

Easter Bells.

DAY by day, from my window high,
I watched a lonely warder,
For a budding bird in the garden trees,
Or a flower in the sheltered border.

But I only heard the chilly rain
On the roof of my chamber beating;
Or the wild sea wind to the tossing boughs
Its wail of wreck repeating:

And said, "Ah me! 'tis a weary world
This cheerless April weather,
The beautiful things will droop and die,
Blossom and bird together."

At last the storm was spent—I slept,
Lulled by the tired wind's sighing,
To wake at morn with the sunshine full
On floor and garden lying;

And lo! the hyacinth buds were blown;
A robin was softly singing;
The cherry blooms by the wall were white,
And the Easter bells were ringing!

It was long ago, but the memory lives;
And in all life's Lenten sorrows,
When tempests of grief and trouble beat,
And I dread the dark to-morrow,—

I think of the garden after the rain;
And hope to my heart comes singing,
At morn the cherry blooms will be white,
And the Easter bells be ringing!

—*Youth's Companion.*

"Help Me Across, Papa."

THERE was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that Baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands; and as they tried in vain to keep her, or even to smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. O, the awful, strength of death, the weakness, the helplessness, of love! Those who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait till the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed!

Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred even so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought, "She is better! She will live." Yes, she knew us! her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! O, how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless him all our lives. She lifted one dainty hand—cold—almost pulseless, but better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving. She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his—

eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms said, in her weary, flute-like voice:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

O, infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleading hands to thee, wilt thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God?—*Presbyterian.*

Moral Heroes.

GEN. GORDON was a hero of no ordinary type. Throughout his career of fifty-two years in the Crimea, in Central Africa, in China, he never feared death. Says the *New York Tribune*, in speaking of this element of his character: "When he was in Abyssinia, King Johannes said to him: 'Do you know that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?' 'Well,' replied Gen. Gordon, 'I am ready!' 'What! ready to be killed?' 'Certainly, I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favour on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would deliver me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me.'" The treacherous black who stabbed him in the back as he was leaving the palace to rally his troops at Khartoum, did what King Johannes, abashed by the patience and fortitude of his prisoner, was ashamed to countenance. The life of Gen. Gordon is without a parallel in history. He had a will as imperious as Napoleon's; he had a nature as inflexible as Cromwell's; he had Clive's genius for war and fertility of resource; he had Gen. Lawrence's capacity for governing semi-civilized races; he had Francis Xavier's overmastering love of humanity. With these traits were combined a chivalrous devotion to the races for whom he laboured, a contempt for the statesmanship of Europe, an unquestioning reliance upon the law of his own conscience, and an intense religious nature that reflected at once the mysticism of the middle ages, the austere virtues of Puritanism, and the fatalism of the East. A man of commanding genius in achieving great results by means of insignificant instrumentalities, in conciliating the prejudices and overcoming the resistance of barbarous hordes, he was at once a hero among men and a solitary figure removed from them by unique characteristics." Who shall say that it is not the duty of a great nation to execute the severest judgment upon the treacherous slayers of such a man? He counted his life of but little or no account; but for that reason his life is worth hundreds of common lives.

In this relation it is worth while to point to another conspicuous character, W. E. Gladstone. He is a Christian

statesman who aspires to infuse into British rule a more profound sense of New Testament law. He has done for Ireland what no other premier dared to do. He has aimed to make England a truly Christian power as well as a mighty power. To take the position which he has done, however, required moral courage of the highest kind. The great powers of Europe, trusting in their vast armies, have expressed the belief that England was in a state of decadence. Mr. Gladstone has gone serenely on when his friends have threatened in parliament to desert him, yielding to outside clamor, he had risen and, single-handed and almost alone, confounded his enemies by his eloquence and his argument, and inspired his friends to rally round him again with enthusiasm. If the heroism of Gordon is a new phenomenon, if the universal demand of a nation for vengeance upon his murderers is a thing not paralleled, so are the victories of Mr. Gladstone over the fears of his followers and the hatred of his enemies. What England will do with Mr. Gladstone will be as significant of her civilization as what she has proposed to do for Gordon. Those who can discern the signs of the times will watch with the keenest interest the approaching meeting of parliament and the course which it shall take.

A Prosperous Church.

THE service in the Elm Street Methodist Church on Sabbath evening last was of a most impressive character. Rev. Mr. Laird, the pastor, preached a sermon suitable to the occasion before a very large congregation, after which 16 adults were baptized, and more than 250 persons who had completed the allotted term of probation were received into full membership with the Church. This large company of people of all ages from 16 to 60 gathered around the altar and adjacent aisles in response to the pastor's request, and after taking upon themselves vows of fidelity to Christ and the Church which they were joining, received from him the right hand of Christian fellowship.

How to Hear the Gospel.

ROLAND HILL paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ all the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all your ears to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" Good advice remembered sixty-five years.

FAITH is a divine, supernatural sight of God; chiefly in respect of His mercy in Christ. This faith is the foundation of righteousness, the support of godliness, the root of every grace of the Spirit.—*J. Wesley.*

THE Rev. Dr. J. E. Clough intends to sail from Boston this week to India, where he has baptized as many as 100,000 converts to Christianity.

An Arab Household.

HE was a grand looking old man and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark and narrow staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in a arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few gods were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, no two of them alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets and nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmounted by a tuft of feathers all the colours of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels, and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which are suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished when I took them off to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrap-book, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gilt tray with two large goblets full of sweet syrup; and we had to drink a little of this as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that it was an Arab custom to drink not less than three."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Brave Little Daughter.

THERE is a very pretty little story by Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

It was in the time of Queen Mary and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the queen found little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery, gazing on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly.

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours."

The queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.