

she remained motionless, with closed eyes and drawn brows. What though the south wind caressed so lightly the silent home of the sleepers? It would pass on to riot among scenes of gaiety. The sunshine, too, would desert them for some less lonely spot. Darkness would come, as the darkness that had settled over her life. How could there be light hearts and songs and gladness in this sad, sad world? Life was so pitifully brief, and death was over all. Yes, life itself was death. They had tried to tell her that she would meet her dearest again, but did they know? No, no, they could not. And she was young yet. How could she endure the long life that stretched before her, the years that must pass before she could interpret the mystery of death? Oh, if she might only receive some message, some least token that Arthur still lived!

She lifted her eyes for a moment to the blue sky and then brought them wearily back to earth. Close by the monument a little pale flower, one of spring's first hepaticas, had pushed its frail petals above the ground and was lifting its tiny head to the sunlight. Agnes bent over it and tenderly drew away the grass. How came it there? By human hand? No, it had risen from the dead. "Risen from the dead," she repeated softly to herself. Yes, it had died with the summer; but only to await earth's resurrection day, when from the germ of its old dead self sprang this wondrous new life, this pure and beautiful thing. She touched tenderly its petal with a strange feeling of awe. It seemed to breathe out a message of hope and trust, a token of God's own love. It told her of the new life that begins with the decay of the old, of immortality beyond death, of an eternity when time shall end. It whispered of a faith that is stronger than sight, and of a God of love.

Long Agnes knelt over the little blossom that spoke comfort to her soul, until she had come to learn that life is not death, but death is life; that love lies beyond the grave, for it is eternal. Her heart was softened at last. Then came tears like rain—the first that had wet her lashes since that terrible day. When, after a long time, the passion of her sobs had worn away, she arose and left the cemetery, taking with her the little flower that had brought her a message from him who, through the doorway of death, had passed into life.

The morning service in First Church was not yet concluded when a little figure clad in black entered softly and stole into the first vacant pew. The beautiful Easter lilies at the altar had a message for at least one soul in the congregation that morning. From the pulpit came the closing words of the sermon: "Because I live, ye shall live also." They are the words of the Son of God himself, who has tasted death for every man. In the face of this divine attestation to the immortality of the soul, we cannot but cry, "Oh Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Upon the hush that followed the minister's words came the strains of the great organ, which swelled and throbbed with its glad message. The congregation arose and sang, "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day."

With the last stanza, a voice of wonderful power and pathos arose above the others, and the people turned to see a fair, sweet face, upon which shone the light of a faith triumphant, as Agnes Norwood sang the words, as she had never sung before:

"Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."

Its Power Grows with Age.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

## HE IS RISEN! By Emmett A. McGrath.

"He is risen!" was the message of the angel at the tomb,  
On that glorious Easter Morning when the world emerged from gloom.  
The Son of God personified,  
He, who on the cross had died,  
He is risen and His mercy weaveth tendrils on life's loom.

Oh, that message! how it echoes down thro' all the passing years,  
From the realms of love supernal, to this mundane vale of tears;  
With its promise for all time,  
With its wealth of peace sublime,  
To restore our ancient birthright and dispel all doubts and fears.

Oh ye who toil and struggle in the meshes of the strife—  
All ye who bow beneath the heavy burdens of your life,  
Look ye to Him above,  
Whose mercy, and whose love  
Is ever constant, ever watchful, ever eager, ever rife,  
And ye who toiling onward at the closing of the day,  
To pause foot-sore and weary by the roadside on the way,  
Look up to Him who died,  
That ye might be glorified,  
He will flood with heavenly comfort weary souls who ask and pray.

