VOL IV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1892.

NO.1.

JUST BE GLAD Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't Worry sol What we've missed of calm we couldn's

Have you know That we've met of stormy pain, d of sorrow's driving rain. e can better meet again If it blow.

have erred in that dark hour, We have known. n the tears fell wish the shower All alonenot shine and sorrow blent gracious Master meant?

temper our content With His own. know not every sorrow Can be sad etting all the sorrow

We have had, ld away our fears by our foolish tears. push all the coming years -James Whitcomb Riley.

EAR OLD GOOSE.

ACK FURNIVAL ed ten

eceived a letter from

about to pay the great apply it is the only one

e never forgotten your comparitive stranger. of affectionate remem-

to appoint you sole

who will come on to under the sod. Adieu

ROBERT HALLECK.

not surprise Jack

ck, and his ward.

with his ward?

o send to school,

didn't get into

he rest secure if

fresh, innocent.

as she out of

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above his own

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Halleck in

to wait upon

who was rec-

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nough to put in an

ed Jack Furnival

You lent me

inpaid.

ur friend

forgetfulness over a volume of Blair's have been able to do had Miss Halleck | say?" been in her rooms.

Gradually the girl altered. She became less careless and boisterous. She ceased to tease Furnival and was still and mouse-like when there was no necessity-so far as his work was concerned. Then she ceased to come down to his rooms unasked. He tried to treat that as a joke, and sent an ironically formal a sigh. letter asking to have the pleasure of her company to tea. She took the note in all seriousness and came sharp to the time he had appointed, looking pale and a little frightened, as though she expected to be charged with some fault, and it needed a rather embarrassing explanation to make her understand that

the formality was a joke.
All this troubled Jack not a little, and he tried to get at the reason of her altered manners and ways. Had she received bad news from Canada? No. Was she getting homesick? No. Did she sigh to see her old friends again? No; she had no old friends, and the city was the degrest place in all the world to

Failing to get any satisfactory expla-nation from the old woman, Furnival was a good man to tried the old woman when Miss Halleck u want-rs he'd had fallen into the habit of walking out but; if alone, without hinting at the object of

aking the old woman out of her vers, he asked her straightly what old goose.' the matter with her young lady.

or', sir! don't you take any notice said the duenna with a cunning ber puckered eyes. "'Tain't but what she'll grow out of. young gal's like that when she s in love.

val saw it all clearly enough Her silence--her solitude seeking unexplained promenades--all were enough accounted for by the fact girl had found some young fellove. It was all natural enough, nehow Furnival was not satisfied. baw now mevitable the thing 'Can't expect her to keep always ld for my amusement," thought

itty," said he one day, "I've found our secret." hat secret?" she gasped, sinking; chair, trembling and white.

on't be frightened, my child," he drawing his chair to her side; "we been brought into the relation of er and daughter, and all the tenderdaughter commands from her father I hope you will find in me." "Yes, yes, yes."

"The secret I've found out is not a very dreadful one. You are in love." She covered her scarlet cheeks with her hands, and presently mustering up her courage, she said --

"Yes, I am in love." "Well, if the young fellow is worthy of your love, I cannot object to that. The only possible harm would be in your loving some one who was undeserving." "Oh, he is the best-best 'young

fellow' in the world." accustomed to find-"That is just the one thing which is to men who could to put their affairs open to question. Your judgment can scarcely be trusted in such a matter, and e up their arrears. so I must beg you to let me act for you. s him when some Believe me, I shall be indulgent. Come, tall young woman of buts walked into his tell me his name." aced herself as the

"What, he has told you that he loves you, and not let you know his name?" "He hasn't told me that he loves me." "Good heavens, Kitty? Then you young lady was don't know if this fellow loves you at ipping the coffee vely put before

"I can't."

"Oh, I'm nearly certain he loves me." "But does he know that you love him?"

ardian it was his "I don't think that he does. There's the difficulty, you see. If I could only let him know that I love him, I think it would be all right."

Furnival was silent before this marvel of ingenuous simplicity.

