



'Song for Easter.

[BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.]

The tiny buds begin to wake,
Down in their dark, cold bed,
As swift the kisses of the sun
Fall on each nestling head,
"We must rise," they say,
"To meet the spring's birthday!"

The bonny birds in distant clime
The secret message hear;
We catch the answer floating back,
In carols glad and clear;
"Homeward we fly and sing,
Sing for the beauteous spring."

And shall our hearts alone be still,
When sky and stream, bright bird
And flowers, and God's sweet grace
are ours?

Nay, let glad thanks be heard:
"We wake, we live, we sing
To greet our risen King!"

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO PAPA?

Then he is far away, that is evident. Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl; and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of water spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of his subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gerty and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gertie, let's send him a real jolly letter; won't he be glad to get it out there?"

"Yes, that he will. Now, what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see; I have told him all the school news; all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I have sent him some of the best mignonette from the front garden."

"Look here, Gerty, I'll tell you what. Let's fill all the rest up with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and, written in Bob's bold and better copperplate, were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be down-hearted if you are tired, and the black people are not nice with you. We are praying for you ever so much. Last night poor Gerty was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now I'll pray for papa, till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father darling; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry

all the love it can to you—xxx xxx—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the Word of Life and felt just a bit down-hearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it; and when it was done he put it near his heart, and, looking up to that blue heaven which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord God, I thank thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.

WHAT MARGERY SAW.

Do you know why Margery's eyes are bright

As the moonlit drops of dew?

Do you know why Margery's heart is light,

And Margery's tears are few?

This glad little maid has found by chance
The fairies' woodland ring,

And there has she seen the fairies dance,
And has heard the fairies sing.

Oh, I wish we could!—but we need not strive,

For this is the fairy law,

That only the best little girl alive
Can see what Margery saw.

Their ring is deep in the cool dim wood,
The murmuring brook beyond,

'Tis a magical, mystical neighbourhood
On the shore of a sheltered pond;

The crickets chirp in the twilight hush,
And the katydids blithely call,

And the wonderful thrills of a fluting thrush

On the ears of the dancers fall.

And I'm sure we are anxious, you and I,
To discover that ring ourselves;

And, creeping close to it, soft and sly,
To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.

To see the frolicking elves.