



CHRIST RISEN.

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But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.—John 20. 11-18.

## BESSIE'S NEW DOLLY.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

Three-year-old Bessie sat playing with her dollies in Auntie's library. Sometimes they were all named like her little girl friends and their mammas, but just now they each had a flower name, as Pansy, Lily, and Rose.

She had set the little girl dolls in groups of five or six, with a lady doll sitting with each group. These were Sunday-school

classes and the lady dolls were teachers. She was just saying, "Daisy, you must be quiet," when she heard her papa's step in the hall.

She ran to meet him; he caught her in his arms and her red lips were hidden in his brown moustache. He put her down, telling her to get her hat and coat, as there was a nice present waiting for her at home.

Papa carried his little girl straight to mamma's room, and put her down in front of dear old Auntie Lewis, who was sitting in a low rocker with something on her lap. She threw back the soft blanket which covered it, and Bessie stood for a moment looking down upon it without saying a word. Then she stretched out her arms and tried to take it.

"I love this new dolly," she said, laying her face against the soft pink cheek of her baby brother.

## WHAT TED DIDN'T KNOW.

"I wonder how many of the class know how to clean a lead-pencil rubber."

Every one looked curious, but not a hand was raised.

"'Tis often a convenient thing to know," continued Miss Morton, who told the children so many interesting things. "Sometimes one is obliged to erase a word when there isn't possibly time to re-write very much, and then it is nice to know how to do it so the paper will present a clean appearance. How many present have your rubbers with you?"

Into their pockets went every hand.

When all were ready, she said: "Now write 'neatness' on your block of practice paper."

It took but a moment.

"You may now erase your words."

When the papers were inspected, there was on each a soiled rubber mark.

"Now rub your rubbers on the under side of the blocks," directed Miss Morton. "Be careful to rub the entire surface over. Now each write 'neatness' again."

When the words were erased this time, one could hardly see even a trace of the rubber marks.

"I never heard of cleaning rubbers before," said Ted to Willie Newcomb at recess.

"Nor I," returned his little friend.

## "I'M SORRY."

It all began by Dora telling Millicent that Lady Elinor, Millicent's biggest doll, would never have hair as long as her Lady Charlotte's, not even if she lived to be as old as her grandmother—and that seemed very old indeed.

"Dora Clarke, you can go right home to your own dolls," Millicent exclaimed, with a toss of her curly head. "Even though Lady Charlotte's hair is longer, Lady Elinor's is real—and it can be combed, too!"

Dora, hugging Lady Charlotte tightly in her arms, walked out of the nursery without a word. She would never come back, she murmured to herself, as she closed the front door with a bang, and ran away home without turning to give Millicent the usual little good-bye wave at the corner.

"She told me to go, and she can just ask me back again," Dora explained, sulkily, to her mother, when she arrived home.

All the next day Dora wondered if Millicent would send for her to come over. But, as the day wore on, and none of the many rings at the door-bell brought the looked-for invitation, the hurt feelings she had been trying to nurse all day began to disappear, and she whispered resolutely to herself: "It was my fault at the start. Even if it is hard, I'll go and tell her how sorry I am."

Dora was dancing down the front steps, when she ran right into Grant Forbes, Millicent's brother. "I say, what a rush you're in," he laughed, "but I'm glad I caught you. Millicent made me her messenger with this—it must be important—it seemed hard to write, she's been at it, off and on, since the morning," and he produced a tiny folded note.

Dora thanked him, and turned to read it. "Come over—do, Dora. I'm sorry," was all the note contained. The remainder of that afternoon was as full of fun as two happy little girls could make it.

And Millicent found out that Dora had been a wee bit sorry, too, for as she stroked Lady Elinor's golden curls Dora whispered very softly, "I was coming anyway, Millicent; I met Grant on the way."