

Family Department.

"WHILE IT WAS YET DARK."

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

While yet the earth in darkness lay—
Before the dawn of THAT GREAT DAY
Had flushed the expectant skies,
The morning stars, from depths of Heaven,
Beheld the grave's dark portal riven,
Beheld the Christ arise!

O sight of wonder and of awe!
"Together sang" they as they saw,
Forth issuing from the grave,
The Victor over Death and Hell,
The Son of God invincible,
Omnipotent to save!

As once they hailed Messiah's birth,
Now o'er a saved though sinful earth
They shout, those millions bright;
The Heavens re-echo as they sing
At sight of Him, their Lord and King,
The very Light of Light.

No human eye beheld Him come,
Triumphant, forth from that dark tomb,
Where buried lies our sin;
They left Him in His agony,
They may not see the Victory
He left high Heaven to win.

But conscious earth, in terror sweet,
Thrills at the pressure of those feet
The cruel nails have torn;
The flowers breathe incense in His way
The birds pour forth, ere break of day,
A hymn of rapture born.

O happy garden! it was thine
That sacred Body to enshrine
Where never man had lain;
O happy! thine the holy sod
Where first the Risen Saviour trod,
For aye alive again.

O happier Mary! standing there,
What bliss shall follow thy despair,
What gain thy bitter loss!
"Mary"—Rabboni! Saviour, Lord!
The joy of Heaven is in that word—
The Crown above the Cross!

Rabboni! let me hear Thy voice!
Bid my poor, empty soul rejoice
With joy of sins forgiven!
Among Thy own count even *me*,
Risen this glad Eastertide with Thee
From death to Life and Heaven.
Easter, 1881. T. M. B.

THE EASTER MOON.

BY THE HON. LAURA E. PALMER.

STAND out with me in the moonlight, and
see the tender mist in which moor, hills, woods
and clumps are steeped. How it subdues every-
thing into a hazy frame for the lake, which
shines out keenly bright under the full moon!

Nature is answering responsively to her
Ruler, in a way she never does to man. The
moon reigns; let all be calm! and the earth
hushes herself to rest obediently. Her Good
Friday of storms is over, and the gentle peace
of this Easter-eve promises us a joyful to-mor-
row.

Have you ever thought what a wonderful
moon this is, this Easter Paschal moon? What
strange things she has witnessed? What a
depth of vision that placid face has looked on,
seen without flinching, or trembling, or rejoic-
ing? List ye then to the tale I will tell you
while you gaze at the white moon and shimmer,
on the lake; and let your thoughts float back
to ages past, till the flood seems to spread into
a great sea, and the distant shores fade away,
while moor, woods and fields break into steep
and-cliffs and monotonous wide-spreading
plains—only the same moonlight playing over
the whole as it used to do three thousand years
ago.

Turn your back on all this brightness, and
look at the dark pile of the minster and town
yonder. See how soon we can shape the
black vague masses into whatever our fancy
wills. That square tower is a massive gateway;
those low houses are not hovels, but palaces,
only you do not see the deep, broad columns
that support them. That waving shadow near
us is the rustling palm-grove. That dark bat
flitting above your head is a wanderer from a
temple of *Sis*. Watch his ungainly flight back
to his nook in the roof. What makes him quail
as he enters? Is there some dread presence
there, which the power of the Great God cannot
keep out?

Two white-robed priests, standing under the
massive portico, look up as he passes and see
him wheel round and round as if in blind un-
certainty. Then a cat comes covering up to

them, and hides herself with a mewling wail
beneath the priest's leopard skin.

"What ails the creatures?" said one to the
other. "Do they dread the black darkness
overshadowing them a second time? The moon
shines clear on us now, as the slaves say it did
on them then. There is no fear of that again!
The mighty rod must have well nigh exhausted
its power now," and he laughed a scoffing laugh
as he added: "Didst thou hear how Pharaoh
drove the imposters forth from his palace the
other day, and how Moses cried to him, 'I will
see thy face again no more?' Verily, he has a
true presentiment of his coming death. The
magicians' enemy shall die! He has balked
our power too long."

