

"I want every boy to study his lesson this week, as he never did before; and to come to the class on Sunday with his mind made up to make this class the brightest, best, most interesting, most brave and Christ-like in the school. I will do my part. Can I depend on you to do yours? Hold up your hands, all that will help."

Up went every right hand in the class. The boys were on fire with their teacher's enthusiasm.

"Don't take Sunday-school as a separate thing from your week-day life," she said. "Go into it as you would into a football-game. Meet temptations as you would a flying wedge. Try to win in Christ's service, as you would try for a touchdown with the goal only five yards away!"

Easter Sunday! The boys were early in their class, two of them reaching their seats before Miss Hamlin herself. The first hymn was given out.

"Now's your chance!" whispered Rose.

"Sing your best." And led by her sweet soprano, the boys' voices rang out clear and strong.

No class was quieter during Scripture reading and prayer. Another song.

Then came the lesson. Each boy strove to outdo the rest. They could hardly wait for the questions before answering.

At the close of the school a hymn was given out, and right nobly the class responded to the leader's hand. Glancing at their teacher, they could not guess why she faltered once or twice in the song, and her eyes were moist as she looked around on her sturdy little squad of soldiers, singing with all their might. But you and I know how she was touched, and how thankful she was for this true resurrection in their young hearts.—*Our Young Folks.*

BEING HAPPY.

Two girls were looking after a third who had just passed them, with a fragrant mass of violets nestled in her beautiful fur-trimmed dress—and violets were high that year. "I wonder how it would seem to have all the money you wanted," one said wistfully. The other was silent a moment; then she looked up brightly: "I can't have the money," she answered, "but I've just made up my mind to one thing—that if I can't have what I'd like, I'll be happy without it. I'm not going to let any girl in the world be happier than I am." This is the spirit which conquers.

HER "PLEASURE BOOK."

A LOVELY old lady, whose serenely beautiful countenance was unmarred by lines of care or irritation, was so placidly happy that a woman given to fretfulness, and almost annoyed by the unassailable peace that shone from the other's face, once asked her the secret of her content.

"My dear," said the elder woman, "I keep a pleasure book."

"What?"

"Yes, a pleasure book. Ever since I was a girl at school I have kept a daily account of all the pleasant things that have happened to me. I have only put down the pleasant things; the disagreeable ones I have forgotten as soon as possible. In my whole experience I cannot recall a day so dark that it did not contain some little ray of happiness.

"The book is filled with little matters—a flower, a walk, a concert, a new gown, a new thought, a fine sentiment, a fresh sign of affection from my family—everything that gave me joy at the time. So if I am ever inclined to be despondent, I sit down and read a few pages in my book and find out how much I have to be grateful for."

"May I see your book?"

"Certainly."

Slowly the peevish friend turned the leaves. How insignificant the entries seemed! How much they meant! "Saw a beautiful lily in a window." "Talked to a bright, happy girl." "Received a kind letter from a dear friend." "Enjoyed a beautiful sunset." "Husband brought some roses home to me." "My boy out to-day for the first time after the croup."

"Have you found a pleasure for every day?" inquired the fretful woman, wistfully.

"Yes, for every day, even the sad ones." The answer came in a low tone.

"I wish I were more like you," said the discontented woman, with a sigh. Then she looked up at her aged friend, and a beautiful reverence grew in her face. "I don't think," she said, as her eyes filled, "that you need to write them down any more on paper. Your pleasure book is written in your face."

While we are criticizing other people's faults, our own faults seize the opportunity to grow.