

The Scriptural Account of the Resurrection.

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Then she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and said unto them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him."

Peter, therefore, went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. And he stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that He must rise from the dead.

Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

She said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus said unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, "Sir, if Thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!" She turned herself, and said unto Him, "Rabboni," which is to say, "Master."

Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not; for I am not ascended to My Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, 'I ascend unto My Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God.'"

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that He had spoken these things unto her.

The Next Thing.

Jacob Abbot tells a story, boys, about Alphonso, who, when he went to help bring wood, reached down to the bottom of the pile and selected the largest stick he could find. Consequently, his work being four times as difficult for him as there was any necessity for, he soon gave out and was useless for the rest of the work.

That is, a great mistake, boys, that of always looking out for "big opportunities." The small opportunities and their proper grasping is what makes men of use to themselves and others. The one grand thing in the world is to be of use, the very best use you can with the opportunities and talents God gives you. Do you know, have you any idea what an art there is

in being able to grasp the opportunity of doing the "next thing," and not waiting for something that requires heroic action on your part? It is by doing the little things that we become strengthened to accomplish big things. You have all heard, no doubt, of the man who began carrying his weak little calf to pasture every day, till one day he was surprised to find that he was carrying a cow; while the animal grew, his strength grew to meet the burden.

No one expects a boy to do cube root before he can do addition, but if he sticks close to the principle of accomplishing the "next thing" to hand, he surely will arrive at cube root some day. "Festine lente," say the Italians, and a good saying it is—"Make haste slowly."

Boys, when you do anything put energy into it by all means, but let it be steady energy, not this fitful, false sentiment that burns like a raging fire for a little while, and then dies down almost as suddenly as it springs up, leaving only the discontent of unfinished work. The desire to "do big things," the distaste for little things, has done much to wreck the lives of our boys and men.

Boys, the proper thing to do always is the next thing—remember that.

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Don't be Mean, Boys!

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns down the light and lies down alone, he is then compelled to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes back to him; not a penny dropped into the palm of poverty, not the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart, no sunbeams of encouragement cast upon a struggling life, no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of those things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself, how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed, when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure, and fair, and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how careless and dreary must his own path appear! Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average man: and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering, and heart ache, and misery in the world, anyhow, why should anyone add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden?

Don't be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.

Histories of Words.

There are many words which we use every day without a thought of their original meaning. Here are a few of them:

Gazette—is from the name of an old Venetian coin worth about a cent and a half—the sum charged for a reading of the first Venetian newspaper, a written sheet which appeared about A.D. 1550.

Excruciating—pain, like that of a person "crucified." How carelessly we use this word of terrible meaning.

Milliner—A native of Milan, Italy, once famous for its manufactures of silks and ribbons.

Lord—means "bread-earner;" lady—"loaf-giver."

Terrier—is a dog which pursues animals to their burrow in the earth (Latin, *terro*).

Stalwart—that is, "worth stealing"—a war term, meaning Saxon, a fine soldier worth making captive.

Salary—at first meant money given to soldiers to buy salt with; in the same way, emolument was an allowance of meal.

Muscle—a "little mouse," referring to its appearance under the skin.

Heretic—from a Greek word, means simply "one who chooses" for himself. In the same way, a sceptic is one who searches carefully; and fanatic, one inspired. Custom has given all the words an unpleasant signification.

Explode—to applaud out, as you "clap out" a boy or a girl in the familiar game of that name. You will find the word used in that way if you care to look, somewhere in the eleventh book of Milton's Paradise Lost.

Good-bye—"God be with you."

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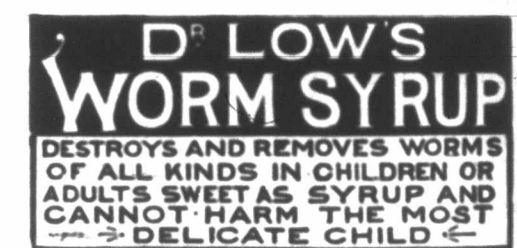
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