"You mean you'll send to Philadel-

"Never you mind what I mean!"

"Humph!" said Fitzroy. "If som

folks choose to be reticent, others can

"Just as you please!" said Syming-

Fitzroy hugged himself. He had

the best excuse in the world now for

not telling his rival about the leaky

punt he had discovered under Farmer

come from the florist's, all packed in

wet cotton, to-morrow evening. I'll

be up at sunrise, and bring the flow-

Mr. Symington went to the railroad

station and sent a note to Philadel-

phia by the conductor of the evening

train-just precisely as Ferdinand

Fitzroy slept, with his watch in his

passed the young man's door. Ferdin

and's heart thrilled with triumph as

Cool and fresh, and wax-like, glim-

mered the lilles in the purple flush of

the glorious midsummer dawn; sweet

and clear echoed the songs of the rob-

ins and thrushes in the alder boughs

"Bring on your boat, my lad," said Fitzroy to the boy who sat waiting on

"Her leaks a bit," hesitated the boy.

Dad, he nalled a piece of oilcloth in

"Nonsense," said Fitzrey. "Here

give me the oars! Now steer, and don't let's hear any more of your non-

sense. Whoop! Hurrah!-here we are!"

The stern of the boat ran into the

mat of water-lilles with a soft rustle

of crushing greenery. Fitzroy caught greedly at the many-blossom cups

and half-open buds, pure as if they

"This is something like." panted he,

'If only Symington could see me now!

Hold on, though! I must have yonder

Rising up in the bont, he leaned over

"I will have it," he muttered, with

"Oh, take care, sir!" squeaked the

royal blossom-still it evaded him.

into the still and shining water.

You ain't drowned-nor you ain't

hurt. It's nothin' on airth but a good

be indicted for coaxin' anybody to go

dressed in an old blue-flannel dress-

ing gown which belonged to that gen-

tleman's father, a frilled night-cap

tied about his ears, his feet thrust in-

stocking tied about his neck-Mrs.

Westwood's panacea for all possible and impossible allments.

here's the sage tea. Drink it now, like

clock, "I'm such a 'Judy of a sight!"

At that instant Olive Harcourt came

in, robed in a cool white muslin, her

"Mrs. Westwood-" she began.

And then, struck with an irresist-

ble sense of the ludicrous, she burst

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Fitzroy." she

so exactly like the picture of Little

homeopathic remedies, in case you should have taken cold."

And she ran out again, nearly chok-

Fitzroy, scarlet with mortification

at once perceived how the matter

stood. They had taken him, in the

head of Olive Harcourt! And about in

the same moment the glib voice of

John Symington sounded on the rose-

"Ah, Miss Harcourt, the gods them

selves have rained down gifts upon

"Water-lilles! Ob. what beautles!"

"I found them lying on the shore of

ome water nymph has heard your

"And I-am I not to have my re-

The voices grew louder, and more

arnest, as they receded, and Ferdin-

"Take some more sage tea?" said and the price is \$1500.

and Fitzrop gave a great from the

the river, near an old overturned boat.

longings and gratifies them thus!"

ng with renewed laughter.

us! See what I have got!"

"Oh, I am so glad!"

depths of his heart,

cried out Olive, rapturously.

vrenthed porch.

were carved in pearl.

great, shining flower!"

reckless plunge.

bont-that they ought."

your face."

see you except-"

out laughing.

er bottom, but it ain't no good."

e heard the somnolent sounds.

Fitzroy had conjectured he would.

ers, all wet with dew, as a morning offering to Olive's breakfast table;

and he may laugh who wins.

phia, where they're blossoming away

as thick as peas, close to you?"

《《西班班》(西班班班班班班班班班)

WHITE WATER = LILIES.

By Helen Forrest Graves,

their price in gold!"

Symington retorted.

be equally so!"

ton, laughing.

him unawares.

water.

the shore.

THE sunset was just penciling | "I never was in such an outlandish place in all my life!" said Symington. lines of zigzag gold athwart the purple-black clouds that "But I'll get her some lilles if I pay were piled along the west; the white mist lay, like a shadow of fleecy pearl, over the line of the little alder-fringed river; and the train from New York, after a minute's stop, flung out its black banner of smoke, and glided swiftly on, gradually accelerating its speed, as it moved out of sight.

Only two passengers for Cruxbor ough. It was no fashlonable summering place like Saratoga, Cape May, or even Clifton Springs, but there were few evenings when there were not at least half a dozen to spring from the platform of the New York

To-night, however, two only were visible-two who stood staring at each other with a sort of unwilling recog-

"It's never you, Flizroy?" said one, in a pearl-colored summer suit, with an expensive Panama hat and gloves of the palest primrose tint.

"Bless me, Symington, who expect ed to see you here, of all places in the world?" ejaculated Mr. Fitzroy, who was attired in immaculate white, with a dainty sole-leather valise in one Band, and a cigar in the other.

Both young men looked decidedly sheepish, as they might have done were both very small boys, detected by their maternal ancestors in the very act of stealing sugar from the top shelf in the cupboard.

"There's a hotel here, I suppose?" said Symington, gazing dubiously around at the two or three houses, the church and the miscellaneous store which constituted the village of Cruxborough.

"Why, of course," responded Fitzroy, who was of a sanguine disposi-

And both the gentlemen adjourned to the hotel-a one-story building. with a barroom of disproportionate size-to remove the dust of travel and smoke the eigar of pence, or rath er of truce.

Both John Symington and Ferdinand Fitzroy had come on the same errand-to see Olive Harcourt, the belle and beauty, who had come to Cruxborough to recruit her roses for the next Philadelphia season.

Miss Harcourt had supposed that Cruxborough would afford her a safe retreat from admirers and bores alike but she was mistaken. True love will find its way through bolts and bars, and it is not likely that a few miles of wood and swamp will prove any obstacle. At all events, it did not in the individual instances of Mr. Symington and his friend, Ferdinand Fitz

Olive Harcourt was not surprised to see them the next day, as she sat sketching on the slope of a hill.

"How is old Philadelphia?" she in quired, "hot and dusty as ever?" "Well, yes," said Symington: "but

it has its advantages. Don't you find it very dull here?" "Not so very," Miss Harcourt an swered. "I'm in a farm house-the sweetest old elm-shaded spot you ever

(But she did not invite Mr. Symington to come there, Fitzroy observed, with delight.)

"Any pretty places around here?" Symington asked, with simulated ease of manner.

"Oh, plenty of 'em! By-the-way, can either of you swim?" cried Olive, her deep blue eyes sparkling into sudden brightness.

Mr. Symington unwillingly owned that he could not-neither, it appeared, could Mr. Fitzroy.

"Of course not! Nobody even can do what I want 'em to do!" ponted Olive. "There are some of the sweetest water-lilies you ever saw just out in the stream, and I do so want a few to model in wax."

"Are they far? Perhaps I could reach 'em with the hook of my cane?" suggested Symington.

"No, you couldn't," said Olive, im patiently. "But I'll go and show them to you, all the same. I'd give anything in the world for some of them?" "Anything?" repeated Symington.

laughing. "Yes, anything!" said Olive, with a

She knew she was safe enough. Just where the River Croix makes a little bend around the abrupt slopes of a tiny island, sweeping into the broader and bluer expanse beyond, lay the tangle of broad green leaves, float- at last enunciated; "but you do look ing serenely, starred here and there with the cream-white cups of the

superb water-lilies. "Oh, see them!" cried Olive, longing ly clasping her hands together. "If I could only get one-just one!"

Mr. Fitzroy looked at Mr. Syming ton; Mr. Symington eyed the far-off lilles. Both of them wished themselves crocodiles, water-rats, speckled full tide of his ill-luck, to the very trout-anything, in fact, which could farm house that sheltered the fair

"Very pretty," said Symington. "Upon my word, superb!" said Fitz-

They continued their walk over the crest of the hill to see a enseade, which was the only curiosity about Craxborough, and then down by a rumed paper-mill, which was considered picturesque; and then home. "About those water-lilles?" said Sy

mington, meditatively. "Yes," said Fitzroy, "she must have some water-lilles." "And the man that gets them stands

the best in her good graces, ch?" "So it would appear." Both young men went back to their hestery, and made diligent inquiry—separately, however, and without collusion—about a boat. No such

quatic convenience was to be had, it

appeared, our investigation,

O it was long ago that I
O beyed that sweet, that fond old cry
Of "Willie, dear, come in!"
And ob, I would that I could be
A child again, back there, and she
Remained to call me in!—
Ah, when my cares are put away,
When I am through with toil and play,
Shall I, up there, hear mother say,
In loving tones, "Come in!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald. medicine for the mind diseased-and that was what alled Mr. Fitzroy. He had sown, and another had reaped: he had risked his life, not to mention having made himself supremely ridie ulous, for the very water-lilies where with John Symington was now plend

"'Inconstancy, thy name is wom an!"" ground Fitzroy, gulping down the scalding-hot tea. "Here, get me my own clothes! I'm going to Phila delphia by the next train!"

Mrs. Westwood. "Nothing like sage

But alas, not even sage tea is a

tea for the gripes."

ing suit.

"But, sir, they ain't dry." "I don't care if they are as wet as Noah's great-coat. I won't wear these things another minute."

He persisted in his determination, The consequence was a six-weeks' in fluenza, at the end of which he received cards for Mr. and Mrs. Symingon's first wedding reception.

"What fools people are!" said the succeling philosopher.-Saturday Night.

Death Takes Them Off Quickly. It is a peculiarity of the members of the royal family that, however healthy and hearty they may have been, yet let them be once attacked by serious illness in advanced middle life or old age, and the malady quickly proves fatal.

The Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, was the strongest among strong Hatheway's old barn.
"He'll send to Philadelphia tonight," thought he. "His lilles will men, and never had an hour's illness in his life, but at the age of fifty-two he died at Sidmouth of a severe cold after a few days' illness, which was caused by his sitting with wet feet after taking a walk in the rain.

George III, was declared by his doc tor to be likely to live for several months, or perhaps years, but within a week he was attacked with some illness of old age and dled in a few

The Duke of York, as strong and healthy a man as his brother, the Duke of Kent, caught a chill while on a visit hand, lest sunrise should steal on to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir, was seized afterward by illness, broke And, early next morning, Symington down all at once, and died in three was snoring comfortably as Fitzroy months.

George IV. was expected to live for years in the early part of 1830, but he broke up exactly in the same manner as his brother.

William IV, died in ten days from hay fever, after having been for seventy-two years a most healthy and vigorous man. The same thing happened that dipped their green fingers in the with other members of the family of George III .- London Truth.

John's Cue is Doomed.

According to a resident of China town, the statesmen of the flowery kingdom are now considering the advisability of altering the Chinese law which requires Mongolians to wear cues. The local informant is authority for the statement that the Chinese wore their hair American fashion some 300 years ago, at which time they like wise wore garments similar to those in use in this country to-day. With a new emperor came an alteration in the two fashions, and ever since cues and blouses have been quite the proper thing.

