



EASTER LESSONS.

The Easter lessons are lessons of life, hope, and joy. If Christ never had risen it would not have been worth while for any of us to live, for struggle as we might, we never could have overcome the darkness nor have broken the bonds of sin and death. Life would have been utterly hopeless. But Christ arose from the dead, and now there are no conditions in life in which one need despair. Victory is always possible. He who overcame for himself will help us also to overcome if we turn to him for help. That is what salvation means—not merely that all our sins are forgiven through Christ's atonement, but that through Christ we may overcome in every discouragement, every temptation, every sorrow, every trial.

So the Easter lesson is one of encouragement and hope. No matter how things have gone with us, we should never give up. Despair is disloyalty to Christ and to our own calling as Christians. We never should even admit discouragement.

Out of all earthly misfortune, trouble, loss, grief, or disappointment, we should ever rise strong, undismayed, and cheerful.

We have an example in the old Prussian general, who had but one word of advice in all the councils of war. When repulse came, and the question was, "What next?" he always replied, "Forward!" When victory was gained, and the question arose, "What shall we do with it?" the same one word came, quick and imperative, "Forward!" Thus should it be in life; and thus it may be with the Easter lesson in our heart.

We should always live victoriously. We should never allow ourselves to be defeated or overcome. Whatever the sorrow or the failure, or the sin, we should ever rise again victoriously.

King John of Abyssinia was opposed to smoking, and ordered that the lips of his subjects who should be found smoking should be cut off.

A STREAK OF SUNSHINE.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's armchair "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered grandma cheerily; "I have read a little and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, and her eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," exclaimed the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been sick a long time, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth; and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arms around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

SONG FOR EASTER.

BY MRS. MARY LUTHER KEENE.

The tiny buds begin to wake,
Down in the dark, cold bed,
As swift the kisses of the sun
Fall on each nestling head.
"We must arise," they say,
"To greet the spring's birthday!"

The sleeping brooklets softly stir
Beneath the brightening light,
And smile into the sky's sweet face,
Out of their long, lone night.
"Let us awake and run
To meet the shining sun!"

The bonny birds in distant clime
The secret message hear;
We catch the answering floating back,
In carols glad and clear;
"Homeward we fly and sing,
Sing for the beauteous spring."

And shall our hearts alone be still,—
When sky and stream,—bright bird
And flowers,—and God's sweet grace are
ours?

Nay, let glad thanks be heard;—
"We wake—we live—we sing
To greet our risen King!"