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And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. —*Math. xxviii, 5, 6.*

EASTER THOUGHTS.

THE Resurrection of Christ is the foundation fact of Christianity. Deny this, and its supernal worth is gone. Nothing of value is left. We have no Saviour. We are yet in our sins. And however we may live as the Christian lives, we must at the last die as the heathen dies, without light, without joy, without hope. On the contrary, affirm this, and everything rests upon a sure base.—*Rev. W. J. Woods, B.A.*

THE poet scarcely hits off the truth. "From whose bourn no traveller returns," sings he. "But from those bourn one traveller has returned," answers Christianity. Jesus Christ died and is risen again. And if one traveller has returned it is a strong presumptive proof that the other travellers continue in existence, and that we may entertain the blessed hope that they too will return. The return of the distinguished "Traveller traveling in the greatness of his strength" from the shades of death has imparted a new inspiration to poor, trembling, dying humanity. There is a way out of the grave.—*Rev. Cynedylan Jones.*

A LIVING Christ, dear friends! the old, ever new, ever blessed Easter truth! He liveth; He was dead; He is alive for evermore. Oh, that everything dead and formal might go out of our creed, out of our life, out of our heart to day. He is alive! Do you believe it! What are you dreary for, O mourner! What are you hesitating for, O worker! What are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope, and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THEREFORE, when Christ rises and makes himself the emblem and assurance that I shall rise, and that others shall rise, and that there is to be a living again in another and a better world, I accept it, not by the coarse evidence that may be historic, and still less by the cold handling of facts which science deals in, but by the testimony which comes from my heart, from every fervent feeling of my nature, "It should be so." The voice of the race cries out, "It should be so." And when Christ says, "It is so," all the world hold up hands in gratulation; and

every knee bows; and every tongue confesses, throughout the whole realm of mankind, that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God. And because the Saviour stands to us as a type and assurance of immortality, this day should be among the most precious anniversaries of the year.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

THOSE godly women, as early as there was any hope of seeing, went to the sepulchre. And what a sight awaited them! The stone was gone. There was no Roman guard. There was a celestial custodian. An angel was there. Young, and beautiful and bright, and pure and sweet the Scriptures paint him. And he spoke. His syllables were human, but his tones divine. He announced the

dominion over Him. How is it with the Sanhedrin, the Pharisees, Caiaphas, Judas, and Pilate! Where are they? Most of them lie there, slaves held under the iron domination of death. And where is the Begotten from the dead! The heavens have received Him till the times of the restitution of all things. Its lofty gates have welcomed Him. His robes this morning are whiter than the driven snow, and He patiently waits to be your resurrection and life.—*Rev. Thos. Arnold.*

RISEN Lord, let Thy Spirit rest upon us now. Empty us of pride and bigotry, of self-righteousness and sin. Come and purify our motives, and elevate our aims, and set our reflections on things above, where Thou sittest at the right hand of the Father! Come, Holy Spirit, come! Thy power in our hearts will best attest the resurrection of Him we call Master and Lord, and will meeten us for that more glorious Easter where Thy Risen Church shall stand in robes of white at the celebration of the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Rev. W. M. Statham.*

IT was the habit of Paul to preach "Jesus and the Resurrection." He had done so at Antioch in Pisidia; he had done so at Thessalonica. He did so at Corinth, as we read in his very emphatic declaration in his letter to the Church there. He did so everywhere. And what he did the rest of the apostles did. A Jesus without the resurrection had been to them a most lame and impotent conclusion of a wonderful history; a Jesus without the resurrection had furnished no gospel at all for them to preach or for men to receive. They had no idea of resting in an admiration of Christ simply and solely for the unrivalled beauty and sublimity of His character. While by no means insensible to this, as all their writings impressively prove, they attached infinite importance to the great redemptive work He achieved, of which His resurrection was not so much a sign as an integral and essential part. And on this Easter Sunday, sending one's thought throughout Christendom, I may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that everywhere the Church still joins "Jesus and the Resurrection." The pitiful weakness, incoherence and incoherence of any bodies of men who venture to claim the name of Christian, and yet separate Jesus and the Resurrection, must confirm my statement. From the apostles down to our day it was Jesus and the Resurrection, or no Jesus of any power for the regeneration and life of men. There never was any intermediate ground, nor is there to-day; what some think they see is mere mirage.—*Rev. G. B. Johnson.*



EASTER MORNING.—*By Boutmyron.*

Resurrection, the grand fact in the history of earth, and so far as we know in the biography of God. But what was an angel to heart-broken Mary! She would rather see one Jesus than a million of angels. She saw Jesus. She heard Him talk. He said "Mary." That "Mary" made the high noon of heaven burst into the heart of the midnight of her love's sorrow. It restored to harmony the chaos to which, to her, His death had reduced the universe.—*Rev. Dr. Deems.*

If you could go to Jerusalem to-day, you would find thousands shedding their tearst at the supposed Holy Sepulchre. They go to see "the place where the Lord lay; but he is not there, he is risen." Since that great morning death has had no more