

Easter Angels.

BY FREDERICK W. SHERBURN.

Through morning's purple depths of air
A golden tinge of sunlight falls,
And, like a spirit voice of prayer,
The wind through nature's temple calls.
The flush of dawn is on the hills,
And from the sun—great fount of light!—
A glory breaks abroad, and fills
The skies with streams of beauty bright.

And lo! the Easter angels come
With shining brows and smiling eyes!
Through pathless ether's azure dome,
They leave the temple of the skies.
O'er lonely valley slopes they throng,
Where nature dreams of winter dew;
The low, sweet music of their song
Awakes the wondrous flowers from sleep.

They enter sorrow's shadowed ways,
Where death has brought a lingering tear;
The mourner's stricken head they raise
With whispered words of hope and cheer.
With peace they come, in peace they go,
As voiceless as the passing air,
And only in our hearts we know
The tender tidings that they bear.

Oh, sweet the hours of Eastertide,
When angels join their hands with ours,
And tell how all our loved, who died,
Have risen in beauty like the flowers.
Then lift your eyes, O grieving souls,
See where the day from darkness breaks!
Thus life's eternal ocean rolls
From streams that flow from Death's dark
lakes.

The Risen Life.

"The Brigant banks are fresh and fair,
And Gretna woods are green."

sang a sweet voice in one of the London streets.

"I have thought a hundred times
that I would stop and speak to that
boy," said Prof. Craik, as, arm in arm,
we walked towards St. Paul's.

The boy in question stood under an
awning, with his hands full of printed
songs. Some of these he sang, and
the crowd, idle or busy, could not help
looking, listening, and sometimes
buying the ballads which the child so
patiently plodded through.

"Do you notice—I often have"—
said my friend, the professor, "what
sweet tones there are in that voice, and
how the small volume of sound pours
forth without any apparent effort?
He must be very poor."

The professor was a Christian man,
and one who regarded sympathy with
the unfortunate as one of the best
services he could render to Christ.

"Who taught you to sing, my lad?"
he asked. "My mother, sir," was the
reply, with an eager look.

"Where do you live?" was the next
question. The boy mentioned a place
that seemed familiar to the professor.

"I am coming to see you, my lad.
I may be able to do something for you.
I like your voice."

"It is a cool, breezy morning," the
professor said, as we left our apartment
a day or two afterwards. "Suppose
you accompany me to see my old nurse."
I consented, and we walked briskly
down the street in the direction of the
wharves.

"It's not a very pleasant locality,"
he said, as we neared the lower part of
the town; "but old Mrs. Davis lost a
son at sea, and she thinks she can't be
happy unless she can look out on the
ships; so here she is anchored."

We had arrived at a block of tall,
grimy stone buildings that went by the
name of "Ridley's Folly." In the last
one, overlooking the water, up two
flights of stairs, we found old Mrs.
Davis, once a domestic in the professor's
family. We spoke to her of the boy.

"You must mean 'Singing Davy,'"
she said. "Poor boy! I pity him and

his poor mother. A sweet voice do-ee
have, my dear, as ever I heard, and a
sweeter and his mother. We've been
trying to raise a little money among us,
for the landlord is a-ther'ntening to
turn 'em out, and she in her bed."

Following the widow's directions, we
went up two flights of stairs and landed
at the attic, a miserable place, stained
with the rain that leaked in through
broken skylights, and in a ruinous
state of dilapidation.

A faint voice said, "Come in," at our
knocking. The room was clean, and
there was even a poor attempt at
ornament. On the bed, dressed, and
wrapped in a faded red shawl, a woman
reclined, whose hectic cheeks and glit-
tering eyes proclaimed her to be in the
last stages of consumption.

There were tears shed at that bedside.
The poor creature there had been reared
a lady, no pains being spared for her
education, and had been cradled in the
lap of luxury for twenty happy years.
When her father failed, she went on
the stage to sing. She was *feared*,
flattered, admired; married a famous
singer, went abroad, was ill treated by
her husband, and at last abandoned by
him—she and her little child.

"But all that is over," she said,
sorrowfully. "I am dying, and poor
little Dave! what will become of him?
I don't want him to be a public singer;
I had almost rather he would die.
I pray God to raise him out of the
influences that now surround him."

On the following day I left London.
Five years passed. When I returned, I
chanced to be in Westminster Abbey, and
there, almost the first person I met,
was the professor. It was Easter
Sunday. Just then a voice so thrilling
and almost divine burst out in the
"Te Deum," that I started with delight.

The professor was radiant.

"Did you ever hear it before?" he
asked.

"Never."

Soon came another burst of choral
song, and a flute-like tenor rose above
it in an obligato passage,—

"Vain the stone, the rock, the seal,
Christ has opened the gates of hell!"

"Never, since I heard Jenny Lind,
has it been my privilege to listen to so
wonderful a voice."

"But you have heard it, unless you
have forgotten all about little Singing
Dave!"

"And his mother?" I said, after we
left the church.

"Died a few days after we saw her.
Do you know, it seemed to me that she
must be here, listening with us to these
almost angelic tones. Her last prayer
is answered."

Davy had indeed been lifted above
the influences that surrounded him: I
was told that his life was manly and
Christian, and that he was preparing
for holy orders. For weeks his voice
haunted me, especially one grand line
of hope:

"Christ has opened Paradise."

So help leads to help, and kindness
becomes the messenger of Christ and is
followed by a risen life.

