

Easter and People.

Make Home Happy.

It is seldom that Christians have grand opportunities for testifying for Christ. It is granted to none in our age to testify to the great Master at the martyr's stake. It is allowed to very few to address vast audiences like Mr. Moody's, who are hanging on every word of the speaker. Few even of the preachers have such opportunities. Nor can all be Sunday school superintendents. Many do not have the gift of public speech, or the other gift, not less powerful, of universal cordiality. And yet, all have the power of testifying for Christ. The command, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," was not intended for the apostles, and ministers and ruling elders alone, but as it was addressed to "the multitude," so it is intended for all. All Christians have the opportunity, the privilege, of bearing witness for their Master, of leading others to glorify the Father.

Of all the testimonies, there is none stronger or more influential than the home witness. Many, perhaps the majority, do not master the high points of our religion. Its hopes they may not grasp. Its consolations they have never experienced. But the home testimony they can all understand. They all desire the Christianity that makes home happy. And this is a point where the religion of many breaks down. There are eloquent ministers whose homes are no happier than those of the worldlings whom they exhort to change their courses of life. There are ruling elders, we fear, pious and orthodox, liberal to the Church, and devoted in their attendance on its services, the atmosphere of whose homes is morose. The influence of such homes is not to lead other families to desire the presence of their piety. The influence of a Christian home, on the contrary, which is adorned with resignation in affliction, cheerfulness, contentment, obedience from the young and sympathy with them from the old, is felt wherever it is known.

The followers of Jesus should make it one of their chief studies to make their home happy. The "beginning of miracles" was at Cana. Christ first exercised His miraculous powers to add to the happiness of a home feast, to relieve the embarrassment of "the ruler of the feast." Those who acknowledge Jesus as their Master would do well to commence their imitation of Him by striving to add to the happiness of home. And the Bible ends with the prophecy of the beginning of another home life, "the marriage supper of the Lamb." Those who hope to share in the home life thus prefigured, would do well to qualify themselves for the enjoyment of it by learning to enjoy the lower, feebler home life of our earth.

The great rule, which we will give for "making home happy," is to have Jesus as a constant guest in all of its feasts and enjoyments, and in all its sorrows and afflictions. Let Him be a member of the family. He "stands at the door and knocks," and if we admit Him, He "will come in and sup" with us, nay, will abide with us. If Christ comes, He will bring with Him those graces which are even more necessary for the enjoyment of family than of individual life. If Jesus is in the house, it will be a happy place, for the presence of the Lamb is the light of heaven. Without this, the other rules, which we will give, will be useless.

The "family altar" is a great adjunct to family happiness. The regular acknowledgment of the authority of God, the constant intercession for and with each other for grace, mercy and peace, will not only bind together the hearts in mutual sympathy and love, and tend to produce the graces which are daily asked as the greatest blessing, but it will bring the benediction of the Lord. Those that "call upon the name of the Lord" are owned and blessed of Him. "The blessing of God maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." The importance of family worship is so well known, we hope, that we need not dwell upon it.

Family love is a great source of family happiness. This it is which makes the home, a home. This love should not be confined to husband and wife, parent and child, brothers and sisters, but it should embrace all the members of the family. It cannot be produced at will, but there are many ways in which it can be increased and strengthened, some of which will be mentioned hereafter. Without it the home is a boarding-house, a hotel, or a restaurant, but it is not a centre from which the members go forth refreshed in spirit, and purified, in motive and desire, to the labors of the day, and the hardening contact of man with man.

The manifestations of love are as important as the love itself. The love may be pure and fervent, but if it is concealed, the smothered fire will not add to the family comfort. Every expression, every manifestation of mutual love, no matter how trifling, will add to the enjoyment, provided it proceeds from true affection. Even the marks of respect are useful, if they are not merely mercenary.

