

Resurrection.

The following beautiful Easter poem was written by Mary A. Lathbury, and published in The Sunday-School Journal seven years ago:

I was a corn of wheat
That fell in the ground—
Out in the sunlight sweet,
Out of the sound
Of human voices and the song of birds,
Yet in the damp and death I heard the
words,
Once spoken in the dark, and now more
plain,
"Ye must be born again."

"O Earth, Earth, hear!" I cried,
"The voice of the Lord!
Open your prison wide—
Fulfill his word!"
But denser, darker, round me closed the
earth;
It was a day of death, and not of birth;
And crushing human feet passed o'er
the sod
That shut me out from God.

There was no way—no choice—
No night—no day—
No knowledge—no device—
Only decay!
Yet at my heart a little flickering life
Remembered God, and ceased its useless
strife;
Remembered the command it could not
keep,
And fell asleep.

When life began to dawn,
The song of a lark,
With a subtle sense of morn,
Fell through my dark,
And tender sounds of happy growing
things,
Or the soft stirring of a chrysalis' wings,
Thrilled all the under world, sunless and
dim,
With an Easter hymn!

Then the great sun leaned low
And kissed the sod.
Ah! what was I, to know
The touch of God!
The dumb earth melted at his voice,
and I
Stood face to face with him beneath his
sky,
And all around—within—below—above—
Was life and love.

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER I.

AN UNWELCOME LEGACY.

"Children! They are a nuisance to every one—my abomination, as you know, Jack. Why on earth they cannot be kept out of sight altogether till they reach a sensible age is what puzzles me! And I suppose if anything could make the matter worse, it is that this is a girl!"

The tone of disgust with which the last word was uttered brought a laugh from Sir Edward Wentworth's companion, who replied, as he took his cigar from his mouth and gazed critically into the worried, perplexed face of his host,—

"My dear fellow, she is not of an age yet to trouble you much. Wait till she gets a bit older; when her education is finished, and she takes possession of you and your house, will be the time for you to look to us for pity!"

"Look here, Sir Edward," said a bright-looking youth from the other side of the room, "I'll give you a bit of advice. Send the child straight off to school. Has she come to-day? Good. Then pack her off to-morrow, and keep her there as long as is needful. Then I will go down and inspect her, and if she grows up to be a moderately decent-looking girl, I will do you a good turn by taking her off your hands. She will have a nice little fortune, you informed us, and if you will give her something in addition, out of gratitude to me for relieving you of all responsibility concerning her, upon my word I think I should not do badly!"

But Sir Edward was not in a mood to joke; he looked gloomily round upon his friends, as they gathered round the smoking-room fire after a hard day's shooting, and remarked,—

"I know what is before me. I have seen it in my sister's family, and have heard something of all her toils and troubles. How thankful I was when she and hers were translated to Australia, and the sea came between us! It is first the nurses, then it's the governesses. If it is school, then there is a mass of correspondence about the child's health and training; and, in addition, I shall have all the ladies in the neighbourhood coming to mother the child and tell me how to train it. It is,

a bad look-out for me, I can tell you, and not one of you would care to be in my shoes."

"What is the trouble, Ned?" asked a new-comer, opening the door and glancing at the amused faces of those surrounding Sir Edward, all of whom seemed to be keenly enjoying their host's perplexity.

"He has received a legacy to-day, that is all," was the response; "he has had an orphan niece and nurse sent to him from some remote place in the Highlands. Come, give us your case again, old fellow, for the benefit of your cousin."

Sir Edward, a grave, abstracted-looking man, with an iron-grey moustache and dark, piercing eyes, looked up with a desponding shake of the head, and repeated slowly and emphatically,—

"A widowed sister of mine died last year, and left her little girl in the charge of an old school friend, who has now taken a husband to herself and discarded the child, calmly sending me the following letter:

"Dear Sir,
"Doubtless you will remember that your sister's great desire on her death-bed was that you should receive her little one and bring her up under your own eye, being her natural guardian and nearest relative. Hearing, however, from you that you did not at that time feel equal to the responsibility, I came forward, and volunteered to take her for a short while till you had made arrangements to receive her. I have been expecting to hear from you for some time, and as I have promised my future husband to fix the day for our marriage some time early next month, I thought I could not do better than send the child with her nurse to you without delay. She will reach you the day after you receive this letter. Perhaps you will kindly send me word of her safe arrival."
"Yours truly,
"Anna Kent."

