

borne their part in the solution of the social problems of the day. Wilberforce and the Clapham sect were responsible for the abolition of the slave trade, and Lord Shaftesbury for the first Factory Acts. We remind our readers of these facts because it seems especially incumbent upon the Christian Church to take the lead in similar directions to-day. The political parties of the country are engaged in high constitutional problems, the solution of which may be fraught with serious consequences to the Church. We may be compelled to defend ourselves, but we cannot be content with self-defence alone. The best Church defence is the doing of our daily work with real effectiveness, and the teaching of the lessons of our Master to the Church and the nation alike. Lazarus is lying at the door ; it is the business of the Church to see that he is cared for. The State for the moment is too busy to do much, but the time for new legislation must come, and it is the Church's business to see that it comes soon. It will come the sooner if she makes her voice heard. The Report of the Poor Law Commission must not be forgotten, and for the moment it seems that the Church has the best opportunity of keeping its memory green, until its claim to attention shall become so insistent that it may eventuate in wise and reasonable legislation.



Easter Eve.

NO! not the body that shall be,
 But this that suffered on the tree
 Lay we within the tyrant grave,
 Dead Saviour, strong to save !

Life's sorrows and familiar grief,
 The Garden's agony in chief,
 The demon battlings of Life's storm
 Have rent Thy sacred form.

With blows and shameful insult marred,
With scourging and the spear-thrust scarred,
Among ten thousand fair alone !

Where has Thy beauty flown ?

The budding flowers beside Thy tomb
Droop blighted by the sudden gloom,
By shaken earth, by twilight tread
Of mourners for the dead.

But they shall open fresh and fair
With Easter sunshine, April air ;
Blood-red anemone from the grass
So green when night shall pass.

Thus rising with the Easter breeze,
Thy glorious body through the trees
Moves to th' eternal sunlight clear,
Thy Church, Thy world to cheer !

Fanned for a while by mortal air,
Unfolding like Thy lilies fair,
Till flowers and fragrance pass above
And lift us by that Love

Mortal to immortality ;
Then weakness strength divine shall be,
Dishonour glory there shall bring,
And death eternal spring !

A. E. MOULE.

