

The Independent.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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"Hushed the Tomb in Joseph's Garden."

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

HUSHED the tomb in Joseph's garden,
Watched by Pilate's guard, and sealed;
Closeth round a mightier legion
To their vision unrevealed,—
All the powers of darkness wait
Trembling at the awful gate.

Ended now the final Sabbath,
Day of rest, of warfare done;
Suddenly from Heaven at midnight
Swift descends a mighty one,
Coming to prepare the way
For a higher, holier day.

Angel of the Lord most glorious
At the sepulcher he stands
Where the crucified Redeemer
Sleeps in death's constraining bands;
Quakes the earth; the watchmen reel;
Breaks the proud imperial seal!

Rolls the stone away revealing
Christ the Victim. Victor made;
Even pen inspired might falter
At the dazzling scene displayed.
Death's dark brood in wildest fear
Speed them to their nether sphere!

Sun of suns, the Heavenly Bridegroom
From his chamber pours the light
Of his own Eternal Godhead,
Flooding all the realms of night;
Breaks the Day henceforth to be
Glorious with his victory.

Evermore with Alleluias
Celebrate the Feast supreme:
Let the splendor of his triumph
O'er the ransomed nations stream;
And each lesser Lord's Day know
Easter's radiant overflow.

Yet one Sabbath more remaineth—
Rest from warfare for His own,
While in Paradise they tarry
And he builds His judgment throne;
Then shall Alleluias pour
Flood on flood for evermore!

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The Easter Answer.

BY PRES. W. F. WARREN.

SAID Death to Life,
"The world is mine;"
Said Life to Death,
"And thou art thine!"

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Immortality Demonstrated.

BY JAMES M. WHITON, PH.D.

HOWEVER convincing the proof of Jesus' resurrection, it still leaves something to be desired in the argument for immortality. When employed as the sole proof of a resurrection for us also, there is a logical defect to be supplied. Sound logic cannot, from a particular fact, demonstrate a universal law. It can, at most, only infer that, if the fact be so, there must be a universal law under which it came to pass. On this, if it be discoverable, must our conclusion be grounded. Logically, therefore, the resurrection of Jesus is a subsidiary and corroborative proof of immortality, while historically it stands, as ever, foremost.

The New Testament itself recognizes this logical necessity of going back of the historical fact of Jesus' resurrection, for the general law of which it is the great specific instance. St. Peter says that Christ was raised from the dead, because "it was not possible that he should be holden" in death. St. Paul

says that Christ's divine sonship, in virtue of his holiness, "was declared" by his rising from the dead. This means, in effect, that there was a natural, *i. e.*, necessary, relation of his holy spirit to his resurrection.

This line of thought deserves larger recognition than it usually obtains—the natural destiny of the spirit of holiness, the Christly spirit, to rise into the life of the world to come. It is sufficiently recognized by Jesus in his doctrine of the eternal life, as a kind of life which begins now and here. "He that believeth on me *hath* eternal life," "is passed from death unto life," etc. The fundamental fact on which belief in life to come must be grounded is the existence of that very life to-day.

Two kinds of life, indeed, coexist to-day. We may distinguish them as the animal and the moral, using the word "moral" in that vital sense in which God himself is spoken of as moral. That they are two, and not one, is plain from their opposite modes of development. The animal life develops through its appropriation of material things. The moral life develops through its relinquishment of material things. By its persistent sacrifice of the world of things which the animal life struggles to secure, the moral life evinces its independence of that world and its power to live even in entire detachment from it.

Through all the centuries multitudes are seen turning away from what they deem transitory in preference for what they deem eternal. They are seen preferring truth to ease, philanthropy to luxury, godliness to gain, and deaths of undeserved pain to lives of undeserved praise. In this history of the constant triumph of what all recognize as higher motives over what all recognize as lower, we see the most imperious instincts of the animal life overmastered by a superior energy. Now can this victorious energy be rationally supposed to rest at bottom on a vain illusion?

