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Easter Dawn.

Tune: *He Leadeth Me.*

Rejoice! for lo! the conquered grave
Attests Immanuel's power to save.

His Hand the rule of Chaos broke;
Of Him the prophets clearly spoke,
Foretold His reign from shore to shore;
He reigneth now and evermore.

Vast victories past and vast to come,
Of all our Life and Light the sum,
His Wisdom dazzles every age;
An Easter gloom were sacrilege;
Time's current gleams in all its waves,
But only Christ has light that saves.

On wheels above all heavens He rides,
Yet in the contrite heart abides.

High Easter dawn His Cross illumines,
Our Ruler there our guilt assuages;
This holy hour the tomb makes bright,
Its darkness now alluring light.

—Joseph Cook.

Date of Easter.—It is a movable feast, to be celebrated on the Sunday following the full moon which falls next after March 21. The earliest possible day that it can be celebrated is March 22, and the latest date April 25.

Easter Observances.—The custom of sending presents of eggs at Easter is a very primitive one. From the earliest ages eggs have been regarded not only as the type, but as the origin of life. It was, therefore, natural that at this season of the year, when Christ's resurrection life was commemorated, our fathers should have embodied that idea in the sending of presents of eggs to their friends.

A Beautiful Custom.—In Moscow, as the bell of Ivan the Great tolls the hour of midnight, and the Resurrection morn is ushered in, every man, woman and child lights a candle, and each greets his neighbor with the words, "CHRIST is risen," and receives the response, "He is risen, indeed." This is the *Good News*, and also the *old, old story!* Believe it! Accept it! Tell it! Live it! Sometimes one salutes his neighbor, "The Lord hath risen indeed." And the neighbor responds, "And hath appeared unto Simon."

Egg Rolling.—Easter Monday in Washington is a holiday, and from nine o'clock until sundown the grounds of the White House are thronged with thousands of children intent on egg-rolling, for which the steep slopes of the White House grounds are admirably suited. The President and his wife always look on, and with the bands playing and the

immense throng of spectators, it makes the day one long looked forward to by the children of Washington. All kinds and colors of eggs are used.

An Easter Prayer.—O Lord, our Redeemer, we rejoice to-day that thou hast all power in heaven and on earth. Once thou didst humble thyself and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, but now thou art exalted to the throne. Thy sceptre of righteousness holds sway over all worlds. Thou art the Prince of Life. Open our eyes to behold thy glory, to understand thy power, to take in thy love. In thee may we conquer sin, and sorrow, and death. By thy grace may we overcome the world, the flesh, and the Devil. In thy strength may we do our work, and in thy tenderness and mercy may we find comfort and help when we come to die.

Meaning of Easter.—What does Easter mean to you? I sincerely hope something more than millinery, music and menus. Not that there is harm in these if set in right relation to holy things, but one shudders in dismay over the broad application of the word. It is attached to nearly everything in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom; to fish, flesh, and fowl. I read the other day a list of "Easter Delicacies," "Egg Salad, Eggs à la Crème," etc. One hears much of Easter parties and Easter plays, but how little of Easter preparation! Are you rejoicing that CHRIST has triumphed over Death and opened the way for you to enter the Perfect Land, the Land of Peace, Light, Love, Liberty and Joy?—*Dr. J. M. Buckley.*

Comfort at Easter.—Upon the tomb's dark walls bereavement reads: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." How beautiful do these words make graves appear! Mother, father, could all the floral charms of nature add such a glory to the little mound? Mourning children, could garlands of lilies and roses so beautify the resting-place of sainted mother as these heavenly words of hope and promise? To-day, why should we seek the living among the dead? Our vanished loved ones are not in the dust of our cemeteries. They walk with God in white. As shone the angel faces and the angel robes, so shine their faces and their white-robed forms in light. We walk alone for a while. There are empty places in home and church; but there are empty chairs and empty arms; but there is a light still burning where they were; a light in the mourning mother's arms, a strange, sweet light

in the home; something like a glory in the very air, as though angels had swept past on gleaming wings and left a train of light from earth to heaven. Oh, seek ye the living among the living! Lift up your sad faces toward the light, toward the smiles that are falling from heaven, and let this Easter time be full of faith, hope and praise.—*Rev. F. M. Bristol, D.D.*

A Proof of Greatness.—Christ's resurrection is a proof of His own personal greatness. Paul teaches that by it He was declared to be "the Son of God with power." During His earthly ministry Jesus was constantly intimating wonderful things concerning Himself, assuming the loftiest prerogatives and exciting the highest expectations. He claimed to be one with the Father; "to be both the Light and Life" of men; He declared that no human soul could approach the Father save through Him; that He had come to found a heavenly kingdom, and that He was older than Abraham, and in Himself superior to the Law and the Prophets. But the climax of all these sublime representations, or, rather, their humiliating anticlimax, was the Cross and the Sepulchre. In contempt of Him and His lofty assumptions, they nailed Him to the tree, and wrote over Him the derisive words: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Thus abruptly is His career brought to an end. The lips that spoke such commanding words are rudely silenced, the hands that should have executed His mighty promises are mockingly bound, and the life that antedated the career of Abraham is violently terminated, and a tomb swallows up and covers with shame and ignominy the huge pretensions which at one time threatened to compel the allegiance of all Palestine. As we mark this inconclusive and inconsequential ending of a career so wonderfully benign and so wonderfully imposing, we cannot but feel that something is wrong. Either the close is wrong—or it is shockingly, outrageously wrong—or it is itself wrong in inception and conduct from first to last. Which! The answer breaks upon us in the triumphant strains of His resurrection. He reversed the decision of His judges, vindicated His wretched adversaries, indicated His essential glory, smote the realms of wickedness with consternation, and filled the courts of heaven with joy.—*Dr. Lorimer.*

Changes All Things.—"Risen"—that one word, if we hold it fast, changes all things, conquers death, dries tears, calms grief, widens our outlook, and makes earth the nursery and heaven the home.—*Alexander McClaren.*