"Well, what do you propose to do, Kitty?" he asked, after a pause. "I don't know, quite. You see, I should die of shame if I made any advance and he misconstrued it, or did not

respond as I should like him to do." Oh, I understand your delicacy, my dear . so I have rather avoided giving testimony of my affection than

It known to him. But we can't of his dressing make go on like that forever, can we?" "Not if you want to get married,"

said Furnival, with a laugh. "And so I thought that perhaps the best thing I could do would be to write to him-only I don't quite know how to begin. Can you help me?"

"I'll try, though it's a precious difficult job for an old bachelor to tackle. However, we'll make the attempt. Here's a scrap of paper." (He took an old envelope from his pucket, tore it open and spread it on his card-case). "Now, how shall we begin?-better say 'sir'-there's no knowing what he is-may be the big-

gest blackguard under the sun."
"I don't think he is," said Miss Halleck, in parenthesis.

"Ten to one he is, though!" said Furnival, under his breath, and perhaps at that moment the wish was father to the thought, "Well, there we are - 'sir'-

now, what's to come next?"

"Well," said Furnival at length, "if Sermons, which she certainly would not it must be---let me see, what did you

> "I love you." "I love you,' there it is. next?"

"Why that's all."

"That's all?" "What else is there to say? If he dones't love me when he reads that-' Miss falleck finished the sentence with

"Funniest letter I've ever written," thought Furnival. "But, Kitty," he said, "what's the use of this letter now it's written? We don't know the fellow's name.

Miss Halleck snatched the paper out of his hand, threw it into the hearth and made for the door. Amazed at this outburst of temper Furnival rau after her and caught her.

"I beg you won't be angry with me," he implored. "You don't know how deeply I feel in this affair, dear. You said you couldn't tell me his name-She hesitated a moment and then in

desperation cried "I can't tell you his name; but isn't it written on the back of the letter you have been making such a muddle over,

you dear old goose?" Furnival glanced at the scrap of paper in the hearth. The envelope had turned over and he saw his own name and ad-

Then he went down on his knees and made himself more than ever a "dear

Rough Diamonds and Polished.

Twenty years ago the trade in rough diamonds was under \$5,000,000 a year; it is now \$25,000,000. The price for assorted trade lots of fine to superior quality has declined from \$25 to \$15 per carat. Fair to medium go at about \$10 and lower grades from \$5 down. Americans are pronounced the best judges of diamonds as well as by far the largest buyers. They are expected to take this year over \$15,000,000 worth, or some two-thirds of the world's total product. The Chinese and Japanese have entered the market only of recent years. Russians carry off the finest of the highly esteemed bright yellow diamonds.

When the Brazilian mines were opened it was said that they produced no diamonds equal to the best of those from the mines in the Indian Deccan. This was not true. After the Cape mines in South Africa were opened the same thing was repeated of them. It is not true Diamends strictly of the first water have will be, but those of this quality do not differ, whether they come from India, Brazil, or the Cape. The production of Cape diamonds is restricted now by a trust, the De Beers Consolidated Mines, which produces nearly \$17,000,-000 out of the whole \$20,000,000 worth

from South Africa. It is ascertained that the diamond ground is the filling of old volcanio craters. It came up from below bringing the diamonds already crystallized. The diamond crystal is eight-sided or octohedron, two square pyramids united by their bases. When cut as a brilliant the stone should have sixty-four facets. A broad plane uppermost is called the "table," which admits the light, which, passing downward, strikes against one of the facets below the "girdle," or junction of the two pyramids; it rebounds like a billiard ball from the cushion from this facet to the facet parallel with it above the girdle, and thus the play of light is increased by the cutting. There are "pavilions," "skill" and "star" facets; and according to their number the brilliant is described as single or double cut. A rose diamond, such as may be worked into fancy forms, is so called because it resembles an opening rosebud. It has served since 1820 to make use of diamonds which are too shallow to be cut into brilliants, for they have flat bases, instead of the culet apex, and the hemisphere on top is covered with small facets.-New York Sun.

