Sundan Reading.

For the Christian Messenger, The Storm.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

Dark night has come to chase away, The bright and glorious light of day, And rosy clouds to deepening gray, Are changing fast.

Now, gloomy darkness wraps the earth, And cheerful f lks around the hearth, Ward off the outer gloom with mirth, And lithesome joy.

But I alone, of all the world, Seem in this heavy darkness whirled, As drunkard to his doom is burled, Without a hope.

Hark! muttering sounds come through the air.

As distant lion in his lair, Gives warning to the traveller there, Of hidden foe.

The rumbling thunders louder grow, And through the thick clouds, dark and low.

The livid streams of lightning flow, With dazzling light.

Down pours the rain in torrents fast; Crash! falls the giant cak at last, And on its mother earth, is cast, No longer king.

Out on the sea the billows rise, And smite the ships of every size, Then each rejoicing shoreward hies, To tell the news.

Loud grows the storm, but in my breast A louder storm doth peace molest, It rages, but there seems no rest, For weary soul.

The still small voice drowns in the sea Instead of Trust, Fear ruleth me, "Is Christ the only way to flee, From raging storms ?"

"Ah! yes." But soon the answer fell, Into the waves it could not quell ; They pitched and tossed with heaving

And conflict sharp.

But see! from stormy night the dawn, With footsteps slow but sure comes on; The day has come, and now with song, Birds praises wake.

A light breaks on my soul, and He Who stilled the waves of Galilee, With soothing voice now speaks to me, " Peace, be thou still."

Now will my way be calm and bright, I will not fear the gloom and night, My faith shall grasp the cord of light, Held from above.

And should the storms come thick and

My pilot, Christ, will take me past, And anchor, sure and safe at last, To Heaven's shore.

Approved Remedies for Everyday Maladies.

For a Fit of Passion: Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting anyone or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness: Count the tickings of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly: Go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged inmate of a goal, and you will be convinced-

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie forlorn."

For a Fit of Ambition : Go iuto the churchyard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon become your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a Fit of Repining : Look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bedridden and afflicted and deranged and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions

If I had known.

Not long since we met a lady whose sad face told the story of great mental suffering. Entering into conversation with her, we found her bowed down beneath the weight of a sorrow from which there seemed to be no relief. She said:

. The Lord has laid his hand heavily | Chicago have agreed unanimously not upon me. He has taken from me the to solemnize marriage where either the dead buried, spiritual peace of an In your hours of perplexity, then, look panionship of Him who became the in the true sense of the word. Chris. light of my eyes and the staff of my party has procured divorce on other old age."

And then, in a few words, she told of the death of a son, a promising lad after an illness of only a few hours, and concluded by saying :

'Oh, if I had only known he might die, how differently I would have trained him! He received no religious education. I have been so absorbed in gaining the meat that perisheth that I have neglected the more important eternal things. Oh, if I had only known!"

This experience speaks for itself. We need add but a word of warning to all who have in their hands the training and welfare of young, immortal souls. Oh, see to it, dear friends, that your children are early taught the way of life through Jesus, the only Savior. Seek first the riches of that kingdom above for yourself and them, and God will provide for the meaner things of this earthly life.

The Pump at Cologne.

I was in Cologne on a rainy day, and I was looking out for similes and metaphors, as I generally am, but I had nothing on earth to look at in the square of the city but an old pump and what kind of a simile I could make out of it I could not tell. All traffic seemed suspended, it rained so hard but I noticed a woman come to the pump with a bucket. Presently I noticed a man come with a bucket, nay, he came with a yoke and two buckets. As I kept on writing and looking out now and then, I saw the same friend with the often-buckets and the blue blouse coming to the same pump again. In the course of the morning I think I saw him a dozen times. I thought to myself, "Ah you do not fetch water for your own house, I am persuaded; you are water carrier; you fetch water for lots of people, and that is why you come oftener than anybody else." Now, there was a meaning that at once went to my soul, that as I not only have to go to Christ for myself, but had been made a water-carrier to carry the water of everlasting life to others, I must come a great deal oftener than anybody else. I am sure it is so. You cannot labor in your Sunday-school class, dear friends, you cannot take that village station, you cannot act as deacon in the church so as to glorify God, especially you cannot come fresh to a congregation from Sunday to Sunday, year after year, always with something sparkling and fresh and cheering and refreshing, unless you are constantly going to the Great Source yourself. In proportion as there is a draw upon you, take care that you keep up the supplies. - C. H. Spurgeon.

It is narrated of the great sculptor, that no shadow of himself might fall hearts to return, after the Jewish Sabyour coat for the next, and work like lesson than he knew! For the shadows fall from ourselves!

