



MARY'S EASTER.

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BY META E. B. THORNE.

He is dead, my blessed Master!  
They have laid him in the tomb.  
Oh, the grief, and pain, and anguish!  
Oh, the loneliness and gloom!  
In our grief, for consolation,  
He came with sweet ministry;  
For our burdens help he brought us,  
For affliction, sympathy.

Never did he faint or fail us,  
And we hoped that he had come  
For our Israel's redemption,  
Hence to drive the hosts of Rome.  
Now, alas! O quenchless sorrow!  
He is sleeping with the dead;  
They with wicked hands have slain him,  
And our every hope is fled!

## AT THE TOMB.

What! What ruthless hand and cruel  
Dared that solitude invade?  
See, the open tomb is empty!  
Where have they his body laid?  
He had promised us a kingdom  
Evermore to stand in pride;  
Now a resting-place in safety  
To his body is denied.

Sir, O where, where have ye laid him?  
Ye have taken him away!  
Let me strew these fragrant spices  
O'er his sleeping form, I pray!  
Hark! he speaks! What tones familiar  
On my ear fall soft and low?  
"Mary!" 'Tis his voice! O Master,  
Thou, my Lord, my God, I know!

Now the stone-barred tomb is riven!  
Now the prison doors stand wide!  
Death for evermore is vanquished,  
Risen is the Lord who died!

He is risen! He is risen!  
Spread the good news far and near!  
Now we know he is our Saviour,  
We will trust him without fear.

## WHERE ROLY POLY HID.

It was Ruth's turn to hide her eyes, and little, fat Roly Poly's turn to hide her own small self. Where should it be? She had hidden behind the hawthorn hedge in three different places, and once behind mamma's rocker on the piazza, and once round each corner of the house. She must hurry. Ruth was counting pretty fast: "Twenty-six, twenty-seven, —!" Roly Poly began to run fast, anywhere to get out of sight before Ruthie got to "fifty." Right in the gravel walk was the big bushel basket that Michael must have left when he was weeding awhile ago. It was in Roly Poly's way, and she forgot all about it in her hurry, and tumbled right into it. "Forty-three, forty-four, forty-five!" O dear! Then Roly Poly thought of something splendid. It was so splendid that she laughed out loud; and the laugh hadn't quite ended when Ruth sang out, "Fifty!" only it sounded queer and muffled. Away flew Ruth's little slim legs, here and there and everywhere. They flew round corners and into nooks and crannies. They twinkled down the paths to the summer house and the pump-house, until at last, quite tired out, they landed Ruthie on the piazza steps. She took off her hat and fanned her hot little face. "Where in this whole world can she be, mamma?" she panted. "I've looked everywhere there is to look 'cept in the house and in the no-fair places; and Roly Poly always hides honest, always." "Hark!" mamma said. It sounded like a muffled giggle. Ruth jumped up and darted off again. This time she looked in all the old places and some queer new

ones. "I have to give it up, mamma," she said at last, sitting down to rest on Michael's bushel basket. O my, how quickly she got up again! The basket was rocking violently; then it rocked over and there sat Roly Poly under it in a little drawn up bunch, with her laughing eyes shining out of a thicket of ruffled hair. "Coop!" she said.

## OUR "MOTHER QUEEN," VICTORIA.

I feel sure you are all sorry, as I am, that our dear Queen has been called to lay by her crown; but, with me, are glad she has secured a more valuable one—"which fadeth not away,"—the "Crown of Life."

Our loved sovereign came to the throne in her youth, as you know, yet she realized that hers was to be a very responsible position, and so, like King Solomon "the wise," she sought the guidance of her "heavenly King" and earnestly asked for wisdom to rightly govern the great Empire over which she was placed. Her long and prosperous reign proves that she asked not in vain.

Just think! a "woman-ruler" over 400,000,000 subjects—more than one-quarter of all the people of the world, and embracing one hundred languages—revered and loved by them all, both great and small; and not only these, but beloved also by all nations and peoples on earth.

Young people, learn a lesson from her devoted Christian life. When our lamented Queen came to the throne she said, "I will be good!" Then, after embracing her mother, she asked to be left alone, and for two hours she was in devotion and deep meditation. Like Victoria, may you be guided by Divine Wisdom, then will your life be useful, your death peaceful, and your heaven glorious.

On Friday in Halifax the day-schools attended memorial services, and on Saturday the city was in mourning and held memorial services, and on Sunday afternoon the schools engaged in similar union, solemn services. Now you will have to sing "God Save Edward the King." Let us emulate our dear Queen's noble life and "do all the good we can" as the days are going by.

## GOLD OR SHOT.

Many years ago a number of big boxes were sent across the Atlantic Ocean, filled with gold coins. They were filled in England with shining "crowns" and "guineas," as the English people call their money; but when they were opened on this side of the water, lo! there was nothing inside but dark, heavy shot! Somebody had stolen the money, and put shot in its place. This would do for a little parable: God gives us, to-day, twelve golden hours for work and play, for serving him, and helping our neighbours: but if we idle over our work, if we are selfish in our play, if we forget to serve God, and refuse to be kind and helpful to our companions and neighbours, then our golden hours turn to base, ugly metal, while the sun is making his day's voyage in the blue sky.