

Happy Days

THE SEALED TOMB.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Scar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love.

A LETTER FROM BABY BELLE.

DEAR AUNT BELLE,—They have had me made into a picture. Mamma put on my dreadfully long dress and new hood, and



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we rode in the carriage. It looked as if we were going to ride right into the trees and everything, but we didn't. Then we went upstairs 'most into the sky.

There was a man upstairs, and he put me in a big chair. It wasn't my chair. It was too big, like grandpa's chair. Isn't that a funny way to get into a picture?

I wanted it. Then we came home.

But the picture doesn't look like me. I'm not fat like that. I have got a nice, long neck, like mamma's, and the picture-baby's not got any neck at all.

BABY BELLE:

Then the man put something on my head, and it wasn't soft, either. It didn't feel good, and I turned around to look at it, and mamma said "There now, that's too bad!" And it was bad, for it wasn't a pretty thing to wear on my head, and I wouldn't have it on at all.

My little dog was going to be in the picture too, right up close to me. The man told him to keep still, and he wouldn't, and so I patted him, and then he wouldn't keep still, either. He just jumped his tail around all the time. Then I spat my hands and laughed to him. Pretty soon he heard somebody whistle out in the street, and he had to go. If you are a dog, you know, you have to go when anybody whistles. So he could not be in the picture. He's awful sorry. And mamma said "Never mind, we'll try the baby alone."

Then they tried to put the funny thing on my head again, but I wouldn't wear it. The man had a pretty bell and a bird, and he made the bird sing. And then he said, "All right; I've got it." He'd got the bird, you see, and he kept it; but

Go not in the society of the vicious.