But a couple of days, Dutton! How

"But a couple of days, but on the can I wait a couple of days?"

Dyke's white lips parted again into a smile The color had not yet returned to his face, but no suspicion of his suffering entered into the mind of the impatient man beside him.

man beside him.

He resumed:

"Since you think it the better course,
Dutton, I consent to it. But you will
come with me. We will go to Ned together."

Dake shook his head.

"Your meeting will be better with as
few witnesses as possible. And Ned
will understand when you tell her how
much I rejoice in her happiness."

Something in the tone of the speaker,
and an instant after, something in the
expression of his grave, pallid face caused
for the first time a suspicion of Dyke's
real regard for Ned to enter Carnew's
mind; but with it came also, as it had
never quite come before, the realisation
of Dake's true noblity. It forced him to
compare him with himself, and the comparison shamed him. He rose, a little
unsteadily still, and, grasping Dyke's
hand, said tremulously:

"Datter was are a noble fallow. May

"Datton, you are a noble fellow. May God forigve me for my treatment of you; but if the future can make amends, it shall do so And now—"he hesitated, as if with sudden diffidence.

"What is it?" asked Dyke, reassurlocks, and returning the warm pressure

"What is it?" asked Dyke, reassur-ingly, and returning the warm pressure of Carnew's hand of Carnew's hand
"When you write, I would rather that
you refrain from telling Ned what we
have learned of her relationship to Mr.

I want nothing to come her thoughts of me."

And he looked with a sort of pitiful

And he looked with a sort of pitiful wistfulness into Dyke's face.

"It shall be as you wish," answered the latter, the smile still about his lips. That proposition accorded with his own thoughts just then. It was better that for the present Ned should have nothing to think of but her husband.

They marked Career, to return the still be the present of the present Ned should have nothing to think of but her husband.

They parted, Carnew to return to Ordotte, who decided to go to Weewald Place, where Carnew would also repair after he had rejoined his wife, and Dyke to write to Note the Note that the He wrote immediately, so that the let

ter would be certain to reach her in time ter would be certain to reach her in time a long, full, clear letter that stated nothing obscurely, and omitted nothing save what he had been requested to omit. At the end he said simply of his own feelings: "I thank God in my heart for you, dear

Ned, that the day of your happiness has

# "Your brother, "DYKE."

He took pains to place in addition to the direction "in haste," knowing that would facilitate its carriage to Ned should there be no one in Saugerties from the immediate vicinity of the mountain home at the time of the arrival of the letter; the mail master, to whom Dyke was well and favorably known, seeing those words upon it, would find means of forwarding it imit, would find means of torwarding it this mediately. And so it happened. The letter was brought up by one of the residents of Saugerties, and reached Ned shortly after mid-day. Catching sight of the words "in haste," her heart leaped to her mouth. Could the letter be a summous to her husband, that he was ill, or daying? See could scarcely steady her dying? She could scarcely steady her trembling hand to open it; but when she did so, and read it, and realized fully its glad contents, a scream of joy burst from her, and, rushing to Mag, she put her arms around her and cried like a very

mid from joy.

Meg laughed, and petted her darling witabut comprehending or questioning the cause of ner lears, and Anne McCabe ventured to sek when Mrs Carnew's buret of emotion had spent itself a little:

"Was there any trouble in the letter?"
"Trouble, Anne? On. no! but such j.y.
How shall I contain mysaid, Now shall I
wate? My husband is coming; he will
be here this very day."

Then Anne guessed a little to herself of what might have been the secret trouble which seemed to press so upon young Mrs. Carnew—that it had reference to the husband who was coming so speedily— but she forebore to ask any further question, feeling that perhaps in time she would be made acquainted with everything, and she began to busy herself in preparation for the visitor. Red took up her station at the window—it was too

was quite as good.

There was no one to pass by their isolated place, Dutton's being the highest abode on the mountain, so that when it was almost evening, and she could just discern some vehicle coming along the discern some vehicle coming along the She rushed to the door, opened it

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN PARRE.

LIV.—CONTINUED.

But he bent forward, and answered in his grave, kindly way:

"You have always had her love. It needs but one syllable from you to tell her that your heart is still hern, to bring her to your arms again."