Now there is a great agitation for a change back to the old style. The Chinese are of a practical turn of mind, and insist that too much time is re nearly his whole length to reach the quired to dress their long braids. There is considerable objection to the style now in vogue, and so persistent for a change has become the demand that i is likely the law establishing the style of head-dress will be altered. It is But his counsel came too late. The stated that the Chinese will not wear their hair long, but that their heads boat gave a lurch. Fitzroy lost his balance, and over he went-splashwill be kept shaven. Only indefinite rumors of the proposed change have peen received from the old country "Dear heart alive, sir, don't fret! but local Chinese express the belle? that the present unpopular style will be abolished. - Portland (Ore.) Telescare; and them Hatheways ought to

gram. Scheme of Slow-Coming Firemer

out in their old leaky, rattle-trap of a Those who see the fire horses leaving their stalls when the fire bell Mr. Fitzroy sat in a big rocking strikes have probably noticed that the chair in Farmer Westwood's kitchen, animals stand under the harness until the firemen come to fasten it. In one of the houses there is a horse that stands well if there is a man on the floor, but if there is no one there the to coarse carpet slippers, and a woolen horse will run back to the stall and will have to be led out again. A driver who was once connected with No. Company says that he has tried all "Here's the mustard plaster," said kinds of schemes to break the horse of Mrs. Westwood, triumphantly. "And this habit, but has been unsuccessful. Several times men were concealed on a darling good gentleman, and then the floor, and the horse was sent out. I'll get a sponge and wash the mud off It seems that he located the men lo sense of smell, and when those tests "But I say, look here!" sputtered were made the animal always stood Fitzroy, getting a chance glimpse of in his proper position. Michael Ward, himself in the little asparagus-shadof the truck company, has hit upon a owed mirror that hung below the plan that will fool such a horse. It is to rig up a dummy the size of a man. "Oh, never mind," purred benign with false whiskers and a cap, and Mrs. Westwood. "There's nobody to have an electric wire connected with the figure, so that when the alarm is given and the doors open, the dummy will be made to sway gently as if im golden hair floating around her like a bued with life. It is expected that the horse, seeing this, will suppose it is a fireman .- Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

Believed at Last He Was Swindled. "Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping mer Red Riding Hood's grandmother! I rily. "Ethel, I have something to say only came in to offer my box of

They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not arrived when she did all the saying. "Do you remember the day on which I proposed

"Yes," she replied, "I will never for get it."

"Do you remember," he went on, as be abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how, when I rang the bell, you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough, and said you thought it was your liftle brother who wanted to get in?"

"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded, as a guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me tha cictim

Morocco has taken a first step re ward civilization. The Sultan has or dered a set of Highland bagpipes from a Glasgow firm. They are probably the most costly ever made in Scotland. as the mountings are in 18-carat gold CHRIST IS RISEN!

is where the City of Boston perlaned. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central American went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of bedy and soul. Out on prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash goes Westminster Abbey, and the poeta and the orators come forth! Wonderful mingling of good and had. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarche come forth. Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the Lesson Embodied in Our Saviour's Resurrection.

Awaiting the Day When "All Who Are in Thele Graves Shall Come Forth."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The great Christian festival celebrated in all the churches is the theme of Dr. Talmage's discourse: I Corinthians xv. 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland to this very day there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens, and well may we forgive such a superstition, which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the soiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilles, and I hear it say: "Consider the lilles of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper, "I am the rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying, "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall the not much more clothe you, O'Thowers! Braid them into the bride's failer. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the resurrection. Flowers! Growers the chorus of flowers, saying, "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall the not much more clothe you, O'Thowers! Braid them into the bride's failer flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the service of the resurrection. Flowers! The word of the resurrection flowers and for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "Glory he promises of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection flowers in the beginning, is of the feath of the flowers of this Easter morn. The two should be promise to be should be sho

