

adorning

A gladsome message bringing Of love that knows no fear The sweetest anthem singing: "The risen Christ is here."

He comes with gifts of healing For wounded hearts that mean; A sunlit path revealing. A world with pain unknown.

He comes with life eternal, With hope, and joy, and peace; O happiness supernal,

When want and woe shall cease! He gave His life for others. Alike for you and me; He counts us as His brothers, All one, no bond nor free,

The bands of sin are broken: The poor, and the oppressed, Hear the sweet Gospel spoken: Come unto Me and rest.

O glorious Easter morning! O day of peace and light: One precious name adorning With lilies pure and white

A gladsome message bringing Of love that knows no fear: The sweetest anthem singing: "The risen Christ is near. Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Observer.



the will is very definite. I imagine you will have little difficulty in carrying out his wishes." With these words the octor bowed and left the office, leaving Miss Wrave standing by the window. A perplexed look rested on her high-bred face, and a touch of impatience was felt in her tone.

"Really," she began-"1-Judge Oldham, will you be kind enough to state

hrown away."

Even the frosty air, the rapid motion and the greeting of friends failed to bring back her usual sweet expression. Not till she entered the library where her invalid mother lay, was a smile brought to Miss Wraye's lips.

"Well, little mother, has it been ong afternoon?" she asked, with a ful way, and answered: "Me wants dat kiss.

"It is always long when you are away," was the answer, as the invalid smiled back into the winsome face above her. "Did you see the judge, and what does Dr. Barre say?"

"Yes, I saw Judge Oldham and am in a greater quandary than ever. And Dr. Barre is evidently determined to let me do everything. As he is one of the executors I think he might do the execution. He knows I dislike business details of this sort. But let me ring for tea, then we can talk more comfortably."

In her own home among her especial friends, Edith Wraye was bright and sociable to a degree not realized by those who knew her only as the heiress of her uncle's great wealth, and who found her a trifle distant and reserved. None called her proud. She was too sweet-tempered for that, but mere acquaintances had no conception of the sunny nature which filled her mother's life with gladness. Only one, perhaps, and he did not reveal his thoughts. The recent death of Judge Farley, Mrs. Wraye's brother, and the quiet winter which followed, left Edith free to devote her time to her mother until the approach of Easter brought new perplexities.

That evening the afternoon's story was rehearsed.

"Why did uncle choose to have me take charge of this matter, mother? I don't in the least know how to set about it. Am I to go canvassing the courts and back alleys in search of the destined youth? Or advertise? That Judge Oldham was consulted and Donwould undoubtedly bring plenty of ald was found to be just the one to deanswers. And what can a child do with so large a sum? It would not have to him any significance as an Easter gift such as uncle felt."

"No, daughter, you can hardly exeet that. But ought not these chilren to know the meaning of Easter? Surely it is as important as Christmas, and if, through this wish of your uncle, you can lead some one of these poor children to a better as well as a happier life, I know you will not mind any care or anxiety."

"No, mother dear, of course not. I don't really mean to be cross. Just now I am thinking of the disagreeableness of the affair. Dr. Barre has to give his judgment, and he doesn't, and Judge Oldham didn't help me a bit. They seem determined to let me 'gang my "Mr. Farley ain gait,' and if matters are mismanknew his own aged they will say it's just like a woman.

"You cannot think that of our old friend, the judge, and as for the doctor, he has been too kind to me to let me believe he would not do all in his power to aid you in this."

"That is it; he knows I am grateful for all he has helped you, but somehow become antagonistic and spiteful whenever I see him, and I like him, too. But come, let us read now. Here is a magazine. What will you have?" "Certainly. Pray be seated. Your And the evening passed without grateful than Edith Wraye. uncle, Miss Wraye, the late judge, was | further discussion.



" ME WANTS DAT TAT."

very positive on this point. He told me | But not even the rich pages could that when a poor boy he had been divert Edith's thoughts from the greatly aided and cheered by an unex- problem which waited solution. Days pected gift at Easter time, and so passed and Easter drew near, but who sacred did it become to him that he set aside a fund to be given every year at Judge Oldham's care was unknown. Easter to some needy child. In his will he directs his executors to do the same. To him Easter was a season of whom the young physician treated "for love and practice," as he laughingly love and practice, as he laughingly old "Passover" of the Jews, determined lived the boy who was to Easter to some needy child. In his always celebrated it."

