

**The Resurrection.**

BY MRS. M. P. CHICK.

Over the hills of Palestine,  
The flush of morning broke,  
As night drew back her curtain,  
And the day in beauty woke.

The scent of dowy blossoms,  
Fell on the air like balm,  
The morning breezes awayed the trees,  
The olive, fig, and palm.

The sound of rustling leaves was heard  
Through the vines upon the hill,  
The twittering low of early birds,  
By many a fount and rill.

When slowly through the garden,  
With hearts oppressed with gloom,  
They who the best had loved him,  
Now sought the Master's tomb.

Laden with myrrh and spices,  
They sought him where he lay;  
And anxiously they questioned  
Who should roll the stone away.

But as they near the portal,  
The door stands open wide,  
For angels in the darkness  
Have rolled the stone aside.

And one appears before them,  
In the flush of morning light,  
His brow is like the sunbeams,  
His robes are dazzling white.

Why seek ye here the Master?  
He has risen as he said;  
The last great foe is conquered,  
And Death himself has fled.

Go, spread the joyful tidings!  
Go, tell it far and wide;  
That the seal of death is broken,  
And the stone is rolled aside.

As on the night of sorrow,  
Rose the resurrection morning,  
So to the darkest hour there comes,  
The rosy flush of dawning.

And where in storm and darkness,  
Stern rocks oppose our way,  
Angels may rise to greet us,  
In the glorious light of day.

**BIRDS OF TRUST.**

BY E. A. HAND.

"There, grandmother, see those gulls in the water!"

There were standing beside the old kitchen window in the May home, where Grandmother May found a home with Charlie May's parents. Charlie was going to sea in the ship Albatross that expected to sail in the afternoon of that very day. From the kitchen window of the May home one could see the river that swept out to sea twice a day, and then came back, bringing the vessels that had been waiting for the inflowing tide. The conversation between grandmother and Charlie had not been very cheerful, as might naturally have been expected. Charlie would have welcomed the sight of anything from the window—a pigeon on the shed roof or a hen down in the yard. Those gulls off on the river, drifting a while and then rising upon strong, steady wing, soon to drop again into the water, were cordially welcomed as a very interesting part of the view.

"Don't you like to see gulls, grandmother?"

"Yes; I call 'em birds of trust."

"Birds of trust?"

"Well, they don't do nothin' for a livin', you know; jest fly round and peck at the fishes when they have a chance. I see 'em in the winter, you know, when the days are real cold and frosty. A master-big flock will come a-flyin' over the water, and they drop into it and ride there jest as calm and contented! I s'pose you might say they do suthin'—"

"Why, yes, of course."

"You might say they fish for a livin', but they don't do no worryin' about it. When I see the birds of erry kind whatsoever I think of the Saviour's words, 'Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'"

"Yes, yes, grandmother."

Charlie was much pleased to have found something that would divert the thoughts of his grandparent and make her a bit cheerful. It was only for a minute or two. She broke all down as she exclaimed:

"You—y—Charlie—are goin'—to sea—and we shall all miss—you—and you—must—trust—your heavenly Father."

That afternoon the Albatross lifted its wings and bore away to sea Charlie May, who, by the time the night shut down, concluded that he was about as miser-

able a being as ever went to sea from that port.

Grandmother's words continued to ring in his ears. "You must trust your heavenly Father."

He was not a praying boy. He intended to begin a life of prayer some time and trust that heavenly Father who carries the sea in the hollow of his hand. But there is nothing easier to postpone than good intentions. Day after day went by and Charlie's life was prayerless. His conscience, though, was not at ease.

The Albatross was gliding one day not very far from land. Rigged in his sailor suit, a sailor cap on his head, his feet bare, Charlie had climbed up into the rigging to discharge a little duty entrusted to him by Captain Johnson, and, having attended to it, halted on his journey back to the deck.

What were coming?  
Birds?

"Why, why," he said; "look at them! They seem to think I am a friend. This is interesting."

It was interesting, and it set Charlie to thinking.

Down the rigging he went, saying to himself, "Grandmother's birds of trust, and I haven't prayed yet!"

"Why don't you do it now?" laid a voice.

"Now?" thought Charlie. "Oh, I am not ready."

"Is not God ready? Which is of the greater importance, your readiness to go to God, or God's readiness to receive you?"

"Oh, God's readiness, of course."

"Very well; you have been thinking of this matter a long, long time, saying



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

you ought to do it, and meaning to do it, and not fully happy because delaying to do it. You do it now."

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere that you have a chance."

"The birds are gone and I might do it here, but I am too near the deck. I—I—had rather do it down in the fore-castle. Some of the sailors, though, are probably there. I want to be all alone."

"Go higher and you will be alone."

"I—I—I'll try."

"Say, 'I will do it.' God takes people anywhere. The water might seem to be a poor place to pray in, but people struggling in the water are very glad to look up to God and trust him there. Climb up! Go higher! Pray up there!"

Captain Johnson wondered why Charlie May stayed so long up in the rigging.

"Why, if that chap isn't up—up—on the main topgallant yard!"

Yes, all alone, looking as if he were up near the blue sky, a sailor boy was praying on the main topgallant yard. It seemed to him as if he were doing it very poorly, but it was an honest effort by a sailor boy to let God take him, to trust him, all in the name of the dear Saviour who died for him. An honest effort like that does not God bless?

Charlie May always thought of it as the hour when up in the air he gave soul and body to his heavenly Father. He did not take back the gift. Such a gift must be made for eternity.

