

An Easter Message.

We read the Easter texts to-day,
We sing, "The Lord is risen indeed!"
But, do we hear our Lord's command,
And do we mean his words to heed?

"Go ye," he says to every one,
"And tell the people that I live!"
And to the willing who obey,
His richest blessings will he give.

With one consent we make excuse,
"How can I go?" we feebly ask:
As if the Lord, who loves us so,
Would set his child too great a task.

How can we go? In heart, by prayer,
Through willing gifts, by loving deeds;
What if each soul should always give
Proportionate to its own needs?

O ye, whose daily needs are met
By royal bounty, rich and free,
Make in his name your offerings
To spread the Easter victory!

And you, who have this "blessed hope,"
An anchor sure, whate'er betide,
Share the sweet cordials of your cup
With those who sorrow at your side.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo.	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;	0 06
per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1889.

Daily Bread.

SOMETIMES children think the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," asks only for wheat bread; and one friend told me of his little boy who used to add: "And butter, please!" But as they grow older they begin to think it means more than wheat-bread, and more than mere food. The translation of the Church of Rome expresses it exactly: "Give us day by day our supersubstantial bread." Only we can hardly call it English. But "supersubstantial," something higher and beyond the mere loaf we hold between our hands, the material or substantial bread for our mouths, is really the thought here present. Our Lord elsewhere says: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And so, praying the Lord's Prayer, we ask for mercy, love, protection, goodness—all we need for this day.

And many people think they can see this further in it too: "Give us" implies more than one praying, and "this day" implies meeting together daily to pray; and where could the coming together to pray and the praying thus every day be so perfectly seen as in family prayer? But no one prays this



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

prayer, if he is able to work, and then sits down in idleness, waiting for the loaf of bread or the joint of meat to come. God gives us bread, but he does not give it to us ready-baked out of the oven. He gives us strength to work, and soundness of mind to do business, and rain and sunshine to make the grain grow. And we take the money we earn and buy the bread the farmer and miller and baker have produced. But it is God who gives it to us all the same. So God gives us faith. I have heard men dispute whether God gives us faith. I say to them: God gives us faith just as he gives us bread. He gives you all the materials for bread, life and health and strength and skill and money, or, failing these, kind friends, and you put them together and you have bread. So he gives you Jesus and his atonement; he urges you by his Word and his Spirit to let your mind receive and believe what is true and reject what is false: he gives you all the materials for this "supersubstantial" bread. When you receive them they are faith, and you thank God, who is the great Giver of it all.—*Sel.*

Edward VI. and the Bible.

KING EDWARD VI. has been called "the Josiah of England." When he came to the throne, at the age of ten, the people were glad, as they knew he had been taught to love the Holy Bible.

A few weeks after the death of his father, Henry VIII., the coronation of Edward took place; and when the three swords of state, which are borne before the sovereign on that occasion, were brought to him, Edward asked for the fourth. The noblemen, in wonder, inquired what he meant, and he replied: "The Bible; that is the sword of the Spirit, and is better than these swords. That book ought to govern kings; for without it they are nothing and can do nothing. All we have of grace and salvation and divine strength comes from the Bible." The wise words were repeated everywhere, and the people in England who loved the truth looked now to see the kingdom of God soon set up on earth, since the king, although so young, knew so well the worth and the power of the word of God.

It is also related of young Edward that on one occasion he ordered an attendant to get a book from a shelf in the library. The page was not tall enough to reach it, and took a large Bible which was by his side to stand upon, when the youthful king stepped forward and cried, "Not that book! that is God's book."

But the early promise of his reign was soon blighted. He was seized with disease, and died after a short reign of about six years.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

FROM East to West I've marched beneath the eagles;
From Pontus unto Gall,
Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form unshrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar; in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel-eyes gleam: then he seized me,
And instantly met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep;
Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives,
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moanings seem to muster,
And gather where *he* lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams are flying,
That touch this hill alone;
Whence these earthly lights? and whence the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame,
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was he the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face;
What if he rose again and I should meet him!
How awful is this place!

THE wealth of man is the number of things
which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved
and blessed by.