

MARCH'S EASTER TRIUMPH.

BY ROBERTA W. WHITE.

"I say, March."

"Well?"

"Gimme a ride."

"Yes, hop on." And away they went.

March Austin dragging his sister, and

him, with Eddie Mason, who had

attended St. Peter's School for Boys.

"Boys fitted for every branch in life,

prepared for admittance to college,"

so the advertisement read. March was

rather tall for his fourteen years, but

strong, and inclined to "pioneer's

base," "hare and hounds," or the hardy

game of lacrosse. There was a healthy

glow in his freckled face, and his

hair, which had a merry twinkle

of gray eyes, told of a sunny

disposition. Eddie Mason was in many

ways different. At thirteen years of

age he reached only to March's shoulder,

and his thin, pale face and

troubled eyes told of a

fortune. Eddie was a hunchback. God

is oftentimes very good to such poor

fortunate as Eddie Mason, for he had

given the latter a great fondness for

music, besides a voice of wonderful

sweetness. People sometimes in passing

the cottage at night would stop to

listen to a clear voice of almost

purity, which, as it "exultantly sang

some air from an oratorio, would break

upon the evening stillness, compelling

the listener's attention.

Both boys sang in the choir of St.

Peter's church. Saturday was half

holiday, and on Saturday evenings the

boys rehearsed with the choir of men

and boys for the Easter service. There

were a number of carols to sing on

Easter, for which they had rehearsed

and, as it happened, March and

Eddie were the only ones who had

learned the carols. March, who had

been the first to learn them, had

been the first to sing them, and

he had been the first to sing them

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EASTER LILIES.

BY AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

Oh, where are the sweet white lilies,

Stately and fair and tall?

And why don't they grow for Easter,

Down by our garden wall?

Dear, in the bare, brown garden,

Their roots lie hidden deep.

And the life is pulsing through them,

Although they seem to sleep.

And the gardener's eye can see them,

In gems that buried lie.

Shine in the spotless beauty

That will clothe them by and by.

So may Christ see us in growing

The lilies He loves best—

The faith, the trust, the patience

He planted in the breast.

Not yet their crown of blossom,

But He sees their coming prime,

As they will smile to meet Him

In earth's glad Easter time.

The Love that stirs them to Him,

Through earthly gloom and chill;

The faithful, meek obedience

In darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,

Spotless and fair and sweet.

We would bring to the risen Saviour,

And lay at His blessed feet.

The Story of a Cup.

BY ADELAIDE G. MARCHANT.

Susie had been sick with scarlet fever

and nothing her mother could bring

her back to health. Though the broom

was in the prettiest Haviland cup, Susie

warily turned away her head. While

her mother stood by the bed urging her

to take the broom, her grandmother

entered the room, holding a white china

cup in her hand.

"Susie," said she, "this cup is older

than I am, and once belonged to a little

girl about your age. I will put the

broth in it, and while you have your

lunch you shall hear its story."

"What was the little girl's name,"

grandma, asked Susie, looking curious

and interested. "Where did she live?"

"Susannah Hill was her name, almost

the same as yours," but she was never

called Susie, but always Susannah.

Susie had begun to take comfort of

the broom and grandma continued.

"The children in those days had not

many playthings. The little girl who

can have only a five-cent doll has one

of material quite beyond the means of

most of the children of that time. I

think they called themselves, with their

rag dolls and clothes-pin babies quite

as much as you, pushing a finely-dressed

doll in a carriage, an exact copy of the

one in which your baby brother takes

his daily ride. Perhaps, too, they found

pleasure in having tea-parties with

porcelain cups and saucers, and oak

leaves for plates, as if they had china

dishes. Which hold real milk and water

and sandwiches and cookies."

"Oh, I think it would be fun to play

with leaves and acorns," grandma, ex-

claimed Susie, who had never done such

a thing in her life.

"But little girls liked pretty things

just as well as now," continued grand-

ma, smiling, and I suppose you

cannot imagine the feeling almost of

awe that filled the mind of Susannah

Hill the first time she saw in Mrs. Otis's

cupboard, a set of china cups and saucers

like this one," pointing to the cup

which by this time was empty and stood

on the table.

"It is not so pretty as mamma's," said

Susie, looking at the cup from which she

had refused to take the broom.

"No," answered grandma, "but Susannah

had not seen so many pretty dishes

as you have, and then all the cups they

used were large and of thick china. This

was very different from anything she

had ever seen. Her home was on a

farm, near a small New England town,

not many miles from Boston, but never

the day when railroads were unknown

and the trip must be made in one's own

conveyance. Not every one could afford

to keep a carriage, for since the war of

1812 a tax was laid on the owner of a

carriage of any kind.

"What Boston was then, what we

should call a small town, people were as

anxious as now to get away in the sum-

mer from their narrow streets into the

country round about. For this reason,

Mrs. Otis came to board during the hot

months with Susannah's mother on the

farm, where she arrived with many

bundles and carefully-packed boxes. It

was not easy to go back and forth, so

Miss Otis preferred to bring as many

of her personal belongings as

she could take with her.

"The lady was gentle and kind, but

fond of talking about her uncle, who

had formed one of the group known in

history as the Boston Tea Party, a fact

of which she was very proud. Susannah

was as full of stories as some little

war of the Revolution was over and I

was a young lady. I learned then that

Uncle James was one of the patriots who

had tossed the tea into Boston Harbor.

The spot I had noticed was some of the

paint he had not washed off. You know

they were disgraced as Indians."

"Susannah drew a long breath and

picking up her sampler, asked,

"Did your uncle tell you about it?"

"Yes, replied the lady, smiling. 'I

was very fond of him. After I had

grown to be a woman and was married,

he went to England on business. When

he returned he brought me something

which I will show you," and rising, she opened

the cupboard door. Ranged on a shelf,

a half dozen small cups and saucers of

thin, white china met Susannah's

astonished eyes. She could only look,

saying, "Oh!"

"Some day," continued Mrs. Otis, if

your mother is willing, we will have tea

together and use these dishes."

"Susannah was so overjoyed at this

idea that she scarcely listened to her

mother's reproof because she had done

so little for the sampler. Her mother

thought of the pleasure it would be

to handle these cups and saucers and

drank out of them. When the time

came that the promise was kept, she

was as happy a child as could well be

found. Though this time, when Mrs. Otis

had more than once during Mrs. Otis's

stay, she never tired of it, but instead,

she began to think how delightful it

would be to have one cup for her very

own.

"I think you must be perfectly happy

Mrs. Otis," she said one day, holding

up a cup to admire it.

"The old lady had no idea of the in-

tense longing in Susannah's heart and

made no reply to this remark."

"I suppose she has lots of pretty dishes,"

thought the little girl to herself one day

as she sat at the breakfast table. Her

mother thought of the pleasure it would

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be to handle these cups and saucers and

"Now, dear, it is time for you to rest

and have a nap," and after seeing that