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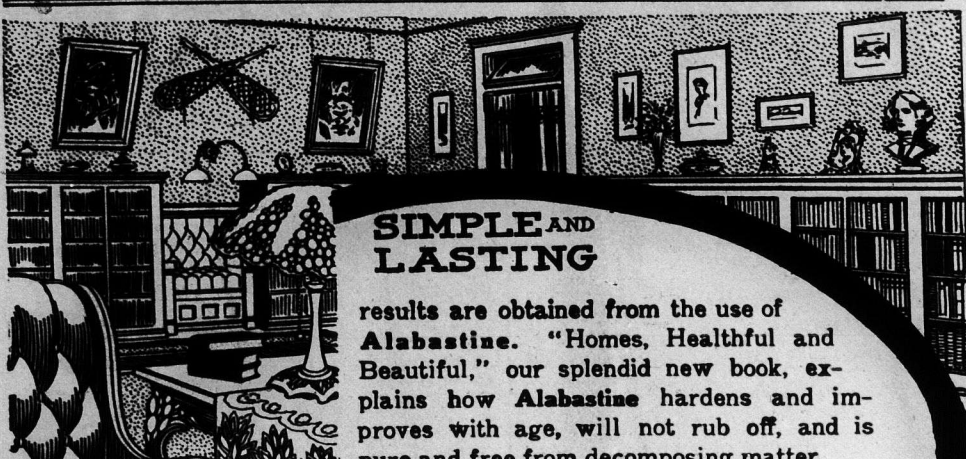
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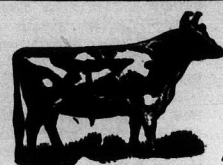
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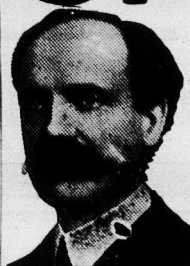
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An Easter Message.

M. E. MERRILL.

Agnes Norwood sat alone in her room—where, indeed, she sat always, now—her face buried in her hands. She was not weeping. It had been long—oh, so long—since she had shed tears. She only strove to shut out from her mind the vision of a happy world that mocked her grief. What was Easter to her, Easter with its joys, its glad songs and beautiful flowers? If those who called themselves her friends could understand how they probed the unhealed wound of her aching heart, would they be so thoughtless as to urge her to sing? How could she sing, she whose song had been so suddenly and ruthlessly hushed months ago? Can the woodland songster flutter among the dead leaves, its breast pierced by an

settled down into her heart when that which represented all that life had held for her was carried out of her sight.

Since then the days had come and gone alike, as one long painful dream. In vain had anxious parents and sympathetic friends tried every expedient to waken within her the old passion for music. In those other days Agnes' sweet voice had thrilled large audiences. The congregation of First Church had not forgotten the Easter solo of last year. They were eager to secure the same singer for the coming Easter. But Agnes refused to see anyone, and in answer to all entreating letters on the subject wrote a firm refusal—it was impossible for her to sing.



arrow, tune its little throat to melody? No more could she sing with a heart that throbbed only to pain.

A ray of spring sunshine crept in between the folds of the window curtain. She arose and drew the shade.

Agnes Norwood had once been a part of that world of brightness and beauty to which she seemed to belong; but her Gethsemane had come at the supreme hour of her life—at a time when she was radiantly happy—and its dark shadows had wrapped themselves so closely about her that she had not since been able to penetrate their gloom. It was in May that she had promised to be Arthur Cameron's wife. Before the June roses were gone death had claimed him. There had been a short illness, a sudden alarm, and then the end. The brilliant young life had gone out.

When Agnes strove to recall what had taken place in those awful days of darkness and hopelessness, she had a confused sense of the solemn hush, the sorrowful faces, and a kind voice that had tried to point her to the "stars shining through the cypress trees." The only reality was the great wave of desolation that had

When the church bells rang on Easter morning there was no music in the chimes to the heavy-hearted girl. Their notes jarred upon her sorrow. The perfume of the Easter lilies in the sunny bay window of the breakfast-room oppressed her. When a robin, one of the earliest of the season, alighted in a tree by the open casement and poured forth his little soul in a burst of melody, Agnes involuntarily put her hands to her ears. At last she impulsively donned her wraps and fled from the house.

The home of the Norwoods was well out on the outskirts of the little city. Only a mile away was the beautiful Woodvale Cemetery. Spring had come early. The snow was nearly gone and in places the ground was already quite dry. This Easter morning a south wind blew softly and the warm sun lingered lovingly on the low mounds in the sacred city of the dead. It shone with particular brightness on one marked by a slender granite shaft.

Agnes entered the cemetery and walked rapidly down the avenue that lay nearest this mound. Leaning her head wearily against its monument,

she remained motionless, eyes and drawn brows, the south wind caressing the silent home of the dead. The sun would pass on to rid of gaiety. The suns desert them for some spot. Darkness would darkness that had so life. How could hearts and songs and sad, sad world? Life brief, and death was life itself was death. to tell her that she dearest again, but c No, no, they could n young yet. How c the long life that stre the years that must could interpret the n Oh, if she might o message, some leas thur still lived!

She lifted her eyes to the blue sky and them wearily back by the monument a one of spring's first pushed its frail p ground and was lