

A LUCKY TRAVELLER.

"I've travelled much," said the elephant:
"Both sea and land I've crossed;
I've always sent my trunk ahead,
And it never has been lost."

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

One other besides Marcia, Clarence, and Amy was in the secret—and that was Marcia's Sunday-school teacher, Miss MacLean; a woman who meant to do good as she had the opportunity. Moreover, Miss MacLean loved the children's mother, because they had been girl friends.

It wasn't likely she could see Mrs. Barrington go on in this way and not try to do something. Not that Mrs. Barrington cried and "took on"; that would have been far better. She dragged, rather, and seemed only to exist; going through necessary duties as if she were forced.

"Now, Marcia," Miss MacLean said, "here are verses for you and Clarence, and a short one for Amy. You can teach Amy's to her. When the dear, beautiful Easter Sunday comes, instead of repeating the Sunday-school lesson to your mamma before church, give these texts; it'll be a surprise; I think she'll like it."

Poor little Marcia was conscious that something clouded their happy home. Of course she knew what that something was, because just after the year came in, dear papa had gone out of the earthly home not to come back again—ever. Her mamma hadn't smiled since, and the cloud didn't grow lighter. It settled sadly on three little lives, this cloud of mamma's grief.

Miss MacLean prayed as hard as she worked, and that is the right way. She even asked her heavenly Father, if it was his pleasure, to send a bright, sunny Easter to help on the mission of the dear children. She knew that in April it might pour, even on the blessed Easter morning.

"Bring the lessons, children," Mrs. Barrington spoke in a rigid, hopeless tone. It was simply the habit of every Sunday morning, to hear this recitation; a habit begun in happier days, and continued mechanically.

At first she didn't even notice that it wasn't the lesson Marcia was saying, though her eyes seemed glued to the page.

Then the words—"I am the resurrection and the life," struck her like a blow from which she recoiled. They were spoken at the funeral!

The sweet child-voice went on: "Christ—the first-fruits of them that are asleep." Then Clarence took it up. "Our friend—is fallen asleep." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." So ran Amy's healing message.

Scarcely a pause, and Marcia repeated:

"The grave is dark, but there my Lord did lie;

Then rose a Sun upon the night of sorrow;

He lights up my horizon, and the sky
Grows radiant with the promise of to-morrow;

"And wear a white rose for Easter Day?" said Marcia.

"I will go to church this morning. God pardon me that I have stayed away. And at dinner, little maid, I will wear the white rose. Then we will go to the place where papa sleeps, and give it to him."

It really didn't make much difference about the weather, it grew so sunshiny indoors; and so Miss MacLean's prayer was more than answered.

MYRRH BEARERS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Three women crept, at break of day,
Agrope along the shadowy way
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.
Each in her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store,



EASTER MORNING.

That morrow, when my dead and I shall meet,

With spirits clothed upon, and life complete."

Well! The children were almost frightened by their success. They didn't know what tears meant to one who couldn't cry. Now the drops chased one another faster and faster, every drop dissolving a link in the chain which had been so tight around her heart.

Mrs. Barrington put her arms around all three—mother's hug—how they had missed it!

"Forgive me, my-darlings. Your lives shall be brighter. We will live as papa would like to have us live, hoping for the meeting." "Then do we with patience wait for it," she added to herself.

"And will you go to church with us once more?" Clarence asked.

As never there had lain before:
Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby the Blest.

So ministering, as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
(Unmindful of their morning case),
Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
Where'er they see the faintest rim
Of promise—all for sake of him
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as those of old,
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh bearers still—at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God—
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced

By this one thought, that all sufficed:
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.