

## EASTER BELLS.

SWINGING, swinging,  
Hear the ringing  
Of the great bells in the steeple,  
Listen, listen, O ye people,  
For the earth is glad to-day!  
Pealing, pealing,  
Echoes stealing  
Through the great clefts of the mountains  
Past the merry hearted fountains  
To the valleys of decay:  
King, O bells,  
Ring in gladness,  
Ring out sadness,  
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

Voices calling,  
Voices falling  
Through the pearl-embattled portals  
From the Land of the Immortals  
On our blessed Easter Day:  
And for Angel,  
And Archangel  
This message that they bring us,  
This the challenge that they fling us,  
Hail the Saviour, risen to-day!  
Ring, O bells!  
Ring out blindness,  
Ring in kindness,  
O ye bells of Easter Day!

Falling lowly,  
Lord most holy,  
By the Peace that thou hast lent us,  
By the Spirit thou hast sent us,  
Grant on this thine Easter Day:  
Worthward wending,  
Voices blending,  
That with lips that do not falter  
We may sing beside thine altar  
Of that love that lives away:  
Ring, O bells!  
Ring out coldness,  
Ring in boldness,  
For the King of Easter Day!

Ring out again,  
Bells ring again!  
And the heart finds rest from malice  
In the ruby-hearted Chalice  
Of the Lord on Easter Day.  
Christ is risen,  
Christ is risen!  
And sin's burden is uplifted,  
And the sombre clouds are shifted  
From the shining upward way.  
Ring, O bells!  
Tell, tell the story,  
Ring, ring the glory,  
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

## THE DESERTER.

THE streets of our large cities daily present some striking scenes from which lessons of life may over be learned. Just watch those two lads in that dirty alley. Dick is the captain of the lads. He is a good-natured fellow, and had he been well-trained would have been a valuable member of society. With his wooden sword he commands the other lads to obey. Tom escaped from his control. He deserted, but was caught, and with hands tied, was marched in triumph to the alley. A mock trial ensued, and Tom was ordered to be imprisoned in a corner for two minutes!

Tom is very merry whilst in custody; but there is a look in the face of both the captor and the caught which seems to say, "Might often overpowers right." Or we can imagine Dick to be saying:

Come along, sir, come away,  
I will teach you how to play  
Properly at hide and seek.  
Nay, don't turn aside your cheek;  
You know that I am captain here,  
And now I've got you by the ear.

Life in some of the city alleys is of an extraordinary character. With daily examples of intemperance and all kinds of vice before their eyes, the wonder is, not that so many children are corrupted, but that any escape.

The noble army of teachers in our ragged and mission schools have done a blessed work amongst our city

Arabs. The fruit of their labours can only be known in the better world. Pray for them, and assist them with your gifts.

## WHERE ARE YOUR SINS!

## GOOD FRIDAY THOUGHTS

A YOUNG girl came to see her minister, being anxious about her soul.

"Are you saved?" he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?"

"I am trying," she sadly replied.

"How are you trying?"

"I am praying, and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully answered.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"O, I believe in Jesus," she quickly responded.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not there to see him die."

"I know it because God says so in his Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct, for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him, therefore, when he was nailed to the cross—were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is up in heaven."

"You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his Word. Are your sins upon him?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to-day he is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments in deep thought, and then, raising her eyes, a sweet smile played over her face as she said: "They must be in his grave."

I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load;  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains."

The *Volkfreund* for August, 1854, states that out of nine hundred persons who died in Rotterdam the preceding year from cholera, only three were abainers.—*Judge Pitman*.

I have found the use of alcoholic drinks to be the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera with which I am acquainted. Were I one of the authorities, I would placard every spirit-shop in town with large bills, containing the words—**CHOLERA SOLD HERE**—*Dr. A. M. Adams*.

I consider I shall do more in curing disease and preventing disease in one year by prescribing total abstinence, than I could do in the ordinary course of an extensive practice of one hundred years.—*Dr. Higginbottom*.

## THE NIGHT CHARLIE RAN THE EXPRESS.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

HAT after five, one stormy winter evening. Half after five, and against the gray, ashy sky, the smoke rose from Engine Twenty in a black column each time that the fireman coaled up. That evening a passenger-car ran next to the tender, and at the forward door of this car a face was pressed against the glass. With this face went much comforter and much coat, all belonging to a stout, solidly-built man.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, suddenly. He was looking across the tender into the locomotive-cab. The fireman had swung back the heavy iron door of the furnace, and was shovelling coal down the throat of the dragon with its ravenous appetite for carbon. The glare of the flames filled the cab and flooded the tender with a sharp light, down through which the storm-flakes drifted a fleet of snowy sail across a sea of gold.

