

ings made by the heathen to support idolatry are far greater than those of Christians in honor of Jesus Christ. There are also strange contrasts. The average Christian is ashamed to be seen on his knees. The Mussulman prays on the public street. The Christian takes out a policy of insurance. The Parsee prays to the sun and gives alms to the poor. The Buddhist merchant, on making a venture, takes his offering to the temple and burns his written prayers for success. And so it is becoming a proverb that the heathen worships his myth as the Living God, and the modern Christian worships the Living God as if He were a myth. Yours, &c.,

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Hon. Organizing Secretary.

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I propose to follow up the argument from Scripture and from history of the Church.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### AN EASTER BENEDICTION.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAVABLY, MIDDLETON, D.D.

In praise of Jesus Christ, its King,  
Who took from Death its awful sting,  
To-day let all creation sing,  
Alleluia!

On Easter, "free among the dead,"  
He rose triumphant, as He said;  
And Death and Hell as captives led!  
Alleluia!

O earth, rejoice, and own His sway,  
Who rose so glorious Easter Day,  
To be the Lord of Life alway!  
Alleluia!

Ye fragrant buds of early spring,  
Pour forth your incense to your King,  
And join with human tongues to sing,  
Alleluia!

Down in the depths, beneath the sod,  
Let springing Life adore its God,  
Who wakes anew the insensate clod!  
Alleluia!

Ye laughing brooks and streams, set free  
From icy chains, exultantly  
Sing, as ye hasten to the sea,  
Alleluia!

O mighty seas, that circle round,  
The earth to its remotest bound,  
Re-echo from your depth profound,  
Alleluia!

Ye mountains, on whose towering steep  
The storm cloud raves, or gently sleeps,  
Respond to yon resounding deeps,  
Alleluia!

Ye heavens, with glittering stars that beam,  
To-day take up the glorious theme—  
Praise him who reigns o'er Death supreme!  
Alleluia!

Angels and wondrous Cherubim,  
With high, adoring Seraphim,  
Join our exultant Easter hymn,  
Alleluia!

Ye Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,  
From your celestial heights and towers,  
O join to-day your notes with ours!  
Alleluia!

Ye heavenly gates, lift up your head!  
For He who riseth from the dead,  
Your golden threshold soon shall tread!  
Alleluia!

And He, of men and angels King,  
His chosen ones within shall bring;  
The glory on Easter day we sing,  
Alleluia!

To-day all ransomed nature saith:  
Let every creature that hath breath  
Praise Christ, the Lord, who conquered Death!  
Alleluia! Amen!

### Meg's Easter.

BY MINNIE E. KENNY.

It was a bright Saturday afternoon in April, a real spring day, warm and sunny.

A very good day for business, Meg thought it was, for somehow the bright sunshine seemed to find its way into people's hearts, and when she offered her matches and pins to passers-by she met with very few rough repulses. Those who did not want to buy anything, or could not find a convenient penny, didn't push her aside impatiently, but shook their heads with a smile, and "Not to-day, little girl," and Meg found so many customers that she did not mind these pleasant refusals.

She stopped at the gate of a large church to watch the beautiful flowers which were just being carried in from a florist's wagon. They were not cut flowers, but all blooming plants. Stately callulies, their snowy chalice flooded with the bright spring sunshine; roses, pinks, large azalia trees, whose branches were masses of pink and white bloom, and a graceful palm tree, so tall that the men could scarcely get it in the door without breaking it.

Meg stood watching them, when suddenly she saw something that made her spring forward with a cry of joy.

The florist's boy, in lifting out some hyacinths, struck one of them accidentally with his arm, and the fragrant blossom snapped from its stem and fell at his feet.

His foot was almost on it, when Meg rescued it with a hasty hand.

"Oh, may I have it?" she cried.

The florist looked around at her question, and saw the broken flower.

"Yes, it is no good to me now," he answered. "Now you've got to be more careful when you handle flowers, Tom," he went on, turning to the boy. "That was one of the largest white hyacinths I had, and it's not much good when it's broken off that way."

Meg clasped the beautiful flower and breathed in its sweet perfume in an ecstasy of delight. She loved flowers so dearly, and she never had had any except when she picked up a withered bunch in the street that some one had thrown away when its first beauty and freshness had gone.

