

EASTER.

CLARICE with the tender eyes,  
Fair and sweet, and full of hopes  
As birds of summer-tide;  
Clarice filling daily needs  
With little petty, toilsome tasks  
Around the fireside.

Sweet and pure the maiden's heart,  
Like to river clear and free,  
Ran life's melody  
Through the household as she sang;  
Merry trill now high and clear,  
Then so tenderly.

Unto all things true was she;  
Each new day, with gay consent,  
Like the flowers she grew;  
And earth smiled thro' summer sun,  
And rains fell, and winter snows,  
And Clarice bloomed anew.

But one day her heart awoke,  
Tender heart so strong and true,  
And Clarice looked within.  
"Ah, dear Christ," she murmured low,  
"Little am I, faint and weak,  
Very full of sin."

"Make me, doing service grand,  
To fulfil thy work somewhere."  
So did Clarice pray.  
And the earth smiled on, and sun,  
Sky and bird and tree rejoiced;  
And 'twas Easter Day.

Low an undertone of peace  
Fell upon the young girl's soul  
In a rhythm divine:  
"In no grand work breathing fame  
Do I call that you should prove  
You are child of mine."

"Nay, but if each day you show  
In the home I gave to you  
Love's sweet sorbitude,  
I will give you pledge divine  
Of your royal heritage."  
Ceased the interlude.

Clarice fell upon her knee,  
Bowed her soft hair like a veil;  
Glad she was to pray.  
"Loving Thee, I yield my will;  
Other offering have I none  
On this Easter Day."

And the earth smiled on,  
Waking to the tender touch  
Of new-blooming spring.  
But the fairest flower of all  
Was our Clarice, interweaving  
Love in everything.

"CHINESE" GORDON.

IT is difficult in the space at our disposal to say all that ought to be said of General Gordon, the hero of the hour, and one so genuine and true as to be so recognized by men of all classes and of all countries. His career has been of the most romantic and startling description. Mr. Gladstone could well say of him as he did lately, that "he is no common man," and with becoming sobriety and truthfulness could add that he "is a hero," and more than that and better than that, "a Christian hero." Not only is he all this but, as Mr. Gladstone also said, he is a "genius," and in his dealings with Oriental people has a faculty of command and influence which are almost, if not altogether, unintelligible to Western people. He is brave to a degree which, with many who are anything but cowards, would pass for reckless foolhardiness. He is as modest as he is brave, and has all along sought as assiduously to avoid anything like celebrity as most people seek to secure it. He has been doing things at which the whole world wondered, and has himself wondered and blushed like a girl to find it fame. His unselfishness and modest simplicity of tastes and habits are as marvellous as his bravery and as rare as his self-unconsciousness. There is a masterful magnetism about him

which subdues men to himself and makes them willing instruments in carrying out his wishes. He is, in short, a kingly man—born to command. And he is as much of a statesman as of a soldier. "He sees quite through the deeds of men"—can read their characters as in a book, can detect the subtlest lie, and can arouse even in the most unprincipled something like a love for virtue and an admiration for fair and honest dealing. In the Crimea, in China, at home in Gravesend, and in the Soudan, it has always been the same. He has fought shy of ovations; has resented praise as if it had been a personal insult; has declined all honours; has laboured among the lapsed and forsaken of English cities as if he had been a zealous, self-sacrificing city missionary; has taught classes of ragged boys; has prayed with the sick and the dying in the humblest hovels; has lived on a mere fragment of his official income, and has given all the rest to feed the poor and to help the falling and the fallen.\* His very garden he has cut up into plots which the poor might cultivate for their own advantage. All public demonstrations he has steadily refused, but he has never declined to render any private service within his power. An individual this surely cast in an antique mould, yet every inch of him a man of the 19th century.

And what is the secret of all this strange fascination and power? Whence come the might and mastery of this all but unique personality? Some have described him as a Christian fatalist, an English Joshua, a nineteenth century Cromwell. It all depends on what is meant by "fatalist," and what the estimate formed either of the Conqueror of Canaan or the Commander of the Ironsides. It is very evident, at any rate, that Gordon believes in God every day of the week; not, as it is to be feared, is the case with multitudes, for about two hours on Sundays, if even that. He is as ever in his great Task-master's eye. He believes he has a soul to be saved and a work to be performed just as many believe that they have stomachs to be satisfied; and he, therefore, takes some trouble with the same. "I have no right," he said on one occasion, "to possess anything, having once given myself to God." "I am but a chisel," he added, "in the hands of a carpenter. If I am dull he sharpens me; if he pleases he puts me aside for a different tool." He does not talk about his religion. He lives it. To him God is an ever-present, all-pervading, beneficent, omnipotent Power and guide and strength and friend; one with whom there is nothing so great as to be beyond his control, nothing so minute as to be beneath his notice. Smaller minds may curiously amuse themselves in busy idleness by trying to analyze what to them may be a strange psychological phenomenon, but in the meantime Gordon himself is face to face with the realities of life in such a way and to such an extent as to enable him to do and dare what his critics and amused patronizing analysts could not so much as attempt, far less successfully achieve.