Autographic Plaques.

The girls have a new fad now. called the "autograpgic plaque." all fads, it has swept the homes of the young women like wildfire, and has occasioned no end of sharp comment by members of the sterner sex who have been mulcted of dimes.

The "autographic plaque" is an ingenious device of a china firing concern. and its purpose is financial gain for this establishment. Pieces of cardboard, 10x 10 inches in size, are distributed where they are likely to meet with a favorable reception. These pieces of card contain a fircle in the centre-a reserved space large enough for a reproduced photograph. From the circumference of this circle extend lines to a larger circle, lake spekes in a wheel from the hub to the The spaces between these lines are

autographs. There are fifty such spaces, and it has en declared the proper thing for a girl get the autographs of fifty of her ale friends written within them. written law in this fad decrees that ach autograph writer must produce a time with his signature. When all the the spaces are full and each name paid for, the girl has \$5, and this \$5, if sent Miss Halleck hid her face in her hands to a certain place with the card and a again, was ailant a minute, and then photograph of the owner, will secure a again, was allent a china plaque with the picture murmured, tremblingly, "I love you." china plaque with the picture tographs reproduced and fired. china plaque with the picture and au-

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermen.

TEXT: "Surely the bitterness of death is past,"-I Samuel xv., 32.

So cried Agag, and the only objection ! have to this text is that a bad man uttered it. Nevertheless it is true, and in a higher and better sense than that in which it was originally uttered. Years ago a legend something like this was told me: In a hut lived a very poor worden by the many lived a very poor woman by the name of Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, which was her only resource for a living. Christ, the Lord, in poor garb was walking through the earth and no one would entertain Him. In vain He knocked at the door of palaces and of humble dwellings. Cold and hungry and insufficiently clad, as He was, none received Him. But coming one day to the but of this woman, whose name was Misery, she received Him, and offered Him a few crusts and asked Him to warm Himself at the handful of coals, and she sat up all night that the wayfarer might have

a pillow to rest on. In the morning this divine being asked her as He departed what she would have Him do in the way of reward, and told her that He owned the universe and would give her what she asked. All she asked was that her pear tree might be protected, and that the boys who stole her fruit, once climbing the tree, might not be able to get down without her So it was granted, and all who climbed the tree were compelled to stay there. After awhile Death came along and told the poor woman she must go with him.
But she did not want to go, for, however poor one's lot is, no one wants to go with Death. Then she said to Death, "I will go with you if you will first climb up into my pear tree and bring me down a few pears before I start." This be consented to do, but having climbed into the tree he could

not again come down.

Then the troubles of the world began, for Death did not come. The physicians had no patients, the undertakers no business, law-The physicians had no vers no wills to make, the people who waited for inheritances could not get them, the old nen staid in all the professions and occupations so that there was no room for the young who were coming on, and the earth got overcrowded, and from all the earth the cry went up: "Oh, for Death! Where is Death!" Then the people came to the poor woman and begged her to let Death descend from the tree. In sympatory for the world, she consented to let Death come down on one condition, and that was that he should never molest or take her away, and on that condition Death was allowed to come down, and he kept his word and never removed her, and for that reason we always have Misery

In that allegory some one has to forth the truth that I mean to present on this Easter orning, which celebrates the resurrection of Christ and our oming resurrection—that one of the grandest and mightiest mercies of the earth's our divine permission to quit it. Saty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year hoard this planet. As a steamer must unload before it takes another cargo, and as the passengers of a rail train must leave it in order to have another company of passer gers enter it, so with this world.

