

"Mother," he said, at last, "do you know what day of the month this is?"

"Yes, my dear, I think I do," she said; "to-morrow will be Easter Sunday."

"Yes, Easter Sunday"—the boy spoke bitterly—then, after a pause,—“what wouldn't a fellow give to be in the country to-morrow! Why this time last year, mother, I was on my knees, digging away at the violets and May flowers that had bloomed right under the snow, and now here I am to-day, a cripple, and likely to be, for ever so long.”

"O, no, my son," said his mother, "the doctor thinks not—he is very encouraging."

Just then came floating down from an upper room, lately rented by a concert singer, the notes of a song. The voice was sweet and plaintive, and over and over again the mournful refrain rang out.

"God hath forgotten the world!"

What evil genius led her to sing that song just now, thought the poor mother, and, glancing at Charlie, she saw that his eyes were closed and a tear rested on either cheek. "I'm afraid it's true, mother," he said, rousing himself.

"God has forgotten the world."

"No, no, my boy," she said cheerily; "why Charlie where is your faith?"

"Very low down mother," he said, "very low down."

Just then, as if in answer to her thought, the voice of the singer rang out again. This time it was a jubilant strain—the song of faith triumphing over doubt. High and clear and strong it rose and swelled—a glad note of victory.

"God hath remembered the world!"

Charlie half smiled through his tears. "That may be true mother, he said, presently,

"God hath remembered the world,"

"but," he added slowly and sadly, "He has forgotten me!"

"Never, my boy, never," she said, "Why Charlie, you do not know what the day may yet bring forth," resolving, in her mother's heart, to answer her own prayer for him, by bringing, at the cost of a personal sacrifice, a little bit of the beauty of the Spring time into his sick room. But God was answering her prayer in His own way. Just then came a knock at the door—timid at first and then bolder; childish voices sounded without, and, wondering much, Mrs. Raymond hastened to open it. Four little girls stood there, with the most exquisite basket of flowers—Easter lilies, and—yes, there were the very violets for which Charlie had been pining.

"Just from the country, ma'am," said one of the little girls gaily, and dropping a courtesy as she spoke.

"Is there any boy here who can't go to church to-morrow to see the Easter lilies and hear the Easter music? 'Caus if there is we've come to bring a little bit of Easter to him. I'm Dr. Graham's daughter Amy, ma'am," she added by way of apology. "My father told me about Charlie, and I felt so sorry for him. My brother was coming too, but he had to go on errands for mother. He told me," she said, addressing Charlie for the first time, "to tell you that as soon as you are well, he will call for you to join our Mission Band, and meantime he is coming to see you."

"All right" said Charlie, whose face was buried in the violets and lilies, "I'll be glad to see him, I'm so lonely, except for poor mother."

"So you little girls belong to the Mission Band," said Mrs. Raymond with a pleased smile, "and you are indeed little missionaries," she added gratefully.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Amy, who seemed to be the spokesman of the occasion, "and I'll tell you about it. We were trimming our room, you see, with lilies, and all of a sudden, we concluded it was not fair for only those who go to church to enjoy them, so we thought it would be nice to bring some to the 'shut in' ones. When I went home I asked father if he knew of any, and he told me about Charlie, and he said Charlie was used to the country, so I had better bring violets too, and they would remind him of the woods at home."

"How jolly, how kind," said Charlie, gratefully.

"And we hope you'll have an Easter heart too," said Amy.

"An Easter heart, what is that?" said Charlie, with wide open eyes.

"Well, that is what Miss Jones, our leader, calls it, and she 'splains it this way," said Amy. "She says we can take in the lilies and the violets with our senses, sight and smell, you know, but it is with our hearts we must take in the thought of the love of God who gave his only Son to die for us and to rise again that we may go to Heaven—that is having an Easter heart, she says."

After the little girls had gone, with many a promise to come again, Charlie looked up from the flowers whose sweet fragrance he was still inhaling, and this time there was a smile upon his face.

"Mother," he said.

"God has remembered the world,"

and—He has not forgotten me!"

The next day, as his mother watched him while he was again feasting on the lilies and violets, she saw a look on his face which made her go over and kneel beside him.

"Charlie, my dear," she said, "what is it?"

"O mother," he said, slowly and reverently, "I believe God has given me an Easter heart!"

"Let us thank Him for it, my boy," she said, with grateful tears.

S. E. S.

St. Joim, N. B.