

AN EASTER MESSAGE

By REV. N. S. FACEY, M.A., LL.D., Principal of Queen's College.

"Dominus resurrexit sursum corda."
("The Lord is risen, lift up your hearts.")

Of all Easter greetings none is more inspiring than the old salutation of the early Christians as they met an Easter morning, "Dominus resurrexit sursum corda." It vibrates with a sound of triumph which shakes the earth to its foundation, fires the blood in every human breast and turns weak fishermen into world leaders. It nerves the hearts of the sad and the sorrowful, and assures them that bereavement and even death are but incidents on a road which leads at last to joy and gladness. It tells us Christians that eventually every righteous cause will triumph, that we are not to be deceived by the apparent weakness of goodness in the presence of bullying and tyrannical evil, and that "there never shall be one lost good" for "Christ is Risen."

... this message of Easter means so much to Christian workers who feel at times the strain of carrying on in the face of opposition. It whispers to them that they are not working here for a little span of seventy years at the most, on a transitory construction which may eventually collapse, but that they are helping to build up the Kingdom of God for Eternity, and it inspires them to bend again to the mighty task which lies before them in the part which they have to play in the building up of that Kingdom in the circle in which they move. And it nerves them on, not only to the building up of the Invisible Kingdom of God, but also to the part which they have to take in the betterment of the social conditions of their fellow men which is an important means to the bringing in of the Kingdom of Our Lord.

And more than this, this Easter message is for us all, at this time, a clarion call to action. We are passing through storm and strenuous days. Life's skein is tangled. Industrial civilization is stricken with a grievous malady. The combat of peace is as hard and wearisome almost as those terrible days of war. We have passed through nine years such as perhaps we have never seen, and we are tired.

"We are weary, and we are fearful And we in our march Are faint to drop down and to die."

But the Easter message contains the joyous tidings which makes the heart brave again, and the arm strong, and rallies us on to fresh action. And with this call ringing in our ears none of us must shrink from going forward. Those best suited to lead and govern our country, men of vision, men of loyalty, men of intellect, men indifferent to criticism, men proof against bullying, men of God, must be inspired by it to offer their lives on the altar of service on behalf of their fellowmen, and thus inspire us all again with confidence in leadership, and faith in the sanctity of rule, and give us somewhat of a vision of the righting of wrongs even in this life and the folly of selfishness and corrupt morality. Only men inspired with the firm belief that evil, which reigned supreme on Good Friday, was conquered for ever on Easter Day, can help us sweep away the psychological legacy of wartime unrest, passion and hatred, and lead us to see that much of our present distress has been caused by the glorification of force and the deluging of reason in floods of rancorous emotion and dishonest propaganda.

But the Easter message is not a call

to action to our leaders only. It is also a call to us of the rank and file. For four and a half years millions of people were necessarily engaged in unproductive labour and millions of others were employed in the destruction of the hard earnings and savings of many generations. Since the war, in every country, many more than need have been, have been content to look to weak governments for doles. And now the world's merchandise has been jettisoned and its store-houses empty. No governments and very few individuals have anything left for us to fall back upon to feed ourselves and our families. But it is here that the Easter message is so heartening, for it inspires us all once more to bend ourselves to the task of cultivating and developing hopefully the good gifts of God and nature which are still given to us year by year. We must not depend upon political necromancers to sweep away with magic wands the gaunt spectre of poverty and unemployment which stalks through the homes in this Island in common with the homes of other countries to-day. The politician may make employment possible, he may open up new avenues of labour, he may, and he must, do all he can to encourage industry, but he can never by himself, however honestly and industriously he may apply himself to the task, start again the wheels of industry or recreate from year to year the wealth which is necessary to feed a hungry people. Only co-operation on the part of all of us can do this. And the good news of Easter must brace us to do it. We must take stock of conditions as they obtain to-day, and then face the business of the coming season manfully and hopefully.

And, thank God, even in the midst of a world which to many seems a veritable quagmire of despair, even in the midst of an age of poverty, an age torn with strife and jealousy and presenting a tangle of problems to which there seems no solution there are signs of hope as we look out and behold it by the light of our Easter morning. For though progress is slow there are clear signs of the dawn of better days. The League of Nations, for example, has been launched during these dark days in the world's history. It is true it is still only a framework with slender contents, but the very presence of such a framework is a big advance on anything we have known in international affairs hitherto. And if our first high hopes of it have been somewhat blighted during the past six months we must remember that the League is less than four years old. But it exists as a fact and is capable of becoming the greatest factor in modern history. And there is also in many quarters clear manifestations of a spirit of good fellowship and generosity only waiting to be fostered to do much to ease the burdens of life.

