



An Easter Idyl.

Many a year the Easter came, laughing o'er
land and sea,
Wafting the perfume of lilies wherever its
dawn light fell,
Kindling the flames of the roses, and wav-
ing their torches free,
Far over hill and mountain, and deep in
the lonesome dell.

And many a year at Easter I sat in the old
church loft,
And lifted my voice in Te Deums, and
sang like a mavis clear,
Sang of glory and triumph, and my voice
thrilled sweet and soft,
Oh! many a time in the Easter of many a
cloudless year.

Till there fell a season of anguish, when
the stars went out in the sky,
When I covered my face, and bent my
knees, and beat with a hopeless
prayer

At the golden gates of heaven that were
shut to my bitter cry,
While the Angel of Death at my threshold
was deaf to my love's despair.

Then, straight on that wild, bleak winter
there followed the fairest spring,
With snowdrops and apple blossoms in
riotous haste to bloom,
With the sudden note of the robin, and the
flash of the bluebird's wing,
And all that was mine of its beauty was
the turf that covered a tomb.

Oh! the bells rang out for Easter, rang strong
and sweet and shrill,
And the organ's rolling thunder pealed
through the long church aisle,

And the children fluttered with flowers, and
I sat mute and still,
I who had clean forgotten both how to
pray and to smile.

And I murmured in fierce rebellion, 'There
is naught that endures below,
Naught but the lamentations that are rent
from souls in pain;'

And the joy of the Easter music, it struck
on my ears like a blow,
For I knew that my day was over, I could
never be glad again!

And then, how it happened I know not.
There was One in my sight who stood,
And lo! on His brow was the thorn-print,
in His hands were the nails' rough
scars,

And the shadow that lay before Him was
the shade of the holy rood,
But the glow in His eyes was deeper than
the light of the morning stars.

'Daughter,' He said, 'have comfort! Arise!
keep Easter-tide!

I, for thy sins who suffered, and died on
the cruel tree,

I, who was dead, am living; no evil shall
e'er betide

Those who, beyond, or waiting, are pledged
unto life with Me.'

Now I wake to a holier Easter! happier than
of old,

And again my voice is lifted in Te Deums
sweet and strong;

I send it to join the anthem in the wonder-
ful city of gold,

Where the hymns of the ransomed forever
are timed to the Easter song.

And I can be glad with the gladness that is
born of a perfect peace;

On the strength of the Strong I am rest-
ing; I know that His will is best.

And who that has found that secret from
darkness has won release,

And even in sorrow's exile may lift up her
eyes and be blessed.

—Margaret E. Sangster in 'Harper's Bazar.'

A Message In A Letter.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, in the 'Christ-
ian Endeavor World,' has some valuable
thoughts for young bible readers. He says:

If you had a friend far away, whom per-
haps you had never seen,—a father, we will
suppose, who had gone to a distant land
when you were too small to remember him,
yet a father who loved you and frequently
wrote to you,—how would you be able to
realize that he was actually alive, and that
he was your father, and that he loved you
and you him? I think you would take his
letter every week, and sit down and read it
carefully. The very fact that you had his
letter in your hands, and that you knew he
wrote it, and wrote it for you, would give
you a sense of your father's existence and
reality and love for you.

Why not apply this same method in real-
izing your heavenly Father's presence? He
has sent you his letters; he has told you of
his love. Sit down with these letters and
read them over and over. Say to yourself,
as you read them, 'This is from my Father
in heaven.' I think this the best starting-
point, and as soon as you can thoroughly
understand and know that these chapters to
which I have already referred, like the heart