

comforts, and care for nothing else; these care for their bodies, but take no thought for their mind or souls. This kind of life is represented by twilight; it is only a step higher than night.

Then there is dawn. The life people live who care something for the body, perhaps even a great deal, but who make a great deal of mind and intellect; who strive to obtain knowledge of all kinds, but whose souls are neglected, to whom God and the Bible are unknown and cared for.

Light is the clearest, therefore the highest symbol of life. The life of people who care alike for mind and body because God gave them, but who care most for the life of their souls, which are immortal.

When we rise from the grave on the last day we will be the same persons, yet our bodies will be changed and our souls, too, just as we change from year to year, growing up from children to grown-up people. Christ says "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Life is a mystery. It belongs to God; Jesus is the Way that leads us to Him. The Truth which gives all Light. The Life which is of Heaven.

MARIA.

EASTER MONDAY.

The morning dawned, the sun rose, throwing its beautiful golden rays against the white walls of the old dormitory, and promised us a lovely fine day for our holiday.

It was not until some time after breakfast that the exciting news came: "At 11 we are to start for a picnic with Miss Maine." To where? The messenger did not know. The Canadian School and some of the teachers had already gone out, so it was much easier to finish the house work than we had expected.

Soon we were ready to start for the "Flat," Sister Alice's favorite spot for a picnic. Miss Maine, Katherine and Lucy joined us, leaving the dear old cook and Allie watching us from the door as we started off.

Climbing was very exhausting, perhaps because the day was so hot. At the top we found our old tree standing still, although many others had been cut down and cleared.

We set down our things, or hung them up on the tree, and began making a resting place for Miss Maine with branches, just as we used to do for Sister Alice in the good old days.

We soon had a blazing fire and some of us had a fine run to the creek to fill our pail; it was a long way, but thanks to the narrow trails we knew so well we soon got there and back. Maria made a