

# A MESSAGE OF JOY AND HOPE

Christ is risen! He is risen, indeed! So were the early Christians accustomed to greet one another on Easter morning. And the joyous message of the day is as real now as it has ever been. The poor, troubled world is waiting for a cry of hope and cheer, and the truth of a Living Christ is just what she needs. He who came to live the human life and to die for us is alive. He rose from the dead, conquering death as He had already conquered sin, and He is alive forevermore (Rev. 1:18). The storm-tossed world can take courage. Sorrowing hearts can beat with a new hope, for the dear ones whom we miss are living, and they are with Christ, the risen Lord and Saviour. We sing our Easter hymns, we hold our Easter flowers, we give our Easter greetings—for life, not death, is the message of the day.

The twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel marks a great change in the story from the twenty-seventh chapter. The message of death and the sealed tomb is met by the message, which as we read it seems to lift us up from the shadow to the sunshine: "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week... why, the very words are a kind of cry, and we who have mourned at Calvary find ourselves in the garden, looking with wondering eyes, as the Marys looked, at the stone rolled away, at the empty tomb and the shining angel. "He is risen!" we cry. "Christ is risen! Alleluia!"

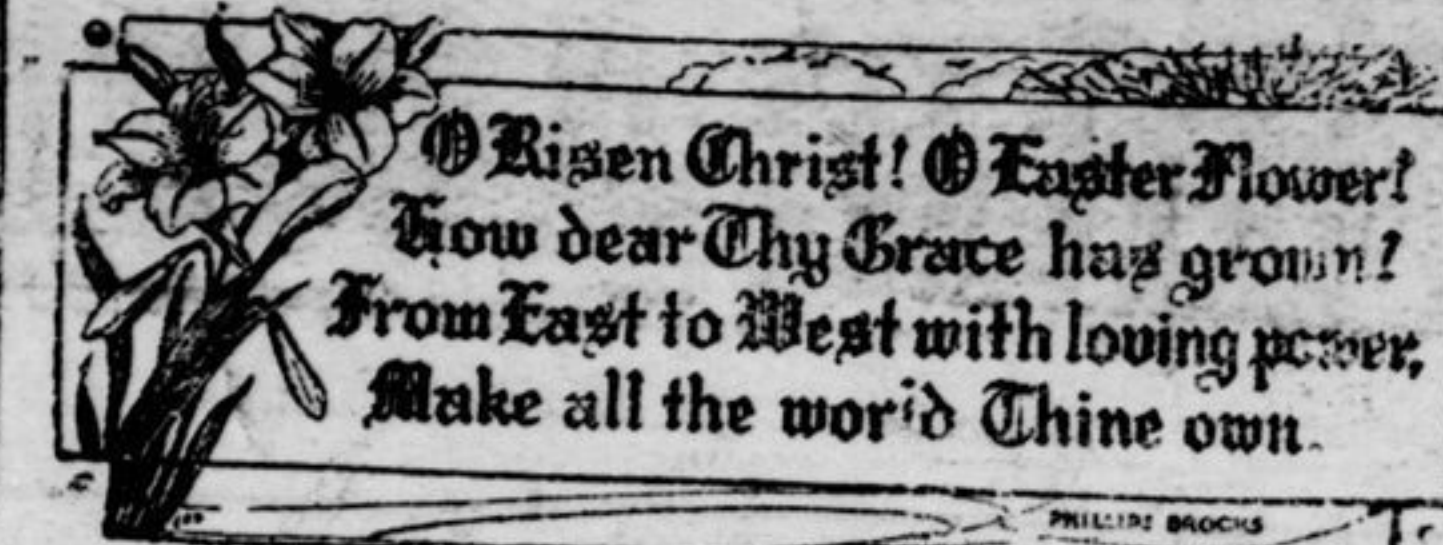
The women were first at the sepulchre. We would expect it to be so. Their love for their Lord could not be hidden and could not die. They remembered well all the Master's words and works and there was probably not one of them but had received some blessing from His divine compassion. The women of the Bible suggest a well worth study, which Dr. George Matheson has given us in his "Representative Women of the Old and New Testaments." There are at least seven Marys spoken of in the gospels, and they all ministered to Jesus and His apostles and supplied their needs. Now some of them—perhaps all of them at different times—came to the sepulchre, not dreaming of His resurrection but to complete the sacred rite for His dead body, which they had not been able to do before (St. Luke xlii, 55-56). What would become of the world were it not for the noble Christian women who in all ages have followed and loved Jesus Christ? We rejoice to read of Helena, the mother of the first Christian emperor, Constantine, and of Monica, the mother of Augustine. And we remember the noble women who have made service on the battlefields and in the hospitals a holy occupation. What reverence we should have for all women! How for a mother of us the remembrance of a mother has made strong the effort to be good! And no Easter day and no Easter service is complete without

