

And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the
bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing?

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had
done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
And fear and memory, were naught;
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught;
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

The night has fallen, and the tide
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam,
In grief the flood is bursting home.

Open the Door of Your Heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered
joys,

In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling
you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you'll only give them room.
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's
voice,
The sob of a child in need,
To the shining heaven that o'er you
bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave.
Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everett Hale.

A Poem for Reciters.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofly keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple greys to draw it,
None have I;
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by,
I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace—
Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight—
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He Who turns life's
sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofly has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom;
Inside I;
She will leave hers at Death's portal,
By-and-bye;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die,
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth—mine can't be
told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
By-and-bye;
And the difference define,
'Twixt Mrs. Lofly's wealth and mine.

No man ever sank under the burden of
the day. It is when to-morrow's burden
is added to the burden of to-day that the
weight is more than a man can bear.—
George Macdonald.

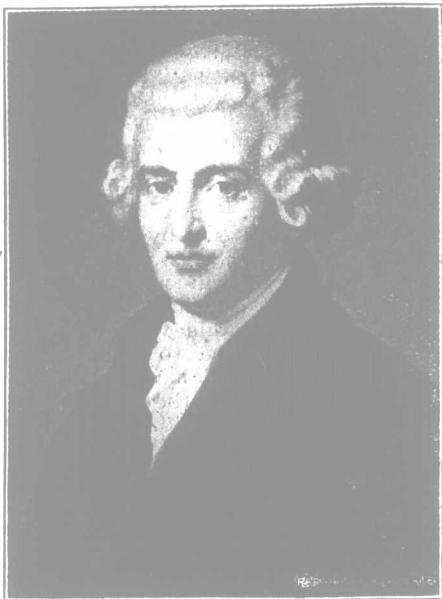
Joseph Haydn.

Born at Rohrau, April 1, 1732.
Died at Vienna, May 31, 1809.

Haydn, coming from a purely peasant stock, represents the entrance into cultivated music of the spirit of the people's song. A son of the people he was, with the homely kindness of his peasant forefathers. When he grew famous, and counted among his pupils such men as Mozart and Beethoven, on all sides could be heard the quaint, affectionate name given him by high and low, the name by which musicians still speak of him, "Papa Haydn."

His father, Matthias Haydn, was a wheelwright; his mother had been a serving-maid. His home was of the humblest kind, and he and his eleven brothers and sisters were brought up with very few pleasures or luxuries. His father was something of a music-lover, singing a very good tenor, and playing by ear upon the harp. He taught his children to look upon music as he did, in the light of a joy and rest. He worked hard during the day, but when evening came the harp would be brought, and the whole family would sing together until it was time for bed.

A cousin, who was choirmaster in a neighboring village, took the boy Joseph into his choir, and later, at the age of eight, he went to Vienna as a chorister in the chapel of St. Stephen. After a childhood and youth of bitter poverty, we find him, at the age of twenty-nine, engaged



Joseph Haydn.

as special musician to Prince Esterhazy of Hungary, a position he occupied for thirty years, composing constantly, and living a simple, natural life. He was unfortunate in his marriage, his wife not being at all congenial with him in her tastes. After the death of his benefactor, he went to London, where he was rapturously received by the musical world.

His most famous compositions are: Oratorios—"The Creation," and "The Seasons." Symphonies—"Military," "The Clock," "Surprise," "La Chasse," and scores of others, many of them nameless.

Haydn was the great pioneer in quartette writing, and the well-known Austrian national hymn, known as the "Emperor's Hymn," was one of his own favorite compositions.—[Adapted from "Masters in Music."

Tommy and his little brother had been playing together most peacefully for some time when suddenly the baby gave a howl, followed by a series of shrieks. The mother rushed in, and, while soothing the crying child, sought to find out what had hurt him. Tommy resisted her cross examination for a time, but finally admitted that he was guilty.

"What did you do to him?" she asked.

"I stuck him with a safety pin."

"What in the world did you do that for?"

"Nurse said you couldn't hurt yourself with a safety pin, and I wanted to see if it was so."



Victory.

He went forth conquering and to conquer.—Rev. vi.: 2.

In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.—Rom. viii.: 37.

He will swallow up death in victory.—Isa. xxv.: 8.

"Glory be to JESUS! tell what He hath done;
Sound aloud the praises of the Holy One!
Bind, oh bind the laurels round the Victor's brow;
He Who conquered for us conquers in us now!"

