

done, and the Father satisfied with His finished atonement. Therefore, faith can rest upon His resurrection as an everlasting foundation, and say: "Who is he that condemneth, it is Christ that died, yea, rather than is risen again."

Again, the resurrection of Christ is the power that sanctifies us. It enables us to count our old life, our former self, annihilated, so that we are no longer the same person in the eyes of God, or of ourselves; and we may with confidence repudiate ourselves, and refuse either to obey or fear our former evil nature. Indeed, it is the risen Christ Himself who comes to dwell within us, and becomes in us the power of this new life and victorious obedience. It is not merely the fact of the resurrection but the fellowship of the Risen One that brings us our victory and our power. We have learned the meaning of the sublime paradox, "I have been crucified with Christ. Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is the only true and lasting sanctification, the indwelling life of Christ, the Risen One, in the believing and obedient soul.

Again, there is power in the resurrection to heal us. Life that came forth from the tomb on that Easter morning was the physical Christ, and that body of His is hid in our bodies, and the foundation of our physical strength as well as our spiritual life. If we will receive and trust Him, He will do as much for our bodies as our spirits, and we shall find a new and supernatural strength in our mortal frame and the pulses of the future resurrection in our physical being.

Christ's resurrection has also a mighty power to energize our faith and encourage us to claim God's answers to our prayers, and ask difficult things from God. What can be too difficult or impossible after the open grave and the stone rolled away? God is trying to teach us the exceeding greatness of His power to us who believe according to His mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead and set Him at His own right hand. This bears on what God is able and willing to do in the name of Jesus under a Christian dispensation. Christ's resurrection is a pledge of all we can ask for, and if we put on the new power of that resurrection we would take much more than we have ever done.

The resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ is the power for true service. The testimony of His resurrection is always peculiarly used by the Holy Spirit as the power of God unto the salvation of men. It was the chief theme of the ministry of the early apostles. They were always preaching of Jesus and the resurrection. It gives a peculiar brightness and attractiveness to Christian life and Christian work. Many Christians look as gloomy as if they were going to their own funeral. We heard not long ago of a little girl who met some very sad-looking people on the road and she said, "Mother, those are Christians, aren't they?" And when the mother asked her why she thought so, she said, "They look so unhappy."

This is the type of Christianity that comes from the cloister and the cross. This is not the Easter type, and certainly it is not the higher type. The religion of Jesus should be as bright as the blossoms of the spring, the songs of the warbling birds and the springing pulses of reviving nature. Our Lord met the woman on that bright morning with the cheering message, "All hail," and so He would meet each one of us on the threshold of the year and the morning of our Christian life and bid us go forth with the joy of our Lord as our strength.

This joy must spring from the resurrection and be maintained by life beyond the grave, in the Heavens with its ascended Lord. This is the message that a sad sinful world needs to-day. Its motto must not be the "Ecce homo" of the judgment hall, but the glad "All hail!" of the Easter dawn. The more of the indwelling Christ and the resurrection life in Christian work the more will be its living power to attract, sanctify and save the world. There is a power in Christ's resurrection to enable us to meet the hardest places in life and endure its bitterest trials. And so we read in Philippians that the power of His resurrection is to bring into knowledge the fellowship of His sufferings, and make us conformable unto His death. We go into the resurrection life that we may be strong enough to suffer with Him and for Him.

Now, let there be no misunderstanding here. It does not mean that we are to suffer for ourselves through sickness or the struggles of our spiritual life. These sufferings ought to belong to the earlier period in our experiences. Our Lord had no conflicts about His sanctification and no physical disease to contend with during His life. So, in bearing these, we are not bearing the sufferings of Christ. Nay, His sufferings are for others and the power of His resurrection will bring us to share His high and holy sorrows for His suffering church and the dying world. It is a fact that the harder our place and the lower our sphere of toil and suffering the more do we need the elevation of His grace and glory to meet it. From the heights we must reach the depths, and therefore, we find these epistles, which lift us into heavenly places, bring us back in every instance to most commonplace duties most ordinary relationships and the most severe trials. These letters to the Ephesians and the Colossians which speak about the highest attitudes of faith and power, speak also more than any others of the temptations common to men, and the duties of husbands and wives, and the need of truthfulness, sobriety, honesty and righteousness, and all the most unromantic, practical experiences of human life. There is a very remarkable passage in Isaiah which we have quoted above and which seems to be parallel with the thought in Philippians. It tells us of those that mount up with wings as eagles; but immediately afterwards we find the same persons coming down to the ordinary walks of life, "to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint." It would seem as if the mounting up was just intended to fit them for the running, and walking, and that the higher experiences of grace and glory were just designed to enable them to tread the lower levels of toil and trial. It is in keeping with this that the apostle speaks of glorying in tribulation. "Glory" expresses the highest atti-

