

THE RISEN CHRIST.

RISEN Christ! Thou art the door,
The everlasting way,
The blessed Easter-gate of life
That opens to the day
All praise, our risen Lord, to Thee,
For love that conquers death;
For faith that maketh quick to hear
One word that Jesus saith.

As He is risen, so now He dieth not—The
widow of Nain's son, the ruler's daughter,
Lazarus, all these rose again, yet they died
afterward; but Christ rising from the dead,
dieth no more. — *Bishop Andrews.*

Sweetly singing o'er and o'er,
Precious Jesus evermore,
This is joy indeed,
O Jesus,
Precious and forever.

Knight.

In His Easter-joy Christ thought of us and
our salvation, of each one of us by name and
look. He will know that joy again when we
come before him to rest forever in his presence.
— *Faber.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!
The Lord is risen indeed;
The curse is made of none avail,
The sons of men are free.

— *Thompson.*

Blessed be God for the glory of the conde-
-sension, patience, faith, and endurance of
Jesus Christ in the extremity of all sorts of
suffering. This has been the pole-star of the
Church in all its storms. — *Queen.*

Jesus lives! for us He died.
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving. Hallelujah!
— *German hymn.*

THE CHILDREN'S EASTER.

SUNSHINE! Sunshine!"
Bessie opened her eyes with
a smile on the brightness
of the Easter morning. "I
wonder if that bud is open
yet!"

Very soon she ran into
the hall where she had for
many days carried her pot
of Easter lilies from east window to
west window, that they might catch
the first and last rays of light.

"Just opening! Just turning back
its leaves—oh—h—!" She almost
held her breath as she bent over the
plant, whose latest unfolding bud
seemed opening its very heart to the
tender rays of the sunshine which
wrapped child and flower, while she
drank in its sweetness and fragrance.

"Yes, that's just how he says it is,"
she went on, slowly, as if trying to
recall a lesson. "These white lilies
mean purity, and they open when the
sun shines on them. And our hearts
ought to be pure and white as snow
when the Sun of Righteousness shines
on them—yes, I remember it."

Bessie was soon ready for the chil-
-dren's service, which was to take place
at the church before the usual morn-
-ing worship.

Carefully cutting the precious lily
at the last moment, she went to grand-
-mother's room, carrying also an egg on
which she had painted with infinite
care a bunch of little blue dabs, which
were meant for forget-me-nots, but
would have stood for any other pretty
thing touched by the April sky with
its own colour. Scraggy lettering on
the other side said,—

"May the peace of Easter dwell in
your heart."

Grandmother kissed the painstaking
little fingers and stroked the bonny
bright hair, with a prayer that the
peace which belongs to a pure heart
might never depart from the loving
child.

The children gathered in the Sun-
-day-school room with faces as bloom-
-ing as the flowers they held, and soon
took their way to the church close by.

Some of them glanced at a little girl,
who stood timidly near the door,
noticing for a moment the pathetic
wistfulness with which the large soft
eyes followed the flowers.

As Bessie's class came, last of all,
she stepped a little further out, and
Bessie stopped at sight of her earnest
gaze, not having the heart to pass
without a word.

"You haven't any flowers, have
you?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Come, Bessie," said one of her
friends, impatiently; "don't you see
we're the last? Don't stop there to
talk."

Bessie did not stop long, but she
could not go into the church filled
with its warmth and brightness, and
happy faces and music, and the breath
of flowers, leaving the forlorn little
thing standing there with her bare feet
and her scanty clothing, and that long-
-ing look in her eyes.

"Here," she said, holding out her
lilies, "you shall have mine."

"Bessie!" But Bessie heeded only
the look of surprise and delight under
the old shawl.

"Yes, come with us," she went on,
as the others hurried through the
pillared vestibule. "You can give it
just as well as I."

The bare feet came up the steps and
over the softly carpeted aisle, as their
owner followed Bessie to the seat
assigned to her class.

Many smiled at sight of the queer
little figure, but as she shrank into the
corner of the seat, Bessie felt glad she
was there, although she could not help
a wish away down in her heart, that
she had wanted her flowers some other
day than just on Easter Sunday.

The different classes were bringing
their offerings of money collected
during the year. And when Bessie's
class went up, carrying the lily
branches, which were to be placed in a
lily-shaped vase waiting for them, she
went, too.

But as each willing hand made its
offering, little Barefoot, brought for-
-ward as others stood aside, hung back
as some one would have taken her
lilies.

Bessie's cheeks grow red with dis-
-may and confusion.

Whispers and small nudges were all
of no use, and more than a smile went
around in the moment's pause. For
the child, though she looked appeal-
-ingly at Bessie as if for forgiveness,
still held on to her flowers with a
positive little shake of her head, which
plainly showed that she did not mean
to give them up.

The exercises went on and were
finished. As Bessie walked out think-
-ing earnestly of some things she had
heard, the little lily-bearer came after
her, looking anxiously up as if wish-
-ing to speak.