Constant courtesy and politeness are useful. There is a common mistake made on this point. Many air their politeness abroad, and hang it up or put it away like a hat or a bonnet when they enter the house. To their wives, their children and their servants, they speak in brusque, rude tones and sentences, which they would be ashamed to use abroad, and which would be resented if indulged in. Those who are rude at home show that courtesy is not an inbred accomplishment, but merely a wearisome appendage, like a walking cane, from which they are pleased to be relieved. Their rudeness at home shows that they are not really ladies and gentlemen, however they appear to strangers. It shows that they are utterly ignorant of true gentility. It is possible, whatever you may think, to be courteous to a child or polite to a servant. The gentleness which you show to them may be different from that which is shown to a judge; but there is a difference between the rude order of the poor and the gentle, but more efficient command of the one who is master of

himself. Be courteous, sir, to your wife; none will appreciate your courtesy more. Court her every day you live, and her love will richly reward you. Be polite, madam, to your servant; you will thus win her respect and love, and will not have to talk so much about the "curse of servants."

Contentment is another essential ingredient in our receipt for a happy home. The dissatisfied and discontented may do good work abroad, but they will not increase the stock of domestic felicity. When peevishness enters the door, love and happiness are apt to fly out of the window. There are few tempers that make the possessor so uncongenial to others as discontentment.

Sympathy is a good oil for making the wheels of the home machinery run smoothly. Sympathize with your children in their little pursuits, enjoyments and ambitions. If you study them closely, you will find that they are not very unlike your own. Sympathize with your wife in her anxieties. Do not selfishly wrap yourself in your own thoughts, and wishes and plans. They may be the most important things in the world, but do not be constantly absorbed in them.

And next to sympathy with the young, we will add the obedience of the young to the old. Nothing tends more to make home happy than for children to obey promptly, cheerfully and without question. Children can add as much to home happiness, if they wish to, as the older members. There is a great difference between a house full of boisterous, disobedient children. Good cheerful children are the greatest ornament in the crown of home enjoyment, while the disobedient are its greatest plague.

Have charity for others. There are (besides yourself) very few perfect persons in the world. All have their faults and foibles; and these are most visible and more annoying in the intimate intercourse of the family than elsewhere. Make allowances. All cannot be as good as you are. You yourself might feel uncomfortable, if suddenly introduced into the society of angels. Remember that you are human, and sympathize with human frailties.

Self-denial and self-sacrifice are needed. The pleasures and wishes of the different members of the family will sometimes clash; and, without the sacrifice of some preferences, there will be an unceasing civil war. Yield then, to others, and resultant happiness will recompense you for the loss.

Talk at home. Give to the members of your home your brightest and best thoughts. Do not lavish all the wealth of your fancy, wit, reason and knowledge upon strangers. Say your best things at home. The smiles of its inmates are worth more than the applause of others. Tell each other in the evening, at the door-step, or around the fire, where you have been, what you have seen, what you have thought, during the day. Let each bring his contribution, and the store thus gained will satisfy all.

We have said nothing of wealth and luxury as a means of making home happy. Home happiness is not dependent upon them. They can add much to the enjoyments of the members of the family; but their chief enjoyment they cannot give. Love and kindness are better than fine houses, damask furniture and elegant carriages. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than in a wide house" with the brawling and the discontented.

But we will add a word or two about the surroundings of the happy family. The furniture, except in the parlor, (a necessary evil to protect the privacy of family life,) should be substantial, meant for use rather than show, so that the care of it is not a constant anxiety. The fare should be simple, but varied, neatly and healthily cooked, and pleasantly served. What is thus saved should be expended in supplying food for the soul and the mind, in providing the means of grace, and buying newspapers, books and pictures.

It was once said of France that it lacked mothers. We fear that it may be said of America that it lacks homes. We have splendid houses, but many of them are not homes. Home happiness is killed too often by the hurry of business or the excitement of pleasure. It is no less a patriotic than a Christian duty to guard the homes, to keep the home intact, and preserve the home life—in a word, "to make home happy."—Christian Observer.

Autobiography of a Pocket-Bible.

The first thing that I can remember was when I was lying on the counter in a bookstore. I was saying, "No one cares for me. They would much rather take a story book, or one of those large Bibles. No one cares for a little pocket-Bible like me." But these words had hardly escaped my mouth, when two ladies came in. The younger I noticed especially, for she wore such a sweet, peaceful smile on her face. One of my friends—a handsomely bound "Pilgrim's Progress"—leaned forward, and whispered, "See! they are coming towards you. Now there is some prospect of your being taken." But I shook my head sadly, and answered, "I am afraid not." Just then I heard the older lady say, "Now, May, take whatever Bible you think you would like." "O, mother! may I take that dear little purple velvet Bible?" (She meant me.) "Yes, daughter; and you have made a very good choice indeed."