"Now, Lovell, what do you think of that? And sure enough, this afternoon, whilst we were out, the child and nurse appeared, and are in the house at this present moment. Don't you think it a hard case for such a confirmed bachelor as I am?"

"I do indeed," was the hearty reply; "but I think you will find a way out of it, Ned. Take a wife unto yourself, and she will relieve you of all responsibility."

There was a general laugh at this, but in the midst of it the door slowly opened, and the subject of all this discussion appeared on the threshold, a fragile little figure, with long, golden-brown hair, and a pair of dark brown eyes that looked calmly and searchingly in front of her. Clad in white, with her dimpled hands crossed in front of her, she stood there for a moment in silence, then spoke:

"Where is my Uncle Edward?"
"Here," replied Sir Edward, as he looked helplessly round, first at his friends and then at his small niece.

The child stepped up to him with perfect composure, and held out her little hand, which her uncle took, undergoing all the while a severe scrutiny from the pair of dark eyes fixed upon him. There was dead silence in the room; Sir Edward's companions were delighting in the scene, and his great discomfiture only heightened their enjoyment.

"Well," he said at length, rather feebly, "I think you know the look of me now, don't you? Where is your nurse? Ought you not to be in your bed? This is not the place for little girls, you know."

"I was thinking you would kiss me," and the child's lips began to quiver, whilst a pink flush rose to her cheeks, and she glanced wistfully round, in the hope of seeing some sympathetic face near her.

But Sir Edward could not bring himself to do this; laying his hand on the curly head raised to his, he patted it as he might his dog, and said,—

"There, there! Now you have introduced yourself to me, you can run away. What is your name? Millicent, isn't it?"

"Milly is my name. And are all these gentlemen my uncles too?"

The tone of doubtful inquiry was too much for the little company, and Milly's question was answered by a shout of laughter.

Again the child's face flushed, and then a grey-haired man stepped forward. "Come, Wentworth, this is a severe ordeal for such a mite. I have grandchildren of my own, so am not so scared as you. Now, little one, is that better?"

And in an instant the child was lifted by him and placed upon his knee as he took a seat by the fire.

Milly heaved a short sigh.
"I like this," she said, looking up at him confidently. "Does Uncle Edward really want me to go to bed? Nurse said it wasn't time yet. Nurse wanted

her supper, so she sent me in here while she had it."

"The reign of the nurse has begun," said Sir Edward. "Well, it may be very fine joke to all you fellows, but if I don't make my authority felt at once, it will be all up with me." Lovell, be so good as to ring that bell."

Sir Edward's voice was irate when his old butler appeared.

"Ford, take this child to her nurse, and tell her that she is never to appear in my presence again unless sent for. Now Millicent, go at once."

The child slid down from her seat, but though evidently puzzled at the quick, sharp words, she seemed to have no fear, for, going up to her uncle, she slipped her little hand into his.

"Are you angry, uncle? What does 'presence' mean? Will you say, 'Good-night; God bless you, to me?'"

With the baby fingers clinging to his, what could Sir Edward say?

"Good-night; good-night, child! Now go."

"Say 'God bless you!'" persisted the little one; and it was not till her uncle muttered the desired words that she relinquished her hold and followed the butler sedately out of the room.

(To be continued.)

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MRS. ELIZA DONKIN.

