

EASTER HYMN.

BY ERN. J. LAWSON.

In holy adoration raise,
 O this imperial morn,
 Your hearts and voices in the praise
 Of Christ the lowly born;
 Praise to the Lord of earth and sky,
 Who came to earth for man to die.

Arrayed in royal pomp above,
 He, on his Father's throne,
 Reigns as a God of Power and Love,
 God's well-beloved Son,
 Equal with God in high command,
 He ever sits at God's right hand.

But list! the God of earth and sky,
 Beholds a fallen race,
 A world of rebels doomed to die,
 And pity fills the place.
 The mighty God who rules above,
 Is moved with more than finite love.

Mercy and Justice now contend,
 Each to receive its own,
 When Christ steps in—the sinner's Friend
 Leaving the imperial throne,
 "Justice," he cried, "shall honoured be,"
 "Mercy to all is offered free."

The royal courts of heaven he leaves,
 A babe he comes to earth;
 No natal splendour he receives,
 A manger owns his birth;
 Thus humbly comes the Son of God
 To earth, to shed for us his blood.

With sorrow, hunger, pain and woe,
 The Son of God was pressed,
 While living in this world below,
 Nor had he who to rest;
 And then by treacherous lips betrayed,
 His precious blood our ransom paid.

Stupendous sight! the Son of God
 Extended on the cross!
 The world's Creator sheds his blood,
 To purchase life for us;
 O how amazing Mercy's plan—
 Emmanuel dies for guilty man.

See the infuriated mob—
 The soldier pierce his side,
 But ah! that heart has ceased to throb,
 "Tis finished"—he has died;
 In the cold tomb, home of the dead,
 Now rests the Saviour's sacred head.

Armed soldiers now protect the tomb,
 (Already well secured,)—
 Lest any of his friends should come
 And take away their Lord;
 Inensive thought, O man, and vain;
 Down will he burst death's mighty chain.

See, where his sacred head was laid
 No human form is seen;
 The Lord is risen from the dead,
 See where his late hath been,
 His folded grave-clothes there are laid,
 But Christ is risen from the dead.

The armed soldiers shake with fear
 And faint beneath the shock,
 When dazzling angels there appear,
 And roll away the rock,
 And thus while on the ground they lay,
 The Lord arose and went his way.

Thou triumphing o'er all his foes,
 Who vainly watched his grave,
 The Lord of life and glory rose,
 And ever lives to save,
 Death and the grave are overthrown,
 For Christ is risen to his throne.

In kingly robes again arrayed,
 Behold the Son of God,
 Pleading for those for whom he died,
 And spill his precious blood—
 The Father hears the availing prayer,
 And doth the guilty sinner spare.

Let ceaseless praise to God be given,
 Who gave His Son for us,
 Who freely sent him down from heaven
 To die upon the cross;
 Throughout eternity we'll raise
 To God a ceaseless song of praise.

And to the Son who shed his blood,
 Still endless praise be given,
 The Holy Ghost, the true God,
 By all the hosts of heaven;
 Jesus hath died, but risen again,
 And purchased life for every man.
 CONDEX, Ont.

PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

ONE afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of schoolboys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of the schoolhouse only a few minutes before, and had their books and slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thompson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out, leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat-collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he's always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and his prisoner, and we soon lost sight of him. As we passed on we noticed the public school building was only a short distance from that saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before Paul Thompson had graduated from the high school. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing.

He encouraged the boy's coming in with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste, it was bitter; but the saloon man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of his good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face, every smile she gave him and every kind word made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by that saloon again, and to go home another way, although it was much further. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thompson a constant frequenter of this same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse, for six years or more—the years, too, of his life which were the most important to him

—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honorable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but the "habit begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now, boys, this case of Paul Thompson is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over to the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their soul. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—*Susan T. Perry, in Youth's Temperance Banner.*

GREETING ROYALTY.

DEAN STANLEY met Lady Augusta Bruce in Paris at the house of Madame Mohl, wife of the great Oriental scholar, and was so charmed as to say, "If I were in a mind to marry, I have seen the woman who would suit me." It was not long before the Dean was "in a mind to marry" the woman who suited him.

Madame Mohl used to make an annual visit to the Deanery, where she was a constant source of entertainment to the Stanleys and their friends. One friend, Queen Victoria, was very much entertained by her original sayings and manners.

One of Madame Mohl's visits to the Deanery was at a time when there was apprehension of a war between England and Germany on account of the Schleswig-Holstein question. One morning, madame was sitting in the drawing-room, reading the *Times*, which contained the good news that there would be no war. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the servant announced,—

"The Queen!"

An ordinary woman would have been a little flustered by the unexpected presence, but madame was an extraordinary woman, on whom royalty as royalty made but a slight impression. Standing up, she said, with heartiness,—

"Well, your Majesty, we are to have no war!"

"No, thank God, we are not to have war!" answered the Queen, holding out both hands to madame, and sitting ing down beside her.

Lady Augusta hurried with her toilet, rather anxious as to how her friend, who was no respecter of persons, would behave to the sovereign. She found them chatting in the most friendly manner, and the old lady giving opinions on European politics as freely as if her listener had been only an intelligent lady. She was, in fact, nothing more to madame, who, after the interview, always spoke of her as "that dear woman, the Queen."

During another visit to the Deanery, she again met with royalty, and again showed her indifference to rank. Prince Leopold, then a boy, was brought in, amid the bowing and scraping of those present, to be intro-

duced to Madame Mohl. The old lady, however, remained seated, and putting out her hand, said,—

"I am an old woman, my dear, so I can't get up, but I am very glad to know you."

Once at Berlin she was presented to the Crown Prince and Princess at a *soiree*. The German Court is rather stiff in its etiquette, but madame invited the Prince and herself to sit side by side.

"I had a delightful flirtation with His Imperial Highness" said she, in narrating the event.

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO SING.

I LIVE in a terrace that is built of lumber, and you can hear almost all that is passing in the adjoining tenements. There are ten families in the row. On the east side is a family of four persons—the father, a railroad conductor, who rarely goes to church, and two children who, with their mother, go occasionally. The little girl, about eight, has been trying to learn some of the hymns at the Sunday-school, particularly, "We'll try to be like Jesus," from our excellent Hymnal. She has been singing it in the house a great deal for several days. The little boy, named Charley, is five years old, and he too has become very fond of it. Their bed is in a room next to my partition, and apparently being too wakeful to sleep he has been to night singing over this little hymn for an hour at least. A few minutes ago he shouted down to his mother to know if she didn't think his hymn was very pretty. She answered, "Oh yes, but you had better go to sleep." Charley's voice stopped, and I hear him breathing heavily, so I suppose he is sleeping now. He is a very delicate child; I fear he will not reach manhood, but he will find many pleasures in singing the hymns that he learns from his sister, and his singing of them will touch chords in other hearts besides his own. Let us teach the children to sing. A. A.

SWEDISH TRAITS.

ONE great peculiarity of travelling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout. A Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England, to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steamboat a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers, and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travellers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through.