the story of the faithful women who first saw the Risen Christ. And then we think of that walk to Emmaus (St. Luke xxiv, 13-27) and the wonderful conversation, culminating in the evening meal, after the disciples had spoken those pleading words, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent"; words which Dr. Lyte has brought in helpfully to so many weary hearts in his inspired hymn:

"Abide with me: fast fall the evening-tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."  
He vanished out of their sight as He blessed and broke the bread and gave it to them; but they never could forget those hours when He walked with them and talked with them and told them they were His own; and that bread which He gave them was indeed food from Heaven. So He talks to us and feeds us and gives us courage and strength to go forward and live, and He is with us always and gives us of His own life.

We recall that Easter night when the Lord appeared to the disciples in the upper room and cried: "Peace be unto you!" That was a wonderful night, indeed, and the disciples' sorrow was turned into joy, for they saw the Lord with their own eyes. Yet our joy can even be greater, for a week later in the same place and at the same hour He said to Thomas: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." We have not seen Him, and oh, what a joy it will be! But we believe in Him and we believe in His resurrection even now, and His truth brightens all the way that leads from earth to heaven.

And then finally, we turn to that wonderful chapter in St. John's gospel (21) when He appears on the shore of the Galilean lake in the early morning and cheers the weary fishermen and feeds them with a meal which He has prepared with His own glorified hands. That was a feast indeed, and all homekeepers should rejoice in the preparation of their meals when they recall how the Lord of Heaven Himself set that wonderful breakfast before His apostles. Still the Easter wonders were not completed. For after they had eaten the Christ made the pleading appeal to Peter, showing that above all else, and as the only power to do good and be good, the heart must be alive; "Lovest thou Me?" And He repeats the appeal three times, as if to impress upon all His children in all ages the great desire of their Saviour and Friend to be loved. For surely, all the great truths of the Gospel, the truth of the Cross and the truth of the Resurrection, can profit us nothing unless we can cry with all our hearts: "My Jesus, I love Thee!"



## AN EASTER SURPRISE

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

For three days before Easter Sunday the Patterson children had been teasing their little sister Barbara to tell them where to look for her hen's nest; but little Barbara would not do it. She laughed about it and danced straight up and down but would not tell.

"I have found a hen's nest! I have found a hen's nest full of eggs; ten or eleven eggs!" was all that she would say.

"The queer thing about it," said brother Jimmy, "is that not one of us big children can find a hidden nest. We have hunted and we have hunted, and we have hunted all over the farm, but this year the hens haven't been stealing nests so often as they do usually. Do tell us where your nest is, sis, so we can find it too!"

Barbara opened her mouth wide, but instead of laughing she made a funny little joyful sound in her throat and shook her head.

"I believe Barbara has found a rabbit's nest by the way she smiles," said big sister Susan.

"I have found a hen's nest!" repeated Barbara. Then she went marching round singing:

"A hen's nest!  
A hen's nest!  
A hen's nest full of eggs!"

"Please, Jimmy," she begged, "please go up in the loft and get the eggs and bring them to us in my little basket that I left up there."

So early on that Easter morning Jimmy went away whistling. He came back softly singing his favorite Easter hymn.

"I didn't find an egg!" said he. "There wasn't an egg there."

"Then what is in Barbara's little basket?" asked sister Madge. "You carry it as if you wouldn't let it drop for anything."

"The basket is full of an Easter surprise," Jimmy answered, "and Barbara can look first."