"Let's see your flower, Meg," called a boy who was sitting on the steps. "My! you was in luck, wasn't you?" he said, smelling it as he spoke. "I'd like to get a peep into this ere church after it's all fixed up, wouldn't you?" he asked, as another wagon loaded with plants drove up.

"To-morrow's going to be Easter, isn't it?" asked Meg.

"Yes, I guess it must be, or they wouldn't be fixing up the church this way," answered Mike.

"What is Easter?" asked Meg.

"Well, I don't know exactly," answered Mike, slowly. "It's a day that they fix up the churches with flowers instead of greens, like they do at Christmas, and people give each other those fancy Easter eggs that you see in the windows, instead of big presents. It's something like Christmas, only not so much."

"Oh," answered Meg, not feeling very much wiser than she was before. "What do they call it Easter for, then?" she asked.

"Dunno," answered Mike. "All I know about Easter is that they fix things up with flowers. You'll have to ask some one that knows more'n me."

A lady and little girl were just coming out of the door, as Meg asked her question, and when the lady heard Mike's answer, she paused a moment and glanced at the little girl.

"Would you like to know all about Easter?" she asked kindly, smiling pleasantly at Meg.

"Yes'm," answered Meg shyly, hanging her head.

"I live just a little way from here. If you will

come home with me I will tell you all about it. Will you come?"

Meg hesitated a moment, but the little girl looked so friendly that she overcame her timidity and answered, "Yes'm, I'll go."

"What a beautiful flower," said the child, glancing admiringly at Meg's treasure as they walked along together.

"You can smell it if you want to," said Meg, offering it to her.

"How sweet it is," said the little girl, taking it in her hand and breathing its fragrance. "Where did you get it?" she asked as she returned it to Meg.

Meg told her, and by the time they had reached the lady's house the two little girls were chatting pleasantly together, and had forgot all about being shy.

More than one person turned to look after the little party. There was such a contrast between the two children.

Meg's dark hair fell in a tangled mass of curls around her shoulders, her dress was ragged and dirty, her toes peeped out through her shoes and a tattered shawl was pinned about her shoulders, while Flossie was prettily and neatly dressed, and showed that she had a mother's loving care.

When they reached the house Meg hung back and looked very much as if she would like to run away, but Flossie held out her little hand with an encouraging "Come in, Meg," so she followed her little guide.

"Bring Meg up to my room," said the lady, leading the way upstairs, and Meg let Flossie lead her along.

"Now, I'll get my little chair for Meg to sit in," said Flossie, hospitably, bringing a little rocking chair forward.

"And where will you sit?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I'll sit in your lap," answered Flossie.

"Is that the arrangement?" said her mother, smiling. "Well, that will do very nicely. Now, my dear," she said to Meg, when they were all comfortably seated, "Ask me any questions that you like about Easter."

"Mike told me it was just like Christmas, only people put flowers instead of greens into the church," answered Meg, "and I wanted to know what it was called Easter for?"

"I want to ask you a question first," said the lady, "Do you know why people keep Christmas?"

"No'm," answered Meg.

Flossie's eyes opened to their widest extent with astonishment.

"Flossie, dear, what is Christmas?"

"Christmas is the day on which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, was born," answered Flossie, promptly.

"Who is He?" asked Meg.

"Oh, mamma, she don't know about Jesus. Poor Meg don't know about Jesus," exclaimed Flossie in grieved wonder that any one should be ignorant of the dear Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Mamma, won't you tell her about Him, right away?"

And then, poor, untaught little Meg heard for the first time the old, old story of Jesus and His love. It was a new, wonderful story to her, and she listened with wide-open eyes that filled with tears when she heard of the cruel death upon the cross, the crown of thorns, and the wounded side.

Then Flossie's mother told her how the Saviour's body had been placed in a tomb, and about the soldiers who had kept their guard in vain, and how He had risen triumphant from the dead on the third day.

"And, now dear, you know why we keep Easter. It is the day on which our Lord rose from the dead. It is a joyful day, and we adorn the church with beautiful flowers and bring Easter offerings to the altar that we may show our joy and our gratitude."

"I wish I had something for an offering," said Meg, sadly.

(To be Continued.)