"I understand," said the young lady. "but how is the child to be found? Poor deserving boys are not always found when wanted."

"The choice is left to your wisdom, and in this large town you can hardly fail to find some one who would merit the gift."

"And meantime it is growing dark, and I must not detain you further. If you hear of an interesting protege let me know. I confess to being puzzled and helpless in the matter. Easter is close at hand." And Miss Wraye him to the polytechnic school where stepped lightly out and into the wait- his father had planned to place him. ing carriage.

said to herself, as the swift corses bore opened, when Miss Wraye found her her homeward, "to appoint me one of protege; Dr. Barre learned something the executors, because I need to know of his co-executor, and Donald and Dot business details, then to appoint Dr. were let into what they thought to be in the year 325 by adopting the rule Barre another, because of his 'exceed- fortune's fairyland. ing confidence in his wisdom, faith and And all in such a simple, common-"ntegrity.' And now we must go place way. A certain variety of brown

should receive the check which lay in

Meanwhile, in the outskirts of the obtain the Easter gift. And nobody knew it. Certainly not three-year-old Dot, who filled the poor home with sunshine; not Dot's mother, who supon the hill: not Judge Oldham, imstreet, and ran whistling home to amuse Dot by wonderful shadow pictures of birds and beasts. Of sturdy Scotch character, Donald sold papers, ran errands for the bakery, and tried hard to earn money enough to admit Thus the time flew away, until the "It was just like Uncle John," she very last week of the Lenten season

What can they know about Dot accompanied him, and as the chil-Easter, and what would they do with dren waited in the kitchen in walked such a sum? I fear it will be utterly Miss Wraye's pet cat, Timothy Titus. large, dignified and tailless. He gazed solemnly upon Dot, then stalked away. With a cry of delight she ran after him into the library where Mrs. Wraye and Edith sat.

> . Where did you come from, baby dear?" sang Edith. The tiny maiden smiled in her glee-

Both laughed, and Edith, catching up the astonished Timothy, knelt by the

child and asked her name. "Dot Tarmnicky," she laughed, putting her tiny palm upon Timothy Titus's soft fur, who submitted gravely to the caress.

Come baby, we must go home." So spoke Donald, cap in hand, at the door. But Mrs. Wraye called him in. "Is Dot your sister, my lad?"

"Please, I'm afraid Dot is a trouble.

"Yes ma'am. I'm Dorald Carmichael. fetched the bread and brought Dot along.

While Mrs. Wrave kept Donald talking, Edith and Dot and Timothy Titus were having a grand frolic on the rug. James and John were on that mountain evening dedictory services were held, and presently crisp sugar jumbles and glasses of milk were brought in, so that the children feasted to their satisfaction.

After they had gone Edith gazed into the open fire.

"Well?" queried her mother. "Well!" she replied.

"Ask Dr. Barre about them. Don-ald told me he was trying to keep up Peter was so wrought upon by the his studies in school and help his mother, too. I believe he is the one without waiting for time to consider you want."

the case before him, and so eager and sparkling was she in her recital of Donald's bravery and Dot's charms that the young man's reserve melted and he showed himself as interested and sympathetic as she could desire. serve the bequest, while Dot was dally sent for to amuse Mrs. Wraye with her quaint chatter and bonny face.

"I am so glad," said Edith to he mother when the matter was settled. "Donald will have his Easter gift, we can help that darling Dot, and you are so much better, too. I really fee young again. Then," she added, aft # a pause, "Dr. Barre has been very nice about looking up Donald's interests, and he does so much good work there among those poor people. I like him now."

Easter morning dawned in woncerful beauty, as if the sun of righteensness were shining upon the world. /In the children's home was unexperted surd for Peter to propose, when he said dashed past. But my mine was on the

pelled to do. gift to you, little mother," said Ed as she kissed her mother good morning.

"And I have an Easter gift for you, daughter," was the reply. "The doctor says I shall be quite strong spain giving as much as we ought to thi or by June, and I am really much bester." that denominational project, and pex-"Oh, my precious little mother that planation has yet been made. Bere I

glad enough!" The Easter music fell upon grateful bution I shall show that no chush or hearts that night, but none were more

"I cannot thank you, Dr. Harre," she said, as he joined her after service, "for saving my mother to me. By gift is far greater than Donald's." "You can thank me," he answered,

after a pause, "you only can hank me if you will, Edith. I have always loved you. Your uncle knew it, but I dared not speak. Now I want my Easter gift. Nothing else han your-self, Edith. May I have it?

turned and whispered shyl; "Will you come in?"—Elinor Endrich in N. Y. Observer.