The three texts given above speak of a past, a present and a future victory. Christ has conquered, we are bound to live victoriously now, and the final victory will be complete in the day when the "trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." At Christmas time, angels were the glad messengers who brought to men the good tidings of God's great gift of Peace, but the brightness of Christmas pales before the great glory of Easter, when the Victor Himself stands in the midst of His friends and offers them His own Peace—won through fiercest strife. At Christmas, we celebrate the coming of the Deliverer, but at the glad Easter season we share in His victory. But, as Canaan was a "gift" to the Israelites, and yet had to be won by hard fighting, so we must fight, if we wish to live victoriously; although, at the same time, our thanks are due to God, who "giveth" us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. This is one of the many paradoxes of life which it is impossible to explain, but we should hardly value a victory which cost us nothing.

"In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us," says St. Paul; and this list of "these things" shows that the victory is no easy one:—"tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril or sword." We are called to go forth in the ranks of the conquering army, following the Victor, Who is called Faithful and True, the KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS, Who "went forth conquering and to conquer." And how did He conquer? How did He show that He was a King in reality as well as in name? Read the story of that victorious Life and victorious Death. Think especially of His kingliness on that last terrible day of battle; of His daring acceptance of the high priest's challenge, of His kind encouragement of the unhappy Pilate, of the stern silence before Herod, the royal pardon extended to the soldiers, the quiet acceptance of homage from the dying thief, the thoughtfulness for others in apparent forgetfulness of personal agony. Then let us turn the light on our own lives and see if we are really conquerors all day and every day.

We have no persecution, famine or great tribulation, perhaps, but the children are fractious or troublesome, we have a headache or a bad cold, meals are not ready just on time, the weather doesn't suit us, we can't have our own way about something, or other people are aggravating. We may think it is hardly worth while bracing ourselves to be conquerors in such trifling matters as these, but every soldier of Christ is pledged to accept his Master's will not only patiently, but joyfully, and to be a conqueror in all things, large and small. To look like a thunder-cloud, to speak crossly, to show temper by hasty, impatient movements, or even to feel irritable, is to lose the chance of a victory. To be worried, anxious, impatient, and afraid that things may go wrong, is a plain proof that we have not confidence in our Leader. We are bound to "trust in Him at all times"—every day, every hour. Then, and then only, we shall be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

"He always wins who sides with GOD:
To him no chance is lost;
GOD'S will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most
wrong
If it be His sweet will."

God does not carry us through life as though we were helpless babies. When He gives us strength to stand on our own feet, to battle against our foes, it would be no kindness to hide us in a safe place where we could look on comfortably at the battle without striking a blow or facing any danger or difficulty. Would you like to be treated like a tender, hothouse plant, which must be shielded from the rough wind or cold, bracing air? The very word "Victory" is inspiring, and victory implies something to conquer. We may fancy we should be very happy if God always gave everything asked for, without any delay; but probably we should not really appreciate even the great gift of Holiness if we could win and retain it without a hard struggle.

I have just been looking over our "Quiet Hour" talks for the last five years, and it has struck me that you may wonder why I scarcely ever mention the life after death, except in connection with our unity with those who have gone on before. Even to-day, you see, I talk about the past and present victory, and have said not a word about the final triumph over sin and death. Why is this, do you think? I can only say that when I ask God for a message to deliver to you, I faithfully try to deliver that message. If it is about the present rather than the future, I can't help it. I know nothing, nor do I want to know anything, about the plan of serving God as a kind of life insurance to secure a comfortable existence for the soul in the next world. The thought of seeing the King in His beauty, and worshipping Him face to face, is almost too sacred to be dwelt on. As for the joy of winning His approval, we need not wait a day nor an hour for that. If to live is "Christ," to die must be "gain," but our business at present is living, not dying. If every day be an Easter Day—a day of victory, of rising from the death of sin to the life of righteousness—then we may safely leave the time and manner of our death to Him Who says: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; Oh death, I will be thy plagues; Oh grave, I will be thy destruction."

Robertson speaks of the "acting of a death-bed scene" as the most terrible of all unrealities, and suggests that the passionate longing of martyrs for death may have been partly earthly excitement. "Every day," he says, "Christ's servants are dying modestly and peacefully—not a word of victory on their lips, but Christ's deep triumph in their hearts. . . . They came to the battlefield and found no enemy to fight with—no foe was in sight."

The glorious, inspiring Easter message is old, yet ever new, the message that our King has passed through death, and is still the living One, alive for evermore. He has the keys of death, and the mysterious land beyond death, and we are one with Him and may follow closely in His steps.

Life was never intended to be a humdrum commonplace; so, if we allow it to drag dismally along, it must be our own fault. God doesn't make it too easy in order that we may have a chance to be victors. Soldiers may think their daily drill as wearisome, monotonous and meaningless as the daily march round Jericho must have seemed to the Israelites. But how can a general depend on their unflinching obedience to orders, when everything may depend on it, unless they have learned by long and continuous practice to obey promptly, as a matter of course.

I have just been reading a scientific