

Young Friends' Review.

"Neglect Not the Gift that is in Thee."

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THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodills,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Across the margin of a bay,
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beneath them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay
In such jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE.

(Paper read by Blanche Thomas, at the Easter Exercises, in the Baptist Church, Poplar Hill, Canada.)

"The Easter lilies, tall and slight,
With golden anthers gleaming,
Within their waxen bosoms white
Of holy things are dreaming,
And stirring softly, say apart :
Blessed are the pure in heart."

This is the day of all days when our hearts should be filled with silent joy, for, upon the morn of this Holy Sabbath, the angel said unto the disciples : "He is not here, but is risen." As the music of Eastertide steals into our hearts and banishes therefrom all that is impure and ignoble, the light of heaven seems to fall upon our pathway, and there is for us something of

that wonderous joy that the early Christians had when they knew their Lord lived again. They had learned to love Him while He dwelt with them on earth ; they had felt His hand in healing ; they had heard His voice like the music of a shepherd's harp ; they had seen the world's passion piled on His head, and His soul in the garden exceedingly sorrowful even unto death ; they saw Him led forth as a lamb to the slaughter ; they saw the heavens darken as He hung on the cross pierced by His country's malace ; they saw Him buried in the tomb and, oh, they loved Him so! The note of sorrow, struck by a modern poet, has faintly echoed what must have been the silent prayer of their heart :

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But what a change Easter brought to them. The bars of death are burst asunder. The Holy One shall not see corruption for He has become a victor over death. How the early disciples must have run to one another ; how they must have talked in quickened, almost breathless accents ; how their faces, so lately tinged with sorrow, must have glowed with faith and joy. "It is really so, for the angel told the women at the grave and He has been seen by Mary." What now could the passion of the world do ? It had slain their Lord and this was the height of its power. But now the Christ had proclaimed his sovereignty over death and brought life and immortality to light. Very blessed must have been those few days of communion with Him, and then He ascended to heaven where He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Remembering this beautiful triumph