



LIFE AFTER DEATH---SOME EASTER REFLECTIONS

By H. J. Marshall.

The German appears to be not merely without reverence for the past, but also without hope for the future.

No one can look on these buildings without feeling a sense of the reverence and hope which inspired the great medieval builders.

It is much to be regretted that the Reformers, in their fear of the Roman teaching of purgatory, should have swept away the whole of this beautiful side of Christian teaching.

Little that is helpful on this teaching of immortality has come to us since the Reformation until almost within our own lifetime.

Where all is uncertain, "seen in a mirror darkly," we may yet conjecture that life as being closely connected with the present.

But, rather, as Plato teaches us, and Plotinus, and St. Augustine after him, that there is a ladder or ascent of the soul in love as in all beautiful, eternal things.

man in any sensible manner to conceive them. Fourthly, there may have been some moments in our own lives when we have risen above ourselves.

We may believe, moreover, that no true link is snapped; our prayers are as valid, as helpful to their welfare now, as agreeable to the Divine Will.

"Here work enough to watch The Master work, and catch Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the trade's true play."

To Plato immortality was a continuous growth in knowledge through successive lives until the goal is attained.

Since St. Paul and Plato both agree that it is the invisible which alone is real, and the visible—all we see of touch—shall change and pass away.

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist; Not its semblance, but itself."

So when we think of the men who have gone from us, it is no longer the features we loved, or the hands we clasped, that we think of now.

"Through such souls alone, God stooping, shows sufficient of His light For us 'I' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

Thus death becomes a passing from a world of shadows to the supreme reality. I am not sure that Browning would strictly hold that—

"Life, with all it yields of joy and woe, Is just our chance o' the prize of reigning love— How love might be, hath been indeed, and is."

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Divine, where alone we possess it in its reality. So that if we were asked, Shall we possess those we love again? we might answer, Not as on earth, but infinitely more.

It rests finally on our faith in God and God's goodness. "If," writes Myers, "death be really a sheer truncation of moral progress, absolute alike for the individual and for the race, then any human conception of a moral universe must be given up."

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THE THINGS I THINK ABOUT AT EASTER

It is so different from other mornings—always, whether the chill of lingering snow is still in the air or the soft, sweet breezes and shining sun have called out the crocuses on the lawn.

I like to remember the desert on Easter morning. It is so empty and silent, it stretches on so endlessly. Even the wheels of the rushing train and the occasional whistle of the locomotive awakes no echo.

"The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed."

Her husband stood with his head bowed. He could not sing. But she touched his hand as it lay on the back of the pew, and when they recited the Creed I heard him saying the words steadily.

Our souls have need of Easter, With faith more glad and strong, To be the firm resistor Of untruth and the wrong.

Our souls have need of Easter, With gleams of victory O'er powers dark and sinister, And cruel tyrannies.

tattered clothing and face unwashed, holding in his grimy hand a spotless lily. He stood oblivious to all about him, gazing down into the heart of it.

When the sun has risen and the world is stirring about doing things that every morning must be done, whether hearts are bursting with joy or dead with pain, I remember her.

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courageous hearts, transfigured faces and uplifted souls. If man WILL, God CAN, my son says to me.

It is when the day is over that I think most of Him who won at such cost the victory it celebrates. I find myself wishing He would come back.

Tomorrow the lilies will fade, the music will have been sung, the white stones on the hillside will look out mockingly through the mist.

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