"Then we shall go to her this minute, Dyke gently forced him back into his seat.

"Wait a moment," he said, "I have a little advice to give."

"Anything, Dutton: I shall do anything you say, as long as yell the that I may win my wife again."

And he looked up with the submission of a child.

Dyke smiled.

"I think it would be better to wait a couple of days. In the meantime, with your permission, I shall write to her of these wonderful tidings, and tell her you will be with her almost immediately. That will be better, perhaps, as it will prepare her for your visit, and for her new found happiness."

"But a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days?"

Dute with her almost immediately. The will be better, perhaps, as it will prepare her for your visit, and for her new found happiness."

"But a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days, Dutton! How can I wait a couple of days?"

The days he always stopped for a brief conversation with the old man. It might be that the rich, cultured gentleman felt a sort secret sympathy with this goon, hand given a cruel stab to the perman felt a sort secret sympathy with this poor, old father whose offspring, like his oown, hand given a couple stab to the perman felt a sort secret sympathy with this found to acknowledges such a reason even to his own inments only and while he himself was careful not to reveal any of the facts that he hat such heart. But he whose into his garden.

The possip of the help of Rahan

"You say he was married," he said a last; "married to Miss Ned Edgar, and that she's married again, and that his child is living. I must do something about it. I must see Mr. Edgar."

And straightway he went to the grand house, in his bewilderment ascending to the great, grand entrance, and asking to see Mr Edgar.

That gentleman, being near the entrance of the grand that the second that

trance hall at the time, he and, much surprised, came to him immediately.

"Come in here, Mackay," he said, see

ing that the gardener was laboring under some strong agitation, and he opened the door of one of the reception chambers.

"You seem to be in trouble," he said as kindly as the exceedingly stern gravity which his manner had recently assumed would allow him to speak; "what is it?"

is it?"

"It's about me boy, Mr. Edgar, me boy that killed himself," his lips quivered, and for an instant he paused to pass his sleeve over his sunken eyes. "I was told to-night by one of the help in your kitchen that he married the lady who used to live here—miss Ned Edgar they called her—and married the lady who used to live here—
Miss Ned Edgar they called her—and
that his child is in one of the villages
down the river. I have heered that Miss
Edgar was no flesh of yourn, that it was
only your kindness as kept her here, and
I didn't come to say anything to you
about that. I've only come to sak if
there wouldn't be some way of my getting
the child. I was told that the mother
left it, that she's married again, and
doesn't want to own it. But it's my flesh
and blood, it's the child of me poor, misgnided boy, and I'm an old man, Mr guided boy, and I'm an old man, Mr Edgar, and I might say a childless old man, for Annie, the doctors say, will never be better. Will you tell me some

of getting the little one?" way of getting the little one?"
His eagerness, and the emotion he tried to suppress were pitiful; even the cold, etern man who had imagined himself stern man who had imagined himself rapidly dying to every sympathy was touched. He was obliged to turn away for an instant before he could trust himself to speak with his ordinary voice Then he said:

" Perhaps I have been to blame, Mackay, in not letting you hear from my lips what you have heard to-night; but I re-frained from doing so in kindness to yourself, and "—he lowered his voice a little as if he were speaking only for his own ears—"perhaps, to spare a little my own feelings, that any one who had ever been of my household should have brought such sorrow upon you. But," raising his voice again, "I can still make raising his voice again, "I can still make amends. Leave the matter to me for a day or two, and I shall devise some means of getting your grandchild to of getting your grandchild to

Thank you, sir; may God bless you, lower entrance, but Edgar called him grand door by which he had entered.

Then he sent for the butler. back, and dismissed him through the

Sammon immediately all the servants to their dining hall. I wish to speak to

The order was obeyed with astonishment and consternation. Such a thing had never happened before; and while Eigar, because of his grave, stern manner and extreme reticence, was excessively feared by his help, his generous treatment of them prevented their fear being accompanied by its usual attendant—distinction.

