

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Easter.

BY RENA M. HURD.

The night of death falls darkly o'er the city,
Despair in many dwellings sitteth by ;
Some of the hardest hearts are moved
with pity
To see the Man of Sorrows droop and die.

As cold my heart as death,
Filled with a deep'ning gloom,
I feel the chilly breath
Of Joseph's marble tomb.

Was this the Jewish King foretold by
sages,
To come in glory, Israel to redeem ?
Is this the ending to the song of ages,
The sad awaking from a hopeful
dream ?

Ask no more questions now ;
I cannot frame reply—
That kingly Head did bow,
And still in death doth lie.

The tomb is sealed, and stern the watch
unceasing

Paces the weary hours night and day,
Yet none can stay the holy One's re-
leasing,

For angels roll the mighty stone away.

My heart, dispel thy gloom.
The day-star from on high
Illumines the empty tomb
And lights the Easter sky.

The Lord is risen indeed ! The won-
drous story

Is proved by Mary as she kneels in
love ;

The world's great need is filled and sealed
in glory,

And earth is heir to endless life above.

Ask me again, I pray,
Bid me forever tell,
How Christ on Easter Day
Did vanquish death and hell.
—Ex.

There are sweet surprises awaiting
many a humble soul fighting against
great odds in the battle of a seemingly
commonplace life.—H. J. Van Dyke.