

thought of so often, verses 21 and 32, "If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Look at Christ's sympathy, His eyes filled with tears, His heart aching to see the grief of those He loved, Heb. iv. 15. He groans, verse 33, and is troubled not with grief only, but with indignation at the havoc wrought by sin, for through it death entered into the world. And now they approach the grave, verse 38, listen to the command, "Take ye away the stone." All crowd round in breathless amazement, Jesus speaks, verse 41, He looks up to point out where His power comes from; He speaks to His Father in heaven, then in clear tones He calls, verse 43, see Lazarus bound in grave clothes come forth, verse 44, then to the bystanders, "Loose him, let him go," what a wondrous miracle! Lazarus, however, was only brought back to the world for a few years at most. This miracle is to teach us what Jesus taught Martha, verses 25, 26, the great truth which we on this day commemorate. Jesus is the Resurrection, the conqueror of death. When He, "the third day, rose again from the dead," He became the first fruits of them that slept, 1 Cor. xv. 20. As He rose from the dead, so shall we from the grave and gate of death on the great resurrection morn. 1 Thes. ix. 16. But Jesus is also the Life. This He came from heaven to give, 1 John iii. 15, 16, Rom. vi. 23, 1 John v. 11, what is this Life eternal? when will he give it to us? It is not heaven, nor is it the place of departed spirits, nor the final state of resurrection glory, but it is something which begins in this life, on earth, when the soul is united to Christ by faith, St. John v. 24, 1 John v. 12. It is perfected in heaven. How can it be got? verse 26, "he that believeth on Me," what does that believing mean? Thinking of Him as my Saviour, putting Him first in my thoughts, loving Him best, obeying Him. This eternal Life is what Jesus longs to bestow on us. To those who have this Life death has lost his sting and bitterness. Let us see that we make our calling and election sure.

Family Reading.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Charles Powell, in an address to the workmen of England, said: The Church of England enjoys no privileges not granted to every other religious body in the land. She does not receive a penny in the shape of "State pay," and never had done so. She has, on the contrary, spent from forty to fifty millions of money during the present generation in Church building alone, and that mostly amongst the working classes. While Political Dissent has been drawing away its forces from every poor neighbourhood, and migrating to localities inhabited by Nonconformists who can afford to pay.

The Church is educating about one half of all the scholars in Public Elementary Schools, thus saving a vast expenditure which would otherwise fall on the ratepayers. According to the last Report, out of 8,273,124 attendances in Public Elementary Schools, 1,607,828 were in Church Schools, and the voluntary contributions of Churchmen towards the support of these schools amounted to £585,071 11s. 10d. in the year. In this is not included the cost of buildings. Besides the National Schools, there are 16,498 Sunday Schools dependent mainly on the Clergy for teaching, in which a million and a quarter of scholars are taught.

Between the years 1840 and 1872, the Church restored twenty-one Cathedrals, 7,117 Churches, and built 1,727 new Churches, at a total cost of £25,548,708. From the year 1872 to 1881, £4,846,469 was applied to the same purposes. In the year 1882, the sum expended on Church building and restoration was £1,061,602 4s. 1d., and in 1883, £894,971 4s. 0d. So that in forty-three years the Church has raised, by voluntary contributions, for Church building and restoration alone, thirty-two millions of money.

If we add to these sums the cost of 4,717 buildings, other than parish and district Churches, used for public worship, also the cost of the establishment of six new Bishop's Sees (about £500,000); the sums raised for Missionary work, certainly not less than half a million a year, the money expended on Parsonage houses, and numberless other matters connected with the Church's work, all of which has been raised without any help whatever from the State, I think the Church may fairly say to those who would rob her of her endowments,

"Many good deeds have I done unto you, for which of these would you plunder me?"

During the past six years Church people subscribed £154,000 to the London Hospital Sunday Fund, while the subscriptions from every other source only amounted to £86,000, and the Church gives as liberally to every other National Charity. As a Rescue Society, she again heads the list with the Church Penitentiary Association, which shelters 1,000 fallen women—besides smaller agencies. While two of her Preventive Societies for girls and young women number 100,000 members, in 700 branches, all over the land. Besides her 28,000 Clergy, there are thousands of voluntary lay workers ministering to the sick poor in their homes and hospitals, working amongst Sailors, Dock Labourers, Canal Bargees, Navvies, &c., carrying the Gospel to the poor in common lodging houses, feeding the starving little ones of the ragged classes, building free orphanages for those who have not a friend in the world, &c.

