

Easter Cross and Easter Lilies.

BY MISS WILLIAM EMERSON WAY.

"EASTER CROSS, and crowned with lilies,
Mother, will it not be sweet?
Easter anthems sung in chorus,
And the children will repeat
Christ's beatitudes in concert;
Old and young, and small and great,
Thou wilt sing the Gloria Patri;
Mother, I can hardly wait!

"And I hope my Easter lilies
Will be blossoming by then;
I will twine them with arbutus,
I can find it in the glen;
Some are pink like baby's fingers,
Some have blossoms purely white.
Do you think the cross for Easter,
Mamma, will be dark or light?"

Why should that have made me shudder—
Just the thought of dark, or light?
What to me were Easter crosses,
Whether they were black or white?
Oh, my fair-browed, blue-eyed girlie!
Sunniest-hearted of my band;
When the cross loomed black before me,
I was made to understand.

I can almost hear the accents
Of those women as they say
(Hasting to the tomb of Jesus),
"Who will roll the stone away?"
Pink, and white, and sweet the blossoms
Of arbutus in the glen;
But my little maid who found them,
Will not wander there again.

Black my cross, nor crown'd with lilies,
Weighed only with despair;
Easter dawn, to me, was darkness;
Was there comfort anywhere?
Where was balm of consolation
Mid the joys of Easter morn;
When the grave yawned right before me,
Waiting for my youngest-born?

Easter dawned for her in heaven;
Easter anthems rose where I,
Deaf with anguish, could not hear them.
I shall hear them by and by!

So impatient for the Easter!
When it dawned upon her sight,
Could her beatific vision
See my cross, as black as night?

Did she know her Easter lilies
Bloomed in all their loveliness?
And that sweet arbutus blossoms,
Did her waxen fingers press?
Yes; her lilies bloomed for Easter,
And a cross their beauty crowned;
For they lie in all their fragrance
Withering on a lowly mound.

Scarce a sennight since the Easter,
Yet it seems so far away;
Can I say next Easter morning,
She, with Christ, is risen to-day?

How I Became a Preacher.

BY THE LATE DR. CARROLL.

It was the highest and noblest of all enterprises to which the human mind can aspire, but one of which I had never dreamed during all the castle-building of my aspiring unconverted life; I had cherished aspirations of an amassing wealth, of commanding an army, but never of *preaching the Gospel*. But after I had tasted of the love of God in Christ, there were scarcely five of my waking minutes at a time, that I did not think of being a preacher. Had I been possessed of the idea of many other denominations, that it was necessary to have a liberal education, and perhaps pass through college, before I could mount the sacred desk, such an aspiration would have seemed preposterous, because the qualifications were beyond my reach. But from childhood, so far as I thought of the ministry at all, I possessed some sort of dim impression that the ministerial office or character was a divine

creation, or at least due to some religious or spiritual experience or influence. So much was the result of the Quaker books, (the experiences of Jonathan Edmunds for instance) and the experience of the early Methodist preachers, both English and American, read before and after my conversion. Those unpretentious, godly men, little knew when they penned their simple autobiographies what a flame they were to kindle in the throbbing heart of an uncouth lad in the ends of the earth from them. If, however, I had never read their lives, I would still have felt a yearning desire for the conversion and salvation of those who were "wandering wide, far from the central point of bliss." I wished all mankind to share the love and happiness I felt. The language of the hymnist, was that of my poor uncultured soul,

"O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!"

And, indeed, I began to call upon all who came within my reach, whether old or young; I was especially successful with the latter. Perhaps I have elsewhere told how many of these I brought to prayer and class-meeting, as also how many juvenile meetings I set up with them in barns, and fields, and woods, by day and by night, on Sundays and week-days. At these I was generally the leader of the meeting, the exercises being of reading the Scriptures and religious tracts, the singing of hymns, and prayer. I also took a prominent, though not a leading part, for several years, in the young people's Saturday night prayer-meetings.

As to the larger meetings for the members of society in general, thinking by a mistake at first, that all who went there had to pray I lifted up my voice in prayer in the very first one I went to, and kept it up ever after, excepting for a few weeks at one time, when, being chidden for using the name of God so often, I became intimidated and kept silence; upon which the leader sent me a message that I was to be sure and pray, whatever my blunders. In these public exercises, my own soul was always greatly blessed, and I received many encouraging messages and intimations that others were blessed by my instrumentality. I soon began to be called upon to pray by the bedsides of poor sick outcasts, who had not the assurance to send for a minister, or even older lay persons. So generally was this known, that I began to be called by those who knew not my name, or otherwise wished to distinguish me, "The Praying Boy."