ment of the mortal

throne

no man on the sea, an abandone

times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an ahandoned
ship plowing through immensity. Again
and again has he done this work with all
generations. He is a monarch as well as
a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his
fountains the falling tears of a world.
Blessed he God in the light of this
Easter morning! I see the prophecy that
his scepter shall be broken and his palace
shall be demolished. The hour is coming
when all who are in their graves shall rise.
Jesus, "the first fruits of them that slept."
Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say, "If the
bodies of the dead are to be raised, how
is this and how is that?" And you ask
me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer. But there are a great
many things you believe that you are not
able to explain. You would be a very
foolish man to say, "I won't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting
down one kind of flower seed, comes there
up this flower of this color? Why, putting
down another flower seed, comes there up
a flower of this color? One flower
white, another flower seed, comes there up
a flower of this color? One flower
white, another flower seed, comes there up
a flower of this color? The flower
er crimson. Why the difference when
the seeds look to be very much alike—are
very much alike? Explain these things;
explain that wart on the finger; explain
the difference—why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell
me how the Lord Almighty can turn the
chariot of His omnipotence on a rose leaf.
You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a
thousand quositions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a
thousand quositions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a
thousand quositions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a
thousand quositions about everyday life
you cannot answer. I will ask you a
thousand quositio

You say that "the human body changes every seven years and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the resurrection, which will come up." You say: "A man will die and his body cram ble into the dust and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable. Men eat the animal may eat the vegetable. Men eat the animal. In the resurrection that body distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them. I do not pretend to an swer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's word, "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection, that almost every secount of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know that it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum, where silence has reigned a thousand years, that vo'ce must never

the mausoleum, where silence has reigned a thousand years, that voice must nene-trate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must nenetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will core: "Give us back our bodies. We gave them to you in corruption. Surrender them now in incorruption. Surrender them now in incorruption. Hundreds of spirits hovering about the fields of tlettysburg for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to (iccentwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunton of body and son!

All along the sen route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, decarted spirits coming back, hovering over the wayo. There

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

nternational Lesson Comments For April 14.

Subject: Jesus Appears to Mary, John xx., 11-18--Golden Text, Rev. L. 18--Memory Verses, 16-18--Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

ging of good and had. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarche come forth. Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel or the clatter of the hoofs of a procession massing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the set. Silence But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumper comes pealing, rolling, crashing across the mountain and sea, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the sea, and Ostend and Sevastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the luvid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks shove the billow, and all the land and all the sea beroom one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direction and upon one throne, the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you sav, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body." I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body in the land. 11. "Mary." This was Mary Magdalen, out of whom the Lord had cast seven devils. The epithet "Magdalene," whatever may be its meaning, seems chosen for the express purpose of distinguishing her from all other Marys. "Stood without." Peter and John going (v. 10) commends Mary's staying. To the grave she came before them; from the grave she came before them; from the grave she went to tell them; to the grave she returns with them; at the grave she returns with them; at the grave she returns with them; To stay while others stay is the world's love; to stay when all are gone is constant love. "Weeping." She had great love for her Lord; He had done much for her. "Stooped down." Because she was anxious to see whether she might not, after all, be mistaken about the absence of the body. She stooped because the top of the entrance was so low that she could not otherwise obtain a near view of the inside of the tomb. "The sepulchre." The sepulchre seems to have been a square room hewn out of a rock, partly above ground, its roof being as high as the top of the door, which formed its entrance.

12. "Two angels." Peter and John did not see the angels. The angels' presence showed the Divine hand and care. They were ministering spirits to comfort those who were in such great sorrow and need.

this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body, it will be a clorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite status that was ever made by an artist and chio it here and chip it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human hody has been chipped and battered and hruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years, the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations.

But in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorred and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emacated wretch in a lazaret to as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms. There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study; there you will see the perfect hand after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles; there you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the vere life of God in the body. In this world the most expressive thing is the human face, but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years. But in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming plories of the countenances of the savel. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate or look up toward the throne, it will be air mmortal body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said showed the Divine hand and care. They were ministering spirits to comfort those who were in such great sorrow and need, and they gave explanation of what had been done, no one else being able. The supposed discrepancies in the number of angels seen is explained by Lessing. The whole grave, the whole region about the grave was invisibly swarming with angels. There were not only two angels, but many of them. Sometimes one appears and sometimes another; at different places and speaking different things. "In white." This was an emblem of purity. See Rev. 19. 8.