O, how my heart did throb with joy as I was placed in the young lady's hands, and she said, "Dear mother, I will prize this little Bible dearly. I will always keep it, and I will think more of this than any of my other wedding presents. Indeed I will." For she was going to be married, as I learned from her conversation.

One week from that day she was married, and I was taken with her to her new home. I was preferred above all other books in that house, both by husband and wife. Soon after the birth of her only daughter her husband died; and it was then that I proved a faithful friend to that bereaved widow. And in after years would he take me in her hand, and his little one on her lap, and show her the path of life. And in later years still, Lucy—for that was her

daughter's name—would come and say, "Mother, what must I do to be saved?" And she would answer, "This little book says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" Her mother would plead and pray with her daughter, and then giving me into her hand, she would say, "This little Bible can tell you more than I can," and I would murmur, "Yes, I will; yes, I will. Search me, seek me, and you can find what you want." And that dear young girl was brought to Christ.

One year from then I was by the death-bed of that faithful mother, and I was comforting her by saying, "Let not your heart be troubled. If ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Lucy sat by her mother's bedside, sobbing as if her heart would break. Her mother replied softly, "Dear daughter, do not cry. I am going home to glory. Dear daughter, you are but fifteen, and will meet with many dangers on the road, and you will have no mother's hand to guide you. Take this little pocket-Bible. Read it daily. It will help you when you are tempted. Keep it always."

"God bless my child; and let her be kept unspotted from the world—in the world, but not of it." Thus died this Christian mother; and her daughter was taken to live with her aunt, a very worldly woman. Lucy found me a great treasure indeed, for when she was tempted to do wrong, she would go into her room, and then take me in her hand; and as I showed her what to do, she would lift up her heart in praise to God, her Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well. I am at this moment lying in her hand. Soel she clasps me to her breast, and says, "Dear little Bible, my dear little guide, you are all I have now, since mamma—" she paused, not willing to say "died." What care I, though my cousin do say you are not worth much. You are all in all to me."

"Holy Bible, book divine; Precious treasure, thou art mine."

Future Recognition.

The Bible does not formally and directly raise the question, but the heart of man does. In the Christian's heart especially it throbs with a peculiar pleasure, wild, sweet and painful. In this life we have friends; they are passing from us. Shall we meet them again and know them? No profounder faith fills the heart than that we shall.

If not to what will it be owing? It must be to some change in the mind itself—for if no change takes place in this, then recognition is simply certain.

In this life we carry friends in mind beyond death itself. Memory teams with them afresh. Even those long forgotten often come up to view.

Now, upon what ground can it be supposed that death extinguishes all these memories? On none, it seems to me, but that death extinguishes the spirit, and on this I have nothing now to say. We know that often on the approach of death the memory becomes more luminous—the reproductive faculty becomes more active. Now what grounds have we to suppose that they are to perish in death? None.

The fact of a future life implies recognition. If all memory of the present life is to be extinguished at death, then to us there is no future life. It is impossible to make us sensible that we existed, as men, before the present life—that we lived and acted, suffered, enjoyed, remembered, as we here do. To us the present is a first life, and our only life, because we have no memory reaching back through this into another life, and connecting us therewith as identical in the two. If all memory of the present life perishes at death, then in the future life we shall be to a present life as we now are to a supposed previous life. The future will then be to us a first life, while the present will be nonentity. The phrase "future life" then implies a remembered connection with this.

It implies more a remembered connection such as identifies the personal self of the present state with the same personal self of the future.

The Bible takes this doctrine of recognition for granted. It never brings it up for formal discussion. It assumes that it is true. It underlies many of its sayings—circumstances therein found imply it—expressions imply it. "To-day shall thou be with me in paradise," clearly shows that the person addressed with all his faculties in full vigor should that day be with Christ in paradise.