"I care not so much for that, Osirei," cried
the other, clenching his fist and knitting his
cruel brow as he spoke, "as that the slaves are
growing unruly. They rebel and send message
after message to *Menptah*,—they, the unclean
captives! And the treasure cities are unbulit,
the obelisks are neglected, while they, forsooth,
must go forth to sacrifice! And our gods suffer!
The murrain attacked *Aphis*, and the sacred
ibis, and crocodiles died by hundreds on the
banks of the bloody Nile. Is this to be
tolerated? These accursed leaders, are they to
be let live? I cannot understand what *Menp-
tah* is about to let them still draw their foul
breath, and taint the air with it?"

He ground his teeth with rage as he ended,
and turned with a gesture of passionate appeal
to his companion.

But the answer came not for some moments,
and then Osirei said, with a shudder, "I mock-
ed just now, but that dread shiver warns me, as
it has done nine times before, that woe betides
us; that the terrible power will manifest itself
again, and I cannot therefore rightly answer
you. Only thus remember: we, the great ones
of Egypt know that the mighty *Phthah*, the
Great Anun-ur, king of the gods, and the *Bleat*
Iris, will conquer and crush this sacred foe; but
the people are ignorant. They dread the won-
ders, and Pharaoh himself will have to beware
lest in their anguish and misery they hurl him
from the throne, and in very self-defence cast
forth the Israelites in the vain hope that these
plagues will cease."

Again he shivered, and the other one asked
in surprise, "How different is thy tone now!
The mocker full of dread! Art thou not well,
oh, my friend? Thou lookedst just now as
wrinkled and old as thy father, when he came
yesterday to see thee, his eldest, his best-be-
loved."

"It is nought, servant of Set, only a vague
dread troubles me. It was as though I beheld
a dark form hovering over the temple. There!
there! Do you not see it?" And he pointed
up into the clear blue sky where only the moon
reigned visible.

It must have been an *ibis*. Nought was there
now, and the light was so clear that anything
not imaginary would have been seen at once.
The full flood of the round moon bathed the
whole front of that temple, showing the crisp
broad rims of the gigantic lotus-leaves that grew
out of those Titan columns, and formed their
capitals. It showed the overshadowing stony
wings of the beetle, arching from side to side
above the gate, and the records of the Shepherd
kings who built that temple, engraved in mystic
finger-language, legible to none but the priests.
It beautified the avenue of pillars by throwing
black shadows behind them. It dimmed the
twinkling lights in the town around by its own
brilliance, so that Zoan looked like a city of the
gods full of light and glory.

"It is late for the lights to burn," said Osirei;
"it is well-nigh midnight."

It was late—very late; but the hovels where
those lamps burned were full of strange con-
fusion. Eating and drinking were going on
there, and yet there was not the look of a feast.
Careworn men, their backs smarting from the
stings of the whip, frightened women, and awe-
struck little children, all were partakers of it.
They made strange groups round the tables
with their travelling gear and staves in their
hands, and there was no merriment or song to
be heard. They were eating as if there was not
a moment to lose, and with only a watchful eye
on the children lest they should stray beyond
the threshold.

Hark! hark! A cry! It is come! It is
come!

Are all ready?
The men drew themselves up, steadfast,
waiting. The women covered with bated
breath, listening to the roar of voices that rose
louder and louder each minute. What was it
that these folks expected? What terrible cry
and wailing was this that broke the peace of
that tranquil moonlight night? Without in the
street a great crowd rushed wildly towards the
king's palace; and as they went an awful sha-
dow moved among them, striking down one,
then another, and another, dead! Into house
after house it passed and left one dead there.

At house after house the dread presence paused;
and if the moonlight showed a stain of blood
upon the lintels, the angel took it for a sign and
passed on, leaving its inmates untouched, un-
harmful. But wherever that blood was not,
there came death; and man and beast all lay
together smitten.

