

AN EASTER-SONG.

WAKE the morning! Easter dawneth!
Easter morn in roseate hue
Breaks the resurrection promise,
Brings a message, dears, to you.

Little children, Easter dawneth;
Haste from slumb'rous realms away;
He who died for little children
Has arisen—lives to-day.
Harken! Easter-bells are ringing,
And gay-plumaged birds are singing,
While the children dear are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

There can be no time so joyous
As the blessed Easter-morn,
Save the glad some Christmas-season
When the Holy Child was born.

And, resplended with the glory
Of the resurrection-joy,
Childish lips repeat the story,
Dear to every girl and boy.

Of the love wherein the Saviour—
King almighty, Sovereign he—
Said, in sweetest condescension,
"Bring the little ones to me."

And he lives—he reigns forever,
Prince of Peace, the children's Friend,
Opening doors on Easter morning
Into worlds that never end.

Harken! Easter bells are ringing,
Easter-carols we are singing,
While the children's hands are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

A KINDLY TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood? Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters, and will write it, as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. That word is "truth." Now then, remember, truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called. Mark what I say: truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy! the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who

yet impose upon the people and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have any thing to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind."

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose on a people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit?

Now, I want you to be a man; and, that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true—thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are. When we have laid that foundation, then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and Godlike, after the perfect image of him, the perfect man, who said that he was born that he might bear witness to the truth.—
Bishop Dudley.

DON'T SKIP THE HARD NAMES.

EDDY was a bright little scholar. He could read very well for a boy six years old. He like to read stories about birds and beasts.

But he had one fault. One day his mamma talked to him about it.

He would read very fast till he came to a hard word. Then he would stop, and if he could not tell at once what it was, he would skip it and go on.

"Don't skip the hard words, Eddy," said his mamma.

"Why, mamma, I don't like the hard words. I am in such a hurry to go on that I can't stop to spell them."

"That will not do, my boy," she said. "You will never be a good reader if you do not stop and spell the long words. You will never be good at anything if you do not do the hard things which come to you."

"When you are at work do not skip the hard things. God expects all his children to do faithfully the duty which comes to them."

"A boy who bravely tries to overcome hard things is a hero."

"A hero, mamma?" said Eddy, laughing. "Why, I thought a hero was a man who went to war and was a brave soldier."

"You can be a hero, dear, while you are a little boy. A hero is any one who does his best, even in such little things as spelling the hard words. You are not too young to be a true soldier of the Prince of Peace."

CHRIST HATH RISEN

O bells in the steeple
Ring out to all people,
That Christ has arisen, that Jesus is here,
Touch heaven's blue ceiling
With your happy pealing,
O bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear.

O violets tender,
Your shy tribute render,
Tie round your wet faces your soft hood of blue;
And carry your sweetness,
Your dainty completeness,
To some tired hand that is longing for you.

LEAVING THEM TO GOD.

A SOCIETY in England has started a school for native children in West Africa. One day in that school a little girl struck her school-mate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck, "Did you strike her back again?"

"No ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know that we will not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then, whatever our enemies do or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them and make them our friends.

ALL BELONGS TO GOD.

DID you ever think that all you have belongs to God? What you have is yours only in trust. God is the Master; you are the stewards, the servants. To the Master you must give account. You must be enabled to say, "I have done with my Master's goods as he has directed. When he told me to pay, I have paid; and when he has told me to withhold, I have withheld. It is as wrong to give when he has commanded us not to give as not to give when he has commanded us to give."

EASTER.

THE Easter thought which I would like you all to remember is that for our sakes the blessed Saviour died and was laid in the tomb.

But on the third day he arose from the dead. And this took place in spring-time, when the flowers were blossoming after their winter sleep, fit tokens of the heavenly life that shall never end, in the home above, which all who believe in the Lord Jesus shall share.