The most unique and wonderful phenomenon in the living world is the martyr's willing, nay joyous embrace of death as the preserver of the moral life. Can one say that the martyr preserved his integrity, but preserved no life of integrity? What is the alternative? Either the moral instinct, which parts with this world rather than part with integrity, is an utterly irrational instinct, throwing everything away for a mere blank, or else the prize it struggles for is worth the price it pays; the world it aspires to is as real as the world it sacrifices; its existence in that world is as real as its existence in this.

The proof of immortality thus reached is a form of proof which mathematical reasoning employs as conclusive, when it demonstrates the truth of a proposition by demonstrating the absurdity of its contradictory. All reasoning, whether in matters of science or matters of religion, proceeds on the assumption that the testimony of nature is true. The contrary supposition would put an end to all reasoning, and is, therefore, absurd. Of such kind is the supposition that the supreme instinct of moral nature is essentially fraudulent in the testimony which it delivers in Jesus' saying, "I lay down my life that I may take it again."

Thus we may establish that general law of survival, of which the resurrection of Jesus is the unique exhibition in history. Thus far is our belief in immortality from needing that verification which many seek in some external fact within the sphere of our senses. Such evidence, if obtainable, could always be challenged on the score of imperfect observation or report, and the more so as the facts become remote in time. Not thus open to challenge is the evidence which cannot be rejected without overturning the rational foundation on which all human knowledge ultimately rests. We do well to hold to the historical fact as adequately proven. We do better to discover beneath the fact the underlying rational

necessity of it. Doubt may decline the evidence we offer for that which has been. But that which evidently must be lies beyond doubt, except the doubt which is the suicide of reason.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Old Testament and Immortality.

BY THE RT. REV. HENRY G. SATTERLEE, D.D.,

BISHOP OF WASHINGTON.

THE absence of the belief in the doctrine of immortality is one of the marked characteristics of the religious teaching of the Old Testament. There are indeed traces of such a belief here and there; as, for example, when Job says: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand up, at the last upon this earth; and after my skin hath thus been destroyed, yet from my flesh shall I see God"; or when David cried: "My flesh also shall dwell in safety, for Thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol, neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." But these are isolated instances; they can scarcely be taken as a proof of a general expectation on the part of the Jews. The Old Testament gives us a most graphic and vivid account of the religious life and belief of the ancient Israelites; but nowhere do we discover that belief in immortality had any influence upon the nation's life. On the contrary so marked is its absence that the Sadducees, who accepted only the five books of Moses as inspired, actually came to our Lord, challenging him, in effect, to find a single text in the Pentateuch which indicated that Moses and the men of his day had any conception of a life beyond the grave. And in these latter times many scholars have asserted, without fear of contradiction, that, as we cannot find in the Old Testament any positive indication of a general belief in immortality, before the days of Daniel, it must have originated among the Jews during the period of the Captivity when they came for the first time in contact with Babylonian literature and Oriental thought. But the latter part of this century has witnessed some strange revolutions in biblical ideas, and among them stands this hypothesis of the influence of the Babylonian captivity upon Hebrew thought and life. In direct contrast to such a theory, the recent discovery of the Tel-ell-Amarna tablets show that Babylonian culture was prevalent in the Holy Land one hundred years before Moses and the Exodus, and that reading and writing were as common at that day in Palestine as in Western Europe during the Middle Ages. And the modern exploration of the magnificent sepulchers along the Nile reveal the enormous influence that the belief in immortality exerted in Egypt for centuries previous to this time.

The children of Israel lived in Egypt for over four hundred years. Thousands upon thousands of them must have helped to build some of those very sepulchers and to read the hieroglyphics painted on each sarcophagus which portray in such vivid colors the life beyond the grave. Indeed, the philosophic conception of human life and death and resurrection, as set forth in the story of Osiris, Isis and Horus, reads almost like an anticipation of Hegelian thought itself. Stripped of all the confusing mythological additions which have gathered round it, the germ of that story seems to have been as follows: The god Osiris, who represented the principle of life, descended from Heaven and was made man. While on the earth he came in conflict with Typhon, the Prince of Darkness, and, at last, was obliged to lay down his life as a human sacrifice to the powers of evil; but only for a time. Through the might of Horus, the god of Light, he was raised from the dead to the glory of a resurrection life, and, henceforth, became the Judge of Quick and Dead. On the sides of each sarcophagus and in the Book of the Dead, this judgment is almost always represented. Osiris himself

