

## THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The moment you declare Christ only a human being, you have weakened His influence upon the soul. The light and influence are eclipsed, and a poor soul gropes about, and tries to find in civilization a power denied it in the realm of the Divine and infinite. To part with ignorance, let us go, to the presence of the learned; to part with sin, let us go to the presence of the holy. As the planets get further from the sun, their light and heat diminish. Their flowers and fruits lose sweetness; their summers shorten. What must it be in the most remote Neptune—three hundred times as far away as our earth! Oh, star of perpetual ice and winter; without bird, or flower, or leaf! But to chill the central sun would give the same result. Now in the soul's universe, there is a scene as dreary. Christ is declared to be only man—only fallible man. And thus the human race is crowded back, far away from the old centre of divine warmth and light; and many is the soul which this theory has left without a flower, or leaf, or trace of summer time.

## EASTER.

The sun that rose on Easter has never set. It flooded the world with new hopes and glory, and marked a bright and shining way through all the shadows of death. We see that life is worth living, because life is endless, and life will at last be holy and happy.

Rejoice, believing hearts! For you, the mighty Man rolled away the heavy stone from the tomb. For you, He clothed Himself again in flesh. For you, He pleads and waits in Heaven.

Rejoice, ye ransomed! With carols greet this joyous morn. Press with glad step to the holy courts of your risen King. Worship Him in the solemn feast.

Give Him of His own best gifts to you.

Give Him, best of all, your hearts.

Prepare for Church on your knees, not at your looking-glass; be early, and go at once to your seats, and kneeling down ask God to direct your thoughts aright, and to bless you. If service has not begun, read your Bibles or Prayer Books; avoid conversation, or gazing about. Do not look around every time the door opens, but, rather, offer a petition for those who come late. During prayer, kneel; merely bowing the head is not a posture for prayer. During the sermon, listen to what is said, not to criticize, but to be helped. When the benediction has been pronounced, do not rush for the door, but remain in your seat, or—better—on your knees until the priest leaves the altar. Do not laugh or talk in the Church. If necessary to speak, in the way of Christian greeting, or in regard to Church, school, or works of charity, let it be in a low tone.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it was upon it that the bow is set! The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where he bends the arch of light! Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without a speck or shadow, would not suit us in our passage to the kingdom. Therefore, He draws the cloud above us, not once in a lifetime, but many times. But lest the gloom should appal us, He braids the cloud with sunshine, nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eyes with the very fairest hues of Heaven.

Yes, it is not merely light after the darkness has fled away. That we shall one day know—how fully! But it is light in darkness; light beaming out of a ray produced by that darkness. Water from the rock; wells from the sand; light from the very cloud that darkens; life in the very midst of death! This is the marvel, this is the joy. Peace in trouble, gladness in sorrow; nay, peace and gladness produced by the very

tribulation itself; peace and gladness which nothing but that tribulation could have produced. Such is the deep love of God; and such is the way in which he makes all things work together for good to us.

## THE EASTER GOOD NEWS.

Our Good Shepherd did more than die for us. He rose again that He might live for us and live with us forever. If when He had died He had stayed in the grave, how sad our condition would have been! How helplessly His sheep would have wandered about, and how soon the roaring lion would have devoured them! But He only passed through Death—He went there before us, like a good shepherd who, to lead his sheep, must always go before. Some day we must pass through death, but our Good Shepherd has been there first, and we have no fear in following Him. We shall feel His strong hand clasping ours, and have Him with us all the way.

A few years ago a little boy in a New England village lay on his death-bed. Suddenly he started up, and said excitedly, "O, mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country—there are so many children there, beckoning me to come, but the mountains are too high. Oh! who will carry me over?" He fell back on his pillow and was silent for some time. Then he suddenly stretched out his little hands, and cried as loud as his feeble voice would allow: "Mother, mother, the strong man is come to carry me over the mountain." It was indeed the Strong Man, the Man Christ Jesus, who had come for him. With a happy, peaceful smile he "fell asleep" in His arms, and was carried over the mountains to the better land.

Our Easter message to His lambs is this: Keep close to the Good Shepherd, and He will carry you through every danger in life and death, and bring you safe to His heavenly kingdom.

## A SENSIBLE MOTHER.

It is really pitiful to see a good conscientious mother resolutely shutting herself away from away from so much that is best and sweetest to her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and make new dresses, and not one to whom they care to go for social companionship. Yet before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as, "run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mother with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if mothers can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are. Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet ground, where her two little girls were playing. "Oh! goody, goody, mamma is coming to play with us." She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could not snatch for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children not much taller than their mallets. She had often said to me, "I can't let my children grow away from me. I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base ball with the boys, or French dictionary and sash ribbons with the girls, I must be in it as far as I can."

The second service on Sunday in a certain parish was poorly attended. The vestrymen talked the matter over. The young men talked it over. The young ladies talked it over. All resolved to attend, and each take a friend. The Church was full. The clergyman did not know what to make of it. Strangers, seeing the direction of the crowd, followed.

The Duke of Westminster is the wealthiest peer in England, or in the world. His son and heir, Earl Grosvenor, sailed from New York for home two weeks ago. The Duchess of Westminster is passing the winter at Cannes, France, somewhat widely known as having for many years been the winter residence of the late Lord Brougham. Oliver Logan, who has also been staying at Cannes, thus describes the duchess: "I know the lovely face shining with honest goodness from out the carriage here, which passed us as rapidly as two mettlesome thoroughbreds can draw it. It is the Duchess of Westminster, fair as only an English blonde can be; fat to that extent, in comparison to her girlhood, as made Hawthorne demand whether an Englishman could really be considered to be legally married to two hundred pounds, when he only swore to love, cherish, and protect one hundred, and whether a separate ceremony were not necessary when the violet had become a damask rose; forty, as undeniably as we all become unless we die first. She is the personification of all goodness, is her Grace of Westminster, bountiful, generous, shedding benefactions wherever she goes, a blessing to the poor, a tone-centre to the rich. The sister of the Duke is married to a physician of prominence in New York, and while he is ever plain Mr., she is never more than my lady. The Duke himself is one of those slender, sweet-voiced, unostentatious English noblemen whom we all admire, a valiant coadjutor in all his wife's good deeds, and with a thousand special providences of his own on hand as well."

The London Daily Telegraph thus expresses itself as to Sunday School teachers:—"As for these ladies and gentlemen themselves, we believe they, too, will admit that their labor brings to them a rich harvest of personal reward. They learn in the Sunday School not merely a habit of doing good, of thinking about and caring for others, but a habit of ruling firmly yet mildly, under the gentle sceptre of Christian love, natures that are weak and wayward, but in which there may be dormant splendid capabilities. They learn also to observe characters and read hearts, to exhort and persuade with effect. Lastly, they form friendships, not only with each other, but with those under their affectionate charge—poor and lowly as they often are—the tender memories of which in after years are cherished alike by the teacher and the taught."

If thou wouldst follow Christ, if thou wouldst fare forward with Him, mourn not that thou art ill supplied with worldly things. Thy poverty makes thine access easy, thy sorrow is a ready preparation for His joy, thy emptiness for His fulness. "Leave all thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me." For us, brethren, the hardest part of the task is done. We have so little to leave that we should be thankful.

If what happens to us be not good, yet it worketh for our good, it contributeth to our good because it is in His skilful hand who can bring good out of evil, peace out of trouble. Oh! that men were persuaded to be Christians indeed—to love the law of God—to trust in Him; great peace have all such. This will prove to you their peace in the world. Your peace should be as a river for abundance and perpetuity; no drought could dry it up. It should run in time as a large river; and when time is done, it would embosom itself in eternity, in that ocean of eternal peace and joy in which the saints above forever delight. Other men's peace is like a brook which in summer dries up.

Profanity never did any man the least bit of good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to eternity. It is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

Of those "who profess and call themselves Christians," there are estimated, —Greek, Roman, English, and American, claiming the title "Catholic," about 868,000,000. Of Protestant denominations,—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, and others, about 72,000,000.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God, not otherwise, but to fear; and happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears,—a fear for grace received, a greater fear for grace lost, and greatest fear to recover grace.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a faithful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.—Dr. Bonar.

If you succeed well and act well, and be convinced what is God's interest, and prosecute it, you will find that you act for a very great many who are God's own.—Oliver Cromwell.

Myriads of spiritual beings walk the earth, both when we sleep and wake.

## Children's Department.

## COME HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit! Love Divine!  
Come, and shed those rays of Thine,  
From Thy heavenly home,  
Father of the poor and lowly,  
Giver of good gifts most holy,  
Light of all hearts, come.

Comforter the best and meekest,  
Dweller in our souls the sweetest,  
Blest refresher Thou:  
Thou that rest in trouble giveth,  
That vexed hearts with calm relievest  
Solace in our woe.

O light most blest, with thy abiding,  
Fill each faithful heart confiding,  
Evermore in Thee:  
For without Thee, Holy Spirit,  
There is naught in man of merit,  
Naught of purity.

What is filthy cleanse and whiten,  
What is parched bedew and lighten,  
Every wound make whole;  
Bend each rigid stubborn feeling,  
Warm what'er is cold and chilling,  
Guide each wandering soul.

Unto those in faith abiding,  
Those upon Thy power confiding,  
Rest from Thee be given;  
Given the crown of holy living,  
And the death of God's saints giving—  
Endless joys in heaven.

## HOW LONG HAVE I GOT TO LIVE?

I do not know. Life is very uncertain. The strong often die before the weak, and the young before the old. This very year may be my last. And if I die this year, am I ready to leave the world? Are my sins forgiven? Is my heart right, and in tune for heaven? Ought I not to think of this? How long shall I have to get ready for death, when my last illness comes? Some people die very suddenly. Not all have time to settle their soul's business before they go. Many are carried off insensible, and can neither speak, nor think, nor pray, nor give sign. How will it be with me? Shall I be found prepared to meet God?