So then with the joyous news of Easter ringing in our ears all of us, leaders and followers alike, must lift up our drooping hearts and the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees, and go forward with fresh courage to the tasks which lie before us, prepared, each of us in our several callings, to do our best to face what is dark, difficult, new and perplexing, and in the strength of Our Risen Lord to plod hopefully on until we have swept away all that is mean, selfish and base, and ushered in, not the stunted life of "the good old days of old," but a fuller and larger life, by far, than any of those who have gone before us were ever privileged to enjoy.

EASTER!

By REV. G. O. LIGHTBOURN, B.A., L.Th., St. Thomas's.

"WHERE is God now?" asked a young naval officer, as we stood together on the bridge of one of His Majesty's Destroyers, gazing out over the grey waters of the English Channel, early one morning in the winter of 1918. It was a dark, murky morning and only with difficulty could we discern through the mist the outline of the ships of the convoy—carrying American troops—which we had picked up at 10, west, two days before, and were escorting to Dover. In the distance we could hear the dull boom of the guns of France. "Where was God," he continued, "when the Huns swept over Belgium? Where was God when the Lusitania sank with the women and children? Where was God when the Germans violated the men and chopped off the heads of little children, when sanctuaries were defiled and dead cats nailed on altar crosses?"

This young officer was no sceptic, but he was perplexed—perplexed by questions which have baffled most of us. Who has not asked how it is that God allowed millions of innocent children to starve in the recent famine in China and Russia? Did we not all wonder why He permitted the Turkish barbarians to burn Smyrna and reduce the condition of many thousand Armenian Christians to an abomination of desolation? Does God look unconcerned upon the world of ours rent asunder by political strife, and plunged in despair by economic and social distress?

Such questions as these lead us to a great and fundamental problem. Where are we to look in this dark and sorrowful world for any trace of that union of boundless power and perfect goodness which is what we mean by the word—God? There is power in the world, to be sure; but is that power directed by goodness? There is goodness in the world, sure enough, but can we believe that the goodness has power to achieve its purposes? The power that we see is often weak. Can we then believe that God is all-powerful and perfectly good, can we say with Browning that "the all-Great is the all-loving too?"

It is not a new problem. In a su-

preme degree such questions are flung in our face by the Story of the Cross. The disciples had dared to believe that they beheld "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." In Him they found God revealed as perfect goodness and ineffable love. But the goodness and love was defeated and broken. In the conflict of the Cross goodness was on one side and power on the other. "What confronted the disciples," writes the Bishop of Manchester, "was not merely the failure of a great ideal, nor the frustration of all their hopes. It was the failure of God. If that were the end of such a life, then God is not God as we have understood the name: He may be Almighty, but if so He is not good; He may be good, but if so He is not Almighty. If the Cross was the end, then Heaven is emptied of its God-head and our prayers are merely pious wishes tossed into the vastness of space; there is no God to hear them or if there is He cannot help." As Plato expressed it, "All things are spent on death," if the Cross was the end.

But the Cross was not the end. "Now is Christ risen from the dead," God acted and made His actions known. Sorrow is transformed into joy; despair gives place to hope, because of what God has wrought. "Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the father." "Him did God raise up having loosed the pains of death." All through the New Testament there is a ring of absolute certainty and assurance about God, because of what He has done in raising Jesus from the dead. From it there springs "not only a new hope for men and a new energy of righteousness, but a new conception of the entire universe."

The Easter message assures us that we live in a universe in which life not death is the final goal, a universe in which righteousness will ultimately triumph. It is well for us to remember this at a time like the present, when the outlook of a good many is none too bright. Trusting "the God of Peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ," we may lift up our hearts, and go on our way in absolute confidence that our labours "are not in vain in the Lord."

WEEK-END NOTES.

(I. C. MORRIS.)

CHAPTER XIII.

SHIPS like people have their day, and when they have fulfilled their purpose they pass out of the public life, and are buried in oblivion. And so it was with the fleets of St. John's of fifty and sixty years ago; for a while they filled a big place, and were essential to the trade and commerce of their time, and then their star set, and went down in the western horizon of ocean fleets. Some of these ships met a tragic ending, and were lost in storm and tempest; and with them went also their gallant crews. Those catastrophes of the sea have brought sorrow to thousands of homes the world over, and of which Newfoundland has had a large share; for it can truly be said, that Newfoundland has paid a steep price for her colonization, and for her maritime prestige. It has been ours to look to the sea, and to snatch from its anger and treachery the whosoever-with-all to live. We have truly been among the people, of whom the Psalmist speaks, when he refers to "those who go down in the sea in ship, and who do business with the great waters;" and our ships like Solomon's "have been broken."