He had adopted the English custom of a full set of servants, even though such a number seemed to be quite unnecessary, so that the large dining-hall contained quite an assembly of men and women when he entered it to speak to them. And, unconscious as they were of his object in thus gathering them, most of them quailed before the keen, stern look of his eyes, as he turned then upon every face before he spoke.

"I desire to see the man or woman

among you who recently told to old Mackay the cause of his son's suicide." His voice was so loud and distinct it fairly rang through the room, causing those who had quailed before to quail still more; but the female servant who was the culprit was not deficient in somecold to remain at the door—but as the window commanded a full view of the wide, bare, snow covered road, her view better to face the matter bravely of her

Eigar turned his eyes upon her with a look that the rest of the help afterwards

with such irritating mysteriousness, and he felt somehow as if this interview would be an unpleasant repetition of the same. Still he could not decide on a refusal to accord him an interview, and so he de-scended to the reception chamber where Ordotte waited.

rdotte waited.

Bowing coldly and haughtily, he de-ired his visitor to be seated, which invi-ation the latter accepted immediately,

tation the latter accepted immediately, saying as he did so:
"I have so long a story to tell you, Mr. Edgar, that I must request you also to take a chair, and to give me your closest

attention."

"If your story should be as pointless as the one to which I listened when I met you in Rahandabed, I doubt the propriety of giving it very close attention," answered Edgar, making no attempt to

answered Edgar, making no attempt to seat himself.

"I have come to explain that very pointless story," responded Ordotte, "and to supplement it by a still more extraordinary tale; but I must beg, Mr. Edgar, that you be seated. My tale is too long, and, as you will find before I have proceeded very far, too interesting, for you to hear it standing."

Edgar took a chair at some distance from his visitor, but without any relaxation of his cold, haughty manner.

Ordotte was not abashed; he felt too certain of his power to produce a speedy

certain of his power to produce a speedy change in that rigid countenance, and he

began at once:
"When your young wife died many
years ago, she left to you an infant daughter whom you dearly loved. When the
child was two weeks old the house was child was two weeks but the base was broken into, it was supposed by gypsies, and the babe was stolen. A fortnight after, your brother sent to you that your child was in his house. You found such to be the case, but found also that his own babe, of the same age, so exactly resurbled your own that you could not tell own babe, of the same age, so exactly resembled your own that you could not tell
them apart. Your brother swore that he
could do so, having put a secret mark
upon your child which would only reappear under the action of the Indian
essence that had been used to make it.
That secret mark comprised the capital
letters E. E on the child's left wrist."
A change had come into Mr. Edgar's
countenance; it was losing its pallor, and

countenance; it was losing its pallor, and becoming flushed and heated. But Or dotte did not seem to notice it. He con

tinued:
"In your dilemma, you proposed at last to tage both children, giving a large sum of money so as to have legal claim to your prother's child. Your brother then left England, taking his wife with him, and seven years afterward I met him in India."

The final had increased in Edgar's

The flush had increased in Edgar's face, and the perspiration stood in great drops upon his forehead, but he made no drops upon his forehead, but he made no motion to wipe it away, and Ordotte still seemed not to notice any change in his

"When I met Henry Edgar in Calcutta," he continued, "he was poor, having dissipated everything he had ever possessed; he was a widower also, and child less, having lost his wife and son a couple of recent hefers, and he was in somewhat of years before, and he was in somewhat failing health; but at times he was a genall companion, and having it in my power to better his position, he became attached to me. After we had been some time associated he gave me his confice : all that I have told you.

"Hating you for being your father's favorite, and for being the cause, as he imagined, of his own disinheritance, he heaght that nothing would stab your heart so keenly as to steal from you your motherless infant. It was a bold undermotherless infant. It was a well taking, but he knew the house so well that he felt he could venture it. He did so, and succeeded in stealing the sleeping babe from the nurse's arms. He brought babelrom the nurse's arms. He brought it home, intending to start with it almost immediately for the gypsy camp, which he knew was within a few miles of the neighborhood. He felt that he could dispose of it there. But when his wife saw the child, so like her own, the springs of pity in her maternal heart well begged her husband to forego his plan, to do anything he would, but not to give it to the terrible fate that might await it among the gypsies. He, too, noted and was surprised at the exact resemblance of the babes, and it caused another remembering as he re-entered the hall that was his place to descend to the before, one of his riotous companions had been affording amusement to his friends by experimenting with a little vial of ence that had been brought from India by a sailor uncle. This essence produced on human flesh, marks which only remained while they were subjected to it remained white they were subject to the action. Henry E'gar, much interested in it, begged from his friend what remained in the vial. He remembered that now, brought it forth, marked his brother's child as I have told you, disclosed to his wife how he intended to his wife how he intended to his wife how he intended to his brother's son! and as she harrow his brother's soul, and, as she was very much in awe of him, frightened