Will you allow all this noble work to be upset, and deny that religious liberty to the Church of England which you have granted to every other religious body in the land? Every man, woman, and child in the country is benefited by the Church of England. It is the source from which every other religious body draws its ideas of Christian faith and worship, even to the style of their buildings and the dress of their preachers. Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters agree that she is the great bulwark against Infidelity, and a victory gained at the expense of Christianity would be an Infidel victory, and would be claimed by Infidels as such. The Clergy and Laity of the Church enjoy more freedom and independence than those of any other body, and that is the reason why she attracts the most learned, earnest, and self-sacrificing men to her temples.

EASTER FLOWERS.

BY MARAH.

The lovely blossoms long have slept
Within the depths of earth,
Till, summoned by the voice of spring,
They waken, tidings glad to bring,
In new and glorious birth.

All thro' the winter cold and drear,
They slept secure and sweet,
Their starry petals folded tight,
Till wakened by the morning light
They come this day to greet.

Behold them now, these blossoms fair
That deck God's house to-day,
And breathe out fragrance rich and sweet
Like incense at the Master's feet!
They teach mankind to pray.

The lilies and the roses too
And every blossom bright
To those who scan their beauties well
God's wondrous love and mercy tell
And lead them toward the light.

They tell the grand and glorious truth
That life from death shall rise;
For Christ Who died mankind to save
Came forth triumphant from the grave
And reigns in Paradise.

Then bring the cross with blossoms twin'd
Bring flowers of every hue
And deck the church with fragrant bloom;
For Christ has risen from the tomb,
He ransomed me and you.

—Come to all the services of the Church. Don't be ashamed of your Master. Show your friends and neighbors that you are not ashamed to be known as earnest, devout, consistent Churchmen. Repent, confess your sins, humble yourselves before God, give up your bad habits, do good to others, and when you come to Church, kneel in prayer, join in the service, listen to the words of instruction, and give more liberally and systematically to the support of the Church.—Rev. A. W. Little, rector of St. Paul's Church, Portland, Me.

LITTLE TIM.

It surprised the shiners and the newsboys around the post office the other day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way, and hear him say: "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a bul box of blacking, and a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a skursion?" asked another.

"Not to day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit; and Tim walked strait to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money and said, "I guess I kin write if you will give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers, he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it.

He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted—of Scarlet fever; aged three years.
Funeral to morrow, gone up to heaven, left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, "I—I had to seel my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the door-step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted boys.

ONLY A CLOUD.

BY M. L.

Only a cloud in the ether blue:
And it sighed, what good can a little cloud do,
Drifting around in the limitless space,
Blown by the wind from place to place.

Just then a wayfaring man, outdone,
Sank 'neath the rays of the burning sun,
And the cloud paused in pity to shield the brow
Of one by misfortune and toil lain low.

Then he blessed the cloud with a heart of love,
And it turned his thoughts to the God above:
And when night descended, oh, who shall say
That the cloud had no mission on earth that day?

"THE WRONG LEDGER."

I was sitting with a friend in his office, when a gentleman came in to settle his account. My friend took down a ledger, and looking it through, said: "You have no account with us."—Just then an office boy said to his employer, "You have the wrong ledger, sir." Sure enough, the ledger examined was an old one; a newer one revealed the indebtedness.

My thoughts ran on to two other ledgers—the one kept by self-righteousness, the other by Him altogether holy; the one of our own entry, the other of righteous law. How many of us find very little, if anything, charged against us in the book of self-esteem; so we are complaisant and at ease till conscience whispers, "You have the wrong ledger."

When we turn to the real book of moral accounts we find very many and very frequent entries, indicating that we are heavily in debt. And the worst of all is, we have nothing to pay—we cannot lift the debt. We are dependent upon the grace of God in Jesus Christ.

Two ledgers, one of self-approval, the other of God's righteousness.

What a terrible thing it will be for any of us to go into eternity trusting in the wrong ledger!

Not long after, I was in the same office to arrange my own accounts. The ledger examined showed my account all paid. I knew I had not paid it, but I discovered that a very dear friend had paid it for me; my record was clean and clear through the kindness of another.