

THE HIGHER LIFE.

EASTER.

LIFT up your heads, ye sorrowful ! Eshold,
The dawn of Easter floods the hills with flame !
The sun burns like the light of God's great name,
Where heaven's blue courts are flushed with blushing gold.
Let day break in thy heart, and be consoled !
Oh, let no more the night thy gladness claim.
Let Hope arise from out thy doubt and shame,
As Christ, from death, rose glorified of old.

Thy spirit is a breathing of thy God,
Pulsating in its chrysalis of clay.
The dust that tires thy feet that onward plod
Is of the night, but thou art of the day.
Oh, let henceforth that day from Him grow fair,
And thou shalt hold an inner Easter there !

I faltered in the storm and gloom, and prayed
That I might touch the hand of Christ, and know
His might to lead me from my doubt and woe :
But when my fingers, trembling and afraid,
Upon His gentle, loving palm were laid,
I felt the prints that let His life's blood flow
In Calvary's dark tumult, years ago,
When heaven grew black and Pilate stood dismayed.

But when I gazed upon His face, I cried,
" Oh, beautiful ! " and bowed my head in shame.
Now never more my soul, dissatisfied,
Shall doubt because my pilgrim feet are lame.
But I shall hear His footsteps at my side,
And on my heavy cross shall shine His name !

THE LESSONS OF EASTER.

BEYOND the cross was the grave. Around that lonely, rock-hewn tomb, just outside of Jerusalem's historic walls, hung earth's destinies. Guarded though it was by scarred veterans and sealed with the Roman seal on that great stone rolled against the door, that grave must be opened. Though the everlasting hills were piled on it, though Satan stood sentinel with all his legions of