live after this brief span of life; that as the bird came out of the storm into the lighted palace of life, so, after flitting through it, it would pass out again to pursue its flight; that there must be a judgment, a weighing, an adjustment of the unequal lots of the just and unjust, was admitted by Egyptians, Greeks and Anglo-Saxons alike. But in the resurrection of Jesus, the first and only resurrection which the world had seen up to that moment, this further truth was established that the body could pass through some transforming process, in virtue of which it could share in the immortal existence of the spirit and be the vehicle and organ of its motions in the new and inexperienced conditions. Plato taught the immortality of the soul; Jesus established the immortality of the entire man. The one was an argument; the other was a fact. It was demonstrated by the emptied grave, the careful disposition of the grave-clothes, and the handling of his risen body: "Handle me, said he, and see that it is I myself."

Nothing less than this would have been worthy of God. If he had been content to raise the spirit to life and glory while the body still remained within the possession of the King of Terrors, one-third of the nature of the saints would have forever been held as a trophy of successful warfare. "He could deal with spirit and soul, but he was foiled in the realm of matter," would have been the comment of his adversaries. He could forgive sins, but he could not rid the body of the paralysis of death. He may triumph in realms where there can be no obvious and sensible test, but in the sphere where the efficiency of his workmanship could be best subjected to analysis and criticism he has evaded us. But no such challenge is possible. Not in the realm of spirit and mind alone, but in that of matter, God has shown himself the Redeemer. He has undone all the results of sin, not only forgiving and cleansing the moral nature, but changing the body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself. He did this in the person of Jesus, as the great crowd of apostolic witnesses attest, and he will do as much for each of his saints. Of this he has given assurance in that he has raised him from the dead.

All mankind will share in the resurrection, in virtue of the resurrection of Jesus. Just as his death for our sins, as the second Adam, has removed from all the race the imputation of Adam's guilt, so that we shall have to be judged hereafter for our own, and our own alone; so in his resurrection, the Apostle tells us, shall all be made alive; tho in the order of resurrection there will be certain specified stages. First, Christ the first-fruits; then those that are his, at his coming; and finally the end, when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth.

The resurrection of Jesus is the keystone of the arch of Christianity. There is nothing left for us but the blackness of sheer despair, if Christ be not risen. The resurrection authenticates his claims to Godhead, declares him to be the Son of God with power, proves the sufficiency of his atoning work on our behalf, assures us of our resurrection, enables us to understand something of how we shall be raised up, and with what body we shall come, and is the channel through which life and power come to us, according to his own words: "Because I live, ye shall live also." Is it not necessary, therefore, that it should be attested still, and that faithful witnesses should still bear their testimony to all men, affirming of one Jesus, who was dead, that he is alive? Assuredly: there is as much need as ever to bear witness, not so much to the resurrection, which of course we cannot do as the first eye-witnesses might, but to the fact that he who was crucified through weakness now liveth through the power of God. The witness of the present day must be given, not so much to the death, or resurrection, or ascension of Christ, as to this, that he liveth who was dead, and is alive for evermore, and has the keys of death and Hades. Like Stephen we must say: "Behold, I see Heaven opened, and the Son of Man standing." And in corroboration of such witness, we may count on the Holy Ghost. "He shall bear witness of me, said the Master, and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning."

This double witness of the believer and the Holy Spirit is perpetually affirmed in the New Testament. "We are witnesses of these things," said the Apostles, "that the God of our fathers hath raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging him on a tree; and so is also the Holy Ghost." Whenever there is the great voice

of the Church from Heaven and on earth asseverating her adoring belief in her risen Lord, there is the corroborating yea of the Holy Spirit. "Yea, saith the Spirit." Thus the word of the preachers came not only in word, but in much assurance. If they affirmed that Jesus died, and rose, and lived, the Holy Paraclete standing beside, and waiting with them, convinced men of sin, righteousness, and judgment with the agency of an intuition, and the force of an invincible demonstration.

