

SPRINGTIDE AND EASTER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Oh, time of glad awakening
To sunrise and to song!
Oh, time when hearts, long grieving,
Grow glad again and strong,
Oh, springtide ever welcome,
With skies so blue and fair,
And scent of new-born blossoms
Upon the balmy air!
Our hearts awake to greet thee
Amid the bells' sweet chime,
For lo! with thee there cometh
The blessed Easter time.
Hear loud hosannas ringing
For joy that Christ is king;
Hear merry chimes up-springing
To swell the songs we sing!
We sing of Jesus' triumph,
And victory over pain;
We sing of sins forgiven,
And pardon won again.
Shine out, ye stars so tender!
Shine for the Easter day,
For winter's chill is over,
His reign has passed away.
And then, oh, risen Saviour,
Look from thy throne above,
And fill us with the Easter
Of thy wondrous love.
Disperse the clouds of sadness,
Till sorrowing be done,
And Lenten's woes be banished
Before the Easter's sun;
Bless to our use the springtide,
And all its gifts from thee,
And in our hearts may joy-bells
Ring ever ceaselessly,
And prayers, like morning incense
Most gratefully arise,
As smoke from altar fires
Soars upward to the skies.

BEFORE YOU ARE FIFTEEN.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER.

BEFORE a girl I knew was fifteen she was "remarkable;" all girls like to be remarkable. When she was ten, she cuddled herself up in a big rocker, gathered her manuscript into her lap, and with a laughing look, began to read aloud her book. It was three years before it was finished; and perhaps it is to-day in her waste-basket, or looked away to be shown as a curiosity, which it certainly is. She is twenty-five now; she has not done any thing any more remarkable than the little girl who sat at the same desk in the country school-house, who had to puzzle over her grammar, and never

could remember that one I was enough for cheerful.

A girl friend writes: "Before I was fifteen I cared most to have wealth, intellect, beauty." Another writes: "I cared most to become a Christian." Still another: "To have a lover, and to live in a house with lace curtains."

You might think this last girl so silly that she never would grow up wise, would you not? She is nineteen now, and her letters reveal a desire to know God's will, and to do it, that I am sure God put into her heart and will grant fully. "I do desire God's will and pray for it; how can I know when I have it?" she inquires.

So God, the wise and clear-seeing Father, begins with us, and leads us on, to love what he loves best to give. He knows that girls are girlish; he does not expect them to be "remarkable," unless by special gift he has made them so.

But poor Marie Bishkirtseff, who died when she was hardly more than a girl, before she was fifteen, prayed that she might never have small-pox, that she might grow up pretty, and have a beautiful voice, and be happily married. She learned many things, but not about God, and she did many things, but they were all to satisfy her own ambition and make herself glorious.

A little girl I knew had three heart's desires before she was fifteen; to travel, teach school, and write a book. Before she was twenty-one she crossed the Atlantic, taught in a public school, and held in her hand her first book. God cared about her heart's desires. Do you know how he can delight in yours, and give them to you? "Delight thyself also in him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desires." After we delight in him, he can give us any thing; for nothing will hurt us, or draw us away from him, but every thing will, like the sails of a ship filled with a fair wind, hurry us on to our desired haven—the haven of doing his will.

Girls, you must have hopes and desires and fancies, else you would not be girls; very silly ones (sometimes), but even the silly ones God cares for, and will turn them into wise ones, if you will let him.

You may have as many desires as you have hairs in your head, and he will not miss one in counting them. Can you do any thing better with them than ask him to show you how to use them? Then the "beauty" will be upon you, and your "hands" will help work it out. Mark that beauty and hands verse in your Bible. Find it in Psalm xc. 17.

OUR SURETY.

A VERY bad boy who had been turned out of a Sunday-school was taken back by his parents, who implored the superintendent to try him once more.

"We should be glad to do him any good," said the superintendent, "but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. If we could secure his good behaviour, he might return at once; but I will see what can be done." He then stepped back into the school, and rung his bell for silence. All listened while he said; "This boy wants to come back into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The older boys shook their heads; they said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him; but one little boy pitied him, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The superintendent soon heard his little voice saying: "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You! a little boy like you? Do you know what it is to be surety?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again I'm to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for this big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking toward the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked: "I know I am a bad boy, but I am not so bad as that, I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never!"

The surety at the close of the school began to pray with this bad boy; and God changed his heart, and in a few years he went out as a missionary to the heathen.

Christ became our Surety—bore our punishment, that we might be free.

BERTIE'S "DON'T CARE"

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am," cried Bertie, "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret and hide it."

Bertie laughed, and looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Auntie Nell," and away he ran.

I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet.