

THE SUNBEAM.

AT HAPPY EASTER TIME.

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
And still the pure white lilies blow,
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say:
"Good Christians, bless this holy day!"
For 'Christ is risen,' the angels say,
At happy Easter time!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1906.

AN EASTER LETTER SURPRISE.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

"I wonder if I will get one of them," said Nathan, as he raised his head and looked about the hospital ward where lay many, many other little boys as ill as he was.

"Course you will," answered freckled-faced Billy, who was in the cot next to Nathan's. "I was here last Easter, and there were plenty of Easter letters, and I don't see why there shouldn't be this year."

"Neither do I," said Nathan.

Then Billy turned to look for the twentieth time at one of the books which the hospital kept on hand for the children who were there, and Nathan began to think. He had much rather think than look at the new magazine mother had sent him from his pleasant country home; and of what was Nathan thinking? Well, he was thinking about Billy, for one thing—about poor little Billy, who had been in that hospital for two long years, waiting for his sore side to heal, and then he was thinking of Dave. Now Dave was his chum at home. That is, Dave and Nathan

used to be chums, but they weren't now. That is, not exactly. They wished that they were, both of them, for they had such sport before the quarrel came, and since then they had felt so lonesome, each without the other. The quarrel was all about an old jack-knife, which was not worth a dispute, much less a quarrel, and, by the way, I don't know as there are many things, if anything, that are worth either a quarrel or a dispute. The knife was lying upon the sidewalk when the boys were returning

"Say, Nathan, what are you up to?" It was Billy who asked this question, and it almost startled him.

"Oh, I was thinking how foolish I was to have a row with my chum," replied Nathan. "If we hadn't quarrelled before I came here, he'd be sending me letters and candy and apples, and lots of things, and I'd be letting you read the letters and helping me eat the candy and apples and things."

"I wouldn't care much about the let-



THE EASTER SONG.

from school, and Dave said that he had seen it first, so it was his; and Nathan said that he had seen it first, so it was his. Neither would give in to the other, and so the trouble grew until the boys no longer spoke to each other.

Thought was mean once. There have been "I was just as foolish as I could be not to give in to Dave," Nathan was now thinking. "Even if he did what I hundreds of times when he did good things, and I should have remembered all of those good things and have let the bad ones go. But, if I hadn't broken my leg, I believe I'd have made up with him by this time—yes, I do."

ters," remarked Billy, "but I could have helped you out all right on the candy and apples and things, and you'd just better believe that I could." Billy smacked his lips so loud that the boys in two or three cots near-by looked up and laughed.

All in the boys' ward were awake at an early hour that Easter morning. The night before the nurses had put under each pillow an Easter letter, for two days previous large packages of these had been received from Sunday-schools and King's Daughters' circles all over the State. Upon each envelope were the words, "An Easter letter for you," and, while they came from strangers, they were very welcome indeed.

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