PRESIDENT NOTT once said: "I want
to give you this advice, my children—
Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a
shy nymph, and if you chase her you
will never catch her. Just go quietly
on and do your duty, and she will
come to you."

Effects of Union.

The *Canada Christian Advocate*, the
organ of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, has recently had an admirable
article on the effects of Methodist
union, from which we make the follow-
ing extracts:

"That there are financial advantages
to come out of union, we can very
readily see and appreciate. We can
understand how union is to remove
that long standing—we were going to
say disgrace—but certainly an unjusti-
fiable policy of having from two to four
Methodist churches in a village of from
two to four hundred of a population.
It will do away with this waste of men
and means, in the cultivation of God's
vineyard. But it will not reduce, one
 iota, the obligation of each one to do
our utmost to promote the kingdom of
Christ in the world.

"To support the feeble cause and
maintain a show of respectability,
taxed the resources of the people to
the utmost, while the constant effort to
watch and forestall the rival Churches
laid our vigilance and ingenuity under
a strained contribution, that was not
always productive of the fruits of the
Spirit, prominent among which are
'love' and 'gentleness.' All this union
will happily remove.

"But, while we may be delivered
from this unnecessary and unprofitable
strain, there will surely come to us
opportunities, duties and obligations of
a broader and more important charac-
ter. God has in store for the United
Methodism of this country a grand
work, and the faithful prosecution of
this work will tax her energies to the
utmost. This certainly is no time to
be indulging in any narrow thoughts
or plans in regard to the future.

"There is a wide, varied and rich
field before the Methodism of this
Dominion already 'white unto the
harvest.' There are in all our towns
and cities especially, thousands who are
without Christ, and who are but sel-
dom seen in our churches. These
should be now sought after, with a
heartiness to which, we fear, we have
all been comparatively strangers in the
years past. Methodism still has a
great field to cultivate within these
lines. Now that she is uniting her
forces and gathering up her energies
for greater conquests, she must seek a
new baptism of her ancient spirit, and
fulfil, in a broader and more glorious
sense than ever, our Lord's words,
'The poor have the gospel preached
unto them.' This work cannot, should
not, be left to the ephemeral and un-
certain methods of the Salvation Army.
This work will likely involve increased
agencies and means, but it must be
done. From this source, we apprehend,
are to come to future Methodism
her most numerous accessions and
greatest triumphs.

"Then there is in the Province of
Quebec, among the French Canadians,
an inviting field, the demands of which
she has not yet been able to meet.
This is a promising missionary enter-
prise, and will yield a rich harvest in
the future. The cry, 'Come over and
help us,' has been increasing in inten-
sity for a few years past, and Canadian
Methodism must return an affirmative
response.

And we have said nothing, as yet, of
the recent but imperial demands of the
great North-West. We need not dwell
upon this land of promise, whose broad
prairies have been levelled, cleared,
and enriched by the Almighty, and

hidden away for centuries, waiting for
the incoming millions of the Old World
and the surplus population of many
parts of the New. Other Churches
are on the ground, and, with their set-
tled pastorate, are preaching the blessed
Gospel to those who come to hear; but
it will require the Methodist itinerant,
with his proverbial ubiquity and fleet-
footed horse to keep pace with the
advancing tide of immigration.

"Now, with all these enlarged op-
portunities and resultant obligations,
let us talk no more about our having
to pay less. There are many of us who
have not yet learned even the alphabet
of scriptural giving for religious pur-
poses. Some people are not, under the
most favourable circumstances, swift
to learn lessons of this character, and
our hitherto divided state and our un-
seemly rivalries were not well calcu-
lated to develop in us all the scriptural
idea of giving.

"United Methodism will have a
tendency, we believe, to enlarge many
people's hearts. They will be thrown
into the society of men who have been
in the habit of giving largely to the
Church. They will be called to live
and act in a different atmosphere.
They will imbibe the prevailing spirit
around them, or they will likely expe-
rience a feeling of discomfort. Men
are usually influenced, more or less, by
their surroundings, and because of the
operations of this law we shall look
for a glorious enlargement in some
quarters. They will be lifted to a
higher plane, and will look at things
through a clearer atmosphere, and will
consequently get enlarged conceptions
of duty and service. Such we conceive
to be one important result of Metho-
dist union."

Breivities.

UNDER the sceptre of the Czar of
Russia live thirty-eight different nation-
alities, each speaking its own language,
which is foreign to all others.

ADOLPHE MOSHÉ has well said
that consecration is not something
done once for all, but is a maintained
habit of the soul. A consecrated day
is a framework ready prepared, in
which God alone has to act in and
through us.

A POPULAR writer in the religious
world, who sometimes has a bad
"spell," wrote the name of the illus-
trious author of "Pilgrim's Progress,"
"John Bunion." His witty publisher
suggested that it be put in a *foot-note*.

HAIL, ye small, sweet courtesies of
life! for smooth do ye make the road
of it, like grace and beauty, which
beget inclination to love at first sight,
'tis ye who open the door and let the
stranger in.—*Sterne*.

In the year 1830 there were only
eight insane asylums in the United
States; now there are more than
ninety. Just in proportion as the sale
of intoxicating drinks increases over
the country, insane asylums multiply;
and yet there are men professing intel-
ligence and philanthropy who contend
for the license system.

The highest waves in the Atlantic,
from trough to crest, rarely exceed, if
they reach, fifty feet. In westerly
gales the North-Atlantic waves aver-
age eighteen feet, in the Pacific the
waves in storms run about thirty-two
feet; in the Mediterranean about
fifteen feet; in the North-Sea about
fourteen feet.