> Austin was half full of water. Sunday the pastor climbed the roof and preached a sermon to the congregation who attended in skiffs.

The Rev. Father Curci, who has been trying to have the Bible given to the congregations of the Catholic churches in Italy, has been lecturing to crowded houses in Rome and has written a commentary on the Bible.

In the English town of Hull there were 1,223 convictions for Sunday trading in 1882, while there were but 1,597 in all the rest of the kingdom. This does not mean that Hull is so much worse than other English towns in regard to keeping Sunday; but simply that the law was enforced

The Congregational ministers of than Scriptural grounds.

Sermon.

The Resurrection of Christ.

SERMON PREACHED IN LEINSTE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, ST. JOHN 25тн, 1883,

BY REV. J. F. BARTLETT.

Reported for the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER. "He is not here; for He is risen. Com see the place where the Lord lay."

Dark indeed were the hours immediately succeeding the tragedy enacted on Calvary. As when the cheerful sun is lost behind the tempest cloud, sending a thrill of gloom o'er all the land, so set the sun of Israel's hope behind the shadow of the malefactor's cross. As when the gentle twilight settles over the village, causing familiar objects to become less discernible, until the deepening shades of night envelope all things with a sable curtain, so, to the lingering gaze of those who watched the helpless agony of Him they loved, the little day of brightness and hope which had given to them the promise of speedy victory through the Messiah was fading away before the blackening clouds, and when the suffererer's dying utterance, " It is finished," declared, for the time at least Satan had conquered, then shut down the flood gates of night upon the devoted disciples, and with aching hearts and scattered spirits did they return to

to their now desolate homes. fering as one watches by the dying bed their sight, and they were not left in of a loved one, knowing that the messenger will not long delay his coming, taken. He had ascended into heaven, and yet upborne by that spirit of hope His former dwelling-place, and they that will not die until the pulse has ceased its beating, and suspense becomes | from above, from the upper air, they a certainty. They hoped, perchance, that God would interfere before the end would come, and thus the purposes of wicked men be brought to nought. They heard this lowly sufferer declare when led to trial, that only a word from Him would bring more than ten legions of the heavenly host to give release from their cruel hand; and, doubtless, up to the very end they dared to hope that Divine interposition would come to hinder the end that seemed now so

But when the Son of Man no longer breathed, when they beheld the closing eyes and drooping head, saw the sun hide his face, felt the quaking of the earth and heard the rending of the rocks, then their weak hearts, unequal to the strain, gave way, and hope within them lay as dead as the form of Him they had left hanging upon the cross.

It has ever been the glory of woman that in the bour of deepest trial she is the last to forsake those she loves. Seating themselves at a convenient distance from the body of their Lord, after the multitude had forsaken Michael Angelo, that when at work he the place, the two Marys remained to wore over his forehead, fastened on his mark the place of the Saviour's burial. upon his work! It was a beautiful bath should end with spices for a furcustom, and spoke a more eloquent ther service of love upon the body of their benefactor, and when the grey coming of the day, they are at the city not dead but living, glorified, adminis gates waiting entrance upon their mis- tering the mighty affairs of the uniwomen groping their way through the uncertain light of that first Easter morning, wondering as they journeyed on who should roll away the ponderous stone from the door of the sepulchre. But when they reached the spot, early as they were, another presence had been before them; the stone was rolled away, the door was open, and before them, in white raiment, sat the messenger of God, who had waited for their coming, and before their wondering eyes can fully comprehend the scene, their ears are saluted with words that still their fears and fill their hearts with new-born life and hopes: "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for He is risen. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

most glorious event this earth had ever seen. Upon it depended the fulfilment of Divine prophecy; out of it, if at all,

sequence; no human tongue express the result of Calvary's tragedy upon the destiny of man. Heaven would have been lost, peace of soul sought in vain, and eternal night have been the undisputed heritage of every member of Adam's race. But what might have been, and what man deserved, God did not suffer to be, and we are met together this glad Easter morning to thank the Giver of all our joys that the jaws of death were not powerful enough to hold against His will, Him whom now we hail as the world's Redeemer.

I shall not attempt to say anything this morning which shall be especially worthy your hearing, for I am not in a condition of body or mind to give to this transcendant theme the thought which it deserves, but if I shall be able to speak any word, giving comfort to another's heart, or helping a fellowpilgrim to love more tenderly the risen Saviour, the hour will not be spent in

I have selected for your contemplation the words spoken by the angel to the women at the Saviour's empty tomb "He is not here, for He is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." shall divide the Scripture into two parts making each the basis of a separate thought, both practical and helpful.