her into the most abject submission.

"Suspicion settling in some manner upon the gypsies, Henry Elgar was enbled to secrete the little stranger in his own home for a fortnight, during which time his wife nursed it with her own time his wife nursed it with her own child. He did that in order to make assurance doubly sure; that the very fact of nursing at the same breast might help to cement, in some way, the singular re-

"When he sent for you, Mr. Edgar, he was defiant of every consequence; he had gained his revenge in depriving you of the certain knowledge of which was your child, and he was equally satisfied, when you proposed as the last way out of the dilemma, to take both children. Knowing with what detestation you regarded the low woman he had married, he felt that in thus confounding her child with your own he had given you a lasting your own, he had given you a lasting

'His wife, apart from the submission which she was compelled to yield to her husband, was satisfied to resign her child when she knew it was going to your care. It would be better provided for than with

her.
"All this Mr. Henry Elgar told me,

and after that I studied him with more interest, feeling that I understood the cause of his odd impulses

"The story I told you in Rahandahed, giving my here the name of Kito Karand unushdul of the pieroing cold, darted down the path leading to the road.
On came the sleigh, but before it reached its destination, Carnew saw the slender, graceful, girlish figure.

'You need come no further," he said to the man who had driven him from to the man who had driven him from Samerties and springing out hefore yet to the buller. 'It hat is all.'' You need come no further, he said to the man who had driven him from Sangerties, and springing out before even the vehicle had quite stopped, he rushed to the figure on the path.

In another moment, she was folded in In another moment, she was folded in Sees.

You need come no further, he said you and you working Barnes, of a tiger away. I explained to make to the strange accept to get the cubs to the tiger who had lest her own, and his dishelp too dumb-founded to speak until they ceased to hear the last sound of his seem to know the difference, by thinking that it was a sort of experiment to assert that it was a sort of experiment to asthe steps.

The next day brought Ordotte to Weswald Place, and Edgar, when he received
wald Place, and Edgar, when he received
his card, was in little mood to see him.

Edgar had become so much of a recluse
hat he was never seen beyond his own
an who in Rahandabed had spoken know your own child at last. But when room.

I ventured to speak to him about it, to suggest the propriety of his return to you, and to venture to predict your forgive-nees in consideration of the atonement he would make, by proving to you which was

would make, by proving to you which was your child, he would not listen to me.

"His hatred of you at such times seemed to come up with as much vigor as it could ever have done. O.c.; when he thought he was dying, he said to me that if he should die, I might, if I ever met you, disclose the confidence he had given me. He could not help me in the matter of the essence, for there had been none of it left after he had marked your child, but he and I both knew that if it had been once obtained from India, it could surely be obtained again.

"He did not die then, however, and

tained again.
"He did not die then, however, and when I was about to leave India for Eng-

when I was about to leave india for Eugland in order to take possession of a
wealthy bequest, he said to me the last
night we passed together:
"Should anything ever occur in your
future life, should you ever make any acquaintance that might cause you to wish to
reveal my story, you may do so, if you will
ascertain first the fact of my death; or, if scertain first the fact or my death; or, in you cannot get an absolute certainty of that, but still can discover nothing to tell that I am alive, you may consider yourself released from your promise."

"We parted then, and though we corresponded infrequently for a time, before a year had passed I ceased to hear anything from him.

a year had passed I ceased to hear anything from him.

