

Easter Hymn

CHRIST is risen! O the wonder!
Rending bands of death asunder,
Rising to glory yonder!

Silently as morning breaking
Came the wonderful awaking,
Christ again His Godhead taking.

In the stillness of the morning,
Angels heralding no warning,
Though the world's new light was dawning.

Ere sunrising, one came seeking,
She whose heart with pain was reeking,
Tears her pallid cheeks bestreaking.

Last she saw Him faint and dying;
Stark and cold her Lord was lying,
Ere she left Him, weeping, sighing.

Lone she stood in tearful wonder;
Whom had rent His tomb asunder?
Who so vile the grave to plunder!

She, amazed, her watch was keeping,
Blinding mists her vision steeping:
"Woman, why art thou a-weeping!"

Was she startled woman chary?
Was she in her answering wary?
What a change when He said, "Mary!"

Once the piteous supplication,
Now the glad ejaculation,
"Master!" in rapt adoration.

No more mocking, no more scourging,
Priest and mob the soldiers urging,
While the rage of hell was surging.

Crown of thorns no longer wearing,
Cruel taunts no longer bearing,
Nails no more His body tearing.

Majesty and gracious sweetness
Join in Him with perfect meetness,
God and man in full completeness!

Lord Jehovah! low before Thee,
Ransom'd by Thee, we adore Thee;
Glory in the highest! Glory!

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Father's Come Home.

How eagerly the little girl in our
picture leaps to fasten the marigold
blossom in her father's button-hole, and
how pleased both father and mother
look at this mark of her love. There
is no happier sight on earth than that
of the honest, hard-working man find-
ing rest from toil in the bosom of his
family.

His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns what'er he can;
He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Easter.

BY ELA A. SMALL.

DAWN of a sacred, glorious day,
Freighted with hope so sweet,
We hail Thy advent with delight,
With joy Thy coming greet.

In thought we visit Palestine,
And see the guarded tomb
Where Jesus lay, while soldiers grave
Watched through those nights of gloom.

The morning breaks! Exultant morn!
For with its coming gray,
Angelic hands have sought the tomb,
And rolled the stone away.

Then from its portals dark and grim,
Triumphing o'er His foes,
Revealing His divinity,
Our Saviour, Christ, across.

Blest Easter morning, hail to thee!
For to our hearts ye bring
Sweet memories of a risen Christ,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Arisen! Arisen! let all the bells
Of earth their music swell
In loudest strains of melody,
The joyous news to tell.

Christ has arisen! This Easter day
He lives, enthroned on high,
Sharing the Father's majesty,
No more for man to die.

We fain would crown this risen Christ,
And reverently pray
That we with Him in hope may rise
At the last Easter day.

The Camp Meeting.

THE great event of the season on the
Bug Royal District, of which Fair-
view, at the time of which we write,
formed a part, was the District Camp-
meeting. This had been in the early
days of Methodism a most potent in-
stitution in those parts. In those
times meeting-houses, or even school-
houses, were few and far apart, and
the camp-meeting was made a grand
rallying place for all the settlers far
and near. Two famous camp-meeting
preachers were Elder Case and Elder
Metcalf, in their early prime, and
marvellous were the scenes of religious
revival and spiritual power which they
witnessed, and in which they took
part.

To the young folk the occasion
offered very special attractions—the
charm of a change from the regular
routine of life; the charm of kindred
youthful companionship, and the ex-
citement of picnicking for a week or
more in the woods.

Around an area of about half an
acre were a row of rough board build-
ings or tents, as by a rather bold meta-
phor they were called. These con-
sisted, for the most part, of only one
room, the principal use of which was
as an eating-room by day and a sleep-
ing-room by night. Between the
religious services relays of hungry
people would fill every corner, and at
night the board tables were removed,
and quilts and curtains divided it into
two sleeping apartments. The same
articles furnished the doors and win-
dows, so that if not tents exactly,
these "lodges in the wilderness" still
possessed to the imagination of their
occupants quite an oriental character,
as was becoming to a "feast of taber-
nales."

The kitchen arrangements were in
the rear of each tent, beneath the
shadow of the trees, or perhaps of a
booth of boughs. They consisted
chiefly of open fires with a crotch-
stick at each side and a cross-piece at
the top, from which hung the kettles
for boiling water for the tea and coffee,
the making of which was the chief
culinary operation of the camp.

The preacher's tent differed little in
character from the others, except that
before it was a platform elevated about
a yard from the ground. Along the
front of this ran a flat board by way
of desk; at the back was a long bench
—the whole making a pulpit large
enough to accommodate a dozen men.
The room in the rear was occupied by
one enormous bed, greater than the
Great Bed of Ware or than the iron
bedstead of Og, King of Bashan. But
it was generally pretty well filled with
clerical occupants on such occasions,
and with the aid of plenty of straw
and buffalo-ropes was by no means
uncomfortable.

In front of the preacher's stand were
rows of plank benches, resting on sec-
tions of saw-logs set on end, and the
ground was plentifully strewn with
straw. At the four corners of this
area were four elevated platforms about
six feet high, covered with earth, on
which at night were kindled fires of
pine knots for lighting up the camp,
which they did very efficiently.

The camp-meeting began on Friday
evening of the first week in September.
All day long teams continued to arrive,

* Condensed from "Life in a Parsonage,"
by W. H. Withrow, D.D. Price 50 cents.
Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal,
and Halifax.

laden with bedding, household stuff,
and provisions. With much innocent
hilarity the farmers' boys unloaded
the wagons, and the girls and matrons
unpacked the boxes and set their houses
in order for their ten days' encamp-
ment in the woods. Lawrence Temple
had a tent of his own, and Edith ex-
hibited in its dainty curtains and in
the pictures on the wall, the same
refined taste that characterized her
little parlour at home.