When little Barbara peeped into that basket she was so delighted that she couldn't talk for a minute. Instead of eggs there were eleven little downy yellow chicks cuddled in the basket, all saying, "Peep, peep, peep," because they were hungry.

Then Barbara said with a happy smile, "They are our little resurrection chickens—little Easter-Sunday-think-about-the-resurrection chickens."

"Why, so they are!" agreed Jimmy. In church during the Easter service that morning Jimmy looked at his happy little sister now and then and smiled, and once he put one hand over the other as if he were cuddling a little chicken.—Youth's Companion

## The Forty Days.

If I could be  
Alone, my Lord, with Thee—  
Alone with Thee upon the mountain ways,  
And watch beside Thee all the forty days,  
Echo Thy prayers,  
There where no human cares  
And no distracting thoughts could come between  
My soul and Thee, divine, austere,  
serene!

Remember then  
Thy tempted fellow men!  
Unshaken stand beside us when we fall;  
O Strength! make strong our weakness,  
hear our call!  
Help us to count  
The days upon the Mount  
Each one a little closer to Thy side  
Even through Thy Passion to Thine  
Easteride!  
—Dorothy Frances Gurney.

## Easter.

Easter is a supreme church festival, but all that Easter means is not to be expressed in any religious ceremonial however beautiful and inspiring it may be.

In song, in sermon, in floral radiance, in gay, new raiment stress is laid on the central and paramount idea of the day. For a miracle of resurrection is not to be thought of as the closed incident of nearly two thousand years ago. It is to-day's recurrent episode. We marvel not that we must be born again. In every life, like the rustle of wings, the stir of the leaves or the rise of the sap, there may be a fresh awakening to a knowledge of possibilities that were realized in us, which must now be realized in what we are and what we do.

Easter tells us to put off the evil, shameful things; to "slough the dress of earth"; to supplant the old Adam with a better man. Its doctrine is that of trying again and again; its gospel is the comfortable assurance of a second chance, and innumerable chances after that.

For what is all the preaching and teaching of Easter if it does not tell us that, often as we have tried and failed, hope and love, faith and charity survive and never leave us and never let us go?

To those who are sad, or sick, or lonely, the message and the meaning of Easter in particular are dedicated. The day was meant peculiarly for the discouraged ones, Easter says forever that in the worst of fortunes men have found their stepping-stones to go onward and upward; the victory is never with the grave of buried hopes and resolutions; and out of Death itself Life springs eternally.

## An Easter Song in Italy.

The gentle sun of gentle spring  
Was over Venice; in St. Mark's,  
'Twas Easter morning, all the lights  
Were sparkling on the wall, the larks  
Were sparkling in the air; the whites  
And golds upon the bishop's gown  
Like little birds flashed up and down;  
The jewel in the bishop's ring,  
With all the candles from the shrine  
Reflected in it, was a small  
Cathedral for his Grace to fall  
Upon his knees within and call  
In privacy upon the Lord—  
To share with him the bread and wine  
To share with him the living Word.  
—D. L. Kelcher.

## Two Bunnies With a Basket.

Two bunnies with a basket,  
All in the April weather,  
Fell out about the eggs they had,  
And would not walk together.  
The wind blew in their ears, and then  
They chuckled and were friends again,  
All in the April weather.

Easter Egg's Varied Meaning.  
The Easter egg is characteristic of many races, each of which has invested it with a particular belief or custom.

# The Sunday School Lesson

## The Resurrection of Christ—1 Cor. 15. 12-20.

PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION—(1) HISTORICAL, 12-14; (2) MORAL, 15-16; (3) RELIGIOUS, 17-20.

INTRODUCTION.—Some Christians at Corinth had become perplexed and doubtful concerning the possibility of the resurrection of the dead, and St. Paul writes this chapter to reassure them, and to teach them once again that Jesus' own resurrection is the proof and guarantee of the full restoration of life to all who believe in, and belong to him. It must be remembered that these Corinthian Christians had all been converts from heathenism, and had not enjoyed, like the Jews, the inestimable advantage of an earlier training in truths like the resurrection. They were familiar with the Greek thought of the immortality of the spirit, but the body had not been secured in their eyes as it was in the eyes of the Jewish people, and hence they had not the same triumphant faith that body as well as spirit would survive the coming of Christ. God means through Christ to raise the whole personality of the believer from death, and to give the spirit a body suited to it.

