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CHRIST'S MISSION TO THE APOSTLES

THE EASTER HOPE.

What right has the little delicate white flower to blossom away up the side of the Alps, just on the border of the snow line? It has the right that it asserts by its own existence. It belongs there. It sprang out of a seed, it found heaven and soil, and so it is a part of nature, a part of the order of things. And so in all ages this white, sweet flower of hope has grown in the soil of the human heart.

How does it happen, if there is no reason for it, that the universe, our old nurse, in her arms, taken her child, man, in her arms, and carried him all through the ages, has whispered to him this hope of another life?

We have learned one thing as to matter, and know that nothing in this physical world ever dies. Not one slight particle of matter, not one unit of invisible, intangible force, has ever ceased to be. This dust we tread beneath our feet, or that the wind blows in our faces, is not dead—it is alive. Next year it will come up in a grass blade—it will be a part of the tint or perfume of a flower. Next year, perchance, it will be a part of the bloom of a little child's cheek, a part of the shining of a little child's eye, a part even of the brain that thinks those "thoughts that wander through eternity."

Nothing in this world ever dies, only changes infinitely its form; disappearing, eluding us entirely, to take another shape more beautiful

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somewhere else. And in spite of the fact that we so often—mothers, husbands, wives, children—look upon cold, silent faces, turned white because the flush of life has left them, still this faith remains in the heart, and it will not down. It cries out and asserts itself, and says, This death is not real—it is an illusion. The body is here, we say, but where is the love, where is the thought, where is the generosity, where is the friendship, where is all that subtle combination of qualities and powers that made my friends? Those are not here. And so the world moves on and marches over graves, asserting all the while that the graves are a lie, and that only life is.

"There is no death. What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."
—Selected.

GETHSEMANE.

Far off, in dark Gethsemane,
I hear the world's Deliverer cry,
"Might the Cup pass! Thy arm alone,
Can ransom Thine anointed one!
"It may not pass! Thy Will be mine;
Thy dread beloved Will divine."
Of that unfathomed mystery,
Teach me, O sad Gethsemane!
Draw me within thy twilight dim,
To watch life's little hour with Him;
For ever in thy shade to be,
Oh mournful, sweet Gethsemane!