The risen life of the believer is the best demonstration of the resurrection of Jesus. "If ye then were raised with him, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." When, therefore, on the other hand, believers are discovered against their former habit, seeking the things which are above, deriving from an unseen source a power that conquers this world, their faces shining with a supernatural glow, their behavior attesting their possession of the life of the age to come, they prove that their Lord is risen, with incontestable logic; as the light on the surface of the moon, which has no luster of her own, attests beyond contradiction the existence of the sun, with which she is in perpetual conference.

We hold that Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified and buried; but the sources of our life do not spring from the hole dug on Calvary to receive his cross—we are not living in the far-off scenes of his agony and death, we do not need the aqueduct of the unbroken witness-bearing of the Church to conduct to us the blood which is life indeed. We have direct and immediate fellowship with the living Lord. The blood which left his heart a moment ago is now beating in our pulses; the purposes that were passing in his thought and being formulated by his will are now inspiring us; the prayers which he has offered since we took up this paper, are now knocking at the heart-orchestra within for expression. We can speak of things which we know, and testify of things we have seen. That which we have seen and heard, declare we, that others may have fellowship with us, fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

Nothing is so evident, so easy to detect as the veracity of a witness who has really seen. It is almost impossible to simulate it; the least intelligent know in a moment whether a man is telling a story at first or at second hand. And if only we, who profess the name of Jesus, would tarry at his doors till he should give us immediate audience, we might go to men with his accent on our tongues, his light upon our faces; and they would be compelled to admit that such witness could only be accounted for on the hypothesis that within the veil stood one whom they knew not.

But why should we not? We are permitted to stand in the Most Holy Place; behind us the remnants of that torn veil, before us the glory of God in the face of Jesus. With unveiled face we are called upon to behold and reflect that glory. Let us not abdicate from our high calling, let us not allow our system of doctrine, our ritual, our work for this sad and sinning world, or our efforts after sanctification, to come between us and the direct vision of the Risen One. Then we shall come forth bearing upon us such evident traces of a life that cannot be accounted for by anything in our nature, because in many respects it contradicts nature, that those who know us most intimately shall be compelled to look from us to Him who lives for evermore. And living, speaking, acting thus, we shall be witnesses to the resurrection, and secure the co-witness of the Holy Ghost.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Temperance Reform: What Next?

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

THE recently published volume entitled "The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects," which was very candidly reviewed in THE INDEPENDENT, furnishes many valuable facts in regard to the workings of laws for the suppression of the drink traffic. It is full of instruction to those enthusiastic brethren whose main efforts are confined to shouting the stereotyped shibboleth "The saloons must go!" All lovers of God and humanity are agreed that the saloons *ought* to go; but while human appetite and avarice and drink customs are so busy in maintaining them, it is evident that to make them "go" is no holiday business. Two vital truths are undeniable: The one is that it is the moral right of every community to prohibit the sale of intoxicants as a beverage; and the other is that prohibitory laws never can be enacted, and never can be thoroughly enforced unless there is a powerful public sentiment

against both the use and the sale of intoxicants. It has also been clearly demonstrated that for the diminution of liquor drinking and of drunkenness about every variety of the license system has proved to be a ghastly failure. South Carolina's dispensary system is not likely to be adopted in other States; Iowa's mulct law has no claim to be regarded as prohibitory; and Ohio's tax law, while it has some good features, fixes the tax at too low a figure to diminish very seriously the drink traffic.

After half a century of honest hard work against the terrible drink curse, I feel perfectly sure that to place our main reliance on any kind of legislation, however stringent, is a fatal mistake. There is a prodigiously prevalent idea in our country that legislation is the great panacea for a large portion of the evils that afflict society. The cardinal error of the Populists is that Government is a parental institution; that it ought to run all the railways and telegraphs, that it ought to loan money to the people, that it ought to provide a market for the silver and to provide fiat money in unlimited abundance, etc., etc. It is a kindred delusion of some of my well-meaning Prohibitionist brethren that legislation is *in itself* the cure-all for the innumerable woes of strong drink. They preach nothing else, labor for nothing else, and denounce unsparingly other honest advocates of temperance who decline to look at this great question through their knothole, and to pronounce their shibboleth. They strangely ignore the lamentable facts: that there is (for various reasons) an enormous use of intoxicants; that this enormous use creates an enormous demand; and this enormous demand it is which produces the enormous sale of intoxicants. To attempt to prohibit the sale while nothing is done to diminish the use and demand for intoxicants, is as preposterous as to attempt to stop the flow of Niagara by throwing a dam of bulrushes across the face of the cataract. Suppose that all the pulpits, all the schools, and all the parents should cease to teach the sinfulness of theft; could there be a police large enough to protect all our property? Against the deadly drink itself, and not solely against the sale of it, our unceasing warfare must be waged.

