

Sunday 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 flocks around the hearth,
Ward off the outer gloom with mirth,
And lithe some joy.

But I alone, of all the world,
Seem in this heavy darkness whirled,
As drunkard to his doom is hurled,
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 pour the rain in torrents fast;
Crash! falls the giant oak 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.

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

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

B. B.

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 any-
one 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
your coat for the next, and work like
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 into the
churchyard and read the gravestones;
they will tell you the end of ambition.
The grave will soon become your bed-
chamber, the earth your pillow, corrup-
tion 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
upon me. He has taken from me the
light of my eyes and the staff of my
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 train-
ing 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 meta-
phors, 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 a
water carrier; you fetch water for lots
of people, and that is why you come
often 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,
Michael Angelo, that when at work he
wore over his forehead, fastened on his
artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order
that no shadow of himself might fall
upon his work! It was a beautiful
lesson, and spoke a more eloquent
lesson than he knew! For the shadows
that fall on our work, how often they
fall from ourselves!

The coloured people's Church at
Austin was half full of water. On
Sunday the pastor climbed the roof
and preached a sermon to the congre-
gation 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
there.

The Congregational ministers of
Chicago have agreed unanimously not
to solemnize marriage where either
party has procured divorce on other
than Scriptural grounds.

Sermon.

The Resurrection of Christ.

A SERMON PREACHED IN LEINSTER
STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, ST. JOHN,
N. B., ON SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH
25TH, 1883.

By Rev. J. F. Bartlett.

[Reported for the Christian Messenger.]
"He is not here; for He is risen. Come,
see the place where the Lord lay."

Dark indeed were the hours immedi-
ately 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 be-
come 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 sufferer'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 devo-
ted disciples, and with aching hearts
and scattered spirits did they return to
their now desolate homes.

They had waited at that cross of suf-
fering as one watches by the dying bed
of a loved one, knowing that the mes-
senger will not long delay his coming,
and yet upborne by that spirit of hope
that will not die until the pulse has
ceased its beating, and suspense becomes
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
near.

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 with-
in 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 hour of deepest trial
she is the last to forsake those she
loves. Seating themselves at a con-
venient distance from the body of their
Lord, after the multitude had forsaken
the place, the two Marys remained to
mark the place of the Saviour's burial.
For they purposed, in their faithful
hearts to return, after the Jewish Sab-
bath should end with spices for a tur-
ther service of love upon the body of
their benefactor, and when the grey
light in the East heralded the speedy
coming of the day, they are at the city
gates waiting entrance upon their mis-
sion of love. Fancy, my brethren, the
sight of this little band of devoted
women 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 mes-
senger 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 hope: "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."

That was the happiest day, that the
most glorious event this earth had ever
seen. Upon it depended the fulfilment
of Divine prophecy; out of it, if at all,
must rise the sun whose beams should
quicken into heavenly life and light
the dead buried, spiritual peace of an
apostate race. Had Christ not risen
no human thought can picture the con-

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 transcendent 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 fellow-
pilgrim to love more tenderly the risen
Saviour, the hour will not be spent in
vain.

I have selected for your contempla-
tion 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." I
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 resurrec-
tion, the Saviour was parted from the
view of His disciples, the record de-
clares that he was taken up, and
that clouds received Him out of
their sight, and they were not left in
doubt as to the direction Jesus had
taken. He had ascended into heaven,
His former dwelling-place, and they
were told by the heavenly visitants that
from above, from the upper air, they
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
faces upwards, and not far over the
plains of Palestine, as they had been
wont to do in the days of His earthly
ministry.

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,
for He is risen." The Christian of
to-day must walk by faith, and not by
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 in-
spiration 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
of Him we love, not even by journey-
ing to the tomb of Joseph, but rather
by looking toward the place of His
ascension, and with the eye of an en-
lightened faith beholding the conqueror
of death, and the holder of all our joys,
not dead but living, glorified, adminis-
tering the mighty affairs of the uni-
verse. True, he is here by His Spirit
in the hearts of His disciples, and, in
this sense, we know His blessed pres-
ence, but He who died and rose again,
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
place among the many mansions of His
Father.

