

Pastor and People.

PASCHAL HYMN.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. AMBROSE.

"*Aurora lucis rutulat.*"

Crimson glows the ruddy morning,
Alleluia till the skies,
Earth rejoices, hell is mourning,
Mingled groans and shouts arise

For the King, renowned, all glorious,
Comes His captive saints to free,
Over death and hell victorious,
Pain and woe before Him flee!

Vain the rock with sealed portal,
Him no Roman guard can keep,
Lo! in triumph clad, immortal,
He, the Victor, wakes from sleep.

Groans forevermore are ended,
Ended now the woes of hell,
"Jesus hath from death ascended,"
Angels bright the message tell.

Chosen ones, with visage mournful,
Wept their Lord, betrayed and slain
By the cruel, base, and scornful;
Tortured, agonized with pain.

Now with voices wondrous tender,
Angels to the women speak,
"Homage to your Master render,
Him in Galilee go seek."

While they now with joy and fearing,
Speed the message to repeat,
They behold the Lord appearing,
Worship Him, and kiss His feet.

When His brethren learn the story,
Hasten they to Galilee;
There in resurrection glory,
Longing sore His face to see.

Now, the world with light rejoices,
Cloudless beams the Easter sun,
Saints lift up exultant voices,
They have seen th' Anointed One.

Seen by them, His body, wounded,
Shines as with celestial light,
Christ, with witnesses surrounded,
Stands confessed, the Lord of might.

Christ, Thou King, most gracious ever,
Claim these restless hearts of ours,
That with rapture ending never,
We may justly praise Thy powers.

—*Rev. J. H. Van Buren in Churchman.*

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE EVENING LAMP.

BY REV. JAMES A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALL.

When the toils of the day are over, and the evening meal has been enjoyed, and the family group is gathered around the evening lamp, either reading the entertaining page of classic story, or monthly magazine, or daily newspaper; or listening to a conversation that has sprung up as the wind springs, no one knows whence, each by turns taking part, and adding his share to the feast of reason; while some, perchance, ply the busy needle, embroidering, embellishing or knitting—what a sight is this! No more beautiful sight can be seen, no more pleasing picture can be painted. It speaks of family union, joy and content. It says, as loudly as it can be said, what the sweet old song says:

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

In the soft radiance each face is intelligent and loving and beautiful. Each countenance beams with animation and interest. Each heart beats with a tender affection that grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. It is a familiar scene; but we seldom think to how much in life and "in the world's broad field of battle" it ministers. That light shines not only for the present, but the future. It casts its rays far out into the ways of the outer world, and cheers and gladdens by its kindly gleam when darkness may be gathered around the spirit, and hope fading from the soul. It lightens up all the life. The evening lamp of one's early days never goes out, but shines on through all the coming years, more bright, and clear and glad some. What the sun is in the noonday sky this lamp is in the heart. This, we think, must stand unquestioned. The Rev. Richard Cecil says: "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them; like embers we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled

several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see the 'minor.' He could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion. I knew better. The ridicule on Regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation. I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way. . . . I find myself to-day laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing." Ah! as the light of the evening lamp sinks into the eye and fills it, so the words spoken around it are dropped quietly, and often unwittingly, as seeds into rich soil. Banyan seed, that give birth not only to one tree, but to a whole forest. How influential in the formation of character is the atmosphere of the evening lamp! What made Dr. Duff a missionary? was it not the conversation at home? These are his own words. "Into a general knowledge of the objects and progress of modern missions I was initiated from my earliest youth by my revered father, whose Catholic spirit rejoiced in tracing the triumphs of the Gospel in different lands, and in connection with the different branches of the Catholic Church. Pictures of Juggernaut and other heathen idols he was wont to exhibit, accompanying the exhibition with copious explanations, well-fitted to create a feeling of horror towards idolatry and of compassion toward the poor blinded idolaters, and intermingling the whole with statements of the love of Jesus." And what does Froude tell us of the origin of Thomas Carlyle's peculiar style? Simply this, that it originated with the converse of his mother and his father. Froude says: "This style, which has been such a stone of stumbling, originated, he has often said to himself, in the old farm-house at Annandale. The humour of it came from his mother. The form was his father's common mode of speech, and had been adopted by himself for its brevity and emphasis. He was aware of its singularity, and feared that it might be mistaken for affectation, but it was a natural growth, with this merit among others, that it is the clearest of styles. No sentence leaves the reader in doubt of its meaning."