"That's pretty," said the watcher. While the snow and gold blended below, the smoke-stack above was belching out clouds of ebony. "And that, that is ugly," he murmured. "That's the way sometimes that things here end—in miserable smoke, black and ugly. But don't that fireman go it spry! He's worth noticing. Spry and on hand all the time. Bah! What a night!"

He shrugged his shoulders as he felt a cold draft from the outside atmosphere of mist and storm covering the level seamarshes the train was crossing. Soon there was a perceptible slowing of the train, the cars occasionally jolting as if in the effort to halt they were dislocating a limb or two.

"Rock-kee Brook!" bawled the brakeman, and at Rocky Brook the coat-and-comforter man stepped out upon the platform. The fireman, Charlie Some, alighted also, oil-can in hand.

"Beg pardon!" said Charlie, running against an old Rocky Brook acquaintance, Nathan Withers.

"Humph!" ejaculated the coat-and-comforter man. "He can make an apology. I like to see an employee gentlemanly, and anybody in fact."

"No harm," said Nathan. "Fearful night, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Yes, and it will be worse. Chilly, cold, too."

Nathan followed the fireman as he moistened the tired, dry joints of the machinery with a bath of oil.

"Say, Charlie, it's a bad night, and take a nip of this. 'Twill put you in good condition."

Charlie stepped back as if Nathan had presented a pistol rather than a flask.

"I thank you, Nathan, but that won't do. It's against the rules of the road for me to touch it. They must have clear heads, you know, whoever may run these trains."

Nathan slipped back into the shadows clustering about the station. Charlie had gone to the head of the engine, oiling and talking with Nathan, and then returned to the neighbourhood of the coat-and-comforter man, who overheard some of his conversation, and said to himself,

"That young fellow is decided, and can meet the necessities of the occasion. He must be promoted." Then he returned to the cars, Charlie stepping up into the cab.

The next day, Charlie rushed into the presence of his grandmother, with whom he and his sister lived, saying,

"Congratulate me! I saw our superintendent to-day, or he came to me. You see, last night he was on the train. He sent for me."

"For what?"

"You'll see. Said he, 'I want an extra hand to-night, to take Freight Seven down to Hartley, and there you'll find an express. Bring her through to Bentley. I saw that you refused some liquor last night. I want steady men.' So, grandma, I'm to be the engineer that will take the express through from Hartley to Bentley, twenty miles beyond Roaring Brook, and he says I may have an engine all the time. Whew! Don't I wish I was a steam-whistle that I might give vent to my feelings! Sallie, wave at me when I go by!"

"But banners for such triumphal occasions are scarce in this country," said Sallie, the sister living with the old lady.

"Take this," and Charlie went to his drawer for a handkerchief.

"But Charlie," said grandma, "while I am glad to have you an engineer, is not that a risky train?"

"Why, grandma, I know the road as well as the orchard-path back of the house, and then I have run trains for short distances."

"Well, Charlie," and grandma, rising up, looked seriously at him, "keep a sharp lookout, and while you are looking out I will be looking up."

The old lady here solemnly, trustingly raised her eyes to heaven.

Charlie was taken in Freight Seven to Hartley, and there he found Engine Nine waiting for a place in the expected express.

Bill Stover was Charlie's fireman. He was a stubby, round-shouldered chap, carrying a black mop of hair on his head and another on his chin.

"Bill, do you think you and I can put this train through in good shape?" asked Char' (slightly emphasizing the second pronoun), when Engine Nine had been shackled onto the express train.

"We will try it. We are harnessed to the train all right now. First signal has been given and the second will follow soon."

"There it is, the second signal! Forward, Engine Nine! Do your best to-night," said Charlie. As if intelligent, and not a bundle of machinery, the engine began to respond. The steam went fuming, shoving into the cylinders, the pistons began to play in and out like muscular arms, the big, revolving wheels turned slowly, and the express was off.

"Choo-choo! Choo-choo!" coughed the engine, the dragon within relieving himself of several mouthfuls of black smoke, and spitefully spitting out a quantity of steam also.

"Hurrah!" said the young engineer to himself. He was as proud of Engine Nine as a mother is of her first baby. He looked with satisfaction upon the shining lever and throttle, viewed admiringly the polished steam-gauge, and when Bill Stover opened the furnace-door and revealed the roaring, raging volcano there, Charlie paid him this first-class compliment:

"Bill, I could not have built that fire better myself."

Away sped the express.

"Bill, she is good as a bird!" said Charlie, complacently eying Engine