"In Rahandabed I met Miss Ned Elgar, and as I heard her name from her own lips, I thought of Henry Eigar. There was a family likeness between them, and I was satisfied in my own mind that she was one of the children of whom he had spoken. Later, I met the other Miss Edgar, and shortly afterwards, you. Your likeness to your brother was startling, and knowing so much of your secret history from his lips, I could not resist the temptation of probing you a little.

"I did so, as you have admitted remembering, with the story of Klip Kargarton, and the result convinced me that the wound given by your brother rankled still. Much as you fancied you loved the beautiful being whom you called your

still. Much as you rained you need the beautiful being whom you called your daughter, there were moments when you feared that you might be mistaken.

"I was not at liberty to settle your doubts, because I had made no effort to in-

doubts, because I had made no effort to inform myself of your brother's death; nor did I have with me the essence without which I could not prove which was your child. In order toget that, I should have to journey to India, and I was enjoying myself so well in Rahandabed, that I could not bring myself to leave the place, also, there seemed to be no very good reason why I should disturb the existing order of things

son why is should district the desired of things
"Miss Ned Eigar, from my close observation, bade fair to become in time Mrs.
Carnew, though she was too modest and too humble to dream of such a thing for herself then, and in that case she would be quite as well off as if she were acknowle

elged to be your daughter.

"As I told you during the conversation we had in Rahandabed, I have been enabled from early boyhood to divine characteristics." acter, sometimes with a sharpness sur-prising to myself. And having this power I exerted it fully in reading the characters of the Misses Edgar, discovering that while one—she who has since become Mrs. Carnew—had a rigid principle of rectitude, and a most unusua for self-sacrifice, the other had a marve for self-sacrifice, the other had a marvei-lous power for sacrificing her friends whenever they opposed her own interests, and an utter disregard for all the little ways of honor. This discovery, however, I kept quite to myself, not even acting upon it in any way, until Mrs. Carnew was accused of that of which I felt her her consin, Mrs. Brekbellew, had been

guilty."

He was obliged to pause, for Edgar had risen to his feet, as if he were about to utter some angry, interruption. But he only sat down again, and for the first time wiped the perspiration from his face.
"Shall I proceed?" asked Ordotte.

Then," resumed Ordotte, "it seemed to be my duty to exert myself to go abroad for three reasons: the first, to ob-tain what proofs I could of Henry E igar's death, if indeed he had died, as, remembering the feeble state in which I left him. second, to get the Indian essence of which he had spoken, and the third, to extort from Mr. Brekbellew a confession that would clear her calumniated cousin.

R-garding the first object of my jour nev, I succeeded in tracing Henry E igan only to the time that he too left India, eight months after my own departure thence, intending to enter some European hospital, but, with that, my clew ended; I could ascertain nothing further about him. I considered myself released from my promise to him, and having, after much travel through India, obtained the essence, or what, from Eigar's description

of it, seemed to be such, I went to Paris, and called upon Mrs Brekbellew.

"Without letting her her know my object, I, in the presence of her company, tried the essence upon her wrist. It failed to bring forth any letters Saortly after, in a private interview with her, I told her much of the story I have now told you, revealing the real object of my experiment upon her wrist, and convincing her that it had proved she was not your danghter. But I did not say to her what dangher. But I did not say to her what I shall now say to you; that it may be the essence will not work upon Mrs. Carnew's wrist. Not knowing the name of the drug, I have nothing to assure me that I have really obtained the right article, save as it tallies with the description that Henry Edgar gave of it. But its respection that me to obtain that which possession helped me to obtain that which was even of more importance than what it was expected to prove-the innocence of a cruelly wronged woman.'

of a cruelly wronged woman.

He stopped for a moment to take from
his breast Mrs. Brekbellew's statement
Placing it in Edgar's hand, he resumed: "Read, in the words of her whom you have regarded as your daughter, a con-fession that fully exonerates Mrs. Car-

Eigar mechanically opened the paper, but again he had to wipe his perspiring face before he could read it. When he

had read it, he arose.
"I must retire for a little, Mr. Ordotte,"
he said with a sort of strange, sad eutreaty in his voice, that was in pitiful contrast to the manner with whad first addressed his visitor the manner with whi you excuse me?"
"Certainly," raplied Ordotte, rising also

and bowing; "but permit me to give you this letter from Mrs. Brekbellew," and he drew from his breast the letter that he had also extorted from her.

