

' CHRIST IS RISEN! ALLELUIA! "

'Christ is risen! Alleluia'
Risen our victorious Head!
Sing his praises, Alleluia!
Christ is risen from the dead!
Gratefully our hearts adore him,
As his light once more appears,
Bowing down in joy before him,
Rising up from grief and tears.

CHORUS.

Christ is risen! Alleluia!
Risen our victorious Head!
Sing his praises, Alleluia!
Christ is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen! all the sorrow
That last evening round him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day!
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now he liveth,
He was lost, but he is found:
Chorus—Christ is risen! etc.

Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
Be we Christ's, in him forever
We have triumphed over all:
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis his day of Resurrection!
Let us rise and keep the Feast.
Chorus.—Christ is risen! etc.

AVA'S JOKE.

I THINK it was the best joke I ever knew of one little girl playing on another, though it wasn't an April fool. It couldn't be, you know, because it happened some time after the first day of April.

It was when Ava was five years old, and just beginning to go to school—a blue-eyed, sunny-haired little maid, who seemed to find her chief delight in doing pleasant things for people.

One day mamma put an extra nice dinner in the pretty tin luncheon box. There was a slice of frosted cake, and two jelly-tarts, and a piece of lemon-pie, and a sandwich with turkey instead of ham, which Ava didn't like.

Right in front of Ava at school sat little Viny Cates, who never in the world brought anything for her dinner but a biscuit. I suppose may be she didn't have anything else to bring. That was what Ava thought; too, deep down in her pitying little heart.

Well, this day Ava was swinging her feet while she studied her lesson, and she

hit her toes against something that rattled. She looked down, and there was Viny's dinner-pail that had somehow got pushed back—an old, little, bruised-up pail, with only a biscuit in it. Ava knew.

A bright thought popped into her head that minute. It was so funny she had to put her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing right out loud in school. Viny was saying her lesson; and quick as a flash Ava took off the cover of the pail and took out the biscuit and put in her own nice luncheon and put on the cover again.

And at noon when Viny Cates went to eat her dinner, what do you suppose she said? She said, "Oh, where'd I get em? Where'd I get em?" And she almost cried; but not because she felt bad.

And Ava, full of glee, ran all the way home to get her own dinner and tell mamma about it.

"She was so s'prised, mamma, and glad!" she cried.

And mamma was glad, too—very glad. But somehow she felt her eyes grow warm as she kissed the little glowing face.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

ONE day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

In like manner, when love prompts us to work for Jesus, our toil becomes our pleasure.

"THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are *brothers*."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for *brethren* to dwell together in unity."

BE not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds; not he who goes and comes.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

MAMMA says Easter means "Arise,"
And just as flowers rise from the soil
And just as sunrise on the night,
So the Lord Jesus Christ arose,
And made the dark earth fair and bright.

It is the New-Year of the soul,
And Christian folk (so mother said)
Should feel new life in heart and limb;
For Christ has risen from the dead,
And all the world should rise with him.

But I was sorry when I thought
How deep and cold the snowdrifts lie
On grass and field and garden bed—
No buds or birds for Easter day,
And all the pretty flowers dead.

Then mother pointed out a spot—
A little warm and sunny place
Where all the snow was melted quite,
And there one crocus raised its face
Just like a beam of yellow light.

"It is an Easter flower!" I cried.
"Will the Lord see? It is so small."
'Yes,' mother said; "the dear Lords
Nothing escapes; he notes it all—
The less, the larger sacrifice.

'No tiniest creature is forgot;
The spent bird in the upper air
He sees, and heals its broken wing;
He listens to a baby's prayer,
Though loud and clear the angel's sing.

"And when my darling tries her best
Obedient and good to be,
Unselfish, loving, true, and mild,
The kind Lord does not fail to see,
But marks and helps his little child."

How nice, and yet how strange that is
That the great God should really care
Such little foolish things as I!
Perhaps, to-morrow, if I seek
To be a loving child and good,
And please him perfectly, it may
Count, like the yellow crocus-bud,
As a wee flower for Easter day.

—Susan Co

WHERE TO FIND STRENGTH

It is said that when the great
Hall was a boy he had a flaming tongue
But instead of saying, as many do, "I'll
help it," he would always, when he felt
passion rising, go away by himself and
"O Lamb of God, calm my mind!"
when he grew to be a man, he was
the calmest of men; for his constant
was heard and answered.