

THE EASTER HYMN.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 24, 1886.

HELEN'S VERSE.

ONE morning Helen's verse was: "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." She had repeated it to papa, and he had told her how even little people could be helpful, and loving, and gentle, as they would wish others to be to them. That day baby cried a good deal; and mamma had the headache, and was all tired out. Then Helen thought: "Why, yes, if I were a mamma, and my baby cried, I'd want my little girl to help me." So she took baby while mamma went and laid down, and was as gentle as she would have wished others to be with her. Don't you think she was happier for practising her verse?

"AND how old are you my little man?"  
"I'm not old at all. I'm nearly new."



STRANGE COMPANIONS.

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I PRESUME you have all heard of Barnum's "happy family." In a large cage he keeps a number of animals that are natural enemies—cats, birds, rats, monkeys, and snakes—I believe. It seems very singular that such animals could be taught to dwell together in peace. But in our picture we see a thing which is even more remarkable—the prairie dog, the owl, and the rattle-snake, all dwelling together, of their own free choice, in one home, and in perfect peace. One wonders that the owls do not fall a prey to the snake, and that the little dogs do not worry the life out of the snake; but no quarrels, I believe, ever arise in their happy homes.

CARLO.

How well we all remember Carlo! He was a dear old dog, and belonged to Mr. Rhodes, the constable of our town.

Carlo always made a point of attending all the fires in the town. He could mount a ladder like a fireman, and well do I recollect the last of his adventures.

It was toward evening on a holiday, and few people were in the place, as most of the citizens of the town were absent on a popular excursion.

I remember feeling sadly disappointed at having to miss the excursion myself. At about five o'clock the bells in the churches began to ring very loud and fast; and Carlo, who had been lazily sleeping and watching the place, started up, and, with two or three expressive growls that summoned his master, ran with all speed for the fire.

The dog was very busy and intelligent all the time, dragging down the stairs, with great speed and care, things of every description.

As the last house was burning, the cry of a child was heard in the upper story.

Of course it was out of the question for any one to go up and expect to come back, but Carlo seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Knowing in his dog mind that the first stories were already in a blaze, he leaped up the ladder and jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back, but his master, who appeared at that moment, shouted to him to go in, and the people cheered. Whether he understood or not, he again entered the window, and when all hope of a return had been given up, a loud shout announced his arrival. He was terribly burned, and fell before he reached the ground; still holding with wonderful firmness a little babe.

The child did not prove to be greatly harmed; but poor Carlo's injuries were fatal. The brave dog received every care, but he died the next day.—*Effie Squier, "Dog Stories," St. Nicholas for March.*

THE NEW KEY.

"AUNT," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and to make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only a little word: guess what."

But her aunt was no guesser.

"It is please," said the child. If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'Please show me my paring lesson,' she says, 'Yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, 'Please do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask my uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, Puss, if I can.' And then if I say, 'Please, aunt—'

"What does aunt do?" said aunt herself. "Oh, you look and smile, just like mother, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.