Osirei had shivered yet once more, and he
fell down at his friend's feet, a lifeless corpse.

Pharaoh dreamed in his palace of a fearful
day of vengeance on his rebel slaves; and he
beheld the lashes raised, and heard the cries for
mercy, and the roar of pain; but it moved him
to joy and not to pity. And as the roar rose
louder and louder to heaven, he mocked and
laughed, and then, with the din still sounding
in his ears, he awoke. But, behold! it came
from the streets. It was the cry of human be-
ings, and not of a dream. And, behold! it was
a great and awful cry! "Such as there was none
like it, nor shall be like it any more."

His servants rushed with livid faces into his
bedchamber: "Great king! holy *Menptah*;
come forth, or they will kill thee! The people
are maddened with grief. They have all lost
their first-born, as thou, even thou, hast. And
they will kill thee too, if thou do not let the
Israelites go. Cast the dogs forth, or we shall
be all dead men."

But Pharaoh stood there stunned: "As I,
even I! Have I, too, lost my son? My son!
—my eldest child! It cannot be."

Then he buried his face in his hands, and his
brain reeled round while he heard the roar of
the people without. And by his command
Moses and Aaron were brought in haste into
his presence; and there, in that moment of death
and horror, they received the mandate of free-
dom, the liberty to depart, from his trembling
lips.

"Rise up and get you forth," said he; and
his people echoed it. They pushed their slaves
from out of their doors, they bribed them to
haste by gifts of jewels and gold, they drove
them forth from *Rameses* and *Zoan*, from
Pithom, and all the cities where they worked;
and then, shutting the gates against them, re-
turned to mourn and bury their dead.

It was a strange procession that went forth
that night—an army of slaves. Six hundred
thousand men with women and children, and a
mixed multitude: flocks, herds and cattle.
They went on foot. No gorgeous chariots, no
caparisoned horses shone among them. Their
leaders were two humble brothers, whose only
strength was in their faith. A helpless fright-
ened army enough; with few, if any, arms
among them; with timid women dragging on
them and hindering their march; and with no
training, no knowledge of the hardships and
tactics of warfare; and yet these were the peo-
ple who had withstood the Egyptians, who had
actually now wrested their freedom from them.
They! Had they done it, poor, foolish, cowed
people? It was their God who had wrought this
deliverance for them—their God who led the way
in a pillar of fire.

See the strange, awful march as on the third
day they reached the shore and encamped for
the night by the water's edge. The newly
risen moon glimmers faintly on the reeward.
A ruddy, fiery glow illumines the front, show-
ing the faces of the vanguard confident in awful
faith; for, from where that glow comes, right
before them moves a high, unearthly standard
on which all eyes are fixed: a glowing column
of fire!

Ye who have built the stone columns of Set's
and *Seestris*' temples, did ye ever see aught
like this before? Then tremble in the presence
of your God, and trust to Him whatever come!

They encamped. The sea spread rippling at
their feet, white with moonshine, tranquil as
sleep. On either side a watch-tower rose black
and silent. The lifeless wastes of the wilder-
ness stretched along the shore; and behind all
was walled in by the rocky plateau of the sea-
cliffs, which, in their unbroken line seemed to
say for themselves and their surroundings, "We
all are changeless! We all are wrapt in eter-
nal repose!" The drowsy crocodiles glided in
and out of the reeds with scarcely a rustle. The
weary camp was plunged in sleep; only the
pillar of fire with its living tongues of flame
darting and quivering incessantly, showed what
life was in that desert place.

But after awhile, a distant murmur, a rum-
bling and clashing of arms woke the men, and
they rose from their rest and saw—saw, as they
thought, death upon them. For there were
their foes, their treacherous, cruel masters. The
moonlight revealed all the horrors to them: the
spears and javelins, the armour and chariots,
the king's crown and the long line of troops, all
shone out keen and clear in the cold glitter. As
they drew nearer, the slaves looked around
with a wild hope of escape, but the cliffs be-
hind, the sea in front, only seemed to unite in
crushing them resistlessly in the snaky coils al-
ready wrapt round them. Then they cried

with a depressing, bitter cry to God, and to
Moses His servant, and that valient man cheered
them with words of faith; and then he heard
God's wondrous answer.