What would happen to an ocean steamer if a man, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever. What would happen to a rail train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all who came into it never departed from it? grave is as much a benediction as the cradle. What sunk that ship in the Black Sea a few days ago? Too many passengers. What was the matter with that steamer on the Thames which, a few years ago, went down with 600 lives? Too many passengers. Now this world is only a ship, which was launched some six thousand years ago. It is sailing at the rate of many thousand miles an hour. It is freighted with mountains and cities, and has in its staterooms and steerage about sixteen hundred million passengers. So many are coming aboard, it is necessary that

a good many disembark. people that have Suppose that all the lived since the days of Adam and Eve were still alive. What a cluttered up place this world would be-no elbow room-no place to walk-no privacy-nothing to eat or wear, or if anything were left the human race would, like a shipwrecked crew, have to be put on small rations, each of us having perhaps only a biscuit a day. And what chance would there be for the rising generations? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the modern people back and down, saying:
"We are six thousand years old. Bow
down. History is nothing, for we are older
than history." What a mercy for the huthan history. man race was death! Within a few years you can get from this world all there is in

After you have had fifty or sixty or seventy springtimes, you have seen enough blossoms. After fifty or sixty or seventy autumns you have seen enough of gorgeous foliage. After fifty or sixty or seventy winters, you have seen enough snowstorms and felt enough chills and wrapped yourself in enough blankets. In the ordinary length of human life you have carried enough burdens, and shed enough tears, and suffered enough injustices, and felt enough pangs, and been clouded by enough doubts, and surrounded by enough mysteries. We talk about the shortness of life, but if we exerrised good sense we would realize that life is quite long enough.

If we are the children of God we are at a banquet, and this world is only the first course of the food, and we ought to be glad that there are other and better and richer courses of food to be handed on. We are here in one room of our Father's house, but there are rooms up stairs. They are better pictured, better upholstered, better fur-nished. Why do we want to stay in the antercom forever, when there are palatial apartments waiting for our occupancy? What a mercy that there is a limitation to earthly environments!

Death also makes room for improved physical machinery. Our bodies have won drous powers, but they are very limited. Our bodies have won-There are beasts that can outrun us, outlift us, outcarry us. The birds have both the earth and air for travel, yet we must stick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for it own, there are creatures of God that an far surpass us in some things. Dea # removes this slower and less adroit machinery and makes room for some-thing better. These eyes that can see half a mile will be removed for those that can see from world to world. These ears, which can hear a sound a few feet off, will be removed for ears that can bear from pare to zone. These feet will be removed for powers of locomotion swifter than the ndeer's hoof or eagle's plume of lightn ing's flash. Then we have only five

can do for us. God did not half try when he contrived your bodily mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and with all physiologists and with all scientists and with the psalmist that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But I believe and I know that God can and will get us better physical equipment.

Is it possible for a man to make improve-

Subject: "The Resurrection."

ment in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physical machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication? Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instantly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be able to improve the man himself with infinite velocities and infinite multiplication? Beneficent Death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make war for these supernatural improvements. So also our slow process of getting information must have a substitute. Through prolonged stady we learned the alphabet, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to read. Then the book is

put before us and the eye travels from word to word and from page to page, and we take whole days to read the book, and if from that book of four or five hundred pages we have gained one or two profitable ideas we feel we have done well. There must be some swifter way and more satisfactory way of taking in God's universe of thoughts facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state. Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull and at the extremity of the nervous system—this center of perception and sensation cannot

endure more than it now endures.

But God can make a better brain, and He sends Death to remove this inferior brain that He may put in a superior brain. "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body?" Oh, no. It will be the old factory with new machinery—new driving wheel, new bands, new levers and new powers. Dou't you see? So I suppose the duliest human brain after the resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy, more breadth of swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal state or all their intellectual powers combined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid and part of the lower story, and only part of one window, but the great architect has made His draft of what you will be when the Alhambra is

John was right when he said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Blessed be death! for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances? We cannot go far up or far down. If we go far up we get dizzy, and if we go far down we get suffocated. If nen would go high up they ascend the Matterborn or Mount Blanc or Hinhalaya, but what disasters have been reported as they came tumbling down. Or if they went down to far, hark to the explosion of the fixed may far, hark to the explosion of the firedamps, and see the disfigured bodies of the poor

miners at the bottom of the coal shaft.

