

There are many pictures there which teach divine lessons, such as "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," "Bearing His Cross," etc., but how unspeakable the love in the "Vale of Tears." Dore's last work, and barely finished before his death. The picture is very large, and represents a deep, dimly-defined valley, which would be dark and dismal were it not for the Saviour who stands at the entrance, wrapped in a halo of light, with one hand holding His Cross, while with the other He beckons to all the poor, the lame, the blind. There is the king wearing his crown, but turning a wan, despairing, beseeching face to Christ. There is the dying mother lifting her child in her weak arms to Christ; and there are the beggars and sinners of earth, while far off by themselves are the lepers, and all within the reach of Christ's loving mercy.

Bearing the Burden.

"Oh, ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for to-day its care,
Its evils and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day."

Spring.

Most of us, I think, love the season of spring. It is a time of hope and promise, and we gladly hail its approach after the long weeks of winter. Each season has its own peculiar charms, and winter is not without beauties, if we will see them; still, there is something depressing in the sight of the leafless trees, the flowerless garden-beds, the bare hedgerows. Hot-house blooms we may have, but we sorely miss those which grow out of doors; and the first tender blossom which raises its head from the ground, the first bud which appears on the naked branch, fills us with hope. As time goes on these signs of returning life and verdure become more universal; instead of one flower we see many; everywhere the trees are bursting into green; the bleating of lambs and the song of birds greet us on all sides. Nature is now full of life—fresh young life—spring is here, and we know that summer will follow; everything around us bids us hope. Even those who are pent up in towns and cannot see the full beauty of spring may rejoice in the brightening and lengthening days. The most glorious festival of the Church's year—Easter, when we celebrate the resurrection of our Lord—falls in the spring, and gives an added brightness to this cheerful season.

Spring itself is a season of resurrection—of renewed life. Trees which in the winter looked so dry and brown that we almost thought them dead, when spring comes round put forth fresh leaves; flowers rise of the ground where the seeds and bulbs have so long been buried; the aspect of nature is completely changed in a few weeks' time. This reminds us of the great resurrection which there will be one day for us, when those who fell asleep in Jesus will rise to eternal life. We have good reason, then, to regard spring as a peculiarly happy season—a season that gives us bright and hopeful thoughts.

Knowing "How to be Abased."

Delight, enthusiasm, hope, content,—these are the true conditions of a Christian life, just as song is the true condition of the bird, or colour of the rose. But just as the bird is still a bird although it cannot sing, and the rose is still a rose although its red grows dull and faded in some dark, close room where it is compelled to grow, so the Christian is a Christian still, even although his soul is dark with doubt, and he goes staggering on, fearing every moment that he will fall, never daring to look up and hope. To such conditions of depression every Christian sometimes comes. In such a condition many Christians seem to live all along through their melancholy lives. What then? What shall we say? It is not good. It is not necessary. That we ought to know first of all. Let us beware of giving to such moods and conditions any such advantage as would come from thinking them to be the right and true condition of a humble Christian life. Humility for

the Christian, the truest humility, means hope and enthusiasm. It must be so. Since the whole strength of the Christian experience is in the Saviour and not in the soul, the real acceptance of the Saviour by the soul must, just in proportion as it is complete, endow the soul with His vision and open before it all His certain prospects of success. No! To be distrustful and gloomy in the Christian life is not a sign of humility; often it is a sign of pride. Yet the evident distinction still remains. A man may be a Christian and yet fail of a Christian's rapture and peace. And what then? While he walks in the darkness, he must know, with St. Paul, "how to be abased."—*Phillips Brooks.*

A Loving Tribute.

"God bless you!" was his invariable farewell. Always the same. Spoken from the heart, it reached the heart of the hearer, and remained with him or her in the workshop or the home. One felt stronger and better for the benediction, and the hearty grip of the hand with which the words were given, fastened them "as a nail in a sure place."

A good man's blessing is worth carrying about with one all day long; and it never lacked the added joy of remembering the rest of the household. "Who takes the child by the hand, takes the mother by the heart." We are all human enough to love those who love us, and when to that is linked the love of those dear to us, the last enemy himself is powerless to break the bond which binds us.

Our lives are not measured by days, but by the work we do in them. Tried by that test, the one whom a whole cityful stood in the sleet and the snow to see borne to his rest lived many years in one. We should all like to leave life as he did. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

The Cathedral Clock.

A SOLILOQUY.

I am the clock of our cathedral. I have four faces, so that I can see all that goes on around me, and I tell all around me the same story, for I consider it a matter of the greatest importance that there should not be the least appearance of falsehood or deception in any body or any thing that professes to belong to a Church whose foundation is truth.