1st. "He is not here, for He is risen. When, forty days after the resurrection, the Savieur was parted from the view of His disciples, the record declares that he was taken up, and They had waited at that cross of suf- that clouds received Him out of doubt as to the direction Jesus had were told by the heavenly visitants that might expect to see Him when he returned in the clouds of heaven. Whenever in after days these humble men thought of Him now absent in the flesh, instinctively they turned their taces upwards, and not far over the plains of Palestine, as they had been wont to do in the days of His earthly

And this is the truth I would urge every disciple of Christ to seek to realize. The days of his Judean and Galilean ministry are now long past; the hours of thankless toil, of hunger, thirst, prayer, ingratitude, have passed away. Gethsemane's struggles, Pilate's judgment hall, Calvary's agony, the sleep of death, will never more be repeated. Are you seeking for the living among the dead? "He is not here, tor He is risen." The Christian of to-day must walk by faith, and not by from human life, and made existence fleshly sight. This Easter morning, my brethren, think not of a crucified, dead and buried Saviour, but of a risen Lord and when we seek the strength and inspiration in the work committed to our hands, and for light in seasons of gloom, we shall find it not by viewing the earthly spots hallowed by the footsteps artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order For they purposed in their faithful of Him we love, not even by journey- laid down to rest, having no certain ing to the tomb of Joseph, but rather by looking toward the place of His ascension, and with the eye of an enlightened faith beholding the conqueror that fall on our work, how often they light in the East heralded the speedy of death, and the holder of all our joys, sion of love. Fancy, my brethren, the verse. True, he is here by His Spirit The coloured people's Church at sight of this little band of devoted in the hearts of His disciples, and, in this sense, we know His blessed presence, but He who died and rose again, if the clods of earth hid forever from He, the God-man, He, in whose hands and feet may still be seen the marks of the cruel nails, He, whom those men of Galilee saw taken up into the clouds of heaven, is still up there at the right hand of the Father, preparing for such of us as watch for His appearing, a

earthly scenes, the work of fitting the souls of men for another and an eternal state through the Spirit's power; and in the use of homan instrumentalities is, so far as its visible activities are concerned, an earthly work, but do not forget, my brethren, that this work, though executed on the earth, is super-

nance from the purity that surrounds victory the person of the risen Redeemer; then will the way seem plain again, and the soul filled with new life, and possessed of a clearer vision, is better fitted to help the feet of a blind brother into the ways whose path is narrow, but whose end is heaven.

"We need no change of sphere To view the heavenly sight, or hear The songs which angels sing. The hand Which gently pressed the sightless orbs while Giving them sight, a world of beauty, and the friendly smile Can cause our eyes to see the better land,

"We need no wings But only feet which walk in paths of peace Guided by Him, whose voice Greets every ear, makes every heart rejoice. Saying arise and walk where sorrows cease

'Our Saviour caught His Father's word, And men of old, dreaming and walking, The breathings of a world we cannot reach.

They mounted to the skies. And read deep mysteries While yet on earth, they placed a ladder Like Jacob's, that each round should lead

The soul, by prayer outspoken, by word and deed To heights of clearer, purer air."

Let us rejoice this resurrection morning in one no longer held by the bands of death, but who, risen, glorified, loving, to-day is beckoning to His warmly beating heart all such as feel the need were other words spoken by the angel seek ye the living among the dead?" that Easter morning, words out of which I think may be extracted a truth, adding thorns to Him who glories in the story comfort and peace of mind. "He is of the resurrection, and who has apnot here, for He is risen," said the angelic visitor.

2nd. "Come see the place where the Lord lay." Before the light of Christianity came to shed its beneficent ray upon the tomb, man's greatest foe was death. Impenetrable, silent gloom surenshroued the place into which thousands was found; but no response was heard save the reverberation from the heart to catch some gleam of light amid the moment when the heart ceased its moopen grave, peering into its gloomy depths, if haply they might read some sign to correspond to the soul's longing for another life, they were forced to turn away, not absolutely hopeless it is true, but haunted by that dim, gaunt phantom - uncertainty - whose daily presence extracted much of the sweet less a blessing than it was designed to be. Sayers and philosophers spent all their days, from early manhood to hoary age, in seeking to penetrate the veil that intervenes between the grave and that which lies beyond, and then, when the springs of life were dried up, and the golden chord was loosened, they assurance of waking again to consciousfrom it all the sensual enjoyment that was possible. It is not strange that death was a dreaded foe, and the grave a place of rayless gloom. For if this poor life is all, if all of man were extinguished when the warm blood ceases to flow through its appointed channels view that which makes man higher than the brute, then indeed were death a Toe to be beaten off and fought to the bitter end.

