

to enter on His life-long conflict with Satan on our behalf; at Easter we celebrate His victory.

This Festival has undoubtedly been observed from the very beginning of the Church's history. The time of keeping it, however, soon became the subject of a long-sustained controversy. The Asiatic churches—owing, probably, to the lingering influence of the Judaising element in their midst—continued to keep it on the same day as the Jewish Passover, without reference to the day of the week on which it might fall; the Western churches were careful to observe it on the first day of the week—"the Lord's Day." At the General Council of Nicea, held in A.D. 325, it was finally decided that the latter should be the day observed by all. Notwithstanding, entire uniformity as to the actual Sunday was not secured in the Roman Church until A.D. 525, and in the churches of Ireland and Wales until A.D. 800.

The word "Easter" is peculiar to the Anglican churches. According to Bede (who died A.D. 735) it is derived from the name of the goddess Eostre or Ostera—perhaps the same as the Ash-toreth of the Zidonians (1 Kings xi. 33)—who was worshipped by our forefathers about the latter end of March. Another explanation is that it is derived from the old Teutonic word *urstan*, to rise; whence *Urstand*, the Resurrection.

As now observed, the Easter Feast extends to and includes its Octave, that is, the First Sunday after Easter. The Monday and Tuesday in Easter week are closely united to the Sunday by special Epistles and Gospels and by Proper Lessons. Thus a complete body of Scriptural teaching is provided, containing ample testimony as to the fact of the Resurrection itself, and its evidential power not only to the chosen witnesses, but to believers for all time. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

The Old Testament Lessons appointed for reading at this season have a direct bearing on it. The institution of the Passover in Egypt, immediately followed by the Exodus and the passage of the Red Sea, reminds us that now "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us," and that, by virtue of that sacrifice, we have been delivered from the bondage of Satan and sin, and our feet have been set in the way to the heavenly Canaan. And our Easter rejoicing—itsself a type of the final triumph of God's Church redeemed and glorified—is prefigured in the song of Miriam and the women of Israel: "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." Of the same tenor is the passage from the "Song of Songs," whilst those for Tuesday are adumbrations of the great Resurrection. Christ rose again, "the first fruits of them that are asleep."

AXELEWT.

Advent heralds o'er the land,
The promised Saviour is at hand.

'Xmas bids us worship then
The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

Epiphany's star in eastern skies,
Gentiles, the Lord is thine, arise!

Lent softly whispers, "Look within,
And cleanse thy heart from secret sin."

Easter calls with thrilling voice,
"The Lord is risen. Rejoice! rejoice!"

Whitsuntide, thy tongues of fire,
With holy zeal our hearts inspire.

Trinity, blest One in three,
Thy faithful servants may we be.

Feb. 8th, 1912.

Hester A. Newson.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL.

Breeding is one thing in our mercenary land that cannot be bought. No amount of money or position will make up for that indefinable something which we all call well-bred.

The well-bred girl may be as poor as that proverbial mouse of churchly haunts, but no one will ever question her right to be called a lady, in the good old sense of a woman of refined feeling and deeds.

Rudeness is something that the well-bred girl never permits herself. However much she may be tempted to be snubby or cutting when people deserve it, she remembers that paying one back in one's own coin is ill-bred.

Good breeding, while often a matter of inheritance, is more often due to careful training and a desire not to hurt another's feelings. The girl who is well bred never presumes upon her position, nor is she loud and conspicuous in appearance or manner.

The well-bred girl rarely apologizes. She does not do or say things that make apologies necessary, and she does not feel apologetic for her environments, however simple.

If the truest hospitality is to give strangers exactly what one has without comment, so is it also a sign of good breeding. To make a splurge for outsiders, that outsiders know to be a splurge which can be ill afforded, is a sign that one does not feel socially secure.

The well-bred girl does not gossip nor carry tales nor talk scandal. All the other girls may do it, and it may seem quite harmless and amusing, but it is something that the girl of truly refined feelings finds revolting.

If for no other reason, a girl should shun talk that she would not be willing to stand by, because it often leads to unpleasant scenes and involves others in a network of disagreeableness that is anything but a sign of good breeding.

The well-bred girl is not boastful, aggressive nor unduly self-assertive. Above all, she is not a toady. There is no surer sign of lack of breeding than to strive to curry favor with one who, by force of circumstances, may have more money or influence than she.

Gushing or disclosing one's private affairs to a scoffing world is anything but well-bred. A quiet, interested, gracious manner that has its reserves leaves no doubt as to the claims of a girl or woman to good breeding.

Above all, the well-bred girl avoids scrapes of any kind. She does not do things that are open to question, knowing that no girl can afford to ignore public opinion and get herself talked about.

