

EASTER.

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLER.

My sweet little neighbor Bessie
I thought was busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
"Say, what is the Easter day?"

"Has no one told you, darling—
Do they 'feed his lambs' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child
The story whose end is Easter—
The Life of the Undeified.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar,

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life he lived
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears,

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

Came at length to the garden
Where they laid his form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter day—

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

Think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of him who was God and man.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter day.

Ye put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that *was*,
But the child that *is* to-day.

BEING AFRAID.

FRED and Floss and Fido walked home side by side. Fred had his arm around Floss, and Floss had her arm around Fido. Fred said: "If you saw a ladder, just like Jacob did, with one end on the ground, and one end in the sky, would you be afraid to go up it?" "I don't think I would," said Floss, "if I knew that God held the other end. If you had to go through a long, dark woods, and it was just *dreadful* dark, would you be afraid?" she asked. Fred didn't answer for a minute. Then he only asked: "Would you?" "I don't think I would if I was sure God would go all the way with me." "We would both ask him first, and then he would go every step with us," said Fred. "No; I don't think I would be afraid, either. I do not think we need ever be afraid if we only believe Jesus, do you?" "No; I don't think we need," said Floss. "And I mean to have him always for my best friend." "Then you must be his friend too, and do as he wants you too," said Fred. "I mean to try," replied Floss.

THE WAY TO WELCOME HIM.

"PAPA will soon be here," said mamma, to her little six-year-old boy; "what can George do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look, and immediately beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to add to the neatness of the room.

"Be happy to him when he comes," cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Did not little Georgie give a better definition of a welcome than the dictionaries can, when he said: "Be happy to him when he comes"?

EASTER SONG.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

THE Lord hath arisen,
Oh, welcome the day!
Rent now is death's prison:
The stone rolled away!
Triumphant, an angel
Of glory sits there,
God's gracious evangel
Of love, to declare:
"Fear not! from death's prison
Your Lord hath arisen!
Why seek ye him here,
In terror and fear?
He is risen to-day,
Come see where he lay!"
Christ, Christ hath arisen,
Come see where he lay!

O hearts that in sorrow
And darkness have lain,
Look up! for the morrow
Of joy comes again!
For you, too, an angel
Of glory sits there,
God's gracious evangel
Of love to declare.
"To-day from death's prison,
Your Lord hath arisen!
And ever on high
Interceding, doth cry,
From death and the grave
His people to save!"
Christ, Christ hath arisen,
His people to save!

FRED AS A PREACHER.

THIS was Fred's sermon on honouring parents: He stood on a chair and had his brother and sister for an audience.

"H" means to *hear* what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather. 'O' means *obey*—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it. 'N' is to hear and obey *now*. Don't say, 'Wait a minute.' Don't think, 'I'll mind next time.' Now, is the word. 'O' again means *onest*; we owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers and couldn't do it ourselves. So we ought to be *onest* every time. 'R' stands for *right*. It is right, because God says so, if it weren't, he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

Maybe some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.

ASK the Lord to help you be a good child all this week. He loves to help his dear little ones all the time.