This story is true and personally known to the writer. The little girl of whom I am about to speak was the second daughter of a farmer of H—, a village in Nova Scotia. Minnie was the object of her parents' tender care, as she was an occasional sufferer from epileptic fits. After dinner, on this especial summer day, her father, who had a contract for cord-wood, went, as was his custom, to the woods, only a short distance from his house. After Minnie had folded the tablecloth, which she claimed was her especial work, she went out, they supposed, to play. The children had a playhouse arranged by their father, in which was a little table, seats, and dishes. There they played company with their dolls. When Fanny, the eldest sister, had finished her work, she ran out to join her sister. Not finding her in the playhouse, she supposed her hid in the barn, or some place, and hide-and-seek was one of their games. After a long search she returned to the house, saying,

"I can't find Minnie anywhere."
Her mother, who was busy sewing, said:

"She has gone to her pa."

She had often done this for him to carry her home, which he usually did. She was a slight, delicate child of seven, and a pet with her father and grannie, his mother, who lived with them.

No anxiety was felt till the father came home alone.

"Where is Minnie?" exclaimed everyone.

"I have not seen her since dinner." And then he remembered that he had forgotten to tell them that he had changed his place of work, and was some distance from home, and on the other side of the road.

The dread thought of "lost" struck every heart as they ran from house to house in the hope of finding her. Her father went to his former chopping-place, examined every little seat he had fixed for her while waiting for him, but the ground was so covered with chips and leaves that no tracks could be seen. He examined carefully for some distance, and at length came across a soft, marshy spot. There in the mud was the track of his little girl's feet, evidently running, and no doubt calling for him.

Every man in the village turned out with guns, horns, lanterns, and torch-lights. The news soon spread, and for miles and miles around men came to the rescue. For four nights and days the woods were alive with men. Relieving parties came from distant towns. Occasionally her tracks were seen in the soft mud of a creek or brook. She had evidently run on in her terror, not knowing where she went, and in some boggy places she had sunk deep in the mud, and only struggled through by a great effort.

But even this was as a sign-board in a desert to her anxious father, who had neither slept nor rested, and only ate when the relief parties would bring food and insist upon his eating.

Meanwhile, from every family altar and prayer-meeting for miles around the plea ascended, O Lord, save, protect, and spare the little lost one. I can confidently speak of one Wednesday night meeting, where every heart and voice sent up a cry for her safety. The search went on, the main road was lined with empty carriages, the occupants of which

were in the woods. The excitement in villages and settlements was intense. The ordinary occupation was uncared for. On the morning of the fourth day, the searchers came to a place where she had lain in one of those dreadful spasms. The grass was beaten down, and there lay one little torn boot, a sad memento of her suffering.

Her poor father sank almost frantic on the spot, crying, "O my darling, alone in your agony. No one to comfort or help you!"

He clasped the little boot in his hands and wept like a child. There were no dry eyes in the group of strong men that stood around him; none spoke. Then the signal gun was fired, and the men gathered. A consultation was held. The marks were recent. The sufferer had evidently crawled for some distance after partial recovery, and then all trace was lost in leaves and brush. But they decided to carefully search every bush, fallen limb, or spot where a child could possibly be.

About three p.m., partly hidden by the broken limb of a fallen tree, lay the little unconscious one, with torn, bleeding limbs, and scarcely a vestige of clothing, and yet there was life. There was no telegraph or telephone there then, but there were swift horses and willing riders, and the doctor was soon there. Nothing that love and skill could do was left undone. Slowly life and consciousness returned, and there we drop the veil for heaven's opening. That tract of woods now boasts a thriving village, steam mill, and a big lumbering industry, with trains calling every day for passengers and freight.
Winnipeg, Man.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

In a time of famine, a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town, and said to them: "There is a basket full of bread; you may each come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times." The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and then went away without once thanking their kind benefactor.

Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly girl, modestly remained behind, and had the smallest loaf, which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks, and went home quietly.

One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest; but when she took it home, and her mother cut it open, a number of silver pieces fell on the floor.

The poor woman was astonished, and said: "Go and return this money immediately; it must have been put into the bread by mistake."

Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said: "My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into that loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not thank me but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grateful spirit, and who has given me the will and opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistance."

WHEAT AND CHAFF.

The way in which a boy uses his leisure often determines what sort of a man he will be.

Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose. Each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as chaff.—Wide Awake.