



THE FIRST EASTER.

Easter.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HAIL to the wonderful jubilant morn,
Beauty for ashes and rapture for tears!
Hail to the triumph o'er malice and scorn,
Hail to the dawning of glorious years!
Hail to the splendor of lilies in bloom,
Hail to the ceasing of sorrow and gloom,
Hail to the Life that hath riven the tomb,
Hail to the Love that hath banished our fears!

Weak was our faith when they laid him away,
Out of our sight in the darkness of death;
Small was our strength for the shock and the fray;
Faltering our courage, a sigh was our breath.
Lo! as he said, hath the Master arisen,
Breaking the bonds of the seal-guarded prison;
Earth wears the robes of a brightness Elysian,
Jesus forever is victor o'er death!

Trailing so slowly, with spices and myrrh,
O'er the paths we had trodden with him,
Hope was too timid our pulses to stir;
Stumbling we walked, for the way had grown dim.
Suddenly heard we the voice of an angel,
Speaking fulfilment of pledge and evangel;
Suddenly burst on our vision the angel,
Bidding our souls with new gladness to brim.

Thanks be to God that no more shall his own
Bend o'er the grave in a desolate dread!
Thanks be to God that there streams from the throne
Promise of life for his loved from the dead!
Sleeping or waking, our darlings are never
Lost from the care that shall guide them forever.
Sleeping or waking, not death shall dis sever
Souls he has ransomed from Jesus their Head.

Waft, then, the incense of sweet-hearted flowers;
Lift the long chorus of praise to the sky;
Hail to the dawn of the hope-brightened hours;
Watch the procession of victors on high;
Wide fling the banners of him who hath bought us,
Borne with us, pardoned us, patiently sought us,
All the rich lore of his heaven hath taught us;
Sing to the Love that was mighty to die!

Sing to the Love that was mighty to live;
Join with the armies that follow his train;
Honour and power and glory we give
Hence evermore to the Lamb that was slain!
Hail to the Lord who is going before,
Leading the way for his saints to pass o'er!
Hail to the Saviour the ages adore,
Hail to the glory that never shall wane!

Be gentle and obliging to your brothers and
sisters, and to all with whom you come in contact.

The First Easter.

BUT Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.—*John xx. 11-18.*

The Passover Moon.

It is passover at Jerusalem, that holy Hebrew feast. From all quarters have gathered the people of God. Like children coming to a dear mother, the Hebrew pilgrims have clustered in and about Jerusalem. They crowd the houses within the city. They pitch their tents on the emerald turf without the walls. They only wait for the opening of the great festival services. But look toward Olivet. Watch the crest of the hill around which darkens the evening, but above it, beyond it, what taper of light is that flashing its silver rays up into the heavens!

It grows. It swells. Now it is like a graceful dome on the horizon. It rises higher, swings clear of the hill, and there is the round, full-orbed, glorious passover-moon. We seem to hear acclamations of joy, shouts of welcome, hymns of praise, echoing through the night.

But look northward! What responsive flush is that from yonder hill-top? And, farther away, what beacon-light is that suddenly glowing from another eminence? And, farther still, a third

crimson signal is kindled. And so, from hill top to hill-top, the news is sent far away to the sojourners by the Euphrates, to the exiles from the beloved city, that passover has begun. So runs the ancient story.

We have come to our great festal season, to that which passover prefigured, into which passover grew even as the taper above Olivet expanded into the glorious moon. It's our Easter. The Paschal Lamb has been slain. Calvary's sacrifice has been offered. But, lo, Christ has risen! He is alive again. The Old festival is merged into the New, is expanded into the glory and joy and peace and hope of Easter. When you see at Easter a moon that turns toward the earth all the unclouded splendour of its face, you think of that passover-moon announced from hill-top to hill-top. Now proclaim the joy and blessedness of your Easter heritage! Tell it everywhere that Christ is risen. Let the light of your proclamation go everywhere, that there is a finished salvation for all. Tell it to that homeless lad. Tell it to that tempted young man. Tell it to that drunkard. Tell it to that criminal. Tell it to the widow in her sorrow, and the children needing a father's love. Tell it to the sick, the poor, the forsaken. Tell it to other lands in darkness—to Africa, China, Turkey, and the Isles of the Sea. Flash the light everywhere! Proclaim that Christ is risen! Hallelujah!—*S. S. Journal.*

An Easter Carol.

BY EUGENE L. BANGS.

Two Marys came on Easter Day,
As early shone the sun,
To that dear spot where Jesus lay
When all his work was done.
Spices they brought and ointments rare.
Where is their Lord? O, where? O, where?

The sepulchre stands open wide,
The stone is rolled away;
Two shining angels keep the place
Where lately Jesus lay.
The Saviour's burial robe is there;
But where is their Lord? O, where? O, where?

A moment more, they waiting, stay,
And then the angel said:
"Fear not, for Jesus rose to-day;
The Saviour is not dead.
Where is the Christ? He is not here.
He lives again; ye need not fear."

"Now gone before, to Galilee,
He waits your coming there,
And you once more his face shall see,
His presence once more share.
Forget your grief; forget your care.
Where dwells your Lord? O, there! O, there!"

So on this happy Easter Day,
With loving hearts we sing;
An angel rolled the stone away,
And Christ the Lord is King.
He is the King—he rules to-day;
Our risen Lord o'er us holds away.

A CONTEST has long been waged among educators as to which is of greater practical value in education—the Classics or the Sciences. For many years the friends of the Classics had it pretty much their own way, but of late the scientists have been putting in some strong pleas in behalf of their side of the case. The latest of these, about to be issued in book form by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, is by the well-known author and scientist, Dr. Alexander Winchell, University of Michigan, and is entitled, "Shall we Teach Geology?" While his treatise is a special plea for teaching geology in the public schools, it is intended to cover the whole ground of contest between the Sciences and the Classics, and hence promises to be of great interest, not only to teachers, but to all who are interested in observing the tendencies of modern education.