The well-bred girl is the self-respecting girl; she will no more permit impertinences than she would think of offering them. She knows she is a lady, and asks no more than to act the part and to be treated as a lady should be.

No one ever heard of a girl of good breeding speak of herself as well-bred. It is too much a matter of course, as much a part of her as eyes or hands.—N. Y. Times.

EASTER HYMN.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save,
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of Glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love.

(From a Hymn by Charles Wesley, 1743.)

TRUE EARNESTNESS.

What is earnestness? It is not gloom, it is not grim determination, it is not dogged persistence, it is not revolting narrowness, or stupid and tormenting fanaticism. What is earnestness? Earnestness is that temper of mind, that habit of thought which comes of taking, of habitually taking, the truths of eternity as realities, as, in fact, they are. Earnestness knows nothing of "notional"; it is connected with "real assents." Earnestness will not name Angels as a child would fairies, or Heaven as the Greek poets would talk of the Land of the Lotus, or the City of the Clouds. Earnestness cannot separate facts into categories, according to their size and their

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fashion, but only according to their motives and their eternal consequences. Earnestness sees the substance of things, not the accidents; it values the soul and the character, not the fashion or the title. Yet there is an earnestness that, doubtless, becomes at times grim and forbidding. Beware of this. It is possible that the earnest man may think so much of the things of Eternity as to disparage the duties of Time—possible for him to forget that all God's gifts are not (if I may so say), directly religious gifts, but are also natural and individual—possible that for him Art and Science, and power and beauty, and the delight and humour of young hearts, and the revelations of poetry and the voices of song, because these have been touched with the trail of the Serpent, may seem necessarily and evidently bad. Alas for him! Then he loses the heart of a helper, the God-shared Spirit "out of darkness to bring light"; so frightened is he at the licentiousness of the Cavalier, that he throws himself headlong into the repulsive Pharisaism of the Roundhead.

True earnestness remembers that Nature is not to be choked, but to be chastened and trained; that not the possession of desire but its unregulated sway is a sin; that it is a gift to be educated and restrained. Earnestness, true earnestness, will not be morbid and morose, for that is selfishness; it will exert itself to win and to reform. If, indeed, it is serious, and even solemn (for is not life so?), it is also beautiful, it is sunny. Serious, yet full of sunshine, as the masses of marching clouds are solemn and beautiful above the crags of Engelberg when the sun is westering, bright, even though awful, as there is an awful yet dazzling splendour in the cloud-fragments above Florence to the gazer from the Apennines after a night of storm. Earnestness, indeed, implies awe and a sense of life's tragic sorrow; but this earnestness has a touch of the sunlight, for it is the outcome of a heart thrilled with the spirit of the Crucified, realizing facts, banishing self, not, indeed, forgetting the reality, but none the less alive to the nearness and the unutterable beauty of another world.

EQUABILITY OF TEMPER.

Equability of Temper is the effect of interior mortification of self-love. It helps those with whom I live. I must not struggle to make others feel the passing impressions which affect my own soul. This is the constant effort of a self-seeker and a self-deceiver. He or she is always bemoaning self to others. I must let these impressions be a secret with God, and, if it may be, with some spiritual guide whom I can trust. I must scorn the temptations to self-love. I must live above them. I must unite myself with the Will of God. I must seek for grace to be self-restrained, and, while grave, yet bright and easy, and sympathetic with others. It is the Christian's duty not even to look proud and severe, but rather, affable and considerate. I am to resist the outbreaks of anger and bad humour. I am to try to put the best meaning I can on the action of others towards me, and to be content with things as they come. If others are bright, be thankful; if not, try to be cheery. The object is to be anxious to please God, and ready to accept His Will.

Equability of Temper has about it a real charm, and, therefore, helps on God's work. It is a help to the practice of many virtues, and prevents me from being guided by the passions and impressions of the moment. I must try, therefore, amidst the daily worries of life, not to lose calmness. Nor shall I, if I live in God, and often look up to Him. And this calmness inspires confidence, and helps souls.

I am, for this reason, bound to struggle against passing humours. It is by the victory of such humours that the happy relations of life are disturbed in the family as in society. If I allow this fault, people who might otherwise be happy are made uneasy. They do not know where to find me. If pleasant this evening, and morose to-morrow morning, I darken souls, and take the energy—because the brightness—out of other lives. It is selfishness, it is want of self-command; it arises from want of watchfulness. I must overcome this if I am to serve God. To overcome it I must pray and watch for patience, so as to resist the risings of impatience when face to face with what irritates. I must pray and strive for brightness. "Fear God, and be cheerful," said a holy man. I must pray and strive for sympathy. I must not be wrapped up in self, but often see from others' points of view. Each of us must influence others, and must answer for this gift, and it is a special sin against it, to allow inequality of Temper.