Paused, pheric lying against this church. We have raised during my pastorate for church building and religious purposes

THIS PUZZLE ABOUT EASTER.

Why the Day We Celebrate Christ's Res-urrection Changes Ever Year.

Not one person in ten can tell you why it is that Christmas, the day celebrated as Christ's birthday, always falls on the same day of the month, while Easter, the day upon which we celebrate His resurrection, changes every year. In giving a solution of this riddle the first point to be considered is this: Christ was crucified Friderick. day, the fourteenth day of the Jewish month Nisan, and rose from the grave the following Sunday. The fourteenth day of Nisan was the ewish "Passday of Nisan was the lewish "Passover," the day observed by them in commemoration of the sprinkling of their doorposts with the blood of the paschal lamb on the night when the "destroying angel" passed over the dwellings of the Israelites, but smote the first-born of the Eyptians. As the year of the Jews is a lunar year, and the fourteenth of Nisan is always a full moon day, the Christian church, mined Easter by the rules for reckon-ing the Jewish ecclesiastical year. Christmas intended to commemorate bot, who filled the poor home with sunshine; not Dot's mother, who supported her family by working in a bakery; not Miss Wraye in her home on the hill: not Judge Oldham, immersed in business, and certainly not Donald, as he cried his papers on the property of the birth of Christ, had no connection with the ritual of the old church, and, like dozens of other immovable feast days of the church of Rome, many of the birthdays of aints, it was finally settled that it should be observed on a given day of the church of the birthdays of the church of Rome, many of given day of the common calendar. Coming down to the word itself, "Easter" is from the German "Ostern" (rising). The latelish name is proba-bly derived from "Eostre," the Teutonic goddess of spring, which festival occurred at about the same time as the Jewish "Passover." The time for celebrating Easter was a subject which gave rise to many heated discussions during the early days of Christianity. The question was fully considered and finally settled by the council of Nice which makes Easter day the first Sunday after the first full moon after

THREE TABERNACLES.

Dr. Talmage Preaches His Twentythird Anniversary Sermon.

A Story of Trials and Triumphs Eloquently Portrayed-Misrepresentation Severely Denounced-All Things Work Together For Good.

In preaching his twenty-third anniversary sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage took for his subject the building. Befor the close of that The Three Tabernacles; a Story of year we resolved to construct the first Trials and Triumphs," and his text was tabernacle. It was dobe a temporary from Luke ix. 33: "Let us make three structure, and thereore we called it a tabernacles." He said:

Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue and in December, 1889, we rode near the foot of Mount Hermon in The old one had ten sold, but just at the Holy Lond, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice;" by another "a purchasers backt out and we had two 'the Mount Blane of Palestine." Its of God and the idomitable and unpartop has an almost unearthly brilliance. But what must it have been in the time the building ady for consecration, to which my text refers. Peter and and on Septem'r 25, 1870, morning and top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's and in the aftenoon the children with fact took on the glow of the noonday

sup, and Moses and Elijah, who find scenated the place to God. Twenty been dead for centuries, came out from thousand doors were raised that day the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three! Moses, representing the law; Elijah, representing the prophets, and Christ, Miss Wraye lost no time. That very he cried out: "Let us make three taberday after the doctor's call she laid hacles; one for Thee, one for Moses and low preposterous was the proposition, me for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less to build two tabernacles, and, still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the hammers? Where the gold? where the silver? Where the curtains? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was propounding the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm: "Let us build three tabernacles." And, yet, that is what this congregation has been called to do and have done. The first Brooklyn tabernacle was dedicated in 1870 and destroyed by fire in 1872. The second Brooklyn tabernacle was dedicated in

