

EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THAT day, in old Jerusalem, when Christ,  
our Lord, was slain,  
wonder if the children hid, and wept in  
grief and pain;  
Dear little ones, on whose fair brows his  
tender touch had been,  
Whose infant forms had nestled close his  
loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful  
little feet  
When Christ, our Lord, was laid away  
in Joseph's garden sweet,  
And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dim-  
pled cheeks grew white,  
When he who suffered babes to come was  
prisoned from the light.  
But hapy, ere the sleeping world on Eas-  
ter dawn had stirred,  
Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked  
the earliest bird,  
Some little child whom Jesus loved in  
slumber may have smiled,  
By fanning of an angel's wing to happy  
dreams beguiled.

For, hasting down from heaven above  
while still the east was gray,  
The joyful Easter angels come to pause  
where Jesus lay;  
So shining, strong, and beautiful they  
swept along the skies,  
But veiled their faces in the hour that  
saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and  
scarce for tears can see,  
The angels of Easter-time are sent our  
help to be;  
And doubtless he whose task it was to roll  
the stone away  
Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a  
presence sweet to-day.

With beaming looks and eager words the  
glad surprise he gave  
To those who sought their buried Lord,  
and found an empty grave;  
For truly Christ had conquered death, him-  
self the prince of life,  
And none of all his followers shall fail in  
any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Eas-  
ter garlands twine,  
And bring your precious Easter gifts to  
many a sacred shrine,  
And chant with voices fresh and clear—  
the seraphs singing too—  
In homage to the City one who died  
and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to  
mounds all green and low,  
Your hands o'erbrimmed with snowy  
flowers, in blithe processions go;  
And, better still, let offerings of pure  
young hearts be given  
On Easter-day to him who reigns the king  
of earth and heaven.

A GOOD TIME.

Do they not look as if they were having  
a good time? Every Saturday they en-  
joy themselves out of doors. All day long  
they romp and play together without any  
discord. Even baby is no hindrance to  
their enjoyment. Wherever they go, she  
goes, many times imagining that she is  
helping when she is hindering as much as  
possible, but they kiss her and say "Of  
course you are helping, you dear little  
toad," and she is delighted and satisfied.

Just now Anna and Cousin Mabel seem  
to be having some secret between them,  
but that does not trouble the boys, for  
generally the girls' secrets are sure to  
bring pleasure to the family when they  
are divulged. As Tom's birthday is soon  
coming, I shouldn't wonder if it had some-  
thing to do with that.

When they come in at night, mother  
says to them, "You have been such a help  
to me to-day; I am glad I have such help-  
ful little boys and girls."

"Why, mother," said Tom once, "we  
haven't done anything to help you to-day;  
we have just been playing and having a  
good time ourselves."

"Well," said mother, "by playing to-  
gether so pleasantly, without quarrelling,  
and taking care of baby Belle so cheer-  
fully, you have helped me more than you  
know."

"I did not know that that was helping  
you," said Tom.

"Well, it is," said mother, kissing him.  
And many other mothers would say the  
same thing.

Do you help your mother by being  
cheerful and kind to your brothers and  
sisters, my reader? Surely, all our readers  
ought to be.

A BAD REPUTATION.

SOME years ago, in a farming neighbour-  
hood, a middle-aged man was looking about  
in search of employment. He called at  
the house of a respectable farmer and told  
his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer  
"John Wilson," was the reply.

"John Wilson—the same that lived  
near here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"Then I do not want you."

Poor John, surprised at such a reply,  
passed on to the house of the next farmer,  
and there a similar reply was given; and  
he found no one in the neighbourhood  
who was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the  
old school-house. "Ah," said he, "I under-  
stand it now. I was a school-boy there  
years ago, but what kind of a school boy?  
Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and  
once caught in deliberate lying; and, though  
since I have been trying to reform, they  
all think me the same kind of a man that  
I was as a boy."—*Sabbath-school Visitor.*

LITTLE MINNIE AND HER NURSE

LITTLE Minnie lay on a cot in the hos-  
pital very, very ill, with no kind parents  
or friends to care for her. The doctor and  
nurse knew she must soon die, and did all  
for her they could, but they did not talk  
to her of Jesus and the home of many  
mansions prepared for those who love him.

"You are too sick to talk," said the  
nurse; "keep very still."

But a dear Christian lady came through  
the hospital, and seeing the sick child, sat  
down by her side and talked with her of  
Jesus and his love. It was a precious story  
to Minnie. Jesus was just such a friend as  
she needed. She took him right into her  
heart, and was filled with joy and peace.  
She had no earthly friends or home, but  
now she would soon go to his home, and  
he would love her always.

The lady went away, and when the  
nurse came round again, Minnie said, "I am  
very happy now; I am thinking of Jesus  
and how he loves me. He died to save me  
and forgive my sins."

"Silence, child!" said nurse.

"I wanted to tell you so that you can be  
happy too."

"I know all about it, I found Jesus long  
ago."

"You did!" said Minnie, "I thought  
by your looks you didn't know, so I told  
you."

The nurse looked at the child in sur-  
prise.

"Why, child, what is there in my looks  
that made you think so?"

"Because you always look so glum,"  
said Minnie meekly "I thought every-  
body who know Jesus was very happy."

It ought to be so, oughtn't it, little  
reader?