It must never be forgotten that the original Maine Law of 1851—in which I thoroughly believe, and in defense of which I have made hundreds of public speeches—was the outcome of a long and widespread agitation, in pulpit, press and popular meetings, against all intoxicants. The drink customs were fought against, and the popular conscience was aroused. In Neal Dow's phrase "the whole State was sowed knee-deep with temperance literature." And the experience of the last forty-six years has proved that where moral efforts have been kept up, and where the popular conscience has been awake and active, the prohibitory law has produced most beneficent results. Wherever the people have been lulled into the delusion that the law would enforce itself, wherever moral efforts have not prevented large numbers of people from wanting to drink intoxicants, wherever "drinking clubs" have been organized, and wherever the politicians have made a football of the righteous law, the curse of drunkenness has come back again. A few weeks ago the ninety-third birthday of my beloved old friend, Gen. Neal Dow, was celebrated in Portland. The veteran father of the Prohibition movement, being prevented by stormy weather from attending the public meeting in his honor, sent the following brief message:

Friends and Fellow-citizens:—I have great reason to thank you for this manifestation of your sympathy with my life-work for the prosperity of our State, the happiness of our people, and the comfort of their homes. That this purpose will be accomplished at some time I do not doubt. I earnestly wished it to come in my time. In that hope and expectation I shall fail, for reasons known to all intelligent men, which I hope and believe will not long block the way. NEAL DOW.

This message breathes the spirit of disappointment, tho not of absolute discouragement. What political "reasons" the heroic old man regards as "blocking the way" to the success of his cherished life-work, this is not the place to discuss. It is sufficient to know that not only in Portland but all over the State his law is "blocked" wherever there is not a powerful and irresistible popular conscience behind it. Legislation to prohibit liquor *selling* without moral efforts to diminish liquor *drinking* fails, and will fail to the end of time. Iniquitous and destructive as are the saloons, a large portion of the drinking does not begin there, or even end there. The bottle is in innumerable homes and clubs and restaurants and social gatherings; and as long as the drink is in such de-

mand the traffic in the drink will go on. Short cuts to great moral revolutions have never succeeded; legislation on paper will never dam up torrents of evil as long as the fountain heads of evil remain unchecked. It has been truly said a thousand times that legal action without moral effort is a bird with only one wing; it cannot fly.

What next? In the face of all the facts from Maine and Iowa and Vermont and New Hampshire and Kansas shall there be no other tocsin sounded than that of "Prohibition"? After twenty-five years of gallant struggle the political Prohibition Party was able to poll only 135,000 votes at the late Presidential election, about 100,000 less than it polled four years before. Shall all the time and money and eloquence and efforts of the friends of temperance be expended in that single direction? If so, the temperance reform is doomed. Back of the "saloons" lie the drink customs; back of the traffic lies the demand for intoxicants; legislation unaided by moral effort is powerless to stay the destructive plague. In the early days of the temperance reform we fought the drink evil by vigorous work in the churches, in the pulpits, in the schoolhouses, in the homes; we fought the drink itself. We educated people to total abstinence by solid arguments—medical, moral, social, economical and religious arguments. We have got to educate them again. Not long ago Francis Murphy spent thirty days in Boston preaching total abstinence, and the arrests for drunkenness were 268 the less during that month! Great numbers signed a pledge of abstinence from the drink. Similar efforts elsewhere will produce similar results.

