

EASTER QUESTIONS.

BUT think! Remember what St. Paul tells you about this very matter in that glorious chapter which is read in the burial service, "how when thou sowest seed, thou sowest not that body which it will have, but bare grain; but God gives it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed its own body," for the wheat-plant is in reality the same thing as the wheat seed, and its life the same life, different as the outside of it may look. Dig it up just at this time of year, and you will find the seed-corn all gone, sucked dry; the life of the wheat-seed has formed it into a wheat-plant—yet it is the same individual thing. The substance of the seed had gone into the root and the young blade; but it is the same individual substance. You know it is, and though you cannot tell why, yet you say, "What a fine plant that seed has grown into," because you feel it is so, that the seed is the very same thing as the plant which springs up from it, though its shape is changed, and its size, and its colour, and the very stuff of which it was made is changed, since it was a mere seed. And yet it is at bottom the same individual thing as the seed was, with a new body and shape. So with Christ's body. It was changed after He rose. It had gone through pain and weakness and death, gone down to the lowest depth of them, and conquered them, and passed triumphant through them and far beyond their power. His body was a nobler, a more beautiful, a glorified body, a spiritual body, one which could do whatever His spirit chose to make it do, one which could never die again, one which could come through closed doors, appear and vanish as He liked, instead of being bound to walk the earth, and stand cold and heat, sickness and weariness. Yet it was the very same body, just as the wheat-plant is the same as the wheat-seed—the very same body. Every-one knew His face again after His resurrection. There was the very print of the nails to be seen in His hands and feet, the spear wound in His blessed side. So shall it be with us, my friends. We shall rise again, and we shall be the same bodies, and yet nobler, purer, spiritual bodies, which can know neither death, nor pain, nor weariness. Then, never care, my friends, if we drop like ripe grain, into the bosom of the mother earth, if we are to spring up again as seedling plants, after Death's long winter, on the resurrection morn. Truly, says the poet, how

Mother Earth, she gathers all,
Into her bosom; great and small.
Oh, could we look into her face,
We should not shrink from her embrace.

No, indeed, for if we look steadily with the wise, searching eye of faith into the face of mother earth, we shall see how death is but the gate of life, and this narrow churchyard, with its corpses close packed underneath the sod, would not seem to us a frightful charnel house of corruption. No! it would seem like what it is—a blessed, quiet, seed-filled God's garden, in which our forefathers, after their

long life labour, lay sown by God's friendly hand, waiting peaceful, one and all, to spring up into leaf, and flower, and everlasting paradise fruit, beneath the breath of God's Spirit at the last day, when the Sun of Righteousness arises in glory, and the summer begins which shall never end. One and all, did I say? alas! would God it were so! We cannot hope as for all, but they are dead and gone, and we are not here to judge the dead. They have another Judge, and all shall be as He wills. But we—we in whose limbs the breath of life still stirs—we who can still work, let us never forget all grain ripens not. There is some falls out of the ear unripe, and perishes; some is picked out by birds; some withers and decays in the ear, and yet gets into the barn with the ripe wheat, and is sown, too, with it, of which I never heard that any sprang up again—ploughed up again it may be—a withered, dead husk of chaff as it died, ploughed up to the resurrection of damnation, to burn as chaff in unquenchable fire; but the good alone, ripe, and safe with the wheat-plant till it is ripe, that only will spring up to the resurrection of eternal life. Now, consider again that parable of the wheat-plant. After it has sprung up, what does it do next, but tiller?—and every new shoot that tillers out bears its own ear, ripens its own grain, twenty, thirty, or forty stems, and yet they are all the same plant, living with the life of that one original seed. So with Christ's Church—His body the Church. As soon as He rose, that new plant began to tiller. He did not keep His spirit to Himself, but poured it out on the Apostles, and from them it spread and spread—each generation of Christian ripening, and bearing fruit, and dying, a fresh generation of fruit springing up from them, and so on as we are now at this day. And yet all these plants, these millions and millions of Christian men and women, who have lived since Christ's blessed resurrection, all are parts of that one original seed, the body of Christ, whose members they are, and all owe their life to that one spirit of Christ, which is in them all and through them all, as the life of the original grain is in the whole crop which springs from it. And what can you learn from this? Learn this, that in Christ you are safe, out of Christ you are lost. But really in Christ, I mean—not like the dead and dying grains, mildewed and wormeaten, which you find here and there on the finest wheat-plant. Their end is to be burned, and so will ours be, for all our springing—our of Christ's root, if the angel reapers find us not good wheat, but chaff and mildew. Every branch in Christ which beareth not fruit, His heavenly Father taketh away. Therefore, never pride yourself on having been baptized into Christ, never pride yourself on showing some signs of God's spirit, on being really good, right in this and right in that—the question is, not so much, are you in Christ at all, are you part of His tree, a member of His body? but, are you ripening there? If you are not ripening, you are decaying, and your end will be as God has said. And do you wish to know whether you

are in Christ—safe, ripening? See whether you are like Him. If the young grain does not show like the seed grain, you may be sure it is making no progress, and as surely as a wheat-plant never brought forth rye, or a grape tree thistles, so surely, if you are not like Christ, in your character, in patience, in meekness, in courage, truth, purity, piety, and love, you may be of His planting, but you are none of His ripening, and you will not be raised with Him at the last day, to flower anew in the gardens of Paradise, world without end—*Kingsley.*

SOMETHING NEW.

We have often longed for a cosmopolitan pictorial work that would give us a glance of those places and paintings all over the world that are so well-known to us from sacred interest, historical association, or artistic repute. Think of natural pictures of Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives; think of Rome, St. Peter's, the Catacombs, and the Palace of the Cæsars; of the galleries of Florence, Venice, Milan, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, Edinburgh and a thousand others, and then let us ask what would be the value and utility of a work that would lay faithful and artistic pictures of these places and copies of paintings before us. Such a treat, in effect, has been done, though not in a book form.

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We have given these details that our readers may understand what the "something new" means that heads this column. A painting, for instance, of "Christ before Pilate," by Muncacay, has lately been sold to Mr. Wannamaker, of Philadelphia, for the sum, it is stated, of \$150,000! Here we can have a faithful copy of this great work for 25 cents, and so of others! What more would taste and economy have? But this closes our space for laudatory comment, and we cordially advise our friends to purchase a catalogue and choose their pictures for themselves.

Mr. Alex. S. Macrae, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, who is a member of the Society of Arts, London, England, represents this Company in Canada; and will promptly reply to any enquiries that may be made from him.

BOOK NOTICES.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE, by Dr. Geikie, vol. v., with illustrations and notes. Publisher, John B. Alden, New York.

THE LIFE OF JESUS according to Extra-Canonical sources, by Rev. Dr. Pick. John B. Alden, New York.

A MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES, by the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; may be had of Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto. We very earnestly commend this work to the attention