament. By receiving the Bread and Wine, provided we do so with repentance and faith. Impenitence and unbelief shut out God's grace from the heart. This holy Bread and Wine is to be taken in remembrance that Christ died—that Christ's Blood was shed for us. We are to feed on Him by faith (Heb. xi. 6). The Presence is spiritual and can only be discerned by faith (Heb. xi. 1). This Holy Food must also be taken with thanksgiving (2 Cor. ix. 15).

II. THE MEANING AND BLESSING OF COMMUNION.

Communion means, as we have seen, being one with. Here we are made one with Christ. (See Exhortation, "Will dwell in Christ and Christ in us," etc.) (St. John vi. 56). To be one with a person is to think as he thinks. We cannot think all that God thinks, but we can try to do so on some points. God hates sin. If we do so then we are one with Him. God loves goodness. If we do so then are we one with Him in this also. God has everlasting life. If we are securing this to ourselves, then, again, are we one with God.

"Brace Up"

Is a tantalizing admonition to those who at this season feel all tired out, weak, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is really wonderful. So we say, "Take Hood's and it will brace you up."

For a good family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's PILLS.

—Our resignation to the will of God may be said to be perfect when our will is lost and resolved up into His; when we rest in His will as our end, as being itself most just and good.

Family Reading.

Gladys: the Story of a Disappointment.

Written for Canadian Churchman.

"No, Miss Grahame," I answered—"you must not see her. Even had you been here at the commencement of her illness, I do not know that your seeing her could have done any good. Now, it could only harm—she is dying very calmly and happily. You would drag her thoughts back to earth. The struggle that has been so hard would be renewed—perhaps her last moments embittered by regret."

"You are cruel," said Margaret, almost passionately. "I must see her—she was unhappy when she left me last—and I must unsay something I said then."

"You could have unsaid it before—now it is too late," I answered—not without a feeling that it was right she should know a little suffering—she had wittingly or unwittingly caused so much.

"You would be purchasing balm for your own feelings at very cruel cost to hers—let her die in peace—she is at peace now," I added, softened by the expression on her face. "Whatever she may have suffered, she is happy now—before long her soul will be with Christ in Paradise—her thoughts and hopes have gone before it—they are not with you at all—and they must not be called down to you and to earth."

"You have seen her every day," said Margaret, almost jealously.

"Yes," I answered, thinking, as I have often thought before—that there is more "poetical justice"—which means God's justice—made visible on the earth than we sometimes imagine. Could Gladys have ever believed that Margaret Grahame would stand pleading for a word with her. That she who had waited, as she would have phrased it, "in the porch" of Margaret's palace, now made royal by the majesty of death, would hold a court into which her idol might not enter?

"Only for a few moments, and I will hardly speak to her," urged Margaret, once more. Again I shook my head.

"Miss Grahame, the doctor—the nurse—will say to you what I say—it would be to needlessly, cruelly disturb her last moments—and it must not be done."

She stood for a moment irresolute, the light of the little gaselier falling on her downcast face, crowned with its glittering hair—her tall, stately figure in its rich evening dress hardly concealed by the velvet and sables of her long cloak.

After a brief silence she turned towards the door—I followed her, and put her into her cab.

"Who is the doctor?" she said, giving me her hand, as I closed the door.

I told her—she repeated the address to the cabman and drove away.

The next morning, after breakfast, I went to No. 9. I had not gone many steps beyond the church, when I heard a voice behind me calling my name—I turned, and saw Miss Grahame.

She carried a basket of exquisite roses in one hand, and a basket of grapes in the other.

"The doctor was not so cruel as you," she said, smiling slightly. "You are to speak to her first—if you will—and prepare her, and I am to see her for five minutes. Tell her that I came to see her the moment I heard of her illness," she went on beseechingly; "tell her."

We both stood still—we had walked up on S. Cyprian's side of the street and now were opposite to Gladys' home.

