

it used to be without little Ned: that's the matter with Harry, though it isn't likely he wants to be talking about it all day long.'

Boys have plenty of good feeling when it is appealed to, and the boys took no further notice of Harry's mood, but let him be as quiet as he wished until the day when they all went home for their short holiday.

John had spoken truly. Harry dreaded the home-going, because little Ned was gone. The big brother had been very fond of the little one. He remembered how he looked when he shouted good-bye to him at the railway station, and how the little fellow struggled to 'be a man' as he was told, though he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes.

'It will not be like home without little Ned,' Harry said, and half wished the holidays had not come.

The house looked the same when he reached it. The leaves were beginning to show on the trees, and some of the flowers were blossoming in the garden. But there was no Ned waiting for him at the gate; and a lump rose in Harry's throat. His mother stood at the door looking sweet and sad in her black dress, and she took the boy in her arms and kissed him very tenderly, Harry clinging to her in a way that told her exactly how he felt.

'Tea is ready, dear boy,' she said.

'Run upstairs and have a wash, quickly.'

Harry did as he was told, and came down to his mother with a resolute look on his young face. 'Poor mother has had the hardest part to bear,' he said to himself; 'I must not make her unhappy on my account.'

She had many questions to ask him about his journey, and his school-masters, and he had much to tell of his lessons and examination; so nothing was said of Ned, until after tea. Then his mother took him into the drawing-room, and they settled themselves for a talk.

'I know you miss dear little Ned,' she said, 'but I am glad it is the Easter time because that will make you think of the resurrection. Ned has been taken to the house of our Father in heaven, where we shall see him again some day, and be all happy together.'

'But the resurrection does not seem at all real to me, mother, and the loss of Ned does.'

'Yes, dear, I know; but I want you to think that it is a beautiful thing to have a little brother in heaven. Do you remember what was the last hymn we sang together before you went away to school?'

'Yes, it was the hymn you said you and father sang when you were children, "Around the throne of God in heaven thousands of children stand." Of course, Ned has gone to be with them.'

'Yes, Ned is one of that "holy, happy band," for though we laid his body in the grave, Ned himself—his real self—his spirit, has gone to be with Jesus.'

'He will like that, I am sure, for he loved Jesus.'

'Yes, he did. And Harry, dear, I want you to remember this always, and when you are a man the memory of your little brother will be pleasant to you, as well as all the time that you are a boy. You must be as good as ever you can be, you know, now that you have a brother in heaven.'

Harry was thoughtful for a few minutes, then he said, 'Mother I should like to see where Ned is buried.'

'Yes, dear, on Saturday we will both go to the cemetery and put some flowers on his grave. But you must not think of Ned as being there although his little body lies in the grave asleep.'

Ned went into the garden after tea alone. He felt very quiet, and he wanted to puzzle things out a little for himself. He knew the story of the Saviour's death, and rising into life again, and he wanted to connect his brother with him. He saw how dead many of the plants in the garden still looked, but he knew they were really alive, and would be covered with flowers in a few weeks' time; and though he could not understand he tried to trust.

There was a place in the garden where shrubs grew thickly, and where he and Ned had often hidden in play. Harry went there now; and he did the very best thing a boy could do. He told Jesus all about his trouble. 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I can't help missing Ned,' he said, 'but if you will take care of him, and make him happy I won't mind very much. I will try to be all I ought to be, and to do the right things. Lord, help me. I want to be straight, and true, and all right, so that I may see Ned again.

And if I live to be a man I will be thy servant before everything. Do help me to be, and let me never forget my promise.'

Harry's mother saw a look on the boy's face that she had never seen before when he came in; and that Easter will never be forgotten by either of them. Harry was so good and thoughtful, he so resolutely put away his own trouble, and comforted her, that she felt sure he had received the blessing of peace which only the risen Christ can give.

Harry arranged the flowers on his brother's grave; but he begged a few for a poor boy who was ill and lame, for he thought Ned would rather the flowers were in his hands. He was on the look-out for chances to be kind, and he soon found some. On Easter Sunday tears came into his mother's eyes, when she heard his strong young voice sing out, 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day,' and even his father's lips trembled a little, for he hoped that his boy Harry would be a Christian.

'Have you thought anything about an Easter offering, Harry?' he asked him.

And Harry replied, 'Yes, father, I have offered myself.'—London 'S.S. Times.'

Who's Afraid in the Dark?

'Not I,' said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl.

'To who!'
Said the dog, 'I bark out loud
in the dark,
Boo-oo!

Said the cat, 'Mi-miew!
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, mi-miew!
'Afraid,' said the mouse,
'Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter.
Squeak!'

Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word around.
And the bird in the tree,
The fish and the bee,
They declared all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy
Who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bedclothes
And covered his head.

—'The Commonwealth.'