



....AT EASTERTIDE....



OUR Risen Lord smiles in the glorious sunburst of Easter morning and speaks to us through the Spring's dear voice and we look up in thankfulness to listen and rejoice. A thousand echoes wake the grove all glad and strong and full of praise. Let us listen well, for 'tis our dear Saviour's voice that speaks in love and tenderness—the soft, sweet "Pax vobis"—despite the remembrance that must come to Him of the persistent ill-treatment He gets from the best of us, in our very best moods.

What strange complications we are! We wished to be loyal, and in the fever-heat of our resolutions on Ash-Wednesday we meant all that we promised; but our courage flagged, and here we find ourselves on Easter morn with a very meagre offering of self-conquest. It might be consoling to apply the adage: "Who dares greatly, does greatly," but we feel that Our Dear Lord's searching eye may bring to the surface more weakness and flimsiness of effort than we care to admit even to Him.

Lent—symbolizing life's pilgrimage, seemed long to our restless, undisciplined natures: yesterday's trials discouraged us for to-day's effort, and we were often morally paralyzed. What was lacking? Surely not God's