13. "Why weepest thou?" Are you

This was an emblem of purity. See Rev. 19: 8.

13. "Why weepest thou?" Are you quite sure that this empty tomb does not show that you ought to be rejoicing? "Taken away my Lord." While the other women were terrified Mary seems to have had no fear, so wholly was she taken up with her great desire of finding her Lord. She was ready to brave more heroically than ever all danger if only she might find the One she loved.

14. "Turned herself back." Still weeping she turned away from the angels. She turned to go again with the other women to Jerusalem, who had already departed, but she had not as yet gone so far as to be out of the garden. Mary was so absorbed in grief, and her syes so dimmed with tears that she failed to recognize Christ; besides, she was not expecting to see Jeaus alive, as she had no conception of His resurrection.

15. "Jesus saith unto her." This was His first appearance. He afterward appearance on this same day to the ather wom.

of His resurrection.

15. "Jesus saith unto her." This was His first appearance. He afterward appeared on this same day to the other women returning from sepulchre (Matt. 28: 9, 10), to Peter (Luke 24: 34), to two disciples going to Emmanus (Luke 24: 13-31), and to ten apostles. John 20: 19-25. "Why weepest thou?" She had cause sufficient to rejoice instead of to weep. "Whom seekest thou?" Heseeks to comfort her in her great grief. "The gardener." And therefore a servant of Joseph of Arimathea, who owned the tomb, and who, of course, would be friendly. No other person would be likely to be there at so early an hour. "Have borne Him hence." Thinking that perhaps Joseph had ordered His body taken to some other place. "I will take Him away." She would see that it was done. She would be responsible for His removal to a proper place. To think that stranger hands had cared for Him when she had brought spices for that purpose was a bitter disappointment to ber.

16. "Mary." Jesus stirred the affection

in the resurrection we will get a body immortal.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wined away, there are so many tears to be wined away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep or to take any recreation or to rest or even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people, but we all get tired. It is characteristic of the human body in this condition: we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that we are

think that stranger hands had cared for Him when she had brought spices for that purpose was a bitter disappointment to her.

16. "Mary." Jesus stirred the affection of the weeping woman at His side by uttering her own name in tones that thrilled her to the heart and created the new, sublime conviction that He had risen as He had said. What transports of joy must have filled this woman's heart! Let it be remarked that Mary sought Jesus more fervently, and continued more affectionately attached to Him than any of the rest; therefore to her first Jesus is pleased to show Himself, and she is made the first herald of the gospel of a risen Saviour. "Babboni." My Master. "A whole world of emotion and devotion in a word." As Mary uttered the word she must have endeavored to fall down at the feet of her Lord, embracing them.

17. "Touch Me not." "Cling not to Me." The translation "touch Me not" gives a false impression; the verb does not mean to "touch," but to "hold on to" and "cling to." "I sm not yet ascended." Mary appears to have held Him by the feet, and worshiped Him. Jesus says in effect: Spend no longer time with Me now; I am not going immediately to hee en; you will have several opportunities of seeing Me again; but go and tell My disciples that I am, by and by, to ascend to My Father and God, who is your Father and God also; therefore, let them take courage. Do not rest your new faith upon My corporeal life, but upon that spiritual life soon to be consummated with the Father. Then I shall receive your love, and we will resume our friendship. One touch through the Holy Ghost is worth far more than any bodily presence. To be satisfied with His being restored to life that she might be in His presence as before was to lose sight of the merits of His death. Henceforth He must be believed in and worshiped as God, for the was not to remain in a natural body. "Go to My brethren." I am clothing Myself with My eternal form; I have laid down My life that I might take it again, and use it for the highest blessedness of body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that we are going to have a body that will never grow weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fine aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb if at Thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That is a splendid resurrection hymn that we have all sung: So Jesus slept. God's dying Son Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.

Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade.
I heard of a father and son who, among others, were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after awhile lost his hold on the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state and laid on a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy.

saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy.

Oh, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us, coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, never more to weep, never more to part, never more to die.

May the God of Peace that brought sgain from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work to do His will, and let the associations of this morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. The one hundred and forty and four thousand and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude, Glorious anticipation!

Blest are the saints beloved of God. human relations with the Father, and be-came the true inspiration of all conscious-ness of God possessed by His disciples.

18. "Mary told the disciples." An apos-tle to the apostles. Mary was the first to see Jesus and the first to proclaim His resurrection. This special message was clearly given to the woman who held His feet. St. Mark tells us (chap. 16: 11) that the apostles could not believe what she said. They seem to have considered it as an effect of her troubled imagination, But they believed when they saw the Lord.

or not is to watch the motive that

draws us toward doing a thing. If we

do it because it is the fashion, or be-

cause other girls are doing it, or be-

cause we have to do it for some use

ful purpose, it is not probable that

we have a real talent for it; but if we

find ourselves doing it just because we

really love it and would rather do it

than not; if it is doing the thing itself

that attracts us, and not the eclat it

is going to give us in the eyes of oth-

ers-why, then I think we may reason-

ably conclude that God has given us a

real talent for that particular sort of

King Edward VII's Great Empire.

Exclusive of Egypt, the area of King

Edward's empire is 11,773,00) square

miles, including Egypt, about 13,000,-

000 square miles, or much over one-

fourth of the land of the globs. The

wealth of the United Kingdom alone,

part from that of India, Australia,

Blest are the saints beloved of God; Washed in their robes in Jesus's blood. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine, Their wonders splendid and sublime. One Way to Tell Talent. My soul anticipates the day, Would stretch her wings and soar away To aid the song, the palm to bear, And bow, the chief of sinners, there, One good way, I think, to judge whether we have a talent for anything

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Natural gas has been struck near Lowellville, Ohio. Barcelona, Spain, will hold an Irish cotato exhibit during .fr.y and June. Another counterfelt of the \$5 sliver ertificate, issue of 1800, has been ound.

The hegira of Western empiralists nd corporations to New York City 1; till kept up.

After having aben threatened many rears, the fordifications of Paris are at last to be destroyed. Landslides in the Apennines have destroyed entire villages, and caused considerable loss of life.

Chicago boasts of a society just or-ganized for "making things unpleas-ant for unpleasant people."

Tobacco-raising scenas likely to be-come a new and leading farm indus-ity in Northwestern Wisconsin. The Venezuelan Government has waived the duty on self-propelled ve bleles taken into that country.

EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS! April 14 . "Foundations." Matt. v.L. 24-27.

Our Lora comes to us and to all men as the absolute teacher. "Whosoever," he says, "heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man," He claims to understand life and its outcome. He allows no place for possible doubt. In the previous study the apostle Paul has revealed the wonderful change that comes to those who accept Christ as their Lord. In this Scripture the Lord himself reveals the test by which Lord himself reveals the test by which all men are to be tried. Some may claim to be alive to Christ who are not. In every age there will be those who will say, "Lord, Lord," but bear no fruit. "The language clearly imwho will say, "Lord, Lord, but bear no fruit. "The language clearly implies that there are some who profess to be Christians, who acknowledge Jesus to be the Lord and pray to him as Lord and praise him as the Lord, who nevertheless have no part in him."
"All Men Are Builders."—This is one of the great truths which our Lord indirectly declares. Not all are building wisely. But everyone is building

ing wisely. But everyone is building something. This is a truth we are all apt to forget. We are apt to think that we can pass along through life and sometimes in the last hours make everything right with God and Christ. But the truth is we are building all the while some kind of a house. "All Builders Have a Choice of

Foundation."-Every house, whatever its character, must have a foundation of some sort. It cannot be built in the air. The wise builder is revealthe air. The wise builder is reveal-ed more by his choice of a site even than by his choice of plan and mater-ial. In the mind of Christ there are just two kinds of builders—those who choose the rock and those who choose the sand. He that heareth Christ's sayings and doeth them is building his house upon the rock. Those who have not heard Christ's words but live according to their best light will find a

rock foundation somewhere, sometime, They are building on the sand who are building carelessly, thoughtlessly, All who, having heard Christ's words, do not do them are building upon the sand. And the sand represents every-

"Only One Foundation Will Stand."