Eigar took it, and retaining the statement, he turned with both from the

The bowed, broken, blighted man ascended, not to his own apartment, nor yet to his private study, but to the room that contained the painting of his wifs. Flinging saide the silten curtain that hung before it, and placing loosely in his breast the papers given him by Ordotte, he dropped on his knees, and covering his face with his hands, leaned the latter on the base of the frame of the easel on which the picture rested.

All the anguish that he had ever suffered since he had looked last on the fair, deed face of the original of that portrait, now swept across his soul anew; he experienced again every harrowing doubt, every fear which he had so often felt during those long twenty-four years. His pride in, and his love for Edna, so frequently—despite the assurance that he

price in, and his love for Edna, so frequently—despite the assurance that he endeavored to give himself—disturbed by the thought that after all he might be deceived; his studied coldness to Ned, his deceived; his studied coldness to Ned, his satisfaction at hearing anything of her which might justify that coldness, and put down the gentle, reproachful face that occasionally visited him in his fevered dreams; the ungrateful return which Edna had made for his love and lavish indulgance; the positive heartleanness dreams; the ungrateral return which Edna had made for his love and lavish indulgence; the positive heartleseness she had shown regarding his feelings; the lack of womanliness in her choice of a husband, and now, the discovery of her dreadful deceit, all came before him with a sickening vividness and horror. But that which harrowed him more than all the others was the thought that he had been giving his love and tender, fatherly care to her who had proved herself so miserably undeserving, and who after all was not his child; while to the one who had actually made the very marriage he had sought for Edna, and in other things, according to the recent account, had comported herself in a way worthy of his affection, he had given coldness and contempt. He buried his face deeper in his hands and groaned aloud.

Still, the next instant he felt that he could not be sure of what Ordotte had stated, for had not Ordotte had stated, for had not Ordotte had

Still, the next instant he felt that he could not be sure of what Ordotte had stated; for had not Ordotte himself said that the test might fail when it should be applied to Mrs. Carnew? And in that case he would be in the same horrid doubt as ever.

An involuntary motion that he at that instant made, disturbed the latter he had.

An involuntary motion that he at that instant made, disturbed the letter he had placed in his bosom; it fell in a rustling manner to the floor. He was attracted by the sound, and uncovering his face he oked down at it.

The superscription was uppermost, and he recognized Edna's penmanship with a sort of shrinking horror. Sill, he lifted the letter, and rising, seated himself directly in front of the picture. Then he heads the seal and read. "This is to certify that the statement "This is to certify that the statement I have written to-night, and given to Mr. Ordotte, is correct. I became Richard Mackay's wife after I had deceived him into believing that I was Ned Edgar. I met him for the first time when Ned and I were out riding on horseback. He gave me a drink of water from a cup, which he formed of a leaf, and I was struck with his hearty as I know he was

struck with his beauty, as I knew he was with mine. "I contrived to see him afterward many times, allowing him at first to think that I was Miss E gar the heiress, but afterward duping him into believing that I was Ned. I did that, when I found my affections involved, to save myself, and

to test his attachment.

"He, glad to find that I was only a
friend, dependent upon Mr. Elgar's
bounty, urged me to marry him, saving would do so he would go to N and endeavor to make a living by which in the future he could support me; that the very fact of being my husband would give him ambition and courage. TO BE CONTINUED.

# ORIGIN OF THE EASTER EGG.

What is the origin and what is the signification of the Easter egg?
The custom, prevalent among Chris tians, of presenting Easter eggs can be

the third century ; at the birth of Emperor Marcus Severus, the sick mother was given an egg of blood red color, which, according to a soothsignified, that Marcus Severus notwith standing his humble origin would on day don the vestures of an emperor The future emperor's mother kept this with the limits of secrecy until the cor onation of her son as ruler of Rome. then, fearless of public opinion, she told her story. The Romans, much pleased with their new emperor, con ratulated themselves on so competent a ruler and expressed their joys by presenting one another eggs stained with red. Thus, those afterwards conwith red. nected to the Cross of Christ, retained this custom of showing their gratitude on Easter at having received a new and powerful King in the person of

