

The Inglenook

For Dominion Presbyterians.

He is Risen.

By GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

"Christ is risen," angels say,
Early at the dawn of day;
First day of the week and best,
Type of heavens eternal rest.
Redemption's work, salvation's plan
Confirmed and sealed by Christ the Man;
When He lighted up the tomb,
Burst its bars, dispelled its gloom,
Men had made His grave secure!
Sealed the stone and made it sure,
And the door, so records tell,
By stern soldiers guarded well.

When the shining one appeared,
Saints and soldiers greatly feared;
As swift lightning's lurid glow,
His face and raiment white as snow,
And beheld a great earthquake,—
Stones and saints and soldiers shoke,—
Christ's resurrection to withstand,
Schemes of men were ropes of sand.

He to the women gently spake:
"Fear not ye, but courage take,
Ye seek Jesus, He who dieth,
Jesus the Christ, the crucified,
He is not here; grave could not hold,
The Lord the Shepherd of God's fold;
Come, see the place without delay;
Come see the place where Jesus lay,
When ye have seen then quickly go,
Tell His disciples—even so,
That He is risen from the dead—
First fruits of death, as He hath said.
Behold, He goeth on before,
To Galilee sweet, gladsome shore;
There shall ye see Him—gracious view,
Lo, I have told you, all is true.

From sepulchre they swiftly sped,
With fear and joy, by impulse led,
First messengers of risen Lord,
Did run to bring disciples word.
Honored 'mong women, great your joy
To be engaged in such employ:
No greater honor or was given,
Than to declare a Saviour risen.
And as they went upon their way,
With eager step, without delay,
(Such earnest service could not fail),
They heard sweet accents say: "All hail!"
Behold! Jesus met them and did greet,
They held Him by His holy feet.
They owned Him as their gracious Lord,
They bowed with reverence and adored.

With words of comfort and of cheer:
"Be not afraid, why should you fear?
Speed on and tell of Galilee,
For there my brethren shall we see."
Thus Jesus cloth His kinship own,
To all for whom He did atone,
And raises up the slaves of sin,
To rank with Him as brethren.
Then let us go to "Galilee,"
Our elder brother there to see;
And as His brethren did of old,
Adore and worship and behold.
And there, like them, our homage give,
Hedge Him our service while we live,
Then after life and death and tomb
Triumphant rise, immortal home.

London, Ont.

Miss Murray's Happy Day.

"That will do, Miss Prince. I sincerely hope you will do better next time—this lesson has been even worse than usual. Good day."

Sadie Prince made no reply except a demure little bow as her teacher left the music room, then she turned to the library with a merry greeting for the friends who sat there waiting for her.

"How long have you been there girls? I didn't hear you come in."

"Only a few minutes, but long enough to hear you catching fits, though I thought you played that sonata perfectly. My! but Miss Murray must be a peppery creature."

"Never that, Edith. She is a regular iceberg; she'd freeze me into good behavior if I were not incorrigible. As it is, I suppose I do torment her a good deal, but who cares? If she'd be good and sweet to me I could love her dearly, for she is a handsome woman and a brilliant musician."

"Why don't you change if she's so disagreeable. There are others as good."

"I haven't the heart to ask papa to dismiss her, for she evidently needs the money. She darns her gloves until they are past darning—does it exquisitely too with the daintiest wee stitches—and wears her dresses until they are threadbare. Oh it doesn't hurt me—variety's the spice of life! you know, and I get a big dose of it twice a week. Millicent you haven't said a word, but you look wise. What mischief are you meditating?"

"None, on my honor. I was thinking."

"No! Impossible!" exclaimed the others.

"I'm in earnest. I was wondering how it would seem to be like Miss Murray; nobody to care much for her, nothing to think about except memories of a happy past or a dreary, monotonous present that promises nothing better for the future."

"Hear! hear! she waxes eloquent!" cried Edith, applauding, while Sadie asked:

"What do you know about Miss Murray? I've studied music with her nearly a year now, and I know as little about her as I did at first."

"She must be a marvel indeed if she has resisted your curiosity," laughed Edith.

"True enough," admitted Sadie, smiling. "But she's such a clam she snaps her shell shut the minute the most distant approach is threatened. Tell us, Millicent, what you know."

"I heard some people talking the other day who used to know her years ago. She was a belle and a beauty in her youth; belonged to a wealthy old family, and was dreadfully aristocratic. She was finely educated, and was taught to consider work a disgrace, and workers beneath her notice. So you see it is no wonder she is haughty and disagreeable now when she has come down from that height to work for a living."

"Poor old girl!" exclaimed Edith. "What brought about the change?"

"Folks died, and money flew away. She was too proud to stay with people who had known her family, and when the last of her fortune melted she came here

among strangers to earn her daily bread. I don't know the particulars, but it is probably the same old story you read in books, love affair and all, if we only knew it. Don't look so solemn, Sade, it isn't becoming."

"She's plunged in remorse for the gray hairs she's responsible for on Miss Murray's classic brow," said Edith slyly.

"You're speaking truer than you think," answered Sadie. "Do you know it never occurred to me before that there might be some excuse for her frigid manners; or that I ought to do anything to lighten her cares."

"Some people are very obtuse. I've noticed it before," sighed Edith, dodging a sofa-cushion that flew from Sadie's hand. "And now that it has occurred to you what do you propose to do about it?" twinkled Millicent, quite sure that Sadie's sudden spasm of thoughtfulness would end where it began.

"I don't know yet; I'll have to think awhile. But, girls, it looks as if the Golden Rule ought to apply to such a case as this. I'm ashamed to say it never has on my part, but maybe it will hereafter."

"Did you have a gorgeous time at May's party? I was so disappointed not to go but papa had invited some people to dinner, and he wouldn't let me off. Tell me all about it."

Amid the lively chatter of the next hour, Miss Murray was forgotten; but when Sadie knelt by her bed that night, she prayed for the lonely woman, and asked that if she had a duty toward her teacher, it might be made plain. "I'll talk with mamma tomorrow. She always has helpful ideas," she thought as she fell asleep.

It was Wednesday morning and Miss Murray had washed her handkerchiefs and spread them on the window panes to dry. The remains of her very light breakfast had been cleared away, and her folding-bed had changed to a chiffoier, when she sat down to mend a rip in her shoe that yesterday's many steps had developed. She sighed as she threaded her needle; she was feeling lonely and depressed. Try as she would, she could barely make ends meet, and the possibility of a dependent old age bore heavy upon her. "But, there is no one to care what becomes of me," she told herself. "All are gone to whom my circumstances mattered. If I could go to how glad I should be."

Just then a decided rap on her door sent her flying to gather in her wash before she responded.

"Good morning, Miss Murray," said a cheerful voice from the half dusk of the sky-lighted hall. "May I come in for five minutes? You must excuse my early visit, but I was afraid that if I waited till later you'd be out."

"Good morning, Miss Prince. Be seated, please," and the hostess waved her guest to the solitary rocker as if it were a throne of state. Sadie pretended not to notice the coolness of her manner and chatted on for a few minutes, of the pleasant weather, the blooming plants on the window sill and the canary singing above them.

Miss Murray's heart grew heavier as she thought, "She's come to say she's going away for her summer outing, I suppose. That means that my income