I. Resurrection in the full sense is guaranteed by the resurrection of Jesus himself, vs. 12-14. St. Paul solemnly recites the list of those to whom the revelation of the risen Lord was granted (vs. 1-11), and then shows that this experience of Christ's resurrection removes all doubts as to the possibility of the resurrection of the dead in general. Such doubts are nothing else than a denial of the whole testimony of the apostles. Besides this, they cut at the roots of the faith which the Corinthians themselves have put in Jesus Christ. They are only deceiving themselves, if the dead are not raised.

II. The doubts of the Corinthians are also a direct denial of the good faith of the apostles, vs. 15, 16. The apostles have proclaimed, in season and out of season, that God has raised Jesus, and if this fact is questioned, the apostles are made out to be "false witnesses of God." But it is to be thought that the apostles would thus wish to deceive the souls of men? Surely not. Here, then, we have a moral argument based on the sincerity and good faith of the whole apostolic band. Collectively, the apostles stand for the resurrection of the dead.

III. Finally, the Corinthians should ask themselves if in their own religious experience they have not a sufficient proof of the resurrection of the dead. Whence came their own religion, the assurance that their sins are forgiven, their confidence regarding the blessed safety of departed brethren? They say, "It is with those who have died in Christ," but how can this be "if Christ has not been raised"? They say, "Your faith is vain," and instead of being redeemed, "you are still in your sins."

For what is the worth of a salvation that promises nothing beyond this poor present world, v. 19?

Thus, historical, moral and religious considerations unite to make the resurrection of the dead a sure and certain part of our faith. The resurrection is, in fact, the keystone of the Christian religion.

## While it Was Yet Dark.

BY JENNIE PENDLETON HALL.

The opening leaves that Easter morn  
In Joseph's garden place  
Shook in a wind that smelled of spring  
And cooled the Master's face.  
Still rapt with death, still bright with Heaven,  
His kind eyes looked to see  
The women with their spices come  
For loving ministry.

Now the best seal, the angel voice,  
The Magdalen had spread  
Among His friends, but wandered back  
Only half comforted.  
When, standing mid her scattered spice,  
She looked, and One stood near,  
And richer than Heaven's chorals fell  
His "Mary!" on her ear.

## When You Entertain at Easter.

Like Christmas, the celebrations of Easter all cluster around certain well-founded traditions.

A very pretty and jolly evening's entertainment may be developed around the colored-egg idea. For decorating the rooms use streamers of crepe paper of all the bright Easter egg colors. These should be woven in lattice work to form a canopy, and from the centre of the room, where the streamers meet, suspend a cluster of colored candy eggs, each attached to a narrow ribbon of the same color. There should be as many eggs as guests.

For the refreshment table use as a centerpiece a large nest filled with colored eggs, the attached ribbons radiating to all sides of the table. To the ends of the ribbons that hang over the edge of the table, attach bunnies cut from colored cards and on each bunny write the name of a guest. The nest is carefully guarded by a white rabbit.

When ready to serve the refreshments each guest is requested to find his card, follow the ribbon to the egg at the other end, and on the egg will be written the name of the partner, the hostess having carefully selected the partners beforehand.

## Bleeding-Heart (Delytra Spectabilis).

No garden small or great is complete without a plant or a clump of the old-fashioned bleeding-heart (delytra spectabilis). A clump ten or twelve feet across, in full bloom, seen in the grounds of Government House, Ottawa, will long be remembered. This old-fashioned hardy perennial grows in bush-like form to a height of from two to three feet. The fleshy stems, which are well covered with fern-like leaves, appear in profusion from the roots and gracefully droop outward in a symmetrical circle, producing a fountain-like effect. The blooming period is in May and June extending even to a later date, particularly in moist cool seasons. The plants at their best are covered with a profusion of bloom, the heart-shaped light pink flowers having a protruding white petal.

This species is by far the most handsome of its tribe, and will grow and flower in partial shade or an open sunny situation. In the shade they do not flower so freely as in the open, but the flowers are larger and last longer, and the foliage is more luxuriant and graceful.