An egg does not only possess life, but gives life. It contains more nourshment that any kind of meat. Thus it is that physicians recommend eggs o be given to sick and convalescent. Thus also. Christ the risen King, the Emperor, does not only contain life, but also gives His own flash and blood to the soul hungry and thirsty after truth and instice

But as the egg contains life and gives life, thus also we must be Christians not only as to the exterior, but also as to the interior - we must be Christians in the real sense of the word -followers of Christ; thus we can exul: with the Church on the day of joy, on the day of triumph, the "day made by the Lord."

## JOIN THE CHURCH.

An interesting ceremony took place Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, Bultimore, when Mr. and Mrs. William Bandel and their nine children were baptized and received into the Catholic Church. mony, which was performed by Rav. J. F. Hartnett, the rector of the church, was witnessed by a large number of the congregation.

"I was formerly a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church," said "and my husband had Mrs Bandel, a leaning toward Presbyterianism, although he was not connected with

any congregation. For a number of years my husband had been attracted by the Sisters of Charity, and began by the describes of the Catholic and the Catholic an

# THE LESSON OF BASTER

Life's Fairest Vistas Disclosed Only to Grief-Taught Eyes.

The story of Easter is the story of The story of Easter is the story or humanity It is the growth of ages, born in primitive times, "weighted with memorials of successive generations; a heritage which knits us to the forefathers who sleep, and to the shadowy outlines of those who shall yet

ome after us !" It is a good idea, that of coming to church on Easter morning in new garments, unstained by contact with the world. It fits in with the pure white radience of the picture, with the mean-ing of the mighty organ peal, "Res-surezit, sicut dixit!" and the swelling chorus which upiffts the awed soul. But to rejoice in Easter means to have suffered in Lent. Unless one has gone down into the dimners and the dark how shall be fully enjoy the light? The meaning of Easter is lost, where there has been no Lenten work, prayer, penance or self dental. To enjoy best and most, one must have suffered. To be happiest one must have tested To be content must have sof fered deprivation.

It is an eternal law. Greatest beauty greatest joy, greatest love springs from sufferings. A strong-souled man said once that to him the "sheltered flower" theory for a girl was all wrong. That "sweet simplicity" was pretty to look at, but dazing. That the woman who most merited love and who won and kept and held it firm was the woman who had been in the world, though perhaps not of it. A woman in whom ignorance did not typify innocence, but who looked out on existence with frank eyes, and whose sympathies were large because she, too, had known struggle and stress. It is quite an upsetting of old theories. It is the latter-day philosophy of life. Richard Le Gallienne, otten carnal and flippant still hides many a golden truth in his prose, poems, and amorous " quest " he says, after leav-ing " Nicolete : " There was, indeed, only one qual-

ity of womanhood in which she was lacking, and in which, after much serious self-examination, I discovered the reason of my instinctive self sacrifice of her-she had never suffered! As my heart warned me at the beginning, she was hoping too much from life to spend one's days with.' She lacked all that a pretty wrinkle or two might have given. There was no shadowy melancholy in her aky - clear eyes. She was gay, indeed, and had certain childish humor, but she had none of that humor which comes of the resigned perception that the world is out of joint and that you were never born to set it right. These characteristics I had yet to find in woman. There was still, therefore, an object to my quest. Indeed, my experience had provided me with a formula. search of a weman who, in addition to every other feminine charm and vir-

tue, was a woman who had suffered!"
"With this prayer I turned once more to the genius of my pilgrimage.
'Grant me,' I asked, 'but this—a woman who had suffered !'

Well, they are easy to find, the women who have suffered - who have had their Lent days. It is life's heritage; but, after all, comes Easter, in the full tide of its joyousness and jubiliation of the Risen King, and who shall measure feast brings to earth's exiled children?

## ONE LEGGED PRAYER.

When you see a man on one kneethe other making a right-angle with the floor—and his head buried in his hands on the pew in front of him, don't conclude at once that he is weighed down with devotion. We have noticed a number of such cases and have often found the individual to be wrapped in slumber.