tude of the soul and "tribulations" the deepest degree of suffering. And so it would teach us that when we come to the deepest and lowest place we must meet it in the highest and most heavenly spirit. This is going down from the Mount of Transfiguration to meet the demonic in the plain below, and cast out the power of Satan from a suffering world. Yes, these are the sufferings of Christ. The power of His resurrection is designed to prepare and enable us and help us to rise into all the heights of His glorious life, that like Him we may go forth to reflect it in blessing upon the lives of others, and find even sweeter joy in the ministrations of holy love than we have in the ecstasies of Divine communion.

Of Simple Cheerfulness.

There are a number of women in the world who are fond of heroics. They are people who exhaust themselves with unnecessary work, and take upon themselves a vast amount of suffering, physical and mental, that could readily be eliminated from their lives. In general they keep themselves and all surrounding them in a tense state of mind and nerve, creditable, or at least excusable, in an early martyr, but decidedly uncalled-for in the ordinary cares of ordinary life.

"If conditions were different!" sighs some careworn individual. "If this load of trouble were off my shoulders, or if it were not just what it is, I could afford to be cheerful and jolly. But what can one do when one's life is nothing but worry, worry, from morning till night?" And so the worry of the world goes on, eating into the sweet, bright flowers of cheerfulness that ought to bloom in every soil.

Why is it that we women either work ourselves to death, or do so little that we take to cultivating our health and our nerves? Why do we weigh ourselves down with the worries of our friends and kindred? Why do we devote so much more time to discontent with what we haven't got, rather than content with the gifts, numerous enough in every case, the gods have provided us?

Is there not a good deal of caustic truth in George Eliot's saying of a discontented heroine: "You are discontented with the world because you can't get just what small things that suit your pleasure, not because its a world where myriads of men and women are ground by misery and wrong, and tainted with pollution?"

Happiness lies within the reach of everybody. Let a woman have enough occupation, of the manual order as well as mental, and not too much; enough exercise in the open air; enough trust in providence to believe that problems beyond her solution are given her for the exercise of faith and patience, and not as causes of worry and mental torment. Then that plain and unpretending virtue of simple cheerfulness will seem to her a thing to be admired and hoarded.

Then, if you will permit me another quotation, she will not think it a mere rhetorical flight of poetic fancy when Faber exclaims: "In God's wide world there is no room for sin, no provision for sorrow, not a corner for unhappiness. Every created intelligence drinks its fill of the fountain of His gladness. Every instinct of animals beats with a pulsation of divine enjoyment. Every tree uplifts its head and swings out its branches, every flower blooms and sheds sweet odor, every mineral glances and sparkles, just as the clouds sail, and the waters glow, and the planet turns, in the excess of the happiness of God."—Selected.

To Girls Who Marry.

The execution of millionaire Arthur Duestow, of St. Louis, for the murder of his wife and baby-boy, should point a moral for all women contemplating marriage. Duestow was the pampered son of wealth. He had a profession, but his riches left no incentive to practice it. Money brought good-cheer and gay fellowship, indulgence and sin. Look at him when his wife accepted him: young, talented, handsome, social rank, rich with an ample fixed income, but "fast." She took her chances. She immersed herself in a conjugal hell. Her only escape was by the cruel bullets he fired into her shrinking body, and through the head of her little boy! It seems plain enough now, her awful mistake. But, doubtless, she was envied by many a girl in her set. Her "catch" was the greatest of the season.

