

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

THE RESURRECTION.

By Rev. W. J. Clark, London, Ont.
But Mary, v. 11. The others had gone. She remained. She loved much. And wherefore? Because so much had been done for her by that same blessed Jesus, whom they had so cruelly slain, and whose body, as she thought, they had now ruthlessly snatched from the sepulchre. To have been rid by His gracious word and touch of "seven devils" was reason, indeed, for sevenfold love. Much blessing: much love, is God's expectation of us; and perhaps it is one of our shiftest since that he have so short a memory of the blessings, and such ungrateful hearts. The Christian poet was in no rapture, but speaking words of verified soberness, when he exclaimed—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present for thee small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."
She seeth two angels, v. 12.
"Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting by thy side,
Like you shadow all unweary,
Angel beings guard and guide."

We may not see them with the outward eye; but how many an arvelous things in God's universe, yea, and all about us, there are, which we do not see. But they are none the less present and powerful. What is an angel, but a messenger of God? And God does not send the feeble and the empty handed on His errands of love. No! not prayer to the angels, but prayer that God would send His angels (Matt. 26:53) to our help and comfort.

They have taken away my Lord, v. 13. This is something that cannot be done. Learned scholars talk of the "Christian consciousness." Paul, with John the greatest of all scholars in the things of God, puts it in these simple words: "I know whom I have believed." (2 Tim. 1:12.) It is an unanswerable argument. No attack upon Christ's claims can shake your confidence in Him, no scorn of His authority can dismay you, if you have the simple child's hold of Him in faith and love, that appropriates Him as your own.

Mary Rabboni, v. 18.—Love needs few words; or, rather, is it not, that, with the inflow into them of love, words expand to richer, fuller meanings? The whole of a Saviour's compassion and tenderness was in His word; and in Mary's, the whole of a loving disciple's reverence and joy. His one word set her heart at rest; and it may be that when we meet Him yonder, a single word from His gracious lips will be sufficient to clear away all the mists that have arisen, and to make us forever blissful in His presence. And will not He, also, perfectly understand our broken cry of adoration, as we behold Him in the glory? All heaven is but an expansion of, "My Master."

My Father, and your Father, my God, and your God, v. 17. The glistening mountain peak, and the glittering dew drop trembling on the tip of the tiny flower at its foot, both receive their light from the same sun. His beams pour down impartially upon each. "My beloved Son," says the heavenly Father, of our Redeemer. "Now are we the sons of God." He permits the humblest of the redeemed to exclaim. Oh, the comfort of it, in the face of the dark unknown, on whose edge we all stand ever, and into whose depths

we may at any moment be called upon to look. May we not trust Him to bring us, as He did our Elder Brother, through the darkness into the glorious light?

Mary Magdalene came and told, v. 18. Was not this most natural act a fulfilling of the great commission, "Go ye and witness for Christ is some help doing: good news tells itself. At the same time, it is the surest way of winning men to the following. In the world of business, notwithstanding cheap postage and rapid mail service, notwithstanding the telegraph and telephone, there are more "travellers" on the road than ever. Business men know that it is the personal touch that tells. The messenger with the message is Christ's own way—and it will ever be the most effective of all ways—of bringing the gospel into men's hearts and lives.

Then, when the disciples were assembled for fear, come Jesus, v. 19. So like Him; just when they needed Him, to come! It would recall His coming to them upon the raging waves. It would bring back the gentle accents of the upper room—"Let not your heart be troubled." And why should I fear the darkest hour, or the fiercest foe, when, at a word, the "Mighty to save" will be at my side, and when, thrice more chivalrous than bravest and gentlest knight of old, His joy and glory are to help His own in every time of need. Fear should have no footing in the Christian's heart, because Jesus preoccupies it.

Then were the disciples glad when they were not ashamed to be glad, nor to show it. And their gladness (see Acts 2:46, 47) would perhaps go as far as their wisest words, to convince the unbelieving world that this Lord and Master of theirs was indeed the Saviour of men. The glad-some preacher or teacher has already won half the battle with the careless or obstinate, for gladness is like the breath of spring on the frozen ground. It opens it to the sowing of the seed and the springing of the grain, all which, of course, must come before the reaping of the harvest. Well knew he the secret of power, who said, "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

PRAYER.

God, by whose breath supernal
My fire of life doth burn!
Grant God, to whose eternal
Essence I must return.

Thou silence, strong, unbroken,
In which my voice must drown,
Bestow on me some token,
Before time drags me down.

Grant me some sign, or proving
That I have grown to be,
In doing, or in loving,
A soul more fit for Thee.

Fair in the heavenly city
The happy spirits shine.
Ah, Christ! Thy gentle pity
Is all I ask for mine;

Is all I ask or offer,
Blind with the starting tears
Nothing have I to proffer
From all my singing years:

From yesterday or morrow,
This only did I win—
Comfort—I said—my sorrow!
But now forgive my sin!
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—Rev. Dr. John Hall.

A PREACHER'S MOTHER.

My mother's habit was every day immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for one hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties, and to remain unruffled by all the worries and pettishness which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighborhoods. As I think of her life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed; I never heard her speak one word of anger or calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon the manna in the barren wilderness. The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each drop adds to the volume of refreshing and purifying waters. "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful."—F. W. Farrar.

THE MIRROR.

What happens when a person is looking into a shop window where there is a mirror, and some one comes up behind—some one he knows? He does not look any longer at the image; he turns to look at the person whose image is reflected. Or, if he sees reflected on the mirror something very striking, he turns and looks at the thing itself. So it is always with the person that you have to do with. If you become a mirror of Christ, your friends will detect it in a very few days; they will see appearing in you; the mirror, an image which they know has not been originated in you, and they will turn to look straight at the person that you are reflecting. * * Now we often in the Christian life deal with ourselves as if we were painters and sculptors, not as if we were mirrors; we hammer and chisel away at ourselves to bring out some resemblance to Christ in some particulars, thinking that we can do it piecemeal. We might as well try to feed up our body piecemeal; we might as well try to make our eye bright without giving our cheek color and our hands strength. The body is a whole, and we must feed the whole and nourish the whole if any one part of it is to be vigorous. So it is with character. The character is a whole, and you can only deal with your character as a whole.—Marcus Dods.

Be on the lookout for mercies. The more we look for them the more of them we will see. Blessings brighten when we count them. Out of the determination of the heart the eyes see. If you want to be gloomy, there's enough to keep you grim; if you want to be glad, there's gleam enough to keep you glad. Say, "Bless the Lord. O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Better lose count in enumerating your blessings than lose your blessings in telling over your troubles. "Be thankful unto him, and bless his name."—Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

Self-esteem is often the partner of ambition, but it should be the silent partner.

8. 8. Lesson, June 4, 1905.—John 20: 11-23. Commit to memory vs. 19-21. Read chs. 20, 21. Golden Text.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.—1 Corinthians 15:20.