—This is the point of the whole parable. Our Lord warns the people of his day and of all times that there is only one thing that will stand in that day that will try all men, namely, a character built upon him as the foun-dation rock, a character modeled after the pattern he has set. We are all building; we all have a choice of foundation, and the ability to choose what sort of structure we will build. The Lord warns us in advance that our house will surely be tested. The testing time may come suddenly, or with certain signs of its coming. Eternity will try everything. Those only will stand who, having accepted the Lord's words, live every day in accordance

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS. April 14 -- "Foundations." Matt. vii., 24-27.

Scripture Verses-Isa, xxviii, 16: 1 or. 6t. 11; Eph. II. 20; Heb. xi. 10; Pet. II. 16; Ps. cll. 11, 12; c. 5; Matt. 22; Mark xiii. 13; lv. 14-20.

Lesson Thoughts .- Strength of foundation is the only thing that can in-sure endurance. The superstructure is important, of course, but is is valueis important, of course, but is a less without a good solid base,
The will of God is the only foundation for daily Christian living. Are
tion for daily christian living. Are
tion his will, or saying "Lord,

we doing his will, or saying "Lo Lord," in an empty, idle confession? Selections-A religious life is not a thing that spends itself like a bright bubble on the river's surface. It is rather like the river itself which wid

ens continually, until it rolls on, into the ocean of eternity.

A courier riding with his sovereign amidst the acclamations and spieuders of a triumphal procession, asked him, "What is wanting here?" and very emphatic was the reply, "Perma-nence," The music, the huzzas the parade, would soon be over. And so with all those things, on which, aside

from Ged we depend for happiness.

As we the a tender tree to some other tree that it may not be broken by the winds, and cast anchor in a storm to fix the ship that it may not be driven by the tempest; so ought we to join and apply our weak and faint hearts to the fire pillar of God's word, and fix the ship of our souls by the anchor of hope, that it sink not. Builders say that half the work of

putting up a building is completed when they have got a good, firm level foundation. Time the erection of a great building, and you will see that this is true. Yet how many of us think to haste the laying of foundations? We are the laying of foundations? tions! We are in a hurry to make money, and so cut short our education that we must accept low salaries all our lives. We have no time for Rible study and prayer, so that our unfounded faith is at the mercy of the first billow of doubt. A good start is

RAMS' HORN BLASTS

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HE brave man u ever a believing one. Love is a convic-

tion that supersedes the senses. If you wou'd avoid ain do not seek out temptation.

vine service is the A man is worth what he gives.

Reformers must be transformed. Manliness is built on godliness. Fast living is really but slow dying. The Christian serves all men but Christ is his only Master.

The heaviest cross of many Christians is the church collection. The man who will not serve others

cannot succeed himself. The light of a Christian life either shines out or it goes out.

Spasms of spiritual indigestion are produced by swallowing isms.

A diamond must remain dirt if it be not willing to lose half itself. A balloon rises when you throw out billast but a man will sink that way. He who would measure the sun with a feot-rule would judge God by him-

Grit is a good thing to have so lo as you don't fire it in your neigh-

The man who sorks to pillow

popular applause finds it hard to sleep for fear the bubble will burst.

Canada and other possessions, is about 50,000,000,000, or second only to that The trouble with some accanish that they live in the coosi-mine their investigations and call the candle the sun. of the United States. The population of the empire aggregates a me 100,000,-000, being comparable with that of the