Then there are the climatological hindrances. We run against unpropitious run against unpropitious sorts. Winter blizzard and weather of all sorts. scorch, and each season seems to brood of its own disorders. The summer spreads its wings and hatches out fever and sunstrokes, and spring and autumn spread their wings and batch out malarias, land winter spreads its wings and hatches out pneumonia and Russian grippes, and the climate of this world is a hindrance which every man and worman and child bas felt. Death is to the good transference to superior weather weather never fickle, and never too cold, and never too hot, and never too light, and never too dark. Have you any doubt that God can make better weather than is characteristic of this planet? Blessed is death! for it prepares the way for change of zone, yea, it clears the path to a semiom-

How often we want to be in different places at the same time! How perplexed we get being compelled to choose between invitations, between weddings, between friendly groups, between three or your places we would like to be in the same norming or the same noon or the same evening. While death may not open opportunity to be in many places at the same time, so easy and so quick and so instantaneous will be the transference that it will amount to about the same thing. Quicker than I can speak this sentence you will be among your glorious kindred, among the martyrs among the apostles, in the gate, on the battlements, at the temple, and now from world to world as soon as a robin hops from one tree branch to another tree branch. Distance re-hindrance. Immensity easily

compassed. Semiomnipresence! But," says some one, "I cannot see how God as going to reconstruct my body in the resurrection." Oh, that will be very easy as compared with what He has already done with your body four or six or ten times. All scientists tell is that the human body changes entirely once in seven years, so that if you are twenty-eight years of age you have now your fourth body. If you are forty-two years of age you have had six bodies. It you are seventy years of age you have had ten bodies. Do you not, my un-believing friend, think if God could build for you four or ive or ten bolies He could really build for ou one more to be called the resurrection body will not require half as much ingenuity ad power as those other bodies you have had. Is it not easier for a bodies you have sculptor to mak than it would b statue out of silent clay make a statue out some material is alive and moving, and running hithe

Will it not

resurrection

the crumble

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sier for God to make the out of the silent dust of than it was to make your x or eight times while it king, climbing,falling or ady on your four or five times more omnipotence on the resurrection body. e foundation for the us now. Surgeons and here are parts of the s of which they cannot re searching what these out have not found out. ey are the preliminaries ody. God does not make . The uses of those now body will be demonified form is construc

> s the way for all this, hobgoblin? Why call s? Wny think of him hy sketch him nd standing on a Thy have childre ank ne that they dar old men have a shortness of

the dead.

By the empty niche of Joseph's mauso-

leum, by the rocks that parted to le Lord come through, let our ideas of c ing worlds be forever revolutionized ing worlds be forever revolutionized. If what I have been saying is true, how differently we ought to think of our friends departed. The body they have put off is only as, when entering a hall lighted and resounding with musical bands, you leave your hat and cloak in the cloakroom. What would a banqueter do if he had to carry those encumbrances of apparel with him into the brilliant reception? What would your departed do with their bodies if they had to be encumbered with them in the line's departed do with their bodies it liney had be encumbered with them in the ing a drawing room? Gone into the light! Gone into the music! Gone into the festivity Gone among kings and queens and conquerors! Gone to meat Elijah and hear him tell of the chariot of fire drawn by horses of the music in the mounting the same fire and the sensation of mounting the sap phire steeps! Gone to meet with Moses and near him describe the pile of black b that shook when the law was given! Go to meet Paul and hear him tell how Fe trembled, and how the ship went to piece in the breakers, and how thick was the darkness in the Mamertine dungeon! Gone to meet John Knox and John Wesley and

Hannah More and Francis 'Javergal'. Gone
to meet the kindred who preceded them!
Why I should not wonder if they had a
larger family group there than they ever
had here. Oh, how many of them have got
together again! Your father and mother went years apart, but they have got to-gether, and their children that went years ago got together again. Gon-where they have more room! Gonwhere they have more room! Gons where they have more jubliant so-ciety! Gone where they have mightier capacity to love you than when they were here! Gone out of hindrances into unbounded liberty! Gone out of January into June! Gone where they talk about you as we always talk about absent friends and say: "I wonder when they will come up here to join us. Hark! the captide door of heaven.

to join us. Hark! the outside door of heaven swings open. Hark! there are feet on the golden stairs. Perhaps they are coming!"