At the transfiguration Moses and Elias, appeared on the mount not as spirits but as men wearing their ancient names.

If they appeared as Moses and Elias after the lapse of so many years, must they not have known themselves as the old prophets, and could they have known themselves as Moses and Elias disconnected with the scenes through which they had passed in this life? The passage in Luke xvi. 27, 28, is very clear. The rich man actually recognized the poor man—the one in the place of torment, the other in Abraham's bosom. The rich man actually remembered his brethren who were still in this world.

Other passages might be added to the same effect, and when in addition we look at the nature and the facts of memory itself, we have an amount of evidence which places the recognition of our friends beyond question.—C. A. Clark, in Herald and Presbyterian.

A Step Toward Christian Unity.

The recent announcement by cable, doubtless a somewhat mysterious one to the general reader, that a committee of the Old Catholic Conference at Bonn, had arrived at a substantial agreement concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost, touches upon an ancient dispute, which is still alive, and which forms one of the causes of separation between Christian believers. When spoken of in brief as a question it is most commonly designated the filioque, that being the phrase of the Nicene creed as held by the Latin and English Churches, teaching that the Holy Ghost "proceedeth from the Father and

the Son." The Oriental Churches refuse to accept this statement, regarding the last three words as an interpolation and an untruth. As a matter of fact, it is stated that the filioque was made a part of the creed by the Synod of Toledo in the year 689. It is among the several points in dispute between the Roman Catholic and the Greek Churches. The Anglican Church follows its Latin mother, but the tentative movements which have been making for a number of years past to bring about closer relations between the Greek and the English Churches, have developed the existence of a wide-spread sentiment among Anglicans that the filioque has no business in the creed, and a consequent apparent readiness to get rid of it as soon as it can be done "decently and in order." In the American Episcopal Church the disputed clause has also found a home, though, as in England, many regard it as a stranger, which at all events should not be allowed to stand in the way of brotherhood with the Greek Church. It may be said, however, by the way, that the filioque is hardly the greatest obstacle to an intimate relation between the Greek and the Protestant Churches, the superstitions existing in the former being considered. An agreement on this head among Christians is nevertheless a step, small it may be, toward the realization of the Master's prayer, "that they all may be one;" and is certainly in harmony with the object stated in the call for the Bonn conference, which was "to promote a renewal and general recognition of those great Christian truths which form the substance of the definitions set forth in the creeds of the primitive undivided church."

A Very Pointed Sermon.

Here is a sketch of a very plain and pointed sermon preached at a colored revival meeting in Mississippi, and reported to the Cincinnati Commercial: "Now, brethren and sisters, we want mourners hear tonight. No foolin'. Ef you can't mou'n for your sins, don't come foolin' roun dis altar. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty hard to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery. Sometimes you sinnahs comes for'n and 'holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent. You's no mournah. You's foolin' with the Lord. You come struttin' up to de altar; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fru' your fingahs. Dis way, an' you corks up your oahs to see who's makin' de bes' prayer. You's tiry to peart for penitence. You's no mournah. Ef you comes heah to fool' on bettah stay away. Bettah go to hell from de pew asleopin', or from your cabin a swearin', dan from de mournah's bench a foolin'. Ef you's not in ernes, keep away from heah; don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ourselves hoas and weah out our lungs a prayin' for you when you knows you's only fool'n wid de Lord? I tell you to be mighty cahful. I want to see you comin' so buhdened by the weight of your sins that you can't hold up your heads. I want to see you so heartbroke dat your knees knock togeder when you walk. You must be low minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dust. De good Book says: 'Low (so I) in de Book it is writ. Now mind dat and be low.'"

Danger of Allurements.

That eccentric preacher, Rowland Hill, began his sermon on a certain Sunday on this wise: "My friends, the other day as I was going down the street I saw a drove of pigs following a man, and it excited my curiosity so much that I determined to follow. I did so, and to my surprise I saw them follow him to the slaughter-house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about; and I said to the man, 'My friend, how did you induce these pigs to follow you here?' 'Oh! did you not see,' said the man. 'I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' Yes, said the preacher; and I thought, so it is the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along; and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house! Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with beans of the devil."