We have been unjustly criticised

cople who do not know the facts, so times for putting so much money fr church buildings and sometimes forest is the best gift of all. How can I be get through with the delivery o this sermon and its publication and astriearth has ever done more magnificently and that no church ever conquerd more trials and that no membership eer had in it more heroes and heroines tan this Brooklyn tabernacle, and I sean to have it known that any indictual or religious newspaper or secur newpaper that hereafter casts ay reflections on this church's fidelityand generosit; is guilty of a wickdness for which God will hold him or it reponsible. One year it was sent out thrugh a syndicate of newspapers that his church They had reached her home, and as the door was ofened the light shone full upon Edith's lovely face. The odor of lilies wrapped her. She paused, There has been persisten and hemis-\$998,000, or practically 1,000,000. Not an Irish famine, or a Chirleston earthquake, or an Ohio freshet, or a Chicago conflagration, but our church was among the first to help. We lave given free seats in the morning and evening services to 240,000 strangers a year, and that, in twenty years, would amount to 4,800,000 auditors. Ve have received into our membership 5,357 members, and that s only a small portion of the number of those who have been converted to God from all parts of this land and from other lands. And yet there are ministers of the gospel and religious newspapers that systematically and industriously and continuously charge this church with idleness and selfisaness and parsimony. I call the attention of the whole earth to this outrage that has been heaped upon the Brookyn tabernacle, though a more consecrated, benevolent, and splendid convocation of men and women

were never gathered together outside of But this continuous misreprepresentation of my beloved church, in the name of Almighty God. I denounce, while I appeal to the fair-minded men and women to see that justice is done this people, who within a few years have gone through a struggle that no other church in any land or any age has been called to endure, and I gray God that no other church may ever be called on to endure, viz: the building of three tabernacles. I ask the friends of the Brooklyn tabernacle to cut out this sermon from the newspapers and put it in their pocket-books, so that they can intelligently answer our falsifiers, whether clerical or lay. And with these you may put that other statement, which recently went through the country, which said hard financial strongle became it had all along been paying such characteristics. salaries to its pastor, Dr. Talmage, when the fact is that, after our disaster and for two years, I gave all my

salary to the church building fund. I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, if my life and health are continued, to preach twenty-three

to give an account of ountewardship. sacrifice, what faith in God were neces All weask for the future that you do

the support of your instittions. My first Sabbath in Boklyn was a the church was down unil then, and on the evening of that day yown brother, through whose pocketI entered the ministry, died, and th tidings of his decease reached me at six o'clock in the evening, as I was ; preach at half past seven. But fru that day the blessing of God was a us, and in three months we began to enlargement of tabernacle instead la temple. We expected to pay for the new

church by the salof the old building. the time we mus have the money the alleled energy our trustees, we got sweet and altitudinous voices, conto pay a floang debt. In the muning old Dr. Stepen H. Tyng, the glory of the Episcopi church and the chrysostom of the merican pulpit, preached a sermon, wich lingered in its gracious effects aslog as the building stood. He read enoug out of the Episcopal prayer book to kep himself from being reprimanded this bishop for preaching at at a nonpiscopal service; and we, although llonging to another denomination, reponded with heartings, as though ve were used to the liturgy.

"Good brd, deliver us:" Durig the short time we occupied that bilding we had a constant downpour & religious awakening. Hosannah! Gen million years in Heaven will have o power to dim my memory of the glorius times we had in that first tabernacl, which, because of its invasion of the sual style of church are liceture, wascalled by some "Talmages Hippo droze," by others, "Church of the Holy Cirus," and by other mirthful nomen chare. But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stood long enough to he its imitation in all the large cities c America and to complete'y revoluunize church architecture.

On Sunday morning, in December 1874 and destroyed by fire in 1889. The 872, the thermometer nearly down to third Brooklyn tabernacle was dedicatero, I was on my way to charch. There ed in April, 1891, and in that we are was an excitement in the street and worshiping to-day. What sounded ab much smoke in the air. Fire engines happiness, and in the great house on text: "Let us build three tabernacles, someone rushed up and to I me that we have not only done, but, in the my: our church was going up it the same terious providence of God, were con kind of chariot that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan

But how to raise the money for such an expensive undertaking was the quesgation. It was at that time when for which all business men remember, as the cloud hung heavy year after year and commercial establishments withmember. Many a time would I have interregnum, having yorshipped in our beautiful Academy of Music on the morning of February 22, 1874, the anniversary of the War ington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that always cee brates the resurrection, Dr. Byron Sanderland, chaplain of the United States and that old gospet I will preach an I and that old of the United States enate, thrilled us through and through with a dedicatory sermon from Haggarii. 9: "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts."