Whether grown in sunny or shady places the bleeding-heart should be given a very deep, well enriched soil, and if at all possible a mulch of some light littery material as soon as the ground commences to freeze up in December. When this is removed in early spring let a good supply of well rotted stable manure or pulverized sheep manure be carefully dug in around the plants, just as soon as they start into growth.—Can. Hort. Council.

## The Carpenter.

Saw and hammer, O Carpenter—  
And Thy fellows took a Tree  
To fashion a cross for Thee.

At night, the voice of Thy mother,  
And the sweet and homely food—  
It was vigejar on the rood.

Sun in the hair of children,  
Who to the doorway came;  
Left for that death of shame,  
Labor and home and children;  
Yet when Thou put them by,  
Then were they lifted high.

Guard Thou my labor, O Carpenter,  
That I build no cross of pain,  
And, O Thou Son, remain

In this house where the children are  
Playing,  
By that most bitter Tree  
Lift us to God in Thee  
—Gladys Mary Hazel.

## MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT, I DESIRE TO WRITE  
A LETTER BUT I'VE GOT  
WRITER'S CRAMP. WILL  
YOU HELP ME OUT?

Guard Thou my labor, O Carpenter,  
That I build no cross of pain,  
And, O Thou Son, remain

In this house where the children are  
Playing,  
By that most bitter Tree  
Lift us to God in Thee  
—Gladys Mary Hazel.

# HOT CROSS BUNS

"Hot cross buns, hot cross buns!  
One a-penny, two a-penny, hot cross buns;  
If you haven't any daughters, give 'em to your sons."

So runs the old couplet; but whether there are sons or daughters, be very sure that the entire family will warmly welcome a platter of these same delicious buns served piping hot on Good Friday morning.

In fact, they are such good eating and so hearty in character that with fruit, plenty of good butter and the morning cup of coffee they will furnish a most excellent breakfast for perhaps the most rigid fast day of the whole year.

The following recipe is an old English one that has come down through generations of Devonshire housewives, and if the directions are carefully followed the results will be genuine hot cross buns:

ENGLISH HOT CROSS BUNS.

Meat two tablespoons of butter in one cup of scalded milk and add one tablespoon of sugar and half a teaspoon of salt. When the mixture is lukewarm add half a yeast cake dissolved in a quarter of a cup of tepid water and about one and a half cups of flour. Beat well and let rise overnight. In the morning beat down, add one lightly beaten egg, half a cup each of chopped seeded raisins and currants, a quarter of a cup of shredded citron and four tablespoons of minced candied orange peel, with flour to form a soft dough that can be kneaded. Knead lightly, roll out, cut in rounds and lay in a greased pan. Let rise again until they have doubled in size and make a deep cross in the centre of each. Bake about half an hour, and when done, glaze lightly with white egg beaten with a little powdered sugar.

These buns are equally good toasted, or they may be split open, toasted and buttered.

## The Columbine.

A perennial border without the columbine (Aquilegia) is incomplete. The columbine is one of the older of the perennials, that is to say, it was a flower in the gardens of our forebears generations ago. It is a native to Canada and is to be found in most of the provinces flourishing and blooming each spring.

A scattering of the wild columbine makes a lovely impression in a perennial border. It is low-growing, produces a rosy bloom, and practically disappears soon after the flowering season.

There are several species of the columbine, varying in type of color but with little variation in growth except some kinds and varieties are stronger growing than others. The different varieties known to cultivation combine at once the most striking in form, with colors the most striking and beautiful. The long spurred hybrid are considered to be the finest, the various colored flowers, pink, white and yellow, and shades of blue, have them choose up. There should be a signal the players begin hunting for player finds one, instead of picking it up, he or she must stand by it and cackle until the captain and it comes and secures the egg and places it in the nest. The side having the most eggs at the end of a given time, wins.

Blindfold the guests, one at a time, hand them a pair of scissors, turn them around so they will lose their sense of direction and request them to gender an egg from the shower suspended in the centre of the room. If they succeed in clipping a ribbon the large candy egg becomes theirs.

