

## EASTER MORNING.

Lift up, O little children,  
Your voices clear and sweet,  
And sing the blessed story  
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,  
And worship at his feet.

Chor.—Oh, sing the blessed story  
The Lord of life and glory  
Is risen—as he said—  
Is risen from the dead.

Lift up, O tender lilies,  
Your whiteness to the sun,  
The earth is not our prison,  
Since Christ himself hath risen,  
The life of every one.

Ring all ye bells in welcome,  
Your chimes of joy again.  
Ring out the night of sadness,  
Ring in the morn of gladness,  
For death no more shall reign.

## YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time, like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No, indeed, dear," said mamma; "but you are more wonderful than any watch that was ever made."

Then she took her little girl on her lap and told her what she eat went to make warm, bright blood, and how the beating of the heart sent this warm, bright blood all over her little body, and to make flesh and bones, and fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her, "and some day he will say, 'stop, little heart,' and it will stop. But while it beats Lucy must keep it full of good kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it."

"But when it stops, what then?"

"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ and trying to please him you will be forever happy with him."

## WHAT CARL CAN DO.

"WHEN I am a big man I'm going to be a preacher," said Carl, one day.

"Oh, ho! You'll never know enough to preach," laughed his brother.

"Well, if I can't preach, then I'll be a good man, and show people what God likes us to be," Carl answered.

"And you need not wait to be a man for that," added his mother. "Even little girls and boys can do that; and it is, after all, the best kind of preaching."

## CHILDREN AT WORSHIP.

The question is often asked, "How shall we get the masses to attend public worship?" The answer may be supplied by an incident of my boyhood.

On the mantel-shelf of my grandmother's best parlour, among other marvels, was an apple in a bottle. It quite filled the body of the bottle; and my wondering enquiry was, "How could it have got into that place?"

By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was said of that other wonder, the source of the Nile, "nature well known, no mystery remains," so was it here. Walking in the garden, I saw a vial placed on a tree, bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. Now I saw it all. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.

Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the church; for, alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.  
—*Spurgeon.*

## CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

LORD Jesus, cleanse me in thy precious blood, and keep me faithful to thee as long as I live, and then take me to thyself. Amen.

Lord Jesus, make me wholly like thyself. Let thy peace rule in my heart. Be to me all in all. Amen.

Heavenly Father, I praise thee that thou hast called back and pardoned thy wayward child. Strengthen me to do all thy will, and keep me from going astray from thee, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Oh Lord, our Father, help us to be thy loving, obedient children. May we honour thee by holy living and by doing good. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Heavenly Father, I have gone astray from thy way like a lost sheep. But thou hast sought me and found me. And now for thy name's sake lead me and guide me. Amen.

Heavenly Father, may thy will be done in earth as in heaven. May we know how to make thy will our will, so as to be always thine. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Lord, teach us how to pray. Grant us a

spirit of earnest prayer, and may we know that thou hearest us when we call upon thee. Grant this, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Blessed Master, may we never be ashamed to confess thee before men, but may we always be ready to acknowledge thee as one who has done all things for us. Amen.—  
*Religious Telescope.*

## ALWAYS OPEN.

In the city of New York, on Broadway, there is a telegraph-office with the sign "Always Open" conspicuously displayed in its window. At any hour of the day or night you may enter it and send a message to any part of the world. How much this reminds us of the door of the palace of God, where the words are always to be seen, "Knock, and it shall be Opened unto You." This door is always ready to open, and to present to our eyes the added words, "Ask and ye shall Receive." At any hour in the twenty-four, and wherever we may be, the invitation stands with its perfect welcome, and we may send our requests to God. The Prophet Isaiah, in one of his glowing visions of the future church, said, "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually: they shall not be shut day nor night." The gates of the Lord's church are ever open to welcome into his fold all who will come.

## THE IRISH BOY'S SONG.

A MAN going to the station to take the train heard a little Irish boy singing,

"There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

"Where?" asked the gentleman; for his mind was impressed by the words, "There'll be no sorrow there."

The boy answered,

"In heaven above,  
Where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened to take the train, but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn. A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great thought which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now resolved to become a Christian, and did so, and began to live a life of preparation for the land where there is no sorrow.

## LAUGH OF CHILDREN.

THE little boy's hearty laugh! O what music!

I like to hear children when they are alone tell what things they have seen and done during the day. Listen how these merry voices mingle with the clatter of knives and forks at supper time. I would rather hear that than the best music in the world.