

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Easter Voice.

THE Grave was voiceless once!
A black, insatiate depth, unlit by sun,
Into which fell and vanished, soon or late,
The brave, the wise, the lovely, one by one
Caught in the grasp of a resistless fate;
Borne where reply, return and hope were none.

The Grave was voiceless once!
Strong men stood helpless, saw their loved
ones go,
And rent the air with wild and fruitless
cries:
Only the echoes answered to their woe.
Iron seemed the earth, and brass the shining
skies,
Deaf to their struggles and their agonies.

The Grave was voiceless once!
But since the Lord arose from deathly strife,
And conquered Death, it speaks and sweetly
sings:
"I am the Resurrection, and I the Life.
Dust unto dust; but dust with hope is rife.
There is a second birth for buried things."

The Grave was voiceless once!
O Christ! who, after three days spurned the
grave,
Who art the very Life of Life, indeed:
We stay us on Thy promise, and are brave,
Although our hearts are dumb with pain and
bleed,
We know that Thou art true and strong to
save.

The Grave was voiceless once!
But, listening now where frenzied hearts of
yore

Listened, we catch from the dark depth
beneath,
Sweeter than voice of larks which sing and
soar,
"Weep not, beloved, I have vanquished
death,
And those who live in Me shall die no more,
—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Independent*.

A Crowded Number.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER was never
during its history so crowded as it is this
month. We are giving more copious and com-
plete Lesson Notes than ever before, and when,
as in April, five Sundays are included in the
month, almost everything but the Lesson Notes
must be crowded out, even the frontispiece
picture, and its place given to those valuable
notes. This loss has its compensations; for we
are sure that our readers desire nothing so
much as the greatest amount of light from all
sources that can be thrown upon a sacred page.

THE oldest Protestant church edifice in
America is described in the February *American
Magazine*, as well as the earliest steam railway.

THE question whether the wheat of Manitoba
can be transported through Hudson's Bay direct
to Liverpool is of serious moment to Canada.
On this subject, in the *American Magazine* for
February, J. Macdonald Oxley throws what-
ever light recent exploring expeditions can
afford, aided by illustrations and details of
existence in a region where mercury freezes
solid.