

wealth and pleasure, and stop not to think of Jesus, their God and Saviour, suffering shame, and sorrow, and death on their behalf.

Let us not be guilty of such ingratitude and indifference; rather, let us follow Jesus through the train of His sufferings, and remember it was "not a vain thing" for which He "poured out His soul unto death," but that it was our sins which nailed Him to the Cross, and made His "soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Since, then, God has delivered up His own Son for us all, and with Him given us all things, let us open our hearts, and receive Him, and believe in His Name, and strive to love Him, and keep His commandments, which will prove our conformity to His death. And then what will He give us? He will give us power to become the sons of God. Let us, then, receive Christ in His shame and sorrow, and so strive to subdue the power of sin, that it may so languish and faint, until it give up the ghost and die within us. Then we may expect hereafter a glorious resurrection, when we shall receive Christ, not in humility, but in majesty and power, and be made partakers of His eternal and glorious kingdom.

A. R. B.

E A S T E R D A Y.

Their sleepless watch Rome's soldiers keep,
The Sabbath hours their moments tell,
The stone is sealed upon the steep,
To guard the God of Israel.

The fairest dawn earth ever saw,
Breaks soft in beauty all untold;
The soldiers see with breathless awe
The open grave, the stone unrolled.

Two angels there, in rosy light,
Close by the trembling women stand,
And those have shining garments white,
These, spices in each loving hand.

"Seek not the living midst the dead,
Come see the place where Jesus lay;"
Thus rang the hymn, by angels led,
On our first glorious Easter Day.

The women haste with eager feet,
Peter the wondrous news receives;
But John gains first the grave's retreat,
And "he whom Jesus loved" believes.

But Mary, sinner much forgiven,
Is wondering, weeping, by the spot;
The angel's song was, "He is risen;"
But where is He, she sees Him not.

A voice falls gently on her ear,
And "Mary" is the gracious word,
Her love is great, her Saviour near,
She is the first to greet her Lord.

Since then the years have passed away,
A thousand Easter Days and more;
A new one dawns on us to-day,
And adds another to their store.

And as their golden numbers run
Fast by us till they shall be full,
The truth revealed by Easter sun
Shines forth so vast, so beautiful:

Life here is ours, and life to come,
His holy life our pattern given,
Who won for us our Father's home,
Through death's dark sin-bound portals riven.

I. A. R.