God Geometrizing.

A pleasant writer tells us of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in the woods reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the great phrase "geometrizing." He thought to himself:—"If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up, and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower, there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having it in these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same.

He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him there were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, and picked up the little flower, and kissed it, and exclaimed:—"Blow on, little flowers; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God: the God that made these little flowers unco me."—Bright Side.

What to Teach the Boys.

- Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make fires.
Teach them to weed the garden.
Teach them to foot up store bills.
Teach them not to dye their whickers.
Teach them not to wear tight boots.
Teach them how to saw and split wood.
Teach them how to black their boots and take proper care of their clothing.
Teach them to eat what is set before them and be thankful.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them how to say No, and mean it; Yes, and stick to it.
Teach them to wear their working clothes like kings.
Teach them that steady habits are better than riotous living.
Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of the belles.
Teach them all the use and proprieties of kitchen, dining-room, and parlor.
Teach them not to have anything to do with intemperate and dissolute young men, or with idle and frivolous young women.
Teach them that the further one goes beyond his income, the nearer he gets to the poor house.
Teach them that a good, steady mechnano is better than a dozen loafers in broad cloth.

Random Readings.

A LITTLE farther from sin, and a little nearer to God, day by day.
He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—Nevins.

Pride may be called Satan's sin. It is the great master-sin of our depraved nature.

If you ask the way to the crown—'tis by the cross! To the mountain—'tis by the valley! To exaltation—'tis 'he that humbleth himself!'

The smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth.—T. De Witt Talmage.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a cast-away.

Men's lives should be like the day's, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the spring, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

As the sweetest things put into a sour vessel sour them, or, put into a bitter vessel, imbitters them; so murmuring puts gall and wormwood into every cup of mercy that God gives into our hands.

Let the whole Church become workers, let each one come from the field of labor, from active, loving, earnest, contact with the lost ones they are seeking to save, and Zion in all her borders, through every part, will shine and glow with the light and heat of the Sun of Righteousness.

It is an important principle that none can tread the world beneath their feet, until they see a fairer world above their heads. When the Lord Jesus, in all His love and grace, is set before us, our eyes are dim to lower objects. The beauty of the "all-beauteous one" makes other loveliness unlovely.

"SAID a minister once, when I gently hinted to him that he had not preached the gospel that morning, 'No,' said he, 'I did not mean to preach to sinners in the morning, but I will preach to them in the evening.' Ah! said I, but what if some of your congregation of the morning should be in hell before evening?"—Spurgeon.

FIFTY per cent. of the insanity in America comes of strong drink. Seventy-five per cent. of all the murders grow out of drunken bravies. Eighty-six per cent. of all our criminals became such while crazed by alcohol. Ninety-five per cent. of our vicious youths emerge from the homes of those who drink. Each year one hundred thousand of our citizens reel out into eternity through the awful doorway of a drunkard's death.

"It is my opinion," said an aged Christian, "that, of all the graces, self-denial is more talked about, and less practised, than any other." His judgment was, very likely, correct. It may be even questioned whether multitudes—possibly the majority—of professing Christians do not go through life without really knowing, out of their own experience, what self-denial is.

"MANY a time when we stand in the pulpit, some sinner may be present, to whom we are addressing our last message, who will never hear the gospel, or be exhorted to take care of his soul again. Should we not wish to pour upon such an one the whole force of our powers of persuasion; to speak to him emphatically in the words of Richard Baxter, 'as a dying man to dying men?'"

Your time is redeemed; therefore use it as a consecrated talent in His cause. Your minds are redeemed; employ them to learn His truth, and to meditate on His way. Thus make them armories of holy weapons. Your eyes are redeemed; let them not look on vanity; close them on all sights and books of folly, but gaze on Him only who is the Chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. Your feet are redeemed; let them trample on the world, and climb the upward hill to glory, and bear you onward on the march of Christian zeal. Your tongues are redeemed; let them only sound His praise, and testify of His love, and call sinners to His cross. Your hearts are redeemed; let them love Him only, and have no seat for rivals.

LAM. DUFFERN will call for Canada on the eighth of next month.