What next? Others may answer this question as they choose; but my answer, as a lifelong teetotaler and foe of the diabolical liquor traffic, is, Let us have a fresh education against the deadly evils of the drinking customs. Christ's churches are neglecting this; Sunday-schools are neglecting this too much; parents are neglecting this; temperance societies have largely disbanded; moral efforts are dying out; and fearfully are we paying for this wretched policy. Instead of the idle and easy shout, "The saloons must go!" suppose we make an immense effort, in God's strength, to keep people from going to the saloons or anywhere else to buy intoxicants. *Stopping the use is the true way to stop the sale.* Our substantial victories in the past have been won on those lines; they can be won again; and they will be when parents and patriots and Christians all awake to their manifest duty.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A Moravian Easter Festival.

BY GEO. W. HALLIWELL.

"The royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Savior of the world
Is stretched in agony.

"Hail, holy cross, from thee we learn
The only way to Heaven;
And oh, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven."

THE quaint old Moravian town of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, is to America what Oberammergau is to Europe. People are drawn to the village across the ocean by the Passion Play; in the American town the Easter Festival is the attraction.

As Eastertide draws nigh pilgrims—devout men and women—from all parts of the country flock into the town to enjoy with "The Brethren" the services of Holy Passion week. These Moravians, whose official designation is the *Unitas Fratrum* (the Unity of The Brethren) are in many respects a very remarkable people. They are the oldest Protestant denomination in existence; their episcopate, the most venerable in the Protestant Church, runs back in an unbroken line for more than four hundred and thirty years, where it joins on the general stock. They were the first Protestants to publish a hymn book, having done so in 1505, and they were the first to establish Sunday-schools; for as early as 1744 they had a flourishing school in Philadelphia, which in many particulars approximated the schools of to-day; this was thirty-seven years before Robert Raikes established his Sunday-school in England and forty-two years before Bishop Asbury founded his schools in Virginia. The first boarding school for girls in America was founded by them in Bethlehem in 1749.

A small band of The Brethren with the desire in their hearts to propagate the Gospel among the heathen, emigrated from Germany and founded the town of Bethlehem in 1741, in the beautiful hill country of eastern Pennsylvania.

The services of Passion Week begin the eve of Palm Sunday in the large church of The Brethren and continue at stated intervals until Easter evening. For these services the "Passion Week Manual" has been prepared. It is "an extract from the Harmony of the Gospels and contains the last discourses and acts of the Savior together with the history of his sufferings, death and resurrection." The lessons in the Manual are arranged so that the record of the acts of each day of the week preceding our Savior's resurrection falls on the corresponding day of Passion Week. Thus the lesson read on Palm Sunday is the record of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem; on Monday, Christ cleansing the Temple; Tuesday, the parables; Thursday, the Last Supper, and so throughout the week.

During all the services of the week the vast church is crowded with attentive worshipers, listening to the simple narrative as it is read by one of the pastors. Music plays an important part in the services, and as the reader of the day's lesson pauses at a designated place in the text, the congregation, led by the grand organ in the gallery, sing a stanza of some appropriate hymn, set to some old German choral tune. The Moravians have been noted for their music for generations, and as one sits in the vast church and listens to the mighty congregation singing of the Savior's Passion in the wonderful harmony of these old German chorals he is fascinated and enraptured by the great beauty of the music—music not equaled anywhere on the American continent. The genius of Bach and the German organ lofts is president in the music of the Moravian Church. One hears at times the rendition of Bach's Passion music by an oratorio society and is moved by its beauty; but in this large church the great body of worshipers whose hearts have been touched by the story of the Savior's Passion, with souls as well as voices attuned, sing these chorals as they are sung by no one else, and there comes into the mind of the believer the words of St. John: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, saying Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The much vaunted glories of the music of the great operas suffer greatly when compared with these religious harmonies. The most impressive service of the week is held on Good Friday afternoon. It opens with the choral,

"Jesu, Word of God incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mary born,
On the Cross Thy sacred body
For us men with nails was torn.
Cleanse us by the blood and water
Streaming from Thy pierced side.
Feed us with Thy body broken,
Now and in death's agony,"

sung by the famous Moravian choir. In the narrative Christ is followed to Golgotha, and the scene is very real to the soul of the believer. At three o'clock the vast audience is hushed and bowed in silent prayer—suddenly the great bell far aloft in the steeple tolls! tolls! for the Savior's death, and a sense of gloom and sadness fills the church; but, anon, low and soft and sweet, without instrumental accompaniment, a male quartet in the gallery above sings the exquisitely beautiful choral:

"Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Savior,
Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from Thy death;
Have mercy, O Lord."

