

Easter Hymn.

BY E. I. STURGEON, D.D., LL.D.

He is not gone—No, he is risen—
See where the Master lay:
The gates and bars of Death's dark prison,
See how He bore away
No friend to first of friends or foe
His body hence has borne
By his own power the Lord arose,
Thus Resurrection Morn.

Not dead this—no, this side—
There is the vacant tomb:
Here is the Lord—He speaks: "I am!"
I from the dead have come
This is the Lord! We know the voice:
—Peace be with you!" speaks he
"Look at these arms—do not—do not—
This I myself you see!"

Dead was taken, Lord, but that is past—
Alive for evermore:
The keys of Death and Hell soon burst:
We now defy their power
Death's Conqueror! With these we die—
With these we shall arise—
With these our Head ascend on high,
Above the starry skies!

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An Easter Meditation.

On a Sunday morning a little more than eighteen hundred years ago an event took place which changed the current of history and gave to the world a new purpose. In a garden outside the wall of Jerusalem a tomb had been opened to receive the body of a young man whose life, fraught with promise, had come to a sudden end. A little group of men and women who had loved this youth well and had hoped much from him, but had been bitterly disappointed in his failure, dropped their tears upon his corpse and then laid it away in the grave while the world went on its way regardless of that sepulchre in the garden.

Let us suppose for one moment that the seal on that tomb had remained unbroken, and that the body it contained had gone back to dust; that he were still lying "in that lone Syrian town," with the Syrian stars looking down upon his ashes. What then! Then there would have been no Christian Church, no Christian civilization, no Christian Sabbath, no Christian Scriptures—and for us no Hebrew Scriptures either; no Christian faith rising above the clouds, and no Christian hope with its anchor within the veil! If one

should look upon a Canadian or American city to day he would see no churches pointing heaven-ward and would hear no church bells with their mellow cadence. He might see the minaret of a Mohammedan mosque and hear the call of a muezzin calling men arise and pray or he might see the tower of a pagoda, and incense rising before the image of Buddha. He might listen to the reading of the Koran or of Confucius, but he would never have read the Gospel according to John and the Epistle to the Ephesians. All the wealth wrapped up in Christianity would have been lost to the world in that closed sepulchre on Calvary!

But Sunday morning came to that grave by Jerusalem,

and the sun looked upon a broken seal, a stone rolled away, an empty tomb, a risen Christ! On that day a half-dozen women and a dozen men stole out of their hiding-places to look with mingled fear and hope on that deserted sepulchre. Now the whole world surrounds it, while Easter carols break upon the air and the Easter joy suffuses a hundred million hearts. "Christ is risen" sounds out from a hundred thousand pulpits. "He is risen indeed" echoes from as many choirs.

If in all the year there is one day which it is well to celebrate it is that day which marks our Lord's arising from the grave; for it sets the seal of truth upon the record of his life and proclaims that he is what he claimed to be the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. It shows that he is divine while human, and while standing on the earth and not ashamed to call us brethren he is able to save to the uttermost and to lift us up to God. It gives a new hope to the heart of man, for in his resurrection we see the promise and potency of our resurrection and the well-founded hope of our immortality.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—Our Youth.

Learning to Take Part.

In young people's meetings, it is well that as many of the members as possible take part each week. Some may make prayers, others speak a few words, and others may only read a verse of Scripture. But most young people find it hard at first to take any part, however small, in a public meeting. In some churches there are "schools of practice," where those who cannot face a full meeting may gain confidence by exercise in a less public way.

In one church, for instance, in which there are a great many young people, a company of the younger men and of the older boys meets in a quiet room for half-an-hour every Sabbath morning, before the church service. A topic is chosen in advance, and one of the number leads and the others take part—reading or praying or saying a few words. After a few weeks they become able to take part in the larger meeting of the young people. In this way many took their first lessons who are now eloquent and forceful in exhortation and earnest and impressive in prayer.

In another church, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school gathered about him for an hour every week a number of young men, and patiently



LESSON PICTURE.

APRIL 13.—THE WIDOW OF NAIN.—Luke vii. 11-18

taught them how to take part in the meetings in a creditable and edifying manner. He had them read, and corrected their faults until they learned to read gracefully and effectively. He had them speak, and pointed out to them their errors, and taught them how to speak so that people would care to listen to them, and would be interested and instructed. He called upon them to pray, and told them their faults of manner in prayer. Thus he made the meeting a real school of the most practical kind, in which a company of twenty-five young fellows learned lessons they will never forget, and marks of which they will bear through all their years in their ability to take part in religious and other meetings.—Forward.

Fuss is Not Work.

You may see this any day and anywhere. As you go along, you see two horses harnessed together before a car. One of them makes a great fuss, as if he had all the world behind him, and was in eager haste to get it just where he wants it to be. He dances and prances, jumps up and down, and springs into the collar with all his might, and then falls back from it, because all does not give way to him. The other makes no fuss at all. He stops and starts at the signal, wastes no strength in violence, but puts his whole weight into the collar just when it is needed.

The one makes the fuss—the other does the work. What is the difference? The one is restive—the other is docile. The one is in his own will—the other is in the will of his master.

How like some Christians that you and I could name! One is restive—the other docile. The one is in his own will—the other is in the Lord's will. The one stops when he ought to go, and starts when he ought to stand. The other is obedient in his faith, and so quick to hear the voice of the Lord, that—like the docile horse, which does not require bit or rein or word, but, catching the conductor's signal, stops at the bell tap—he moves forward at the right moment, and at the right moment stops, whether in word or deed.

The one makes all the fuss—the other does all the work. The way to work wisely and well is to present yourself a living sacrifice unto God, and let his will be your will, and so prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God every day all your life long.—The Christian at Work.

PRAYER, if it be done as a task, is no prayer.