"Where do you live?" Bessie asked.

The other gave an address and then
came closer.

"Jan sick—so sick!" she said.

"Jan no laugh, no eat. Jan so"—
-leaning her head pitifully to one side.

"Jan like these," she pointed to the
flowers, and Bessie said, heartily,—

"I'm glad you've got them for Jan.
Good-by," as the feet turned down a
-side street and she saw the Easter lilies
no more.

"Yes,"—the little lassie went on

soborly to herself, in a way which had
grown upon her through having few
child-companions—"He said that love
and kindness are like sweet flowers
growing in our hearts. And that
when we are kind and loving it is an
offering to Him. I must get grand-
-mother to let me take some nice things
to Jan to-morrow. I wonder what
he'll think of the lilies—poor, sick
Jan! Oh, I know I've given them to
the dear Lord just as much as if they
were in His church."

And when Bessie went to see little
Barefoot and her brother Jan, she felt
sure that her sweet lilies she watched
so long and tended so carefully had
been given to the dear Lord. For she
remembered the verse, "Inasmuch as
yo did it unto the least of these, yo
did it unto me."

A THRILLING INCIDENT

NOT far from the picturesque
watering-place called Bray,
in County Wicklow, Ireland,
a vessel was driven on the
rocks. The storm was terrific, and a
terrible death appeared to await the
seamen on board the schooner. The
lifeboat was launched, and the hardy
and courageous seamen ventured out
upon their work of rescue. Anxiety
was strongly marked upon the counte-
-nances of the men. The line between
true courage and foolhardiness is very
difficult to draw when angry seas
threaten to overwhelm both rescuers
and wrecked. 'Tis a noble heroism
that proffers life for life. Amongst the
lifeboat's crew sat a man whose
countenance wore no trace of anxiety.
"Away to the rescue!" "Onward!"
"Lose not a moment!" was the bur-
-den of his courageous cry. The heavy
surf crossed safely, his brawny features
shone through the storm with the bright-
-ness of the word rescue written upon
them. Onward they pulled their way,
and twenty long minutes to the watch-
-ers on the shore passed before they
reached the wreck. Through the blind-
-ing storm they watched and waited the
supreme issue. "Would the rescuers
succeed, or would they be beaten back
from their noble work? Could it be
that the lifeboat had been swamped?
Where was she! Every eye was
strained; every heart was lifted up in
earnest desire and fervent prayer. The
strain was soon realised. See, she is
returning. From behind the impaled
schooner the lifeboat is seen. "Thank
God, they have rescued some at last!"
said a gentleman, as, by the aid of the
glass, he discerned a larger number in
the lifeboat than she started with.
How those oars defy the strength of
ocean; success nerves every arm; the
buoyant craft swims upon the surface,
and every minute brings them near
the shore. Men breathe more freely
now, and the sound of loud, cheering
words reach the occupants of the gal-
-lant lifeboat. Yes, they have taken
all the precious lives off the schooner,
and now 'twas but a battle in the de-
-struction of property. The men (the
real estate) in the ship were saved.
Half an hour sufficed to see them
through the danger of the fearful surf.
O! such greetings; such welcome and
joy. Life saved makes strangers instant
friends and lifelong friendships. A
gentleman present, who noticed the
courageous willingness of the seaman
to whom we have called attention,
went up to him, and, shaking hands,

said: "What prompted your courage
and readiness to dare the storm?" "Ah,
sir," he replied, "I can tell you that—
I was once in the same position—
wrecked, and rescued by a lifeboat."

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

(A New Version.)

"**A** MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that, and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout whod shrink his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hadden grey,"
Was fool and knave and a' that
The vice and crime that shame our time,
Would fade and fail and a' that,
And ploughman be as good as kings,
And churls as carles for a' that.

You see you brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's a noble man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal poor,
Not half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that—
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
The soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his clown and a' that,
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self respect,
And gets the man for a' that.

HOW A TOAD CATCHES FLIES.

CHARLES WHITE, of New
Castle, New Hampshire, has
a brood of chickens which
have a run of a portion of the yard, the
old hen being shut up. The chickens
are fed with moistened meal in saucers,
and when the dough gets a little sour it
attracts a large number of flies. An
observant toad has evidently noticed
this, and every day towards evening he
makes his appearance in the yard, hops
to a saucer, climbs in and rolls over
until he is covered with meal, having
done which he awaits developments.
The flies, enticed by the smell, soon
swarm around the scheming butrachian,
and when one passes within two inches
or so of his nose, his tongue darts out
and the fly disappears, and this plan
works so well that the toad has taken
it up as a regular business. The
chickens do not manifest the least
alarm at their clumsy and big-mouthed
playmate, but seems to think it quite a
lark to gather round him and pick off
his stolen coat of meal, when they have
plenty more of the same sort in the
saucers.

A BOY that was kept after school for
bad orthography excused himself to
his parents by saying that he was spell-
-bound.