It floats down to the assembled worshipers, balm laden, like a benediction, sweeping away the gloom. After a prayer and more singing by the congregation the service is closed with the following fitting choral:

A VOICE.—"Only one prayer to-day,
One earnest, tearful plea;
A litany from out the heart,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

CHOIR.—"Because of Jesus' cross
And that unfathomed sea,
The crimson tide which heaves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

ALL.—"No other name than His,
My hope, my help may be;
Oh! by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

These services have an accumulative power which broadens and deepens and gathers interest each day. The climax is reached at the sunrise service in the cemetery on Easter. Very early in the morning while it is yet quite dark the celebrated trombone choir with its sweet, angelic music, awakens those who slumber

in this quaint old town. Ere long the dark streets are filled with people hurrying to the church now aglow with lights and breathing with the perfume of the countless Easter lilies with which it is decorated. A short liturgical service is held in the church, at the conclusion of which the worshipers—there are thousands—form a procession with the ministers and trombone choir at its head. Then to the music of the trombones the great throng wends its way to the graveyard on the crest of the hill near by. This cemetery, one of the oldest in America, is a unique spot, with its giant linden trees, its well-ordered walks, and well-kept graves; but the most interesting feature is its tombstones. They are all small white marble slabs and lie flat upon the graves. Not one upright stone is to be seen. The sacristans of the church guide the procession to allotted paths so that it forms a hollow square, in the center of which the ministers and choir stand. The sight of these thousands meeting at dawn in a graveyard and uniting in prayer and praise is very impressive. The journey from the church to this God's acre brings to mind how that, more than eighteen centuries ago, "very early in the morning, the first day of the week they (the women) came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun." While the beautiful litany, composed especially for this outdoor service is being read, the streaking lights of rosy dawn are seen in the east. The tops of the mountains and hills near by that girt the town on the south and east, that a few moments ago were dark and somber, are beginning to glow with the light of the sun, and ere long the King of Day, in his beauty and glory bursts over the barrier of the eastern hills, transfiguring all the scene. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all is changed. The winged choristers in the trees overhead break forth in their matins of joy. Reverently the minister repeats:

"Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life; he was dead, and behold, he is alive for evermore; and he that believeth in him, tho he were dead yet shall he live. Glory be to him in the Church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, from everlasting to everlasting."

Then to the accompaniment of the birds in the trees and the trombones the great assemblage unites in singing:

"I give Thee thanks unfeigned,
Oh Jesus, Friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustained,
When Thou for me didst bleed;
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken
To see Thee face to face!"

a part of the grand old hymn of Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), after which the service is closed with the benediction. Many people linger in the cemetery reading the quaint inscriptions and the holy texts on the tombstones. There are two more services during the day, one at 10:30 A.M. when the music is particularly fine and the Easter sermon is preached, the other at 7:30 P.M. when the history of the Resurrection is read and the Easter Litany is prayed.

These meetings held by the pious, godly Brethren, without pomp or striving after effect, are the source of much spiritual blessing to all who attend them; and one is loth to leave the old town with its blessed associations even after the close of the festival.

BETHLEHEM, PENN.

Immortality and Easter.

BY THE REV. T. T. MUNGER, D. D.

AS Easter draws nigh the two revelations of God—nature and Scripture—melt into each other. The churches are filled with the incense of flowers; the lilies are whiter than the robes of the priests, and would of themselves speak, even if the choirs were silent. The point at which nature and Scripture so meet and mingle is that of *life*. The flowers are not heaped upon the altars and pulpits because they are beautiful and pure, but because they speak of life—not merely of a phase of it as reproductive but as indestructible. The charm of the symbolism lies in the consciousness on our part that what St. Francis of Assisi called "Our sisters, the flowers of the fields," are partakers of a life persistent as our own; they are our kindred in the great reality of existence. They have conquered the death of winter, and we mingle their breath with our praises because we also believe that we shall overcome the sharpness of death. This immemorial symbolism has a deeper foundation than we are apt to ascribe to it; it grows out of an