It is certain that we have paid a steep price, and that the exactions and penalties of maritime life have demanded much from us, and that it has in a degree broken our spirit; and because of this, thousands have left our country, and have sought a different mode of living by what to them at least, seemed an easier way. The memory of our old ships and their loss brings to many a harrowing scene, and many a bitter sorrow. We have seen the morn burst bright and fine, and the members of the household happy and brightly, but before the day closed, the news of shipwreck came, telling that some gallant captain and his crew,

NEPTUNE CLAIMS MOST OF THEM.

Only a few ships have nearly finished their career, and have literally been worn out, and therefore put out of commission; these few have generally been dismantled, and used as hulks for storage. We have at present in the harbor three such ships, namely: the Briton, the Suzanne, and the Pelican. The Suzanne was comparatively a new ship, which put in here some eighteen years ago for repairs, but owing to the financial conditions of her owner in France, she was sold here. The Briton, as our readers are aware, has had a long career, and under the name of the Calypso she made her record in the British Navy of the last half of the nineteenth century. The Pelican had also a long record, having been for the most of her time the commodore ship of the Hudson's Bay Company, plying between London and the Hudson's Bay posts. The log books of these three ships alone would supply data for many a good story, and the record of their checkered careers would afford a very vivid account of sea-faring life in general; for in their many voyages, these ships ploughed the waters of the seven seas, and endured a thousand storms. Old Neptune was their king, and no doubt lashed them with his fury; but they being staunchly built, and ably commanded, weathered every gale, and having come off triumphantly, they finished their commission, and thus lie safely moored within the shelter of the harbor.

During the career of such ships as these, there was a great development in marine architecture, and steam and electricity made wonderful advances. These ships had a long day, but

thousands of staunch ships, which were launched during their career, have gone down in shipwreck and loss. Amongst our local ships which finished their commission, and were dismantled, we remember a few, and have also noted their resting place. We remember the brigantine Leader, owned and commanded by the late Captain Thomas Jearin. For a few years the Leader lay at anchor in the

harbor, and was then striped, and sold for a mere scrap, as the saying goes. She was hauled in at the South Side, broad side to the beach, and was ballasted and sunk for the purpose of forming a foundation for the store built many years ago by the firm of the late John Steer. Another old ship, was the Jasper, owned and commanded by the late Hon. Captain Edward White—she being his first venture. The Jasper was dismantled, and beached at Cole's premises at the West End of the city, for the purpose of a wharf. There was also the brig Pioneer, commanded in her plucky days, by the late Captain Mearins; and which, of her class, was one of the smartest and best kept vessels of her day. In the end of her career she changed hands different times, and she was finally moored at the premises west of Job's, and there she sank; and some twenty years ago she had to be

blown up with dynamite. The Peerless in her day was a very outstanding ship, and was considered a beauty in every respect. And so we may write of other ships, but it is the same story. They were built, launched, fitted, and commissioned; and they had their day, and went out: some in storm, and some in calm—much like human life. In some instances there was tragedy, and in others calm repose, but in all, there came the end: when the last anchorage was made, and the final port entered, and the log books closed.

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G. W. V. A.

"AT HOME."

On Easter Monday night the G.W.V.A. will hold an "At Home" in the Grenfell Hall. His Excellency the Governor, Lady Alardyne and Suite have signified their intention of attending as well as the following: Hon. R. A. Squires, and Lady Squires, Hon. Tasker Cook and Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bennell. The Princess's Dance Orchestra will furnish music, while Mr. Karl Trappell will contribute the song of the 29th Division. The catering for the occasion will be provided by Mrs. MacKenzie and Lady friends. The affair is intended to eclipse all previous efforts of anything held by the G. W. V. A. and an enjoyable evening is anticipated.

Tragic Death.

LITTLE BOY POISONED.

Little Thomas, the 2½ year old son of Mr. and Mrs. George White, Bond Street, accidentally poisoned himself at his home yesterday morning at 12.30, when he took a box of strychnine pills off the mantle shelf in the kitchen and swallowed some. His mother who was in the kitchen at the time of the occurrence, going about her regular household duties, was unmindful of the child doing anything out of the ordinary, when suddenly the infant's cries attracted her attention. The mother did all possible for the little chap, and Doctors Macpherson and Mitchell were quickly summoned, but were unable to restore him, and he passed away within half an hour. The sympathy of all will be tendered Mr. and Mrs. White in the death of their little son.

M. C. L. I.

DEBATE POSTPONED.

The regular weekly debate of the M.C.L.I. was postponed last Thursday night owing to the storm, but those in attendance had a warm discussion which proved very enjoyable. On next Thursday night the subject for debate will be: "Resolved, that the Modern Church has lost its convictions." The leaders will be Rev. Dr. Curtis and Mr. I. C. Morris.

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