

fallen on the class, a little quick sob sounded in her throat. Then, in a moment, there flashed in her face a sudden brightness. With lips parted, and the child-eyes shining through the tears, she half-sprang from the seat. The words came with a quick, exultant ring that sounded strange in the young voice: "Oh, teacher, but he's up again! he's up again!"

It was a glorious sunburst through the cloud; the "Gloria" of the ages sounding down the years, "He is risen; he is risen!"

No stately sermon, no triumphant anthem, could have made it seem so true and real as did the beautiful child-faith; and the great resurrection truth came to the little group of teacher and scholars with the same strength it came to those of the long ago who were comforted with the message, "He is not here, he is risen."

**CHEATING AT SCHOOL.**

The other day a young man in one of the colleges stole his graduation essay from one that had been written by another collegian years before, and afterwards printed. It was considered so good that it won a prize, but the secret of the theft was soon discovered, and the thief was disgraced. What a sad and ruinous sin it was that wrecked his young life! Yet how probable it is that he began as a school boy just by cheating his teachers in little things—looking over his school-mates' sums, copying their answers, and so on—as so many thoughtless schoolboys do.

**EASTER EVEN.**

"And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."—ST. MATTHEW xxvii. 61.

The body of Jesus sleeps at last. Its weariness and pain are over. Taken down from the cross by loving hands, and wrapped in fine linen, it is laid in Joseph's new tomb. It hallows the grave, for it is the body of the Son of God. The Spirit is welcomed in Paradise. There it carries on the work of the Divine will. It bears to waiting souls the glad news of their Saviour's work. The way is being opened by which His people may pass after Him, through death, to life and glory.

I must be thoughtful beside any grave; more so at the fresh grave of a friend. Old memories crowd the mind. My heart blames me for any coldness or wrong. I would recall hasty words, and ask forgiveness, if I could. What if in any least way I blame myself for his death, if care for me has worn or broken the heart that beats no more! Let me kneel in thought at the tomb of my Saviour. Why is that form lifeless and outraged? What mean the silent pleadings of these wounds? I know all; let me try to feel it. Let me learn, in the solemn quiet, the malice of my sin, and what Divine love has done and borne. Let me bring what has grieved my Saviour—my pride, and greed, and self-will—and lay them deep in His tomb. Here let me grow familiar with death, and learn to look on the grave as a resting-place for my body when its work is finished and its

cross is left. Let me see that my flesh is crucified, ere my spirit leaves it, that I may go after Christ to the rest of Paradise.

Grant, Lord, that by the power of Christ living in me, I may so crucify the flesh, and die to sin, that I may pass without fear through death, to go to Paradise and Thee.

**ANNETTE'S EASTER.**

"It isn't what I want, but what I must have," said pretty Annette, laughing. "You know, mother, it's absolutely necessary to wear a new hat, a new pair of gloves, a new something on Easter Sunday."

"But you see, dear, I'm not well enough to go out and help you choose your something," said mother, wearily. "I am afraid that even in a case of such necessity as this, you are hardly old enough to go shopping alone."

"Quite old enough and quite wise enough!" cried Annette, excitedly. "O, mother, there's such a lovely suit at Burnham's—light gray, with silver ribbons, and such a stylish little hat! Oh, do trust me just

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this once, and you will see what a bargainer I can be!"

Her mother was tired and ill; to her, lying day after day in her sick room, the necessity of wearing new clothes at Easter seemed small indeed, but she reflected that a girl of sixteen might reasonably entertain different feelings.

"Well, dear," she said, "go and try it on, and have it charged. If there are any alterations to be made Mrs. Burnham must be responsible for them."

Annette danced away light of foot and heart. She had been looking forward for weeks to her Easter Sunday. She meant to find in it a day of joy and gladness.

"And who," she thought, "could look spring-like in an old brown cashmere? I'll wear a bunch of daffodils at my belt."

The new suit proved to be exceedingly becoming, though it was not a perfect fit.

"It must be taken in here," said Mrs. Burnham, giving the waist a little pinch, "and let out there. Oh, yes, you can have it for Easter Sunday, though we may not be able to send it home until the last thing Saturday evening."

At nine o'clock on Saturday night it came, and Annette hurried to her room to try it on. Hateful and disappointing ceremony! It had not been altered at all, and she looked at herself in dismay.

"I shall be a perfect fright! Lena, has mother gone to sleep?"

"Oh, yes, miss, she mustn't be disturbed," said the maid. "What is it, Miss Annette? Couldn't I help you?"

"O Lena, if you would! And mother says you're so clever with

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your fingers! Just see where they've pinned here and here! Would you sew it for me?"

Lena took the dress with a little sigh. She was good nature itself, but her day had been a long and weary one. She pinned and sewed patiently, however, while Annette devoted herself to "trying on," and at a quarter to twelve the dress was done, "a perfect fit," Annette declared, "and a beauty!"

Next morning she went happily to church looking like spring itself. "She grows prettier every day," thought her mother, with a proud smile, as Annette came in at noon to tell her about the service.

The minister said we must keep in mind to-day not only that Christ rose from the dead, but that we must rise into a new life of unselfishness and love," said Annette, in conclusion. "Why, Lena, how you look! Haven't you been to church?"

"No, Miss, I've had one of my bad headaches," said Lena, quietly.

"What a pity!" said Annette, gathering up her delicate gloves, and reflecting that she would call for her most intimate friend and go with her to afternoon service. "It doesn't seem as if any one could be sick or sorry at Easter."—The Youth's Companion.