



**The Resurrection Morning.**

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 victory 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 open 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?"

Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

**SUSIE REDMAYNE:**

OR,

*A Story of the Seamy Side of Child-life.*

BY

**CHRISTABEL.**

CHAPTER I.

"ALONE, ALONE; ALL, ALL ALONE!"

"It is so cold, Ralphy,—so cold! is it going to be colder?"

"Do you feel it very much, Susie?" said the boy, turning to the all but fireless grate and trying to rake together the few dying wood ashes.

But it was no use. There was nothing in the grate to give warmth,—nothing to give light,—nothing to make the cheerless winter afternoon seem cheerful.

They were not quite orphan children, perhaps they were rather worse than orphans.

The mother had died when little Susie was born; and it would be hard to say how the child had managed to live through seven summers and winters of neglect, hard-usage, and scant fare.

Yet she had lived as nature's wild flowers do live; and like them, the little thing contrived to shed a certain sweetness upon the hard world about her.

She was almost like a flower to look at with her golden head, her lily-white face, and her eyes of pure forget-me-not blue; and there was a flower-like grace about her that caught your attention at once if you happened to be passing through Piper's Court.

The room, or rather the garret, in which the children were sitting was at the top of Smirk's Buildings. The slanting roof was low and smoke-blackened. The snow, which had been falling softly all the afternoon, was beginning to lie densely on the cracked skylight, shutting out the last ray of light, and making the children

feel as if it were probable that they might be buried there in the chill gloom and darkness.

They had not much to say to each other now. They had had time enough during the day to talk themselves sad, and then to talk themselves bright again, half a dozen times over.

They had eaten the last morsel of bread, or rather Susie had eaten it; for Ralph declared that he had no appetite when he had no work.

His work was to run errands, to hold horses, or to help the market people; in short, to do anything and everything that a quick and eager boy of eleven might be expected to do.

He had been unfortunate on this particular day. Not a penny could he earn, and he had never yet had to beg. He could not have told you what instinct within him made him shrink from an appeal to charity, as he would have shrunk from theft.

He only remembered his mother very vaguely, but that vague remembrance acted as an unseen check, when the boy knew it not.

It gave him the feeling that he was not exactly as the other boys of Piper's Court, and he saw plainly that Susie was not like the other girls.

Something marked them off, though the boy was all too young and too ignorant to know what that something was.

His resolution, if such it could be called, had been tried many and many a time, but never more than to-day; and now, when the day was almost gone, it was tried more than ever.

His little sister's words rang in his ear, "It is so cold, so very cold!" He knew how cold it was too; his own jacket was thin, he had no stockings, and in the morning he had had to fasten his left shoe on to his foot with a piece of string. He had laughed as he did it, but he did not laugh now, when the night was coming down into that bare unfurnished room, bringing with it new hopelessness, new terror, new and unknown dread.

There was a little straw bed in one corner of the garret, where Susie always slept. Ralph's bed, where he slept with his father on the rare nights when the latter went to bed, was in an adjoining garret; that was a straw bed too, and had only a ragged coverlet, which was of little use in the way of warmth.

The frost grew more and more intense, and colder still grew the evening.

Instinctively the children crept closer, and Ralph put his arm around Susie, for was he not her protector?

It was a great thing that each had the other. Fain would they have tried to soothe one another, but what could they do? This thought puzzled them much.

Then a cheering idea occurred to Ralph. He had been a Sunday scholar before his father had sunk so low through drink. And his teacher had once told him, that when we were in difficulties and could do nothing for ourselves, that if we prayed God would do it for us.

"Susie, child," said Ralph, in tremulous tones, "let us ask God to help us." And with Susie's hand locked fast in his own he knelt and uttered a broken prayer.

Who shall say that it was not answered when half an hour afterwards good old Bessie Brown looked in upon the forlorn little ones?

"Has it come to this, Ralph?" said Bessie in a husky voice, as she looked at the fireless grate and the desolate room.

Heaven help you! poor motherless barns," she continued.

Then in a more cheery voice:

"Come now, Ralph and Susie, I think we could make this place a little bit cheerful, and perhaps father will be pleased, when he comes home, to see that you have made the best of things. Just run along to my room, Ralphy, and bring a few pieces of wood and coal."

Very soon a blaze from the fire sent its fitful glare over the bare floor and walls.

Ralph was sent to get a loaf. And while he was gone, Susie, who had taken off her shoes to save them, took the big kettle and ran off to the tap.

The plash of her bare feet amid the half-melted snow on the wet stone steps fell heavily on the ears of a well-dressed young lady, who passed upward to another gallery to see a sick woman.

The lady turned to look, but the child was gone. It seemed useless to follow, for the windings in Piper's Court were very intricate to a stranger.

She passed on to fulfil her errand. But as she returned to her comfortable suburban home, the momentary glance, by one dim gas-lamp, of the naked feet and the big kettle, and the beautiful tangled hair flying wildly in the wind, and she thought the child was sobbing,—these things haunted her.