Right now, another Duestow is paying court to a lovely girl, dazzling her with his wealth and accomplishments. She knows his vices, but what are these to an assured place in society, supported by ample means? Wait, girls, long enough at least, to look into the chamber of horrors where the drunken brute, heedless of his wife's agonizing entreaties, empties his revolver into her body and into the head of their prattling babe. Such an ending is a hundred-fold more probable than the husband's reformation and faithful love. Though he were a prince, and offered you the crown-jewels, and yet were a drinker and a debauchee, my dear girl, spurn him as you would a deadly viper!—Western Christian Advocate.

INTERPRETED.

"Beautiful things, I long to see,
With the beautiful, fair would be;
Let me whisper to bird and bower,
Softly commune with opening flower.
Beauty, thy royal robes I view,
Traversing earth's lone wild-woods through,
Queen of creation, clothed with night,
Of thy palace I crave a sight.

Tell me, O birds from lands afar,
What the wondrous visions are?
Beautiful beings whisper low
Wonderful secrets ere ye go.
Have ye now wandered far from home,
Where is the city whence ye come?
Children of Light, O speak to me,
Your interpreter I would be.

Now in a song of upward flight,
Hasting away from grasp of night,
Then on the beams of rising sun,
Touching the wave chords one by one;
Over the mountains grave yet fair,
Up from the vales, and everywhere,
Myriad voices spake to me,
Their interpreter I would be.

Not with the words of tongue or pen
Can the story be told again,
Eloquence mute, in eye and form,
Signaling clouds before a storm!
Beautiful, wondrous life, I pray
Tell of your home and natal day,
Mysteries old reveal to me,
Glad interpreter I would be.

Blossoms, with brilliant eyes that fill
Watching the evening dew distil,
Seemeth to me a breathing sleep
Closest the lids in slumbers deep,
Purple and gold, while spring doth bide,
Speak from your couch at eventide!
Spirit of beauty, ere thy flight,
Tell of thy home beyond my sight.

Nature, her children one by one,
Lulleth to sleep at set of sun;
List! to the cradle song most meet,
Telling of curtained dreamland sweet.
What of that sleep so long, profound,
In the shrouding of winter bound?
I would know of its mystery,
Dream of the beautiful, speak to me.

Palette and pencil e'er so bold
Cannot the sacred life unfold;
Cannot portray the breeze's tone,
Never hath answered north wind's moan,
Motion and voice and fragrant breath!
Give me the key ye yield to death!
Then shall I know the mystery,
O interpret life's dream for me!"

Under the snow, a fair young head
Pillowed in rest 'neath grasses dead;
Easel and pictures lay away,
Beautiful hands are still to-day,
Spirit, thy yearnings satisfied,
Radiant life, shine angel guide,
Close by the living waters led,
Mystery now interpreted.

The Little Fern.

A great many centuries ago there grew in one of the many valleys a dainty little fern leaf. All around the plant were many others, but none of them were so graceful and delicate as this one. Every day the cheery breeze blew, and the merry sunbeams darted in and out, playing hide-and-seek among the reeds and rushes; and when the twilight shadows deepened, and the sunbeams had all gone away, the little fern curled itself up for the night with only the dew drops for company.

So day after day went by; and no one knew or found the sweet, wild fern, or the beautiful valley it grew in. But a great change took place in the earth. Rocks and soil were upturned, and the rivers found new channels to flow in.

Now, when all this happened, the little fern was quite covered up with the soft, moist clay, and, perhaps you think it might as well never have lived as to have been hidden away where none could see it.

But, after all, it was not really lost; for hundreds of years afterward, when all that clay had become stone, and had broken into many fragments, a very wise and learned man found the bit of rock upon which was all the delicate tracery of the little fern leaf, with outline just as perfect and lovely as when long, long ago, it had swayed in the breeze of the valley.

Is there not a sweet lesson for us in the life of the little fern? It will do us all good to remember that none of the beauty in this fair world around us, nor anything that is sweet and lovely in our own heart and life, will ever be useless and lost. As the little fern lay hidden away, waiting to be revealed again centuries after, so should we, day by day, quietly cultivate all lovely traits of character, thus making ourselves ready to take our place in the world's work.—Ex.