"What a cosy nest of a place you
have here," said Mrs. Manning, as,
with her friend, Mrs. Marshall, she
made a brief call, "I declare it's as
pretty as a picture."

"What does she want with all them
jimcracks out here in the woods," said
her amoretic companion, as they walked
away. "A prayer-meeting won't be
any better for all them pictures on the
wall."

"I don't know but it will," replied
Mrs. Manning, "if they help to put
people in a pleasant frame of mind."
She was evidently unobservant of the
contrary effect which they seemed to
have had upon her friend.

As the darkness fell, the pealing
strains of a huge tin trumpet,—like an
Alpine horn, some six feet long,—
blown by stentorian lungs, rolled and
re-echoed through the woods. Soon,
from every tent and lodge, the occu-
pants were streaming toward the audi-
torium—only that was not what they
called it, it was "the evenin' preachin'."
The fires were kindled on the elevated
stands which soon blazed like great
altars, sending aloft their ruddy tongues
of flame, brightly lighting up every-
thing around, changing the foliage of
the trees above them apparently into
fretted silver, and leaving in deep
Rembrandt-like shadow the outskirts
of the encampment and the surround-
ing forest.

In the evening a very large congre-
gation was assembled, and seemed full
of expectancy. The preacher for the
occasion was the Rev. Henry Wilkin-
son—a fiery little black-eyed, black-
haired man—a perfect Vesuvius of
energy and eloquence, pouring forth a
lava-tide of impassioned exhortation
and appeal. When warmed up with
his theme, he reminded one, says Dr.
Carroll, of nothing so much as "a man
shovelling red hot coals." The effect
of "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" were
heard on every side, and also sounds
of weeping and mourning.

The general impression on the com-
munity, made by the camp-meeting,
may be inferred from the remarks of
Bob Crowle, a notorious scape-grace,
famous for all manner of wicked and
reckless exploits is disturbing previous
camp-meetings and other religious ser-
vices. He was conversing with Jim
Larkins, the keeper of the Dog and
Gun Tavern in the village, who stood
by, a sinister observer of the proceed-
ings.

"Why, bless my eyes," exclaimed
that individual, "if that ain't Bill
Saunders a-roarin' like a bull o'
Bashan, there at the mourner's bench.
Well, wonders will never cease. I'd
as soon expect to see you there as Bill
Saunders."

"You've often seen me in a worse
place," said Crowle, "and where I had
better reason to be ashamed of myself
than Bill Saunders has. I guess he
won't spend so much of his earnings
at your bar; and that'll be a good
thing for his wife and kids."

"Why, you aint jined the temper-
ance, has you, Bib?" asked Jim, in
real or affected dismay. "You'll be
goin' for'ad to the mourner's bench
yourself, I reckon." This was said
with an intensely contemptuous sneer.

"Well, if I did, it would be nuthin'
to be ashamed of," replied Crowle.
"If a man's got a soul, I don't see why
he shouldn't try to save it. I've served
the Devil long enough, and what have
I ever gained by it? I've sprud away
a good farm and dranked up a small
fortune—most of which has gone into
your till, Jim Larkins. I'm thinking
it was about time I was turning over
a new leaf."

At this moment the vast assemblage
were singing a hymn of invitation,
the refrain of which rang sweetly
through the forest aisles—

"Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above!"

Edith Temple had been a not un-
interested observer of the colloquy be-
tween Crowle and Larkins. She knew
who they were from having seen them
at the Fairview church. Yielding to
an impulse for which she could not
account, she walked toward Crowle
and stopped before him still singing—

"O say, will you go to the Eden above!"

There was an irresistible spell in the
thrilling tones of her voice and in her
appealing look.

"By the help of God, I will," said
Crowle, with a look of solemn resolu-
tion in his eye and taking her proffered
hand he followed her to the altar
for prayer.

It was certainly very noisy in that
prayer circle. Strong crying and sobs
and groans were heard, and tears fell
freely from eyes unused to weep.

Poor Saunders, the village black-
smith, who was also a zealous patron
of the Dog and Gun, had indeed a ter-
rible time of it. He was a large and
powerful man, and as he wrestled in
an agony of prayer, the beaded sweat-
drops fell from his brow, and the veins
stood out like whipcords on his fore-
head. His weeping wife—a godly
woman and loving consort, but bearing
on her cheek the marks of a cruel
blow received from her husband in a
drunken bout—though kinder man
ne'er breathed when he was sober—
knelt by his side trying to comfort him
and to point him to the Saviour, who
had been her own support and solace
during long years of trouble and sor-
row. At length, with a shout of
deliverance, he sprang to his feet and
exclaimed:—

"I've done it! I've done it! I've
done it! I've given up the gog for-
ever! I thought I never could; the
horrid thirst seemed raging like the
fire of hell within me. But I vowed
to God I'd never touch it more, and
that very moment it seemed as if the
Devil lost his grip upon my soul, the
evil spirit was cast out, and God spoke
peace, through His Son, to my troubled
heart."

"Oh! Mary," he went on, "I've
been a bad husband and a bad father,
but by God's grace we'll be happy
yet."

A great shout of praise and thanks-
giving went up from the people, and
few eyes in the assembly were unwet
with tears.

Amid the general joy poor Crowle
seemed forgotten. He remained with
head bowed down, but his mind, he
said, was all dark, not a ray of light