When Charlie reached the deck again he heard the captain say to the first mate:

"Something is coming! Don't know what, but it is a change in the weather. Make everything snug."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

That night the Albatross was towing in a rough sea. Down in his berth Charlie heard the voice of the storm, but he felt that he was one of grandmother's birds of trust. Out in the ocean God was taking care of him.

**You Follows in the City.**

You fellows in the city, don't you sometimes wish that you could sit out on the kitchen porch just like you used to do, and look across the meadows at the distant spires of town, while behind the black west woodland the red sun filtered down, while the evening winds were snapping the blossoms from the trees, and the old dog looked up at you with his paws upon your knees? There's no spot that you love better beneath the azure dome, than the kingdom of your boyhood—the old farm home.

**"SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."**

BY MARY S. DANIELS.

John and Gladys were on the piazza Monday afternoon. Gladys had a box of bright-coloured glass beads, from which she was making a necklace for sweet Alice, her doll. There were to be a ruby, an emerald, a topaz, and an amethyst necklace. The unfinished strings were laid carefully on the little work-table beside her, as she selected the beads of each colour.

John was playing cars. He had a train made up of his old box cart for

say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven."

Gladys had a quick temper which gave her a great deal of trouble, but she was earnestly trying to be good, and resolved to obey this lesson.

John looked grateful as well as content. He knew Gladys had reason to be vexed with him; and he had expected she would take her doll's carriage out of his train at the very least.

But Gladys was saying to herself, "Seventy times seven. That's four hundred and ninety. I'll forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that—" She shut her lips tight. Somehow she felt as if a little discipline might be better for heedless John than so much forgiveness.

Gladys was a very wide-awake little girl, always seeking questions and trying to understand things. So she knew something about keeping accounts from seeing mamma's housekeeping books.

"I'll have to keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven."

So before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book: "List of the times I forgive John," and under this: "Monday. For spilling my beads."

But just then she remembered that that very day she upset a block tower that John had built to show papa when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her.

"I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," said Gladys, who had a very strong sense of justice.

So after thinking a minute or two she wrote slowly on the opposite page: "The times John forgives me: Monday. For knocking down his tower."

And of course this made her and John longer. The next day the list on her page was longer. Then for two or three days they were even again.

Saturday was one of those days when everybody seems to go wrong; and when Gladys conscientiously made up her account of course this made them even.

And of course this made them even. had forgiven her four times more than she had forgiven him.

On Sunday there was nothing to put down on either side. Monday ended a week, and Gladys "added up."

Her list seemed long; but, alas; after the times John had forgiven her, there was nothing left to count toward the "seventy times seven."

She had a long "think." It had not come out quite as she had expected. Besides, she wanted to be perfectly fair; and she could not help feeling that some account should be taken of the times that others besides John had been patient with her. She had been thoughtless and provoking again and again, when mamma had been very gentle with her. Then there was the day when she had annoyed the cook so; and cook had borne it all, and never told mamma how "trying" she had been. Why, only that morning she had teased poor pussy fully a quarter of an hour; and even puss had not scratched her, as she deserved. Gladys was beginning to feel very humble.

"I guess if I forgive all I can, without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times that ought to count," she whispered. "Perhaps, after all, that was what Jesus meant. I will try. Dear Lord, help me to forgive always, as I wish to be forgiven."—Sunday-school Times.

**A REFRACTORY DIAMOND.**

ONE OF REV. W. L. WATKINSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

We read the other day of an awkward diamond. The diamond usually yields to the efforts of a grinding tool, which makes several thousand revolutions in a minute. However, a large jeweller in New York had to confess himself beaten some time ago by a diamond which had been submitted for a hundred days to a grinding-wheel making twenty-eight thousand revolutions per minute. The diamond came out of this ordeal in precisely the same condition as before it was touched. The total distance represented by the revolutions of the grinding-wheel was equivalent to three times the circumference of the globe, and in this instance the ordinary weight of two pounds was replaced by one of forty pounds. The only effect of the combat was to put the lapidary on the sick-bed from exhaustion. After this experiment the jeweller gave up the task as hopeless, and sent the diamond as a curiosity to the Scientific Institute of New York.

Reading about this awkward gem made us think of the refractoriness of men under the purifying and shaping hand of God. How strangely and wickedly do we often resist his wise and patient treatment.

the freight, his new express waggon as the passenger coach, and the doll's carriage for a parlour car. He himself was the engine, and he was steaming and tooting with all his might.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came rattling around the corner of the piazza, dangerously near her table. "This station is on a branch road, and the train don't run to it."

"Choo! Choo!" said the engine, switching off.

"Take care, John," said Gladys again, a few minutes later, as the train came still nearer. "I am afraid you'll upset the table and spill my beads."

"Choo! Choo! Ding-a-ling!"

Away went the train. But the engineer must have been very forgetful, for presently the train came driving around at full speed, and before it could be stopped the table was overturned and its contents were rolling in all directions.

"O John," said Gladys, her face scarlet with vexation, "what did I tell you?"

Then she stopped suddenly, as if she had just remembered something. John looked at the scattered beads in dismay.

"I'm awfully sorry, Glad," he began. "Indeed, I didn't mean to spoil your pretty things! I'll help you pick them up and string them again."

John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful.

"Never mind, John," said Gladys, quietly; "I'll forgive you."

She had been thinking hard for a minute of the lesson the minister read in church Sunday:

"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I