The luxuries of her home had lost their charm. When she retired to her boudoir her eyes rested on velvet, and marble, and gilt; but these she saw not.

Miss Frere's mental vision was too full of the sad picture in Piper's Court. The frail child, the tiny bare feet, the big kettle, and the ice and snow. To what kind of people could the poor child belong? Miss Frere almost despaired of ever finding her, for her organ of hope was not large; but she at once resolved to pray every day that she might again meet the child and befriend her.

If a room could be made tidy or cheerful Bessie Brown could do it. And Susie looked carefully among the cups and saucers to find one that was not cracked, to set ready for father.

Bessie made them some hot coffee, for she thought it would help to keep the frost out.

They drank their coffee and ate their bread, and although they had neither sugar, milk, nor butter, they were happy; for good old Bessie was near them, and she always carried about her an atmosphere of peace and kindness.

Yet over their short-lived happiness there hung a cloud. They could not shape their fears into words. But a vague undefined dread of what might happen haunted them; a consciousness that Bessie Brown would leave them, and with her would go all hope, and comfort, and happiness.

Bessie Brown was a great power in Piper's Court. She had known better days. Most of the women there knew that, in comparison with themselves, she was a lady.

They said it was because she had lived among fine people. But the greatest difference was that she was a true Christian. A Christian woman cannot be coarse or vulgar. Some laughed at her, and many were spiteful to her in small ways.

Still she kept on her way calm and peaceful, and kept her light burning, although she dwelt in a dark place.

When Bessie had done what she could for the little Redmaynes she went back to her room, which looked cosy and cheerful in contrast with the desolate one she had left.

She half wished she had taken the children with her, but then there was the father to be considered.

Ralph and Susie were weary and sleepy, and fain to creep to their comfortless beds.

But still they sat and waited, half-hoping and half-fearing their father would come.

"Is that father? shall I hide in bed?" said Susie, as she laid her trembling hand on her brother's arm.

"Yes, father's coming," said Ralph, "as the sound of uncertain footsteps came nearer; "but never mind, perhaps he won't be cross."

(To be continued.)

**EASTER JOYS.**

WHAT especially has afforded the world joy and peace? It was the resurrection of Christ from the dead. There was joy on his advent, and angels joined in the glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest!" There is real joy also after Jesus suffered the agonies of the cross to see him come forth victor over death and the grave. How sad were all his disciples and friends to see him suffer and die! How dark the world as the Son of man expired on the cross! What a solemn stillness brooded over the holy city as Joseph took him down, and laid him in his rock-hewn tomb! With what sadness all who loved him spent that night and the succeeding day. Grief had settled down on many

hearts who had learned to love the Prince of Peace. But, oh! the joy when it is announced on the morning of the third day that "He is not here, he is risen." Though doubts were mingled with fears, yet how great the joy when the fact is fully declared! Then the darkness fades before the rising light. Then gloom departs like mist before the sun. Then sorrow flies from despondent hearts, and joy and peace begin their loud acclaim, "All hail, all hail!" Oh, what a load is lifted from the despondent friend to know that Christ the Lord is risen from the dead, and has conquered the powers of eternal darkness and woe!

It is joy even to-day. The Christian rejoices in such a Saviour. The Christian Church hails this day with anthems of praise, for it declares her victory over the great enemy of sin. It makes the demon of despair rage and quake at this strong potentate, who fears neither death nor the grave. With what joy we should celebrate this festival! How appropriate to consecrate one's self to his service as an offering of joy for his salvation!

**"The Lord is Risen!"**

BY DR. J. P. LANGE.

TRANSLATED BY DR. HENRY HARBAUGH.

The Lord of life is risen!  
Sing, Easter heralds! Sing!  
He burst his rocky prison:  
Wide let the triumph ring.  
Tell how the graves are quaking,  
The saints their fetters breaking:  
Sing, heralds! Jesus lives!

We hear in thy blest greeting—  
Salvation's work is done!  
We worship thee, repeating—  
Life for the dead is won!  
O Head of all believing!  
O Joy of all the grieving!  
Unite us, Lord, to thee.

Hail! hail! Our Jesus risen!  
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing!  
Through death's dark, gloomy prison,  
Let Easter carols ring;  
Haste, haste, ye captive legions,  
Come forth from sin's dark regions;  
In Jesus' kingdom live.

**IT PAYS TO BE POLITE.**

SEVERAL winters ago a lady was coming out from a public building where the heavy doors swung back, and made egress some what difficult. A little street boy sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'Thank yer' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, the lady turned and said to the boy—

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a young man, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her—

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I can hardly blame people for being rude during the holidays."

"The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said—

"Pardon me, madame, you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honoured and trusted clerk.

**GETTING READY.**

"MAMMA," said a little child, "my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a while, that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here, but I do not see anyone preparing to go there; why don't they try to get ready?"

Reader, are you making any preparations?