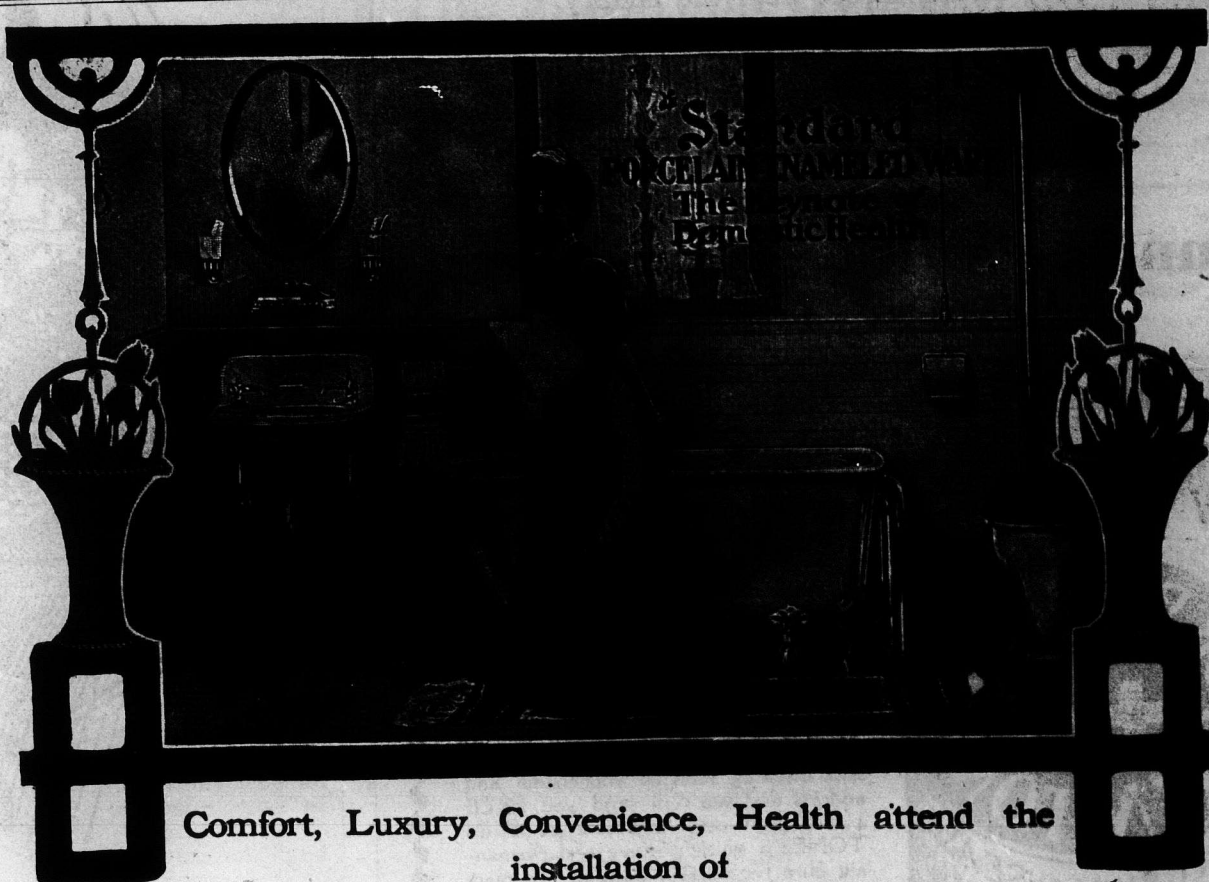
And ye who tread the by-ways that are paved with shame and sin,  
Ye, too, can hear the message clear, above the awful din;  
There's a radiant, fair to-morrow  
Just ahead, oh child of sorrow,  
Where the sinners cease from sinning; oh, take heart, and enter in!

And ye who dwell in luxury, forgetful of your care—  
Forgetful of the bounties God gave to you to share—  
Don't you hear the message calling  
From your hearts, in soft tones falling:  
"He is risen!" He who suffered for the wrongs which you forbear.

And ye who dwell in harmony, secure from doubt or fear  
In the knowledge and the wisdom that is given to you here,  
Pray, never cease to tell,  
While the glad notes rise and swell,  
He is risen! He the Crucified! His spirit's always near.

He is risen! oh, proclaim ye loud and long the message grand!  
Let it ring thro' out the cities, mount and plain of every land;  
Let it ring from dome and steeple,  
Bringing joy to all God's people:  
He is risen! He the Saviour! flows salvation from His hand.

Winnipeg, March 11, 1907.



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