Our lot for a time is cast among
earthly scenes, the work of fitting the
souls of men for another and an eter-
nal state through the Spirit's power; and
in the use of human 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-
intended from above, and only as the
eye of the soul is steadily fixed on Him
who sits upon the mercy seat in the
new Jerusalem, can the power of sin
be held in check, and the army of King
Emmanuel hold its steady onward way.
In your hours of perplexity, then, look
not into the bowels of the earth, nor
yet into the sin-clouded atmosphere of

earthly surroundings, but let your souls
breathe the other air, drawing its auster-
ity from the purity that surrounds
the person of the risen Redeemer;
thru 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
To soar aloft to realms of higher things,
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,
heard
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
there
Like Jacob's, that each road should lead
The soul, by prayer outspoken, by word
and deed
To heights of clearer, purer air."

Let us rejoice this resurrection morn-
ing in one no longer held by the bands
of death, but who, risen, glorified, lov-
ing, to-day is beckoning to His warmly
beating heart all such as feel the need
of an eternal Friend and Saviour. "He
is not here, for he is risen." But there
were other words spoken by the angel
that Easter morning, words out of which
I think may be extracted a truth, adding
comfort and peace of mind. "He is
not here, for He is risen," said the
angelic visitor.

2nd. "Come see the place where the
Lord lay." Before the light of Chris-
tianity came to shed its beneficent ray
upon the tomb, man's greatest foe was
death. Impenetrable, silent gloom sur-
rounded the place into which thousands
daily were hastening. "If a man die
shall he live again?" was the mournful
cry echoed and re-echoed wherever man
was found; but no response was heard
save the reverberation from the heart
that asked the question. Men sought
to catch some gleam of light amid the
mysterious solemnities surrounding the
moment when the heart ceased its mo-
tion, and the life was gone. But all in
vain; and again, when standing by the
open 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
from human life, and made existence
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
laid down to rest, having no certain
assurance of waking again to conscious-
ness. It is not strange life was deemed
a curse, and that men sought to extract
from 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 ex-
tinguished when the warm blood ceases
to flow through its appointed channels,
if the clouds of earth hid forever from
view that which makes man higher than
the brute, then indeed were death a
foe 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 noon-
day light is the road that leads from the
graves of earth into that which lies
beyond. Come, my friends, come this
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 extinguish-
ment of all your hopes, but the burial
place of your fears; not the end of all
that makes you happy, but rather the
depository for every earthly ill; not a
prison-house for your impatient spirit,
but the friendly gateway through whose
narrow portals you shall enter into the
regions of the blessed, into the com-
panionship of Him who became the
first fruits of them that slept. Death
hath been robbed of its sting, and the

grave, through the might of the risen
One, has been forever stripped of
victory.

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
yonder cemetery, but in a state of con-
scious 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
body lay. The casket only is here;
the precious gem is up above. Why
seek ye the living among the dead?"

The grave can never be a bed of
thorns to Him who glories in the story
of the resurrection, and who has ap-
propriated to himself, through repen-
tance 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
tomb.

Let songs of gratitude, swelling hearts
of praise, and importunate prayers, for
clearer light and greater faith, consume
to-day the hours of those who glory in
a risen Saviour.

And to you, my friends, who this
morning can make no Easter music in
your heart, may there come such a re-
velation of your great need of the risen Re-
deemer, that upon you also may be be-
stowed the eternal and inestimable
blessings which cluster around the fact
of Christ's resurrection from the dead.
Amen.

Correspondence.

Luthardt's Apologetical Discourses.

Translated from the German by Prof.
D. M. Welton.

NINTH DISCOURSE.

Christianity in History.

IV.

The course of Christianity in history
is one of victory. The course of Chris-
tianity 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
the honor as the one and eternal Saviour.
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 acknowl-
edged. 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 im-
mediately abolished slavery, but it has
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
existed in form, to be the noblest
and tenderest power in the moral and
spiritual life of man. It has created
for the family a new Christian life, pos-
sessing a heartiness, sincerity and free-
dom such as was not previously known
or thought to be possible. Only since
Christianity does neighborly love exist
in the true sense of the word. Chris-
tianity brought humanitarianism into
the world and taught the virtue of