Now, without wishing to extol myself, I cannot help thinking what a good thing it would be if all Christians were to strive to act much in the same way that I do, to make themselves as useful as they can to their neighbours, showing their face in every quarter to remind them of the flight of time, pointing continually, as I do every noon, with both hands of each face, to that Sun of Righteousness who arises with healing in His wings, stretching forth their hands as I do mine, to symbolize the open arms with which the Almighty will receive each returning penitent; pointing downward, as I also do, to keep them in memory of that grave which awaits them all, and of that eternal doom to which the hardened sinner will inevitably be consigned.

I say what a good thing it would be if all Christians were to act thus. As for me, I need not tell you that I am a mere machine, a part of the external fabric only of the church, but I perform my duties regularly and punctually. Ought not those, then who are really and indeed members of Christ's mystical body, who have promised to serve God, whom the Almighty has gifted with reason, to whom He has promised the abiding presence of His Holy Spirit—ought not they, I ask, to strive to perform with all earnestness those important duties towards their fellow creatures which are allotted to them.

The Clergyman's Difficulties.

A Cornish clergyman writes: "My experience may be—I sincerely trust it is—unique. But, so far as I am concerned, it is a regular, unvarying experience. As surely as a great festival comes round, so surely does a disaffected, mutinous spirit attack and conquer my church workers, my fellow helpers. Mrs. A. sends me an indirect message to the effect that she is never again

going to supply flowers or evergreens for church decoration; Mr. B. absents himself from the Sunday-school; Mr. C., the possessor of a magnificent bass voice, resigns his position as a member of my choir; Mrs. D. tells me that, as an earnest Protestant, she can no longer visit (with sympathy and soup) my sick and poor, while I defer to the Pope of Rome by turning to the east at the Apostle's Creed; and Mr. E., as a sincere Catholic, finds that he cannot consistently subscribe to the organist's salary unless I will use wafers instead of 'wheaten bread' at mass. It may not be tact, but it is truth, if I say to each of these aggrieved persons: "From your own point of view, you are going the wrong way to work. I plead guilty to everything—I am lazy; I am a busy-body; I am a Protestant; I am a Catholic. The more you withdraw, the more I shall be able to have my own way. Perhaps this did not occur to you. And, mind you, if everybody withdraws from everything; if I have no choir, and no organist, no Christmas decorations, and no Sunday-school, and no communicants, and no congregation—what then? I shall have little or nothing to do; and I shall get my pittance all the same."

"The Memory of the Just is Blessed."

For long retains the western sky
The vanished orb's resplendent hue;
In gleaming memories ever new
The good survive: they cannot die.

'Tis better far to be with Him
Whose work gave zest to life while here;
Oh, grudge them not the wider sphere,
The brotherhood with seraphim.

Right Thinking and Right Acting.

Those who insist that "it makes no difference what a man believes, if only he acts aright," seem to have forgotten that right living is the natural expression of right beliefs. As a man thinketh, so is he. Faith and life cannot safely be separated. Longfellow was vastly wiser than are some of the religious teachers of our day. In "The Children of the Lord's Supper," he puts the truth thus beautifully:

Love and believe; for works will follow spontaneously.
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good
Is an off-spring.
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no
more than
Animate love and faith, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.

The Fruits of the Resurrection.

In the light of the Resurrection of Christ, what are His promises? Are they the mere hopes of a man? Are they mere expressions of human wishes? Are they delightful assurances given to His followers—sweet dreams of the great beyond? No. Our eyes are opened to their certainty. Every one of them is sure. We need not say, as did the disconsolate disciples, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." Once assured of Christ's Resurrection, every promise is confirmed and no Christian doubts for one moment every promise of the Gospel, no matter how far those pledges transcend the ability of their minds to conceive them.

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won."

Out from the darkness into the light; out from the sadness surrounding Gethsemane and Calvary into the joy at the empty tomb; out from thoughts of suffering to thoughts of glorious victory; out from Good Friday to Easter. Such is the great transition, manifest in every countenance, in every movement, in every word, when the announcement is made: "Christ is risen from the dead." Let the organ peal forth its harmonies, and human tongues express their joy, and voices lift themselves in melodious strains. Let altars be decked with flowers, fit emblems of the Resurrection. Let each eye kindle with delight, and glad feet hasten to tell to the world the glad message. Bid mourners dry their bitter tears; and the discouraged look up, not down. Let hopes grow brighter and faith firmer. Let men vie with nature to express as best they can the Easter thought of this glorious springtime—for Christ is risen.