After to-night all danger would be over. Sal-
vation was already theirs, for the Egyptians
whom they saw and trembled before to-day,
they would see again "no more, for ever." Such
was the promise, and then came the command:
"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go
forward." Into the sea, into the jaws of death,
away from their enemies! The word was given
the order was obeyed.

Meantime the weary host of Egypt pitched
their tents behind those of Israel, but none
could touch the other from either camp, for the
pillar of fire removed from the front and came
between the two hosts, forming an awful, im-
penetrable barrier—a shadow of black darkness
on the foe's side, but a light and comfort to the
pursued. And they needed it, for there was no
more rest for them. They were silently filing
out of the camp; they were passing through
the last stage of their flight, going forward to
God's liberty.

Moses stood on the shore with his rod stretch-
ed out over the sea, and there came a strong east
wind from the Lord, and lo! it scattered the
waters to the left hand and to the right, and
clave a path through the midst of the sea for
Israel to go over. It was an awful night on
God's earth, with thunders and lightnings,
storm and earthquake, for God Himself was
near His people: "The earth trembled and
shook, the depths also were troubled."

Marching on, leaving the impress of their six
hundred thousand feet on coral reef and sea-
weed bed—on ruddy sand, and pearls and
shells—with the translucent waving walls of
water closing them in on either side—with tri-
umphal arches of crystal waves—the whole na-
tion crossed over the Red Sea and landed safe
on the other side. But see! what chariots and
soldiers are those? Are they the vanguard of
Israel, or the foes in pursuit?

Pharaoh still defies Israel's God, and he and
his whole army madly follow through the wa-
tery way.

All Israel stood on the sea-shore and watch-
ed that great sight. The moon was fading be-
fore the dawn of day, and the brazen chariots
and weary men looked ashy pale in that grey
light. They looked terrified, and as men fit to
die, but still they pushed on. Many miles of
sea were left behind them, but a little farther
and they would reach land. So shouted Ra-
meses, and the poor charioteers gauled on the
plunging horses in painful obedience. What
was it that moved them so strangely? None
will ever know; only the Lord had looked upon
them from out of that cloudy pillar, and the
awful visions they saw there troubled the whole
host. Their chariot wheels snapped off before
their eyes, and they drove heavily. Fear and
dread came upon them, and at last—at last,
when the whole army had left the land, when it
was all too late, they turned in abject terror,
crying, "Let us flee from the face of Israel; for
the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyp-
tians." At last they owned they could not fight
against God, and then—then followed judg-
ment.

Again, at God's bidding, "Moses stretched
forth his hand, and the sea returned to his
strength when the morning appeared," and the
path was covered, the mighty waters rushed
back to their place; and with an awful strug-
gle—a battling against resistless floods—Pha-
raoh's whole army sank like lead in the depths
of the ocean.

The pomp and glory of Egypt were covered
by the tide; and the carcasses of horses, of the
king, all his great rulers, all lay heaped to-
gether, unburied, uncared for; a mirth for dol-
phins and crocodiles, for the creatures they
worshipped.

Israel stood and watched that great work,
and then her children first felt the life of liberty
thrill through them. Three days ago they had
been a scattered people and slaves; now they
were a united nation and free men; and with
this overpowering knowledge there burst from
their lips a song of praise to God—a national
song of triumph and deliverance.

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed
gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he
thrown into the sea."

What a time that was to be remembered in
Israel, even the time when God brought them
out of Egypt: the time of the first paschal
moon.

It was on the same night eight hundred and
fifty-eight years before, that that moon, shining
through a watery rift in the clouds, saw the ark
in which God had preserved one human family
from the destruction of the flood first rest on
Mount Ararat.

It was on the same night four hundred and
thirty years before, that the moon saw Joseph's

family first come to sojourn in Egypt; and now
from those seventy people went forth a nation
who became "as the stars of heaven for multi-
tude."