Where are those questions put, half in fun and half in earnest, which provoke so much thought and talk in children? Is it not around the evening lamp? Miss Harriet Martineau, in her brief biographical sketch of Samuel Rogers, says: "In his early youth, his father one evening asked all his boys what they would be. Sam would not tell unless he might write it down, for nobody but his father to see. What he wrote was, 'A Unitarian Minister.' His life, however, was to flow in another channel. Dr. James Hamilton, the author of many precious books, and "Our Christian Classics," tells us how the early days determined his future course. In the preface to the last mentioned volumes, he says: "In the following pages the compiler must plead guilty to a certain amount of self-indulgence. It was his lot to be born in the midst of old books. Before he could read them, they had become a kind of companions, and, in their coats of brown calf and white vellum, great was his admiration for tomes as tall as himself. By-and-bye, when he was allowed to open the leather portals, and look in on the solemn authors in peaked beards and wooden ruffs, his reverence deepened for the mighty days of the great departed; and with some vague prepossession, his first use of the art of reading was to mimic an older example, and sit poring for hours over Manton and Hopkins, Reynolds and Horton. Indeed, so intense did his old-fashioned affection grow, that he can well remember, when compelled to shut the volume and retire to rest, how, night after night, he carried to his cot some bulky folio, and only fell asleep to dream of a paradise where there is no end of books, and nothing to interrupt the reader." Did not Sir Walter Scott receive his first bent toward ballad literature by hearing his mother and grandmother recite long before he himself had learned to read? Could we but know what is said, talked about, discussed, around the evening lamp, we should find little difficulty in outlining much that might be expected in the individual life of particular men, or in the wider life of the nation. There the spirit of the family breathes forth freely, there the sentiments of the family are planted and watered and cultivated, there the fashioning energies of family character and life are felt—felt feebly or forcibly—but felt in such a way that though at first they are light as gossamer threads, by-and-bye they become like mighty chains. What need, then, to keep the light of the evening lamp sweet and healthful, bright and joyous, clear of everything that would dim it or destroy its power. It is one of the most potent factors in both family and national life. But what if there be none in some homes? That can hardly be. Something must be spoken of, for it is impossible for human beings to live together without discourse of some kind. It may be low and debasing, and unworthy of their nature, tending only from low depths to lower depths still; but it is there. Men must have fellowship.

It is, therefore, well worth while to remember that the evening lamp needs trimming, lest it smoke and burn up its oil in darkness. And that it requires to be fitly placed that it may give light to all that are in the house. Let it be lifted up then, clear and luminous, and winsome, by such discourse as will aid and encourage every good thought, every beautiful wish, every noble purpose. Let it shed its cheering, warming and attractive rays in such a way that it may stimulate all that is good in the nature, and evoke all that is virtuous in the heart. As the sun rising upon the world "sows the earth with orient pearl," so let the evening lamp make radiant all that lies within the imperial realm of the home: by bringing into it all that is desirable as objects of consideration, as principles of action, as nodes of life. All that is worthy. The short and easy way most effectually to master every evil, is to encourage and strengthen every element of good. Bend the soul to the upholding of the good and the evil shall fall because it lacks support.

THE VICE OF DRUNKENNESS.

No vices are perhaps so incurable as those which people are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be one of this number. The vice has fatal effects on the mind, body and fortune of the person who is the slave of drink. In regard to the mind, it discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot in the soul in its utmost deformity. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses thoughts into the mind which would not arise in sober moments. Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business is to clear the mind of every vice which has crept into it. The method of spending one's time agreeably is so little studied that the common amusement of our young people is drinking. This way of entertaining has custom on its side, but, as much as it has prevailed, very few companies have been guilty of excess in this way. But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves are such as those who in their youth fall into debauchery, and contract such an uneasiness of spirit, which is not averted but by tipping; such never know the satisfaction of youth, but short years of manhood are descriptive of their old age. They cannot retire without their customary nightcap, and in their uneasiness of spirit see reptiles of wondrous size crawl awkwardly about them. Long, cold, slimy reptiles sport around, and the room is filled with the venomous brood. Such is the life of the habitual drunkard. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow death as he who is despatched by the immediate poison.—*Dean Swift.*

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS.

John Herridge—that wonderful apostle of the last century in England, whose preaching of Christ gathered in thousands as he rode from village to village, with the old Gospel on his lips—thus touchingly refers to the wonders and surprises and joys of the great meeting-day, when the parted labourers of the Church of God shall look each other in the face once more. "What," says he, writing to a fellow-sufferer of the cross, "if such a poor, weak, weather-beaten, and almost shipwrecked vessel such as I should land at last safely on the shore of everlasting rest? Sure you would strike up a new song to see me harbour in the heavenly port, if you are there before me. And what if such a poor, weak stripling as I should come off conqueror over an armada of enemies sin, death and hell? And what if you should meet me in the peaceful realms above, with my robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and a palm of victory in my hand? Perhaps you may know me by my scars. But even every one of these will be a set off to the freeness, sovereignty and unchangeableness of the love of God, the worth of the Redeemer's merits, and the power of the Almighty Spirit."

These scars, which are to be found, more or less, in some shape or other, on every faithful minister of Christ, are not things to be ashamed of, nor blemishes which one would like to see effaced. They are "the marks of the Lord Jesus" traces of the wounds received in His service here, to be recognized by Himself hereafter in the day of His appearing, with the "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Dr. H. Bonar.*

It is well to remember that beautiful thought of George D. Prentice that a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.