



THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

We shall reach the summer land,
Some sweet day, by-and-by;
We shall press the golden strand,
Some sweet day, by-and-by;
Oh, the loved ones watching there,
By the tree of life so fair,
Till we come their joy to share,
Some sweet day, by-and-by.

At the crystal river's brink,
Some sweet day, by-and-by;
We shall find each broken link,
Some sweet day, by-and-by;
Then the star, that fading here,
Left our hearts and homes so drear,
We shall see more bright and clear,
Some sweet day, by-and-by.

Oh! these parting scenes will end
Some sweet day, by-and-by;
We shall gather, friend with friends,
Some sweet day, by-and-by.
There before our Father's throne,
When the mist and clouds have flown,
We shall know as we are known,
Some sweet day, by-and-by.

A BRAVE BOY.

FOUR young men, clerks and student, while on a summer vacation-tramp, through northern New England, engaged for a guide to a certain romantic waterfall a boy named Forrest Leo Graves.

Forrest was a fine athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains, and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

"Thank you, I have my lunch," and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

"You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us," now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

"No, sir, thank you," was the boy's courteous response.

"But I shall insist upon it."

"You can do as you please, and I shall do as I please."

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other.

"Now you are bound to try my brandy. I always rule."

"You can't rule me."

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream. Then a clear defiant tone rang out:

"I did it in self defence. You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honourable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from the liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise."

"Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us

shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me."

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink; and, alas! how many men and women. Who dare tempt them? Is it not be you nor me.—*Signal*.

THE EASTERN STORY.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"TO-MORROW-DAY," said Curley-head, "Is Easter; and my mamma said it is the holiest, dearest day in all the year, for Jesus lay within a garden still and dead, with a great stone rolled overhead. 'Twas many hundred years ago, and he was crucified you know, and buried in a garden-tomb; while all his friends were filled with gloom,

because they did not think to see Him any more, nor ever be so blest and comforted as when He was alive; for always then He was so very good and kind, and cured the sick and lame and blind, till he was killed by cruel men, and buried. But he woke, and then He rose, and rolled the stone away, and made the first glad Easter Day.

"So every year the flowers we bring in honour of our risen king, and sing the joyous carols o'er, and try to love him more and more who died to take our sins away, and lived again on Easter Day; and lilies-of-the-valley fair, and violets I always wear pinned on my jacket, for they make me glad and happy for his sake, who lives in heaven so far away, but sees us keep his Easter Day."

"NOTHING BUT HEAVEN."

A GOOD man, who had long loved Jesus and worked for him, came to his last hour. Some one said to him, "Do you want anything more?" His eye grew bright, and he smiled a happy smile as he said:—

"Nothing but heaven!"

Dear children, to be sure of a home in heaven makes death look like a friend. Such a home we shall surely have if we love Jesus.