But, thank God! the mystery has been revealed, the question of the ages has been answered, and clear as noonplace among the many mansions of His day light is the road that leads from the graves of earth into that which lies Our lot for a time is cast among beyond. Come, my friends, come this diately abolished slavery, but it has Easter morning, while the birds are singing, and the sun shining, and the Christian world is rejoicing, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And, if to you His name is precious behold in that tomb not the extinguishment of all your hopes, but the burial place of your fears; not the end of all That was the happiest day, that the intended from above, and only as the that makes you happy, but rather the eye of the soul is steadily fixed on Him | depository for every earthly ill; not a who sits upon the mercy seat in the prison-house for your impatient spirit, new Jerusalem, can the power of sin but the friendly gateway through whose must rise the sun whose beams should be held in cheek, and the army of King narrow portals you shall enter into the quicken into heavenly life and light Emmanuel hold its steady onward way, regions of the blessed, into the comapostate race. Had Christ not risen not into the bowels of the earth, nor first fruits of them that slept. Death no humanth ought can picture the con yet into the sin-clouded atmosphere of hath been robbed of its sting, and the the world and taught the virtue of

earthly surroundings, but let your souls grave, through the might of the risen breathe another air, drawing its suste- One, has been forever stripped of

You who have followed the form of a loved one to its silent resting-place in the city of the dead, turn ever in fond remembrance to the narrow mound under which repose the ashes of the loved, and you sometimes think of the presence so sadly missed as sleeping in the embrace of mother earth. But it is not so, my brethren, for since that first blessed Easter morning the earth has not been strong enough to claim the immortal spirit. That which you loved, and which loved you, is not in To soar aloft to realms of higher things, yonder cemetery, but in a state of conscious life, waiting the hour when the trump of God shall unite the living soul to the resurrection of the body, calling such as look for His appearing into unalloyed and eternal satisfaction. When the spring flowers come forth from the melting snows of Winter, and you visit the place where you last saw the physical form of the departed one, fancy while you stand with bowed head and gently falling tears, that you hear from out the stillness the voice of God's unseen messenger saying in tones of authority and of comfort: "The loved one is not here, for He is risen; thou art looking upon the place where his of an eternal Friend and Saviour. "He body lay. The casket only is here; is not here, for he is risen." But there | the precious gem is up above. Why

The grave can never be a bed of propriated to himself, through repentance and faith, the life-giving waters which flow therefrom. Bethlehem, through Gethsemane and Calvary, and finally, after being hidden for a moment, burst forth from the door of Joseph's

Let songs of gratitude, swelling hearts daily were hastening. "If a man die of praise, and importunate prayers, for shall he live again?" was the mournful clearer light and greater faith, consume cry echoed and re-echoed wherever man to-day the hours of those who glory in a risen Saviour.

And to you, my friends, who this that asked the question. Men sought morning can make no Easter music in your heart, may there come such a revemysterious solemnities surrounding the lation of your great need of the risen Redeemer, that upon you also may be betion, and the life was gone. But all in stowed the eternal and inestimable vain; and again, when standing by the blessings which cluster around the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

Correspondence.

Luthardt's Apologetical Discourses. Translated from the German by Prof. D. M. Welton.

NINTH DISCOURSE.

Christianity in History.

The course of Christianity in history is one of victory. The course of Christianity however is the course of Jesus Christ. When we speak of Christianity we mean Jesus Christ; for all depends on him. And so Christianity means that we bow before Christ and give him ness. It is not strange life was deemed | the honor as the one and eternal Savioura curse, and that men sought to extract | But Christianity is a power, not only in an external sense, but in an internal sense as well. Not only the religions of the nations but the entire intellectual life of mankind is controlled and renewed by it. With Christianity began a new era for the human mind and for the entire moral and social life of mankind.

Christianity brought in the age of humanity. It is only since then that mankind have been regarded as one great family. Since then only has the right of human personality been acknowledged. What are called the rights of man is the fruit of Christianity. It has not changed the external arrangements of society, it has not disturbed rights and laws, customs and ranks, &c.; but to all these relations in life it has brought a new spirit. It has not imme. taught us to acknowledge in the slave a man, the Christian brother, and has hereby broken the inner power of this objectionable institution. It has raised woman from a position of contempt to one of dignity and influence. It has made love, which, at its entrance into the world, as Montesquieu says, only still existed in form, to be the noblest and tenderest power in the moral and and spiritual life of man. It has created for the family a new Christian life, possessing a heartiness, sincerity and freedom such as was not previously known or thought to be possible. Only since tianity brought humanitarianism into

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