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Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days.

April 14—EASTER DAY.
Morning—Exodus xii. to 29. Rev. i. 10 to 19.
Evening—Exodus xii. 29; or xiv. John xx. 11 to 19; or Rev. v.

APPROPRIATE HYMNS for Easter Sunday and First Sunday after Easter compiled by Mr. F. Gattward, organist and choir master of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax, N.S. The numbers are taken from H. A. & M., but many of which are found in other hymnals:

EASTER SUNDAY

Holy Communion: 127, 184, 499, 555.
Processional: 125, 181, 186, 892.
Offertory: 180, 183, 497.
Children's Hymns: 186, 140, 341, 565.
General Hymns: 126, 135, 140, 498, 504.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Holy Communion: 133, 197, 316.
Processional: 135, 140, 391.
Offertory: 129, 137, 174, 502.
Children's Hymns: 131, 339, 573.
General Hymns: 128, 132, 134, 138, 500.

GOOD FRIDAY.

EVENING.

"It is finished."—Gospel.

What a retrospection was that in which the dying Saviour, from His cross, gazed through the long vista of the past and saw every type and prophecy now fulfilled! The world's redemption was accomplished. The mighty gulf which had separated earth and heaven was now filled up. The wall of partition between God and the soul was broken down. The way was prepared, the ransom paid, the atonement offered, the sacrifice completed. Nothing was left for man to do but to accept the great mercy thus freely purchased for him by the infinite sufferings of the Son of God. It was an hour of great joy. He who had come to earth to do His Father's will could now exclaim, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." Into the future, also, turned that omniscient gaze. He saw the constantly increasing procession of the redeemed hastening on to join in the "new song," and "the travail of His soul" was "satisfied."

We, too, must come to that hour when life, with all its duties, its joys, its responsibilities, is slipping away from us, and the soul stands midway between time and eternity. We look upon the past, but not as Christ, upon a life unstained by a single sin, a work completely finished in all its parts.

How much in that hour will there be to regret! How sad will then be the confession, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us." But, blessed be God, the outlook into the future, for a believer in Christ, is one of inexpressible happiness. He trusts himself into those arms which were once nailed to the cross for him, with the blissful assurance that they will bear him safely over the river of death into eternal life and blessedness beyond. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

"Tis finished! the Messiah dies—
Cut off for sins, but not His own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice—
The great redeeming work is done!

"Death, hell and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo! I plead the atoning blood,
And in Thy right I claim my heaven."

EASTER EVEN.

MORNING.

"We are baptized into the death of Thy blessed Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Collect.

When the mortal agony is over, and the soul has winged its flight to the throne of God, naught remains to the weeping friends but the pale, cold corpse. It sees them not; it heeds them not. The endearments of love, the sobs of agony, call forth no answering sign. The rush of the outer world, which was wont to quicken to feverish excitement that lifeless form and spur it on to ceaseless activity in the rounds of business or pleasure, now passes on unnoticed. The man is dead.

So when we become "dead with Christ," by the power and grace of God, a change as great, as real, passes over the soul. We are "dead to sin"; as free from its power, as indifferent to its pleasures, as uninfluenced by its seductions, as is the pale corpse in its coffin to the pleasures, the pursuits, the ambitions of life.

But sin does not die in a day. "Our old man is crucified with Him," says the Apostle—perhaps referring not more to the peculiar mode of Christ's death than to the slow and painful nature of crucifixion. So, when the soul dies to sin, it is a life-long dying—a struggle which only terminates when this leprous body is returned to corruption. It would seem as though nothing but a total dissolution of its every part could remove the defilements of sin contracted by our mortal nature.

But what is the prospect of those who know nothing of this baptism into Christ's death; whose lives are spent in the gratification of unhallowed desires, the pursuits of worldly ambitions, the feasting and pampering, instead of the crucifying of "the old man"? Only those who "have been planted together in the likeness of His death" can indulge any safe hope of partaking also "in the likeness of His resurrection." Let us see to it, then, that we are "buried" with

Christ by ceasing from the practice and love of sin, and by walking in the newness of a holy life.

"Tis not the skirmish of an hour;
Sin yields not at a blow;
For pride of heart is ill to slay;
And what seems overcome to-day,
Will be to-morrow's foe."

EASTER DAY.

THE NEW LIFE.

Almighty God, Who through Thine only begotten Son Jesus Christ, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life, we humbly beseech Thee that, as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Through Lent, and in the Holy Week especially, when surely our hearts were moved and filled with "good desires," we have searched out our sins and tried truly to repent of them; and now, at Easter, the Church shows us the real true way in which to celebrate the joyful festival of our Lord's Resurrection.

The heavy cloud is gone. We no longer think of our dear and blessed Lord's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, of His Cross and Passion, nor of the quiet tomb beside which only yesterday we waited; but we think of Him risen, triumphant over death itself. Our churches resound with Alleluias and songs of praise; our hearts are filled with joy as we throng to "keep the feast." But, though our hearts beat high, though we may feel them really filled with "good desires," the Church warns us even now—on the most glorious of her festivals, as last week on the most awful of her feasts—not to trust to feeling, not to be carried away by excitement, not even by the excitement of a pure, holy joy like this. Perhaps she would have us remember that the same crowd that, on our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, cried, "Hosanna!" was the crowd that a little later cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" In quiet, sober words, the Collect—that prayer that collects the Easter teaching and sums it up for us to practice—bids us bring our good desires to "good effect."

We who have lamented our old sinful lives are taught that "like as Christ was raised up from the dead, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (see Second Lesson), and so strive to turn into good actions the good desires God by His grace has put into our minds.

Something to do. This is the way not to waste our strength in high-wrought feeling only, not to let our love grow cold. God gives us the wish to serve Him; we must not rest in the wish, but strive to bring it to effect, to be good, to do good, and so really rise "to newness of life."

THE VICTORIOUS CHRIST.—A great painter has left on the walls of a little cell in his Florentine convent a picture of the victorious Christ, white-robed and banner-bearing, breaking down the iron gates that shut in the dark rocky cave, and flocking to Him with outstretched hands of eager welcome, the whole long series, from the first man downwards, hastening to rejoice in His light and to participate in His redemption.