

AN EASTER CAROL.

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Sing, O children, while you may,
As the angels sing who love you,
As the birds sing high above you
On this heavenly day.
For the birds know spring is nearer
And the angels heaven is dearer,
While the singing children say,
"Jesus lives and lives alway."

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Do not linger where He lay
From the loving and the scorning,
Till this glorious, golden morning,
Hidden awhile away.
That the darkness may not hide us,
Nor the long, green sods divide us,
When we're tired of work and play,
From this Jesus, risen to-day.

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Ah! the dawn was cold and gray,
But the King in beauty waking,
All his sad, old earth is breaking,
Into hope of May.
And the children sing forever,
Knowing death nor life can sever
Love from love—they sing and say,
"Jesus lives and lives alway."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.—John 10. 27.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. C. the True L. - In him was life—
2. Christ's F. D. - Behold the Lamb—
3. Christ's F. M. - And his disciples—
4. Christ and N. - For God so loved—
5. Christ at J.'s W. - Whos'r drinketh—
6. The N.'s Son H. - Jesus said unto—
7. Christ's D. A. - This is indeed—
8. Christ F. the F. T. I am the—
9. Christ at the F. - If any man—
10. Christ F. from S. If the Son—
11. Christ H. the B. M. One thing I—
12. Christ the G. S. - I am the good—

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON I. [April 2.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 32-45. Memory verses, 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—
John 11. 25.

A LESSON TALK.

On the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, about two miles from Jerusalem, lay the little town of Bethany. If you travel in the Holy Land some day you may see a miserable little village of about twenty houses and be told that it is the village of Bethany. Then you will know it was here that Jesus wrought the greatest of all his miracles. Read the whole story carefully, and try to make the happy little home, in which Jesus loved so well to be, seem real to you. Does it seem strange that when Jesus knew that Lazarus was sick he did not go to him at once? Jesus knew what was best. He always does, and so we may trust him.

There is a story of a man who did not believe in God, and who wanted to keep others from believing. One day he tried to show that the Bible was not true, because it said that an ass once spoke, and he knew that could not be. A Scotchman said, "Ah, man, you make the ass, and I'll make him speak!" God, who made Lazarus, could bring him back from death.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

- Who were dear friends of Jesus? Mary and Martha and Lazarus.
- Where did they live? At Bethany.
- Who became very ill? Lazarus.
- Why did the sisters send for Jesus? They thought he would cure him.
- What did Jesus find when he came? That Lazarus was dead.
- What did Jesus say? "Thy brother shall rise again."
- Where did Jesus go with the friends of Lazarus? To the tomb.
- What did he do there? "Jesus wept."
- What did he tell the people to do? To take away the stone.
- What did he do then? He called Lazarus to come forth.
- What followed? Lazarus came out alive.
- What did this prove? That Jesus was the Lord of life and death.

ERNEST'S GOOD FAIRY.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

"It'll not be Thanksgiving to me this year," said Ernest. "if we can't go to grandfather's. I don't see why he had to go off just now and shut up the house! And then Aunt Anna has moved away off, and it'll not snow when I want to use my sled. I think to-morrow will be a horrid day!"

His mother said nothing. The next morning when Ernest came down to breakfast, there by his high chair stood a new wheelbarrow, painted red, with its name in blue letters on one side: "The Good Fairy."

"Oh! I've always wanted a wheelbarrow," shouted the little boy excitedly. "Oh, mother, where did it come from?"

"Grandfather sent it; and he wrote me to tell Ernest that if he really had a thankful heart he could show it by making his

"good fairy" help others on Thanksgiving Day," said his mother.

Ernest was quite sober while he ate his oatmeal. After breakfast he trundled off with his new present to the kitchen.

"Biddy, he said to the cook, you want some kindling. I'm going to bring you some."

Off went the little fellow to a field near by where Ben had cut down a tree. It took nearly an hour to pick up the chips, but Biddy was so glad to get them. Then Ernest sat down in his barrow in the cornfield to rest. He had his rake, for he wanted to help Ben. He felt very happy.

The Kings lived in the country, and Ernest's cousins were to come home from church with the family to spend the day.

The youngest child was about Ernest's age. Her name was Lucy. She wanted to play with the new wheelbarrow all the time. It was so new and dear to the boy's heart that he felt at first that he couldn't give it up. Then he remembered his grandfather's message.

"There, Lucy," he said, "you can ride your doll awhile, and then I will give you a ride."

His father wanted his slippers and in a moment Ernest had them before him in his barrow.

After his cousins were gone and the big feast was over, Ernest said:

"I've had a lovely time, and I think I've lots of good things." He came up very close to his mother. "I think God was very good to me when I was so cross yesterday," he said.

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.

Cho.—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.

Mrs. John Sherwood, in a lecture at Elmira College, said. "Sometimes when I go shopping I think there are more ladies behind the counters than in front of them. When I see a luxurious customer wear out a poor, pale saleswoman with her insufficiently considered wants, and then go away after buying nothing, to proceed to the next shop to do the same thing again, I think the real lady is behind the counter.