Margaret's face grew white—the basket fell from her hand. I took the roses in my own, before they, too, dropped, and led her across the street into the house—and into the landlady's parlour. She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands—"oh, it is too hard, too hard," she said, at last, looking up, her proud eyes wet with tears. "Why was I not told—called home before?" Hearing Mrs. Brooke's voice in the hall, I went out. There was very little to be told—Gladys had sunk into a stupor, soon after I left, from which she never recovered, and at about half past two she had passed very peacefully away. I was glad that at this moment Mrs. Brookes was called to speak to some one, and that

I could take Margaret alone to the little chamber above.

We stood by the still form in silence—the lines of pain had left the face, lying there in its restored youth and beauty—the solemn peace of yesterday still on it. Margaret sank on her knees—after a few moments, she rose, and taking the roses I still held, laid them on the quiet breast. Then she stooped, and reverently touched the dead child's brow with her lips—and we came away.

A few days after the funeral, Mr. Brookes, meeting me in the street, invited me to come in and choose one of Gladys' drawings "as a keepsake." When I was able to do so, I missed the "Erl King." But as Mrs. Brookes told me that Gladys had burned several papers soon after she fell ill, I concluded that, in her first sorrow, the child had destroyed all the drawings that were connected with Miss Grahame. I found the "Porch," however, and selecting that for myself, replaced the others—in so doing I let fall to the ground a slip of paper.

I had no hesitation, after looking at it, in keeping that, too; I knew that she would have let no eyes but mine see it, had she lived; on it were written these words:—

"I had within my house an empty room, Nor cared to say to any—'enter—stay,' Till, one day, when the spring had lately come, I saw you, standing by an apple tree, And loved you. To my empty room I turned, Seeking to make it lovely;—for I said, 'It may be she will come and dwell herein.' I gathered flowers—and sought for all fair things—The glow of colour, and the radiant light Of many lamps. The clouds, perfumed breath Of incense, burning ever day and night. All—all I had, I put within that room—That room you would not enter. Now it lies All bare and empty. See, the flowers are dead—The lights are out—the incense burns no more—And I turn weeping from the closed door."

That is the end of her story as far as we can see, who see the end of nothing. Will you judge her harshly, I wonder, or will you make allowance for her bare, colourless life, and admit that only the strongest plants could have thrived and grown healthy amid such surroundings? If you say that no girl ever cared for a woman as she cared for Margaret Grahame, then I answer that you are indeed mistaken. Strange, that while we credit the friendship of Damon and Pythias—while we believe in the love that Jonathan had for David—we are slow to see that woman can give and can inspire true and deep and generous, aye, and passionate devotion. That love is no respecter of persons—often no respecter of sex. Are they not right, after all, who tell us that the soul is sexless?

Well, I have told you one of the many life histories I know. Margaret Grahame put a white marble cross over the grave—and flowers are always there. I never knew more of their last interview than I have told you. But I think that when they meet, in the clear light of that Eternal Day, in which no clouds of misconception can arise, that Gladys will have all she longed for on earth. Nor can I doubt that many other souls shall one day, in another life, gather flowers, whose seeds they sowed in this—acknowledging, with humble gratitude, that they are not less fair, because they have been watered so many times with tears.

"When that new sunrise glows upon the hill, And all the shadows of the night are past—Fair will the new things be—but fairer still, Those, loved and lost—then found again at last."

LEE WYNHAM.

—The Turkish Government have granted a concession for the immediate construction of a railway from the Bay of Acre to Damascus, a distance of 120 miles. Having its head at Acre, the line runs south along the shore to Haifa, at the base of Mount Carmel. From this point it is to turn eastwards, crossing the great plains of Esdraelon—"the battlefield of Palestine"—passing Nazareth, Shunem, and Jezreel. The river Jordan will be crossed near the existing Roman bridge of Mejania, and the line will ascend the hills on the east of the Sea of Galilee and take a direct course over the plains to Damascus.

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