

SEE THE LAND HER EASTER KEEPING.

See the land her Easter keeping
 Rises as her Master rose;
 Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
 Burst at last from winter snows.
 Earth with heaven above rejoices;
 Fields and gardens hail the spring;
 Shaws and woodlands ring with voices,
 While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
 Powers to these sweet birds unknown
 Use the craft by God implanted—
 Use the reason not your own,
 Here while heaven and earth rejoices,
 Each his Easter tribute bring—
 Work of fingers, chant of voices,
 Like the birds who build and sing.

—Charles Kingsley.

EASTER.

Easter is the time of hope. We turn to it as a flower to the sun; all the disappointments, the discouragement, of the year seem to lie behind us, and we turn with new ardor to the year that begins with the promise of renewed life, new opportunity. Nature seems to increase this surety. The earth is trembling with the new pulse of activity that will clothe her with beauty and fragrance.

We may stop for a moment, and look over the year behind us. It will be found, perhaps, to have in it more failures than successes, more defeats than triumphs. It may be marked by a broken love, a shattered friendship, an empty niche where a statue had been placed, the offspring of the imagination; it may be that the defeat of the year is in one's self; and this is the hardest to bear of all the burdens the year has placed upon us, yet it is the one that has the fullest promise of the Easter-time. To roll the stone away from our dead selves, and stand in the full light of knowledge with the opportunity for rehabilitation, yea, more than that, new creation, is to touch the very heart of divinity, and feel its pulsations in the soul. To stand with defeat behind us, and to face Godward, knowing that every sin has left an impress on character that will need the vigilance of the awakened manhood to overcome, and yet to know that the soul never stands alone, that the power to overcome is always within the grasp of the man who fights to win, gives victory. To feel the throb of a new purpose, to stand before men a type of the Man giving sympathy, help, hope to all men—this it is to feel the Easter-time and live the Easter hope.

Mistakes, disappointments, shattered hopes and idols, defeated purpose, even mistaken interpretations, become but helps to the new year whose birth is the spirit of Easter promise. Life, hope, opportunity, and new power are the promises of every Easter.

THE EASTER DAWN.

To the earliest, as to the latest, men of poetic mind the dawn is the most spiritual and wonderful of all the phenomena of the physical world, no imagination can be indifferent to that inflowing light, streaming up from the gulfs of night, and bringing in the new day as it falls on the sleeping continents. The dawn is always a miracle, and if it came only at long intervals the breaking of the day would be heralded, as in the old days of the Vedic hymns, with invocation and adoration, the soft splendor unveiling the majesty of the heavens, and touching the overhanging trees and the far-stretching landscape, is the most beautiful and inspiring symbol of that perpetual dawn of truth and hope in which the joy and the worth of life are bound up.

The daybreak in the East finds its historical analogue in the dawn of the eternal life out of the night of death the first Easter morning. There had been here and there in the earlier days glimpses and previsions of the great thought of immortality, faint gleams of light on the far horizon of the night. But when Christ arose, the day broke over the whole world, and upon men of every time and race and condition. That sublime awakening gave a new meaning to history, a new value to life, a new vision of the future. The Himalayas, as they rise on the northern stretches of India, carry skyward a mighty sweep of country, so that it seems to one who looks down their heights as if all India were lifted in the mighty embrace of the hills. In like manner, when Christ burst the ancient fetters and rose out of

death into eternal fullness of life, He lifted the whole human race into immortality. In that silent and unseen struggle in the tomb in the garden the whole race shared, and the victory of all mankind over the last and greatest of its foes.

The first Easter morning was the daybreak of immortality—the dawning of the light of hope and faith and joy, never again to fade out of the skies. For Christ triumphed not only over death, but over misery, sin, sorrow, and despair; and so the first Easter confirmed man's noblest dreams of his nature and his future. It proclaimed that eternal triumph of life which carries with it the immortality of all good and beautiful things; it predicted and promised the flight of the world westward under a sky steadily brightening to the perfect day. The light of that dawn rests to-day on all the graves, tenderly guarded or long forgotten, in Christendom, and writes *Resurgam* above the sleeping dust; it touches all cares, sorrows, limitations, and straightway faith whispers that they are but for the moment; it penetrates the vile places of the earth, and finds its way into all the homes of misery and want, and already, at this early hour of the great day, it illumines the faces of those who minister. Very slowly the night fades along the horizon, and very slowly the light mounts to the zenith; but the day breaks, and happy are they who discern its coming, live in light, do its work, and wait for the unspeakable glory of noontide. It is only when we turn towards the retreating night that our theology becomes skeptical and despairing, our faith wavering and uncertain, our burdens and sorrows intolerable. When we turn to the Easter dawn, our thought of God becomes infinitely trustful and loving, and our hope for man shines within and beyond, as the Christ-life in the darkness and hardness which shrouded and blinded the Scribe and the Sadducee. Among several noble and significant visions Richter writes that he once dreamed that he was lost in the limitless universe, when "there came sailing onwards from the depth, through the galaxies of stars, a dark globe along the sea of light; and a human form as a child stood upon it, which neither changed nor yet grew greater as it drew near. At last I recognized our earth before me, and on it the child Jesus, and He looked upon me with a light so bright and gentle and loving that I awoke for love and joy." That awakening out of love and faith into love and joy is the perpetual promise of the Easter dawn.

THE CLOUD AND THE BOW.

For the Review.

The storm of wrath had passed away, the waters to their channels run—leaving the broad luxuriant plains, the shaded heights and valleys fair to tread and look upon. From safe retreat of deluge wave the signal dove no more returned, mingling its song in the purl of mountain stream. But fear was in the heart that once again the heavens would pour displeasure on the land and sacrifice was made and service raised to Him who closed the widows of the sky and scattered sunshine on the shores of day,—accepted song of praise rose to the Throne of Love and answer came unto their troubled minds. "Behold when storm clouds veil across the sky and deluge threatens fast to fall, fear not! for I have purposed end in fruitful yield of golden grain, of herb and flowering vine; the season's change shall bring the springing bud and fading leaf, the summer shine and winters chill, and when ye see my burning bow flash sevenfold color on the storm let every heart in confidence repose for I have set my covenant sign that love hath triumphed over wrath and waves that gathered on the plains and crept unto the mountain's brow shall ever roll in caverns of the wind-tossed sea and rivers glad the haunts of men."

So falls in later days a promise to the sin-crushed soul—"Behold when high the breakers roll and reason bears a darkening way thou art not all alone for I am with thee when the heart holds the reigns of doubt, when billows rise and storms hurl faint hopes to despair, yes, even till the morning breaks and fear and doubt and deep unrest are shaken from the anchor chain of faith."

There is a purposed end in the struggles of the hand and heart, faith is set as reasonable as doubt. The one disperses while the other gathers gloom. Life must