An egg race is lots of fun and is conducted just like a potato race, using colored hard-boiled or candy eggs instead of potatoes.

Have drawn on large sheets of white cardboard the outlines of an egg. Blindfold a guest hand him a piece of red crayon and ask him to draw in the features—eyes, mouth, nose and cardboard being provided each time, using candy eggs instead of marbles, very amusing as the eggs are so shaped they will not roll where you sometimes becomes very exciting to both spectators and contestants.

Pretty souvenirs may be made by the hostess beforehand as follows: Crochet a little square, Attach eight inch lengths of ribbon to each corner. Suspend eggshells in these squares. Fill with cotton and sprinkle with flax or mustard seed. If these are kept damp they will soon be green and pretty.

# The Automobile

## BRAKE TROUBLE CAUSE

There are few more vicious things on earth than a motor car out of control. The most important factors in securing control are the brakes. It is not too much to say that an owner has no moral right to take an automobile out on a public highway without being reasonably certain that the brakes of his car are in condition to meet any emergency. Attention to a few simple matters will assure the desired results.

One matter that should be given a habit in maintaining an automobile is to test the brakes each time when taking out the car. This can be done by throwing out the clutch and applying the brakes. If they do not appear to be working effectively fix them or get them repaired at the earliest possible moment. The small trouble or cost of repairing broken fender or the smashed part of some one else's car that you may crash into because the brakes will not hold.

Know surely that there is a great type brake lining, also that it is properly installed. Some linings are too soft and some are too thin. The may easily become matted and will not need constant adjustment. Good linings are usually woven with plenty of asbestos and copper wires.

It usually takes a good auto mechanic to properly install brake linings. It is necessary that the linings be adequately stretched to avoid wrinkling. Also the rivets must be properly sunk, so the metal of the rivets will not score the brake drum, thereby causing the brakes to fall to hold as they should.

## AVOID SQUEAKING BRAKES.

Squeaking brakes are a nuisance which can be avoided by proper adjustment. This annoyance can often be stopped by removing the wheels and roughening the brake lining with a file. The brake mechanism should be wiped off and oiled once every 500 miles of driving.

Many accidents are due to faulty adjustment or application of brakes, consequently it is the duty of every car owner to make a systematic brake inspection regularly. For instance, the loss of so small an instrument as a cotter pin may lead to serious accident.

Brakes should not be allowed to drag, for dragging heats them, wears

## George spends most of his time at your house now, doesn't he?

"Yes, and most of his money on him."

## Many Kinds of Religion.

Edward Lyulph Stanley, Lord Sheffield, died in London recently, at the age of 86 years. The family of Lord Sheffield had a remarkable diversity of religious belief. The late Peer was a rigid Anglican. His brother, who succeeded to the title in 1903, was a Mohammedan, and another brother, Honorable and Right Rev. Montagu Algernon Charles Stanley, is the Roman Catholic Bishop of Exeter. Lord Sheffield's daughter, Hon. Venetia Stanley, adopted Jewry on becoming engaged to N. S. Montagu, whom she married in 1915. She is now a widow, her husband having died Nov. 15 last. A sister is a devoted social and sectarian worker in that curious quarter of London called Soho.

## The Carpenter.

Saw and hammer, O Carpenter—  
And Thy fellows took a Tree  
To fashion a cross for Thee.

At night, the voice of Thy mother,  
And the sweet and homely food—  
It was vigejar on the rood.

Sun in the hair of children,  
Who to the doorway came;  
Left for that death of shame,  
Labor and home and children;  
Yet when Thou put them by,  
Then were they lifted high.

Guard Thou my labor, O Carpenter,  
That I build no cross of pain,  
And, O Thou Son, remain

In this house where the children are  
Playing,  
By that most bitter Tree  
Lift us to God in Thee  
—Gladys Mary Hazel.

## MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT, I DESIRE TO WRITE  
A LETTER BUT I'VE GOT  
WRITER'S CRAMP. WILL  
YOU HELP ME OUT?

Guard Thou my labor, O Carpenter,  
That I build no cross of pain,  
And, O Thou Son, remain

In this house where the children are  
Playing,  
By that most bitter Tree  
Lift us to God in Thee  
—Gladys Mary Hazel.