

to Sunday-school. John had done the few preliminary things toward dinner that his wife always expected him to do, and was eagerly watching.

He went out as usual to help her from the wagon, and as she handed him the geranium she said: "We had such a good Easter sermon, John, I wish you could have heard it." He made no response, but as her eye met his she gave a start of surprise. "Who has been here?" she whispered a little anxiously, catching his arm before entering the house. "Have you got company? What makes you look so—so—John!" As she spoke his name a great hope—too great, almost, to cherish—made her heart beat more rapidly, for what was the meaning of that rapturous smile?

"Yes, I've got company," he answered very slowly; "same as Thomas had when he met with the rest, you know—'My Lord and my God.'"

Poor little Mrs. Dunmore got into the house and into a chair as best she could, and her husband brought her a glass of water. She waved it aside and looked straight into his eyes as she asked, "John, do you mean you're converted?" There were tears in his eyes, for he began to realize at last how much she cared. "Yes, Sarah," said he, "accordin' to Thomas I certainly am."—*New York Christian Advocate.*



## Easter Chimes

### Risen!

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."—*Luke 24:5-6.*

WHEN in the starry gloom  
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,  
Two angels stood in sight,  
All dressed in dazzling white,  
Who unto the women said,  
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

O ye of this latter day,  
Who journey the self-same way  
Through morning's twilight gloom  
Back to the shadowy tomb;  
To you, as to them, was it said,  
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The Lord is risen indeed,  
He is here for your love, for your need—  
Not in the grave, or the sky,  
But here where men live and die;  
And true the word that was said,  
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,  
Wherever are children's cries,  
Where man calls man his brother,  
And loves as himself another,  
Christ lives! The angels said,  
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"  
—*Richard W. 'son Gilder.*

## Ring, Happy Bells.

RING, happy bells of Easter-time!  
The world is glad to hear your chime,  
Across the wide fields of melting snow,  
The winds of springtime softly blow,  
And birds and streams repeat the chime,  
At Easter-time.

Ring happy bells of Easter-time!  
The world takes up your c'nt sublime,  
"The Lord is risen." The light of fear  
Has passed away and heaven draws near.  
We breathe the air of that blest clime  
At Easter-time.

Ring happy bells of Easter-time!  
Our happy hearts give back your chime.  
The Lord is risen! We die no more;  
He opens wide the heavenly door,  
He meets us while to Him we climb,  
At Easter-time.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

## Easter Tide.

O bells in the steeple,  
Ring out to all people  
That Christ has risen, that Jesus is here!  
Touch heaven's blue ceiling,  
With your happy pealing,  
O, bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear.

O, soft April showers,  
Call out the young flowers,  
Touch each little sleeper, and bid her obey!  
Set daffodils blowing,  
And fresh grasses growing,  
To thrill the whole world on this new Easter day.

O, lilies so stately,  
With petals so shapely,  
Christ loved you and talked of your beauty of old,  
Bend low in your places,  
In tenderest graces,  
While swinging before Him your censers of gold.

O, violets tender,  
Your shy tribute render;  
Tie round your wet faces your soft hoods of blue;  
And carry your sweetness,  
Your dainty completeness,  
To some tired hand that is longing for you.

O, velvet bloomed willows,  
Go comfort sick pillows,  
With visions of meadow-lands peaceful and brown,  
The breath of spring lingers  
Within your cold fingers, [down.  
And the brook's song is caught in your fringes of

O, world bowed and broken  
With anguish unspoken,  
Take heart and be glad, for the Lord is not dead.  
On some bright to-morrow,  
Your black cloud of sorrow  
Will break in a sweet rain of joy on your head!  
—*May Riley Smith.*

THIS announcement of the angel—"He is risen"—  
is certified and buttressed as is no other fact in his-  
tory. As stands Mt. Blanc, grappling with granite  
roots the earth's centre, and rising with mighty  
mass and altitude into the far blue, stands the fact  
of the resurrection of our Lord.—*Wayland Hoyt.*