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[No. 8

## EASTER JOY.

At Christmas as we sang:

"Joy to the world,  
The Lord is come,"

we seemed almost to hear that glorious hymn of the heavenly choir that came upon the midnight clear: "Peace, goodwill to men, glory to God in the highest." So at Easter we find ourselves again listening to the angel's "Fear not, he is risen." And as we sing:

"Oh, joyful sound!  
Oh, glorious hour!  
When by his own  
almighty power  
He rose, and left the  
grave!"

our hearts rejoice, for Christ hath won the victory, death is vanquished, and, made like unto him, we too shall rise. Yet we feel that our Easter rejoicing has in it a tenderer, deeper joy than that of Christmas. Our hearts have been touched by that life of sorrow and suffering lived through for us before "love's redeeming work was done."

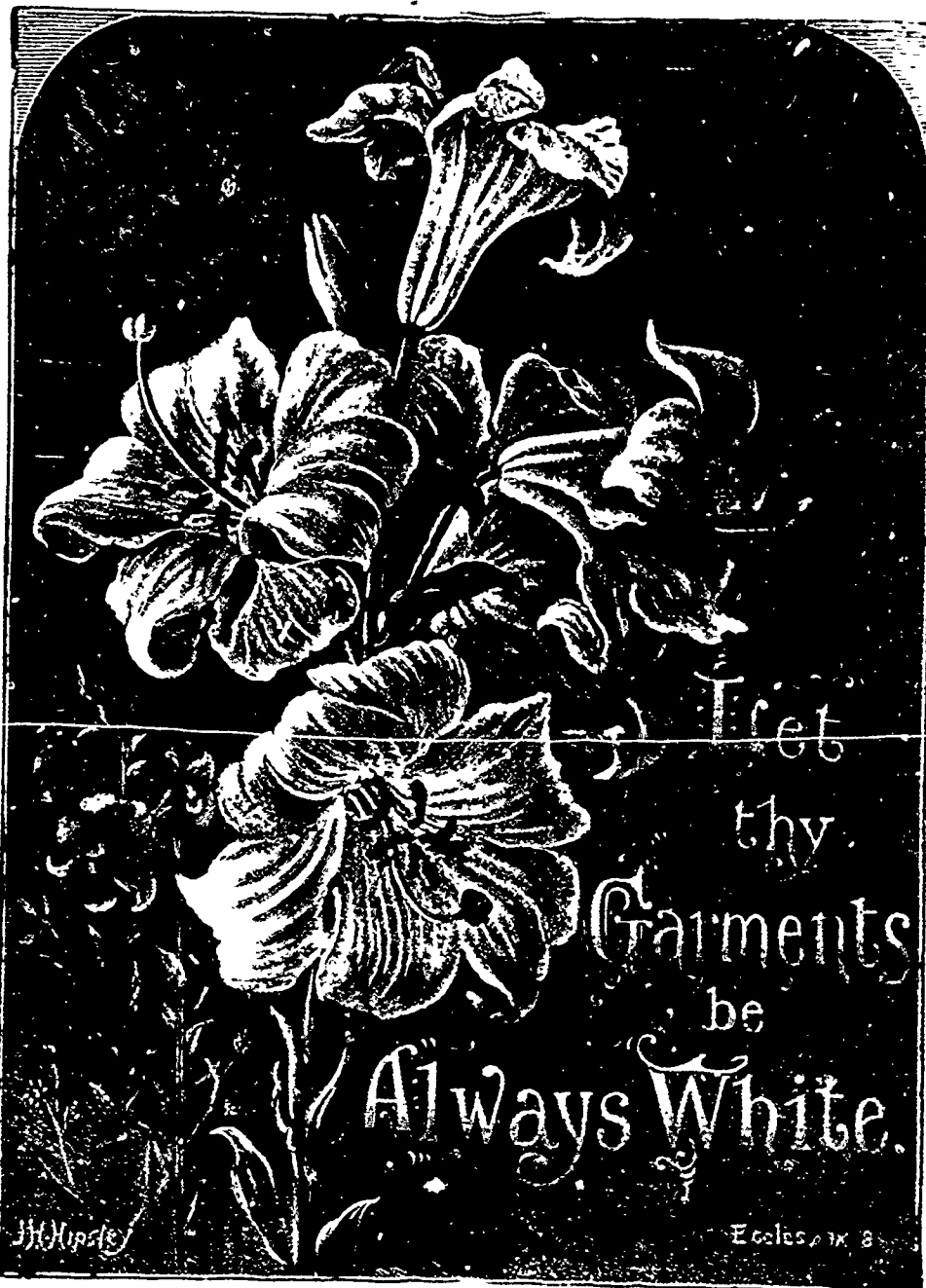
Have you ever noticed how often the words "joy" and "rejoicing," "gladness" and "thanksgiving" occur in the Bible? The Psalmist, though often bowed down

with the weight of sin and sorrow, yet often his heart is so filled with joy and gratitude that from his lips burst the psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

St. Paul, "the sunny-hearted old prisoner of Jesus Christ," as some one has spoken of him, might also be called the

apostle of joy. His epistle to his beloved Philippians rings with joy, and his life was an exemplification of what he preached, "the fruit of the Spirit is joy." Wading through seas of trouble, yet ever rising above the sorrow, desiring to finish his course with joy, and looking for the

kind that he would not hurt you." "That is the reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me: yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."



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crown of joy that awaited him.

Joy is our birth-right by the new birth, and it should permeate our characters and manifest itself in every thought, word and act; it is a deep abiding emotion—"there is no time set apart for joy." "Shall yet praise him." Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that we shall "yet praise him" through life more and more for his goodness? Oh! wonderful help that the Lord Jesus is to his children.

The song of praise begun while on earth rises higher, passes through death's portals to the land of joy, there to continue through endless ages the song of praise to the Lamb who has bought us our pardon."

## THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

A BOY was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from the tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so

kind that he would not hurt you." "That is the reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me: yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."