

far away is a tomb, in the side of a hill, where once had been a garden. It is hewn out of the rock, and in all probability it is the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where the body of the Nazarene was wrapped in grave clothes. But, this blessed Eastertide our hearts rejoice in the miracle of the ages wrought for us, and with glad hearts we sing:

"Vain the stone, the watch, the seal.
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise."

GEORGINA GRAHAM ROSS.

HUOI-MU'S STORY.

Miss Martha Wiley.

The "lady teacher" was weary. She was a wee bit blue in consequence, and a sharp twinge of homesickness crept over her as she thought of the happy home circle so far away, and she alone on the hills of Fukien.

Early in the afternoon she had left the "Great City," as the people call Foochow, and, borne by three sinewy coolies, she expected to reach the mountain top before dark. The coolies trotted along swiftly over the narrow stone path that winds through the paddy until the main road that sweeps around the foothills was reached. Here the chair came down with a thud that startled the lady teacher out of a delightful reverie, and the amiable coolies remarked with a great deal of gesticulating that a generous fee more than the stipulated price would induce them to go on.

As the traveller had good American feet and a great dislike for bullying, she dismounted and began on foot the steep ascent of the hills. It had seemed chilly on the plain, but with every step of the upward climb the temperature apparently increased. Neither did the way seem easier because illustrious feet had passed over those slippery stones.

The belated traveler wondered if Marco Polo had been obliged to walk when he journeyed southward over the same highway centuries ago, and if he had felt a great tug at his heart because his face was homeward turned. At any rate he was not obliged to be on foot late in the evening on the hills of China while his friends in the jolly, bustling homeland were rushing about in auto-

mobiles. He was spared that odious comparison, at least.

The lady teacher was beginning to feel a very much abused person when the lights of the village appeared on the mountain side. The dogs barked and the children shouted to their elders that Su-gu was coming, and in an incredibly short time the lonely pedestrian was escorted by practically every living person and animal in the village. Her noisy escort followed to the door of the house where she was to spend the night.

"Bing-ang! Bing-ang! (Peace!)"

"Bing-ang! Bing-ang! (Peace! Peace!)" was the greeting of the old woman who opened the door. "Gang-sia Siong Da! (Praise God). You here at this time! Why! Even the men are afraid to be out so late, for tigers are about again."

Then the lady teacher did feel that life was a little too hard, and tears were very near the surface.

"Come, Su-gu, you are weary." And Su-gu took up the tiny torch and followed old Huoi-mu as she hobbled on to the attic room.

"Ah!" thought the lady teacher, "I wish that my mind was just as free from care as old Huoi-mu's is. Enough to eat is her only concern."

The thought of something to eat reminded her that she was thirsty, but her weary muscles refused to obey, and for a time she lay quietly on the hard bed. At length she went down to the kitchen to find some water. At the door she paused. Old Huoi-mu's head was bowed and something sounded suspiciously like a sob. The lady teacher forgot her own grievances and laid her hand softly on the faded blue coat.

"Huoi-mu, why is your heart so sad? Is there anything that your foreign friend can do to help you?" The wrinkled face turned upward to that of the younger woman and the dim eyes showed the suffering of a lifetime—a Chinese woman's lifetime.

"Oh, Su-gu! You mean to comfort me, but you cannot understand. You have not known sorrow. You have lived in great America where girls are loved. You cannot feel my woe, my whole life of trouble."

"Tell me, Huoi-mu, about the burdens that sadden you and perhaps I can feel more than you think."

"Su-gu's time is precious, and it is