

The Teachers Monthly

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Easter

Easter flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light ;
Christ our Lord is risen in might,
Glory in the highest.

Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay ;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calld forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.

—Mary A. Nicholson

"They Were Afraid"

A boy nine years old, in the course of his reading of the New Testament with his teacher, came to the wonderful story of our Lord's resurrection. After the story was read, the boy asked : "Miss —, why didn't Jesus' enemies kill Him again ?" The teacher hesitated a little and then replied : "I suppose they were afraid." The boy is now a silver-haired man who has spent many years of arduous toil in the service of the master. But that answer has gone with him during all, and has settled into an immovable conviction that there is no power in the universe which can stand against the might of the risen, living Saviour.

There is no promise in the Bible that those who serve Jesus will escape difficulties and opposition. But nothing, save his own un-

belief, can rob the Christian worker of the glad Easter confidence. Be his task great or lowly, he need never face it alone. For "the living Christ is loving and the loving Christ is alive." Undertakings at which unaided human strength might well stand aghast, are easy to His omnipotence. There are always reserves to be called up in the forces under His command. Let the channel of a simple faith but be kept open and the resistless current of that life which has withstood and survived the fiercest onslaughts of sin and death, will pour itself into the feeblest efforts to further His kingdom and carry them on to a sure and complete success.

Longings

By Rev. J. B. Maclean, B.A.

The human soul is full of longings. Some of these are articulate, but others are too elusive to admit of distinct expression.

Of the longings that can be expressed, there are some that cannot be gratified. Youth drops from us in a night, and we sigh in vain for its return. We would fain recall lost opportunities, but even God cannot give them back to us. We sigh for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still,"—but in vain.

Then there are the longings that can be gratified, only to disappoint us. "Distance lends enchantment to the view,"—but nearness brings disappointment. This is true of time, as well as of space. Our ambitions may be realized in form, but seldom in substance. The disappointment is all the greater when we are made to feel that success has been won at too great a price. King Henry II. waxed weary of the tiresome priest, à Becket, and wished himself rid of him. He had his wish, but he paid too great a price for it.