

Family Department.

"NOT ALL AT ONCE."

Not all at once, but day by day.
Our debt of gratitude we pay
To Him whose care for us exceeds
Our knowledge of our daily needs.

As sun and showers
Enrich the flowers
That bud and bloom in yonder vale,
Nor dream it ill
To drink their fill

Of fragrant incense they exhale;
So we who gather good receive
That we more noble lives may live,
As sweet acknowledgments may pay,
Not all at once—but day by day.

Not all at once may we attain
To any good we hope to gain,
Nor soar by rapid, eager flights
From darkest depth to sunnier heights.

The little rills
That skirt the hills
And breathe a trembling melody,
May join ere long
The solemn song;

The anthem of the sounding sea,
Through dark ravine, down mountain slope,
Through all the labyrinths of hope,
They journey on their devious way,
And gather courage day by day.

Not all at once does heaven appear
To those who watch with vision clear
And eager longing to behold
Its pearly gates and streets of gold.

But from the wheel
Of life we reel
The silken thread so finely spun,
Through light and gloom,
Nor leave the loom

Till death declares our task is done,
And if the heart with love be filled,
And if the soul with joy be thrilled,
Then heaven will shine upon our way,
Not all at once—but day by day!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The Mummy Plant.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become
the first fruits of them that slept.—Cor. xv., 20.

It had been growing brighter and brighter in the east. The night mists had hurried away from the fields to hide themselves among the hills, for day was at hand. The birds awoke and prepared for their morning carol; chanticleer took his head from under his wing, hopped off his perch, and out of the barn, and flew up on the fence, ready for a morning crow; a little breeze came round the corner to ruffle his feathers and whisper good news to the buds in the cherry tree. Just over the hill, a bright spot shone in the sky, grew larger and brighter, and up sprang the sun, shooting his warm rays abroad to bring happiness and life to everything. The little blades of grass stretched up towards him, and a poor bit of broken glass in the barnyard turned into a sparkling diamond.

One of these glad rays shot straight into a window, between the white curtains, and on to the closed eyes of Eleanor Howland. Upon flew her blue eyes, and up she sprang.

"Easter morning!" she said, running to the window to see if the sun did really dance, as Bridget said it would. She couldn't tell, because it was so dazzling that it made her wink, but everything in the world seemed to be dancing and smiling for joy, and she herself danced on tip-toe into the next room, saying:

"Come, James, wake up; it's Easter Day, the Lord is risen! Hurry and dress, for you know we are going to waken papa and mamma with the carol."

It didn't take James long to slip into his clothes; then both children crept softly towards a curtain that hung in a doorway and peeped through.

"He is risen, He is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice.
He has burst His three days prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice.
Death is vanquished, man is free,
CHRIST has won the victory."

"Good morning, good morning! The Lord is risen!"

"He is risen indeed," answered papa and mamma, as the early Christians used to answer on their Easter Days.

Then followed hugs and kisses and more carols, and the children ran off to salute Bridget and Ann; then to the church to join with all the children in greeting their Risen Saviour with hymns of praise.

After breakfast Eleanor came to her father in great excitement.

"Papa, what do you think! My mummy flower has blossomed! I had given it up, but Ann has watered it all this time, and now there is a beautiful flower on it!"

Sure enough, there in a pot, in the laundry, stood a tall slender stalk, and on it one white, lily-like flower nodded an Easter greeting. They brought it into the parlor, and then papa told them again the whole story of it.

"Thousand of years ago, long, long before our Lord came to earth, Egypt was one of the greatest countries in the world. It had kings who were brave warriors and wise rulers who fought many battles, and built great cities, and had wonderful wealth. It was one of these kings who built the pyramids and the sphinx, and it was one of them who made Joseph a high officer in the realm, and another who crushed Joseph's grand-children and all the Israelites beneath the burdens of slaves, and whose hosts were drowned in the Red Sea.

"Now, these kings, and all the people of Egypt, believed that the body must be kept after death, because the soul would come back to it. So, when a person died, he was carefully wound in strips of cloth, with spices and balms that would keep the body from turning to dust. Then it was put into a coffin, with images, and vases, and other things that had been used in life, or were considered sacred. The kings, and queens, and nobles had several coffins apiece, painted with gold and bright colors, and inscriptions were written on the cloth that wound their bodies, so that even now we can tell who they were and what they did in life. Often the last coffin was of solid stone, and their sepulchres were all carved on the inside with pictures, telling of battles, or of cities built.

"All was done so well that now we can open the sepulchres, and read the picture-writing, and examine the bodies which are called mummies. And we can dig down and find the ruins of their great cities, too, and see how all agrees with what is told of them in the Bible.

"I was in Egypt when they were taking out some of these mummies to put them in museums where they would be safe; for the people in that country often break open the coffins and tear the mummies to pieces, that they may steal the gold and jewels.

"One day they took out a small mummy, dark and withered. You never could imagine that it had once been a little Egyptian girl, with bright eyes and soft skin, full of life and health. But the little maid had once danced through palace halls, and gathered flowers by the side of the river Nile. Perhaps she had pitied the poor Hebrew girls as they toiled in slavery, or rejoiced that they had escaped across the Red Sea, and were on their way to the

Promised Land. In her coffin lay some black, withered seeds. They looked as lifeless and ugly as her mummy, but I took one of them and brought it to America. Eleanor put it in the earth, and God who had given it life, took care of it, and in His good time it shot up a green blade, drank in the sun, and water, and air, and is now a beautiful flower, not a bit like the ugly seed. It is the life within the seed, which God put there, that has sprung up, and to which he has given this new, beautiful body.

"The soul of the little Egyptian maiden is likewise in the Heavenly Father's keeping. By and by, at the end of the world, He will give it a glorious, beautiful, spiritual body, and if she in her earthly life kept that soul pure and loving, he will take her to dwell with Him in His glorious Heaven.

"They need not have embalmed her little body with so much care; it might just as well have turned to dust. God can make from that a spiritual body just as easily. He will not forget a single soul that He has ever put into the world.

"This is the glad news of Easter Day, and this is what we mean when we say in the Creed, 'I believe in the resurrection of the body.' We cannot understand how it will be done, any more than we can understand how the leaves and flowers came from the dried-up seed; but Jesus has told us that it will be, and we believe.

"Now for your carol about the flowers."

So the children sang:

"Sweet Easter flowers,
White Easter flowers!
From heaven descend,
Life-giving showers."

"Each plant that bloomed at Eden's birth
Shall bloom again o'er ransomed earth.
Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet,
And strew the path of Jesus feet;
Throw fragrant palms before our King,
And wreath the crown the saved shall bring."

After that it was time for morning service. The glad bells were calling, and Eleanor and James answered them joyfully. The church was full of the sweet breath of flowers, and all was bright with Easter joy. Eleanor's heart glowed with happiness; it seemed to her as if no other day had ever been so bright. And as she sang the Easter hymns she thought often of the little Egyptian girl, and how she had never heard of the loving Saviour, or His example by which to make her own life good, and she prayed earnestly that she herself might grow like the dear Lord who had given her so much more light whereby to guide her soul.

THE THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature. Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; And all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it