I was told at Johnstown after the flood that many people who had been for months and years bereft for the first time got composition. fort when the awful flood came to think that their departed ones were not present to see the catastrophe. As the people were floating down on the housetops they said: "Oh, how glad I am that father and mother are not here," or "How glad I am that the children are not alive to see this horror!" And ought not we who are down here amid the unturnings of this life he cled that we have upturnings of this life be glad that no the troubles which submerge us car

affright our friends ascended? Before this I warrant our departed ones have been introduced to all the celebrities of heaven. Some one has said to them: me introduce you to Joshua, the man who by prayer stopped two worlds for several hours. Is me make you acquainted with this group of three heroes—John Hus. Philip Melancthon and Martin Luther. Aha! here is Fenelon! Here is Archbishop Leighton! Here are Latimer and Ridley Here is Matthew Simpson! Here is poet row-James Montgomery and Anna Bar-bauld and Horatius Bonar and Phoebe Falmer and Lowell Mason."

Were your departed ones fond of music? What oratoris led on by Handel and Hayden. Were they fond of pictures? What Raphaels pointing out skies with all colors seraphim and coronations. Were they of poetry? What eternal rhythms led on by John Milton. Shall we pity our glorified kindred? No, they had better pity us. We, the shipwrecked and on a raft in the hurricane, looking up at them sailing on over calm sees, under skies that never frowned with tempests, we hoppled with chains; they lifted by wings. "Surely the bitterness of lifted by wings.

death is past Further, if what I have been saying is true, we should trust the Lord and ba thrilled with the fact that our own day of escape cometh. If our lives were going to end when our hearts ceased to pulsate and our lungs to breathe, I would want to take ten million years of life here for the first installment. But, my Christian friends, we cannot afford always to stay down in the cellar of our Father's house. We cannot always be postponing the best things. We cannot always be tuning our violins for the celestial orchestra. We must get our wings out. We must mount. We cannot afford always to stand out here in the vestibule o the house of many mansions, while the windows are illuminated with the leves angelic, and we can hear the languof those forever free, and the ground ose who have entered upon eterns play. Ushers of heaven! Open the gates Swing them clear back on their pearly hinges! Let the celestial music its cadence. Let the hanging a the king breath on us their aro our recesmed ones just look us one glance of their glorified fac there they are now! · I see them. Be not stand the vision. Close the gate eyes will be quenched with the overpobrightness. Hold back the song or of will never again care for earthly at Withdraw the perfume or we shall sw the fragrance that human nostrils was made to be extended.

made to breath. All these thoughts are suggested stand this Easter more amid the bro rocks of the Saviour's tomb. Indeed, I kn that tomb has not been about 10 miles. that tomb has not been rebuilt for I stood December of 1889 amid the ruins of that, most famous sepulcher of all time, are thousands of tombs in our Gree and Laurel Hill and Mount Aubur, more polished stone and more elaborations and more foliage surroundings, I went down the steps of the supposed of Christon my return from Mount Cal said to myself: "This is the tomb tombs. Around this stand more stup

incidents than around any grave of

world since death entered it. I could not breathe easily for overming emotions as I walked down the crumbling steps till we came abreast of niche in which I think Christ was buried. measured the sepuicher and found it four teen and a half feet long, eight feet high nine feet wide. It is a family tomb and seems to have been built to hold five bodies. seems to have been any that the tomb was empty, and that the door of the rock was and the sunlight streamed in. The gone, and the sunlight streamed in. The day that Christ rose and came forth the sepulcher was demolished forever, and no trowel of earthly masonry can ever rebuild

And the rupture of those rocks, And the rupture of those rocks, and the snap of that Governmental seal, and the crash of those walls of limestone, and the step of the lacerated but triumphant for of the risen Jesus we to-day celebrate with act aim of worshiping thousands while with all the nations of Christendom, and all the slating hours of heaven we chant. "Not trisen from the dead and been its of them that slept."