

PERSONAL IDENTITY AT THE RESURRECTION.

The following article on Personal Identity at the Resurrection is from the pen of Bishop Bedell, and is a clear exposition of a subject which, to many, is one of perplexing difficulty:

"The same man that dies will rise again: Body and soul the same, re-united for eternity. Round that thought all the solemnity and the grandeur of the truth are clustered—Personal Identity! That is the tremendous fact included in the resurrection. Shall men's work live after them, and workmen have perished forever? Has Shakspeare perished while his immortal creations live, and his English saves the mother tongue from dying? Is Milton gone forever from among the sons of God whilst the heavenly music which he invoked is teaching each age to sing his songs of paradise? Are the three witnesses at Oxford burned to utter death, whilst the fire that they kindled is still inspiring souls with the freedom of the Gospel, and melting heart chains, and losing no atom of spiritual as it goes sweeping on towards the final consummation? Is Luther dead? Shall we never see his flashing eye; his foot planted immovably against deceit; never hear the heart songs of that great soul of the Reformation? Is Cranmer dead? Shall we never hear from his own lips the true, strange story of the English Reformation? Shall we never be able to reconcile the weakness which could sign a lie with the firmness that could thrust the guilty hand first into the fire and seal the truth amidst the flames? Have the Nicene Fathers forever gone beyond the possibility of council, whilst the Church for a thousand years has been banded together by their creed? St. Jerome, the translator, and St. Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher, St. Athanasius, the protestor, and St. Augustine of the silver tongue—shall we never hear them? St. John, and St. Peter, and St. Paul! Has the Church of Christ seen the last of these grand builders, said its farewell to those Apostolic workmen, whose work is living after them and writing the history of Christian time, and shaping this age for its eternal destiny? The workman will face his work. That is the meaning of resurrection. That every man may receive the works done in the body, whether they be good or bad. That is the significance of personal identity at the resurrection. Every workman will face his work, will see its true meaning, will recognize its last result, will take to himself its issue, good or bad. The clergyman will be there, and his work surrounding him. Sermons, true or false, doctrines expounding Scripture, or speculations based on human ignorance and self-conceit, character pure as the light and Christ-like, or doubtful and misleading; and the results, souls saved or lost, men who look on him to bewail his faithlessness, or those who greet him as a brother, and unite his name with every new song they sing to the glorious author of salvation."

EVERYTHING connected with Christ's rising from the grave bears signs of His Power. The night of His birth into the world came and went silently. No sound broke its stillness save the heavenly song of angels. But His Birth into the New Life was marked by mighty portents. The stone that lay at the door of His tomb, "though very great," was rolled away. There was a "great earthquake." The Roman soldiers, who had before, no doubt, faced undaunted the worst of earthly terrors, shook with fear and fell to the ground as it dead. His Incarnation was the mystery of Love, but His Resurrection was the manifestation of Power.

MEN first made books in Babylon, where they fashioned them out of clay, and baked them like bricks, and they have been at it ever since all over the world, until the accumulated knowledge of ages has reached dimensions that are simply stupendous. Only thirteen hundred years ago there were but nine books in all England. They were the great and sacred treasures of the monks of Canterbury, and they were the germ of the first English library. There are nearly a million and a quarter of books in the British Museum, and during the last twenty years the great store-houses of literature among civilized nations have nearly doubled their contents.

The most useful books in this vast estate of

learning are those that serve as sign-posts to the others—the catalogues that tell where they are and what they are, and the manuals which are but books made of books, condensations and concentrations of whole fields of intellectual research and observation. Without these books, our libraries would be wildernesses of literature; with them, it is astonishing how much we may learn if we be but so inclined. A history of histories is an excellent project.

"THE CHURCH OF GOD is in the world, not as a human invention, but as a Divine appointment, to be applied by human hands. Its fellowship is not salvation, but is a means of salvation. Its Sacraments are not grace, but they are channels of grace. The Bible is not a charm or talisman, but it is a teacher or guide. Its Services are not spells, but they are helps and refreshments. Its fellowship is not an order of infallibility, but it is the fellowship of the Saints."—Henry C. Potter, D. D., Rector Grace Church, New York.

HAVE a seat of your own in Church. This hint is for young men and young women who are obliged to provide for themselves. It will not cost much. Ten cents a Sunday laid aside for the purpose will give you a very fine sitting. Twenty-five cents a Sunday will fit you out still more generously. Save the money from something else, and have you a place of your own in the congregation. You will feel so much better in your own seat.—Central Church.

Children's Department.

EMMA'S AMBITION.

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face: "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard; and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger cake, some day. Won't you please to go mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice, "what makes you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room, and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the dust on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little who helped her mother."

"Oh, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different: nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma!" said Emma again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do. Listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.' And once He said to a man, 'Well done, good and

faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?"

A BAD FOUNDATION.

Passing along the street the other day, I saw a crowd collected around an unfinished building. I stopped and soon learned that the side wall of the house had fallen. The question passed from lip to lip, "How was it?" "Why did it fall?" "Who is to blame?" "The cause is plain enough," said a man, evidently a builder, pointing to the base of the building, "It had a bad foundation—too weak by half for such a wall."

I passed round to the front, it was tall and stately, a fair and noble house, and but for the terrible gap, pleasant to look upon.

The school boy who is only quiet when the teacher's eye is upon him; who will get the answers of his problems by the "key," or from another boy's slate, instead of working them out himself; who will break rules whenever he can do so without being punished; or who will spend the day in the street playing truant when his parents think he is at school; is laying a bad foundation.

The girl who is careless and untidy as to her dress, who is in too much haste to set her room in order neatly and thoroughly, is laying a bad foundation.

Worse still, the boy or girl who is illtempered or sullen when asked to assist at home, to fetch a pail of water or a stick of wood, to amuse the younger children or rock the cradle; the boy or girl who says, "I don't want to," when such little services are needed, or goes grumbling to do them, is laying a bad foundation.

The boy who is tempted by the open shop on Sunday to spend his missionary money and yields; who is tempted on a bright day to take a walk, a ride or a sail, instead of going to Sunday School, and yields, is laying a bad foundation.

The boy who turns over for another little nap after he is called in the morning; who thinks "it will do just as well to-morrow" when there is anything unpleasant to be done, forgetting that to-morrow never comes, is laying a bad foundation.

All these boys and girls are builders, and character is the structure they are rearing. Ah, there are thousands who make sad mistakes; idleness, delay, want of resolution, dishonesty in small things, Sabbath breaking, drinking, falsehood, theft, these are all laid in the foundation.

Fatal errors they often prove. Later in life, what should be the strong and noble character of a man, beautiful to contemplate, falls with a sudden crash that buries him forever from the respect of good men, and leaves his soul a wreck for eternity.

Little builders lay the foundation firm, and sure and strong. Look well to the little weak places; make them secure. Ask daily help from God, and He will aid you to build a good and true character, such as even His pure eyes may look upon with pleasure.

THE CHILDREN IN CHURCH.

"HERE am I and the children Thou hast given me." That is well. That is as it should be. The children at Church, and in the family pew. They understand more than you suppose; and they are solemnly impressed by the occasion, even if they cannot understand the sermon. "But they will get so tired, going to Church and then to Sunday School." Not so very tired as you suppose. They rise up and change posture during singing. The service is only about an hour and a quarter long; Then comes a recess to go into Sunday School. Then only about an hour there, and no such hard study as in school. Really, do you see? Any half-day at school is more severe than a whole service at Church, including the Sunday School. Besides, if they cannot attend both, the Sunday School can be omitted. Our very best Sunday School workers will tell you that the Church is worth more to the children than the school. If he can have but the one, give him the Church. But do not be whimsical; he can have both. It will not hurt him. Bring the children.—Central Church.