Fifteen hundred and twenty-four years after,
another scene, more awful, more wonderful, was
wrought under the same moon; at that same
time.

From the Garden of Gethsemane to the cross
at Calvary, the Lord Himself went forth to suf-
fer and to die; and the moon that shone on that
still garden, on the High Priest's frowning pal-
ace, and the three crosses on the hill, silently
watched more awful things than tongue could
ever tell. The floods of the river of death were
then passed for us; and the moon was again
paling in early foredawn when another foe was
conquered, when Christ rose again, and death
was drowned in death.

Our Easter moon, we call it now, and we
know not whether it may again behold an awful
sight—whether, maybe, in the same light, at
the same time, the Lord Who knelt in agony on
the Mount of Olives may again stand there to
judge us, on the great Easter-day of the whole
world.

"His feet shall stand in that day upon the
Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on
the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in
the midst thereof toward the east and toward the
west, and there shall be a very great valley; and
half of the mountain shall remove toward the
north, and half of it toward the south . . .
and the Lord my God shall come, and all the
saints with thee. And it shall come to pass in
that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor
dark; but it shall be one day which shall be
known to the Lord, not day, nor night; but it
shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall
be light . . . in summer and in winter
shall it be." (Zech. xiv.)

Books referred to, Smith's *Dictionary of the
Bible*, and *Speaker's Commentary*, vol. I.

"He shall see of the travail of his soul, and
shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my
righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear
their iniquities." Isaiah liii. 11.

THE EDITOR'S BOX.

(All questions to be addressed to "Church
Guardian," Box 120, Montreal, N. B.)

"Ella I." would like to know the names and
origin of the different parts of a Bishop's robes,
as distinct from a Priest's.

A.—A Bishop's robes are composed of a
chimere and a *rochet*. The *chimere* is the upper
robe, to which the lawn sleeves are generally
attached. Until the time of Queen Elizabeth,
the Bishops wore a scarlet chimere. But
Bishop Hooper thought this too gay a col-
our, and so it was changed to black satin.
The *rochet* is a linen garment worn under the
chimere, without sleeves. The *rochet* formerly
was like a surplice, only with narrower sleeves.
Now the sleeves are improperly attached to the
black satin *chimere*. The Bishop's *apron*, worn
by Anglican Bishops, but not by American, is
only a mutilated form of the cassock.

Births.

FLEWELLING.—At Florenceville, Carleton Co.,
N. B., the wife of the Rev. J. E. Flewelling,
of a son.

Marriages.

FINLAYSON—MCLEOD.—At Brooklyn, Pictou
Co., by Rev. D. C. Moore, Mr. Donald
Finlayson to Christina Fraser, daughter of
Mr. Daniel McLeod.

Deaths.

KING.—On Saturday morning, April 9th, Mar-
garet Haliburton, widow of Harry King,
Esq., D. C. L., of Windsor.

TOOKER.—At Yarmouth, in the 84th year of his
age, Joseph Tooker, Senr., for many years a
Communicant of the Church, and the last
of 14 brothers and sisters. "One genera-
tion passeth away and another cometh."

WOODMAN.—On the 31st ult., at "The Oaks,"
Alberton, P. E. I., after a long and pain-
ful illness, which she bore with Christian
resignation to the Will of God, Catherine,
the beloved wife of John Denyer Woodman,
Esq., aged 55 years. Her end was peace.
(New Brunswick papers please copy.)

HUME.—At Boston, on the 9th inst., Christina
B., widow of James C. Hume, M.D., late
of this city.

DESBARRES.—On March 23rd, at Ealing, Sus-
anna DesBarres, widow of James Luttrell
DesBarres, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, Esq.,
aged 94.

DARUS.—At Lake Porter, April 7th, of eon-
sumption, Margaret Ann, beloved wife of
George Darus, and daughter of Francis
Darus, aged 31 years.—[Boston papers
please copy.]