"We have nothing further to do," he remarked on one occasion, "when the scroll of events is unrolled, than

\* He refused a salary of \$50,000 as Governor of the Soudan, accepting only one-fifth that amount.

to accept them as being for the best. Before it is unrolled it is another matter, and you could not say I sat still and let things happen with this belief." As in 1877 he set out alone from Cairo to Abyssinia on an expedition full of danger his last words were:—"I go up alone, with an Infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me; and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing, and indeed to be sure of success. Were it not for the knowledge that I have that God is Governor-General I could not get on at all." In that conviction, which pervades and strengthens and ennobles General Gordon's whole nature, lies the secret of what men may call a strange combination of the most transcendental fanaticism and the coolest, most calculating practicality.—*Globe*.

THE QUEEN'S NEW BOOK.

THE following are extracts from the Queen's "Life in the Highlands," just issued:

In 1871 the Queen witnessed the Scotch communion service on Sunday at Crathie Church, near Balmoral. She writes:—"The communion is most touching and beautiful. It impressed and moved me more than I can express. It is impossible to say how deeply we were impressed by the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest. No description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage. I longed much to join it. To see all these simple, good people in their nice plain dresses, including an old woman in her mutch, so many of whom I knew, and some of whom had walked far, although they were in deep snow, was very striking." "Since 1873," the Queen adds, "I have partaken of the communion at Crathie every autumn."

MARQUIS OF LORNE'S ENGAGEMENT.

On October 3, 1870, the Princess Louise became engaged to the Marquis of Lorne. The event took place, the Queen says, during a walk from Glasalt Shiel to Dhu Lock, where Louise had gone with Lady Ely, the Lord Chancellor, and Lorne. "Louise, on returning at night, told me Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and had proposed to her. She had accepted, knowing I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But naturally I gave my consent, and could only pray that she might be happy."

The sole reference to events in France in 1870 occurs in speaking of a sermon which she heard in the church at Balmoral. She says:—"Dr. Macleod gave such a splendid sermon on war. Without mentioning France he said enough to make everyone understand what he meant when he pointed out how God would punish wickedness and vanity and sensuality. The chapters he read from Isaiah (the twenty-eighth), and from Ezekiel and Amos and the Psalms, were really quite wonderful for the way in which they seemed to describe France. It was all admirable and heart-stirring. Then the prayers were beautiful, in which he spoke of the sick, of the dying, the wounded upon the battle-fields, and of my sons-in-law and daughters."

DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

In June, 1879, the Queen records the receipt of the news telling of the

death of the young Prince Imperial:—"Brown knocked and came in. He said there was bad news. When I, in alarm, asked what, he replied:—"The young French Prince is killed." I could not take it in, and asked several times what it meant. Beatrice then came in with a telegram in her hand and said:—"Oh, the Prince Imperial is killed!" I feel the thrill of horror now while I write the words. I put my hand to my head and cried out, "No, no! it cannot be true!" Then dear Beatrice, who cried very much, as I did, too, gave me the telegram. To die in such an awful, horrible way. Poor, dear Empress; her only, only child—her all, gone. I was quite beside myself. Brown was so distressed. Every one was quite stunned. Little sleep did I get, thinking of the poor Empress, who did not yet know it. The Prince was so good and so much beloved. To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, is too fearful, too awful, and it is inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned around and fought for him."

EASTER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I HAVE no frankincense, no myrrh,  
I have no spice, no oil;  
But here are snowy Roses, Christ,  
Without a stain or soil.  
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake,  
My Roses take.

I have no silver, and no gem,  
No virgin gold for Thee;  
But here are Lillies white as light  
And sweet with purity.  
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake  
My Lillies take.

THE MONKEY AND THE CHILD.

NOT long ago an English lady took passage on a vessel bound from Kingston, Jamaica, to London. A large, strong, and active monkey on board the vessel took a fancy for the lady's child—a babe about two months old. The monkey would follow the lady from place to place, watching her as she rocked and fondled her little one. It so happened, on one beautiful afternoon during the voyage, that a distant sail attracted the attention of the passengers. The polite captain offered his glass to the lady. She placed her child on the sofa, and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm, and was nimbly climbing up the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the mainmast. The captain was at his wits' end. He feared if he should send a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the babe, and escape by leaping from mast to mast. Meanwhile the monkey was seen to be soothing and fondling the child. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below, and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the child upon it. The captain restored the child to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.