



OH, WHAT LITTLE HANDS DO  
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?  
THE LITTLE HANDS SOME WORK MAY TRY  
TO HELP THE POOR IN MISERY  
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

OH, WHAT LITTLE LIPS DO  
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?  
THE LITTLE LIPS CAN PRAISE AND PRAY  
AND GENTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS SAY  
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

### EASTER JOY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!  
The world is glad to hear your chime,  
Across wide fields of melting snow  
The winds of summer softly blow,  
And birds and streams repeat the chime  
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!  
The world takes up your chant sublime!  
"The Lord is risen." The night of fear  
Has passed away, and heaven draws near.  
We breathe the air of that blest clime  
At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time  
Our happy hearts give back your chime.  
The Lord is risen! We die no more.  
He opens wide the heavenly door.  
He meets us, while to him we clime,  
At Easter time.

### EASTER.

Easter, glad Easter Day, has come again. Of all the days which we can commemorate, this is the most precious. The Easter festival is the most beautiful, most radiant of the Christian year.

"The eternal triumph of the forces of good over the forces of evil, of joy over sorrow, of the living Christ over the awful mystery of death and the grave, the victory of Immortal Love forever—these are what Easter typifies, through its warm colour and life and joy, its fragrant masses of flowers, renewing their bloom after the long death of winter, and its glorious waves of music, faintly foreshadowing the songs of heaven. There is not an Easter custom or an Easter emblem but goes back, somehow, to this great underlying thought—the life and immortality that are brought to light in the Gospel."

Most of our young people know the meaning of Easter, and we feel sure that they all love it, for it is "Christ's day of glad release." After having lain in the tomb for three days, he burst the bands of death and rose in glory and majesty. Since that blessed Easter morn the day has been loved by Christian people everywhere.

Did you ever notice that Easter Sunday is usually bright and beautiful? All nature joins in a grand rejoicing. The sky seems a deeper blue; the shade-trees are putting forth tiny sprigs of green, the fruit-trees are sending out messages of love and greeting in the shape of little buds and blossoms, the first vegetables

are peeping out of their warm beds in the earth; the birds carol their sweetest songs; and indeed, it would seem that all things rejoice that Easter has come.

But while all these things make us happy and swell our hearts with gratitude, we must not lose sight of the great lesson the day teaches us. It is the anniversary of Christ's resurrection. As he has risen from the dead, so we too must one day rise from our graves. If we have been faithful servants here, we shall then have part in the resurrection of the just, and live forever with our blessed Saviour, whose death and resurrection have opened for us the door of heaven.

### THE EASTER CROSS.

The Cross, dear little friends, is the symbol of pain and sadness; yet in the happy Easter-tide we wreath it with the sweetest flowers of spring. Many of you have carried your floral gifts to church, to add beauty to the dear and sacred place, while the Easter anthems were being sung. There you have twined azaleas and lilies around the cross.

The Easter thought which I would like you all to remember is that for our sakes the blessed Saviour died and was laid in the tomb.

But on the third day he arose from the dead. And this took place in spring-time, when the flowers were blossoming after their winter sleep, fit tokens of the heavenly life that shall never end in the home above, which all who believe in the Lord Jesus shall share.

### "THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM."

BY S. WESLEY, SEN.

Behold the Saviour of mankind,  
Nailed to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee

Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.



'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,  
"Receive my soul," he cries!  
See where he bows his sacred head;  
He bows his head, and dies!

But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine.  
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine?