

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Easter.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Go BACK, my soul, to the sorrowful day
When they led thy Lord to be crucified;
Follow Him over the stony way,
By hate betrayed and by love denied;
List, through the silence of ages gone,
To the tears that dropped in that desolate dawn,

When the sacred robe had a deeper dye
From the blood that streamed at the licitor's
stroke,

When the angels leaned from the frowning sky,
Ere the clouds with their fateful lightnings
broke.

Go back, my soul, o'er the vanished years,
List to the ring of the Roman spears.

For Jew and Roman together stood
On the awesome mount where the nails were
driven,

Deep to the heart of the shrinking wood,
Through His hands and feet, in the sight of
heaven,

And the sun grew pale and refused to shine
When death drew near to the Man Divine.

O Death, that came with the serpent's guile
Through the gates of Eden long ago,
Henceforth we, dying, may dare to smile
Full in thy face, thou relentless foe;
For the Love on the cross that bowed to thee
From the power of Death hath set us free.

Three days in the sepulchre bound He lies!
Tenderly come with your spice and myrrh,
O beautiful women, with tear-dimmed eyes,
Past wan grey olive and deep green fir—

Come where the pure sweet lilies bloom;
Come to the door of the rock-hewn tomb.

"He is not here!" He has left the prison
That had not a fetter to hold Him fast;
Life of our life, the Lord hath risen;
The night of our bondage is gone at last,
Sing of the Love that was strong to save;
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

But think, oh! think, on the Easter morn,
Of the price that the Lord to the utmost paid,
When His cry "'Tis finished!" afar was borne,
To the heavenly heights and the hades' shade,
And swift and glad let thy worship be,
O soul of mine, for He died for thee.

He died for thee, and for thee arose,
With the thorn-prints plain on the kingly
brow,

For thee He conquered the last of foes,
And the scars of the battle He weareth now,
Oh, sing the Love that was strong to save;
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

Y. P. R. U.

We are glad to report that—late in the season as the plan was announced—a considerable number of Young People's Reading Unions have been formed, and a large amount of earnest work is being done. Next season the reading course will be begun much earlier—in October, instead of in February. In the meantime we urge our young friends to vigorously prosecute the course of reading on which they have entered.