For perhaps up to a year and a half after my conversion, though accustomed to speak very frequently in all sorts of experience meetings, I had not given a public exhortation. That first effort, as I have several times related in other connections in print, took place in the fall of 1825, in the house of Mr. Bartholomew Bull, in the vicinity of what is now called Devonport, but then new and wild; and was laid upon me by my dear friend William Fitzpatrick, of precious memory, whom I met there by appointment to aid him in sustaining a newly appointed meeting for prayer and exhortation. I came from one direction, and Fitzpatrick from another, and we met at the door of Mr. Bull. My friend clapped his hand upon my shoulder and said,

"Brother, you have got to conduct the meeting." I did not dare to refuse; but opened with a hymn and prayer, then read the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and gave a five or six minutes' address on justification by faith, and gave place to Brother Fitz, who was a ready and practised exhorter, who gave a much longer and more commanding address and, I think, conducted a class-meeting for all who were willing to remain—a number which steadily increased until when the circuit preachers took it up a year after, twenty-nine members were enrolled. Brother Bull, who had been a leader in Ireland, healed of his backslidings, was placed in charge of the class, and in course of time filled almost every office in the gift of a circuit, and most acceptably exercised the gifts of a local preacher for forty years or more. Thenceforth, I went there or somewhere else, in an unauthorized way, almost every week until I was requested to go out on a circuit four years after my conversion. I used to be so pressed in spirit to stand up in the street, and warn the crowds of pleasure-seekers, and worse, who congregated at various points that I passed in my evening walks, and was often self-condemned because I did not do it; and only obtained quiet of mind by promising that if the Lord would open my way into the ministry I would go to the ends of the earth if He required it. A private house, opened for meetings near what was then called the Blue Bell, a group of houses near where the Toronto Lunatic Asylum is now placed, which received its name from a tavern with a sign having a blue bell painted thereon, was another scene of early labour. The only two times I spoke there, I did so with liberty and comfort. While at work at the scouring-table or something else, a text often applied itself to my mind, and I meditated a sermon thereon. Some of these I delivered years afterwards, word for word as I had premeditated them, although at the time I studied them I was so unskilled in writing that I was utterly unable to write them down. They were, however, not only imprinted, but, as it were, stereotyped on the tablet of my memory. One of these was on the text, "*Quench not the Spirit*," which had thus been lithographed on my mind for about a year, when, spending a Sabbath in Scarborough at my friend Fitzpatrick's, I was called on to address an assembly at the house of Mr. Maginn, near the present hamlet called Wexford, and pronounced, with comfort to myself and the approval of the people, my "tan-house" studied sermon.

I should, perhaps, have informed the reader that more modest efforts to be useful than those I have particularized began earlier and were prosecuted more constantly. These were in connection with Sabbath-school work. When the East York Union Sabbath-school began in the winter of 1824-25—held in two several places before it settled down at the corner of Duke and Berkeley Streets—I steadily taught a class of little boys; and the rule and habit of the teachers of constantly visiting absentees, in which we strengthened each other's hands by companionship, took into many irreligious families where our voices in prayer and admonition were the only religious care received. I never allowed myself to pass a knot of children on

the street (or indeed a single child), without asking them if they attended Sabbath-school, and inviting them to attend if they did not. Were it not for fear of being too prolix, many touching incidents might be narrated.

There were plenty to tell me, both strangers accidentally meeting me and those who know me well, that I was "called to preach;" but there were none to give me directions how to prepare for the work and to render me any efficient aid therein. I was very narrow in my views, and afraid to turn my attention to many things within reach desirable for me to know; but then I literally bolted everything of a religious kind that came in my way; and I seldom left unfinished any book that I once began. I know that I mastered ten books for one now read by the greater part of the highly privileged young people of this day. And at that time I had a memory which retained all once entrusted to its care. I thoroughly learned the plan of salvation by reading Wesley's transparent sermons. After I went out to preach, I was chidden by my first colleague for not having set down in writing the substance of the discourses of the very able preachers I had been favoured to hear. I might have pleaded that for the earlier part of the time I knew not how to write; and that after I had learned, I could not always possess myself of the material for writing and the time to perform the operation. But it was scarcely necessary, with my powers of retention, to have done it. So that I was attending all the time a sort of divinity lectures for four years before entering the ministry. Sermons, moreover, were then more valued and discussed among religious friends than now. They were full of matter, and were seldom under an hour long. If it were under an hour, people would be rather more inclined to think they had been defrauded of their due. The constant clamouring for short services is no very promising indication of interest in divine things.

A SEWING girl met a gay and dashing girl, fashionably dressed, who said: "Can you make a dress for me? I will pay you well for it. I want to wear it on the stage; I must have it at once." "I don't think I can do it," said the girl; "I am afraid if I make this dress that I shall partake of the sin of acting." "You want work; you have been praying for it, for I heard you." "I am afraid it is a temptation of the devil," said the poor girl; "I will ask God about it," and knelt down and asked her heavenly Father. The visitor was overwhelmed. In agony she knelt beside the girl, crying, "Don't pray about the dress, pray for me, that I may forgo a sinful life and become a Christian. You shan't do this work; I shall pay you the same as if you did it; I will abandon the stage." Three years after a letter was received from the actress. "I loved the stage," she said; "I expected to realize a fortune; but since the night you prayed for me I have never entered a theatre. I have a happy home, and am a Christian, and bless God for the night I brought my dress for the stage for you to make."

It is said that the religions established among at least 800,000,000—or two-thirds of the human race—strictly prohibit the use of intoxicating beverages. This is the case with Buddhists, Brahmins, Mahomedans.