The impropriety of the position needs condemnation, not comment. God requires homage. This is mockery. He exacts honor. This is insult. It is a sham, hence deserving of censure. It is hypocrisy, because a pre-tense at prayer It is deception, not devotion.

It is a sin two fold in character.

The first because the mind, being elsewhere, the individual does not comply with the obligation of hearing Mass. The second because he gives scandal to Had he remained away the others. sin could scarely be greater.

Something more than getting one's self into church is required to fulfill the obligatian. Mental presence is the chief requisite. There must also be a full appreciation of all that is going on at the altar. There must also be a mental participation in the Sacrifice. This is the great essential. And by virtue of it, persons prevented by physical causes from being present the only exception-are still permitted

to participate in its benefits. It follows, therefore, that in the abnce of these conditions the obligation s not complied with. People, then, who come to church to sleep, had better remain away By doing so, they avoid offering insult to God and scandal to their neighbor. But when they do come let them get down on both knees and pray. One legged prayer is first cousin to a left handed compliment. Neither have merit.

A loving heart incloses within itself anjunfailing and eternal Eden. - Rich-

THE EASTER LILIE

"Young ladies," began M Several of the younger girls

giggled when their Sunday teacher began this way. P cause the humor of being young ladies" struck them because they were pleased by pliment; partly because th young and couldn't help it. Miss Sanders went on to ex the "young ladies" that the

the Easter celebration, and th pupil brought a pot of lilles, "I have a lovely pot of home, Miss Sanders," said Esth eagerly, when the class was of It has six lilies on it, and it -taller than any in the floris "That is very nice, Esther Miss Sanders. "Bring it easies so pretty you shall have

Esther went home with She had watched an that lily so carefully all win glad she was now! Mr. Le florist, had none prettier t Mrs. Shaw had always en Esther in her love for fi seemed as if the little girl we warded for her work. The next morning Esther rand to do before school.

'I can't wait, she said has two of the girls stopped about the church decoration my lily is splendid ! I'll tell She knocked at Mrs. Mor -ap one flight, back-and scarcely waiting for a "Con "I'm in such a hurry, Mrs.

"but mother she began, know if you can't let her aprons to-day? Mrs. Morgan, a thin wome was sitting. 'I'm sorry, Miss Esther "I wanted to let your m them, but Freddy's been

and they're not done yet."

A wasted looking boy lay

with a crutch beside him. feverish-looking eyes me 'Is he very sick, Mrs. M 'No worse than he had be replied the woman, turn "But he wants to be amus things to look at, and I c

Esther had two or three hand. Noticing that the b them eagerly, the kind-h

Will you have them, F The sick boy reached of quietly, without speaking laid the flowers in it.

"Thank you, Miss Esth

mother, gratefully. "loved flowers so But something at this time of t Like a flash a thought da Esther's brain-"my lilie "He may have those," s hastily. I meant them for

he always has lote matter !' She ran down the sta hearing Mrs. Morgan's mother I will finish the

She walked rapidly dos which came again and ag she rejected it.
"To give Freddy my

take it to church ! Oh, that !" There was little tim School was beginning. when the girls talked ov for flowers, Esther ran a lively game. She want talk nor think. When it that night her one though I can't do it! I cannot

Mother, do you this very sick?" she asked th "I don't suppose he w fectly well again," an Shaw. " His mother says he

flowers "—began Esther
"I don't suppose she
much beyond bread and can take him some jelly like, Esther."
The little boy was sti when Esther came in The pinks stood in a

'I believe those flowe good than anything e Mrs. Morgan, who sate window. "He always window. "He always of flowers?" It was g think of giving them to Esther sighed. 'Cot thought. She watched spoonful of jelly and

languidly.
"Is he very sick, she asked again.
"Oh, he'll be all rig
run out and see the roo and the daisies." His mother came a pillow and then she me a little nearer and took

Esther walked home she stood before the lile "I suppose Freddy was beautiful, and it bloom a long time if his it. And I know he's suppose I really our give it to him, if I dear, it would be the prettier than any one'

to put it with the othe After all, it wasn't for a little girl to s

pretty big to Esther little salt water than