That second the creacle! What a reminiscence! But if the Peter of my text had known what an undertaking

it is to build two tabernacles he would not have proposed two, to say nothing of

Meanwhiie all things had become easy in the Brooklyn bernacle. On a Sabwas about to be fulfilled. The next was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about two o'clock or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb be until an observation taken from the spola of my house, declared that the second tabernacle was putting on all wings. I scouted the idea and turned over on my pillow idea and turned over on my pillow for another deep, but a num-ber of the ted voices called me to the rood, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the fiery catafalque of our second tabernacle. catafalque of our second tabernacle.
When I saw that I said to my family:
"I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely be Lord will not call a minister to lead three churches in one city. The outling of one church generally ends to usefulness of a pastor, how can are the preside at the building of three chirals are preside at the building of three chirals are passed we were compelled to critically with Peter of my text, "Let us bind three tabernacles." We must have some somewhere.

ter of our congregation, and the center of our congregation, as near as we could find it. is where we now stand Having selected the spot, should we build on it a barn or a tabernacie, beautiful and commodious? Our March 21. By this arrangement Easter years longer, although we will all do common sense, as well as our religion, arching for poor boys to whom we bread was ordered for Mrs. Wraye, may come as early as March 22 or as well to remember that our breath is our commanded the latter. But what push, estrils and nuv hour we may be called what industry, what skill, what self

sary. Impediments and hindrances your best, contributing I you can to without number were thrown in the way and had it not been for the perseverence of our church officials and the sad day, for I did not salize how far practical help of many people and the prayers of millions of good souls in all parts of the earth and the blessings of Almighty God the work would not have been done. But it is done and all good people who behold the structure feel in their hearts, if they do not utter it with their lips: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O. Lord of Hosts." On the third Sabbath of last April this church was dedicated.

During these past years I have learned

two or three things. Among others I have learned that "all things work together for good." My mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore underground New York city life that I might report the evils to be comglittering breastplate of ice;" by another | churches and nomoney. By the help | batted I took with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the allurements that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outburst of assumed indignation that frightened almost everybody but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents from north, south, east and west, which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the gospel that otherwise never would have been opened. Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on amusements, and a false report of what I did say-and one of the sermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word-roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirk and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, without any suggestion from me, took possession of the church with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done. That excite-ment opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the gospel. After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all the charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Christendom and more than Christendom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church, we got a better and larger ehureh, and not a disaster, not a caricature, not a persecution, not an assault during all these twenty-three years, but turned out for our advantage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work together for good?" Hosannah!

Another lesson I have learned during these twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to preach error or pick flaws in the old Bible in order to get an audince. The old Book, without any We were, as a church obliterated. up, is good enough for me, and higher "But arise and build," said many voices. criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of infidelity, and its disciples will tion—expensive not because of any senseless adornment proposed, but expensive because of the immense size of the building needed to hold our congretion.

believe less and less, until many of them will land in nowhere, and become the worshipers of an eternal "What-is-it?" The most of these high critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitchyears our entire country was suffering, ing into the Bible. It is such a brave not from a financial panic, but from thing to strike your grandmother. The that long continued financial depression old gospel put in modern phrase, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity, I have found the mightiest magnet, and we have never lacked an out number went down. Through audience. Next to the blessing of my what struggles we passed, the eternal God and some brave souls to-day re- I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old gospel I gladly accepted calls to some other fields, but I could not have the flock in the wilderness. At last, after, in the and that old gospel I will preach till I

ences. The one is made up of all those who have worshiped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realms. What children-too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present to-day. The croup has gone out of the swollen throat, and the pallor from the cheek, and they have on them the health and radiance of Heaven. Hail groups of glorified children! How glad I am to have you come back to us to-day! And here sit those aged ones, who debath in October, 1889, I announced to parted this life leaving an awful vacanmy congregation that I would in a few weeks visit the flaty Land, and that the officers of the church had consented to my going, and the wish of a lifetime shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh," they say, "we are all young men again,

> senting the gospel. Yea, all my parishes seem to come back to-day. I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from afright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah, i. 6: "Ah, Lord God, behold I can not speak, for I am a child?" until I preach the sermon to-day, from Luke, ix. 33: "Let us make three tabernacles," those of the past, the present, all gathered in imagination, and if not in reality, all of us grateful to God for past mercies, all of us sorry for misimproved opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and, while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who shall read of this scene of reminiscence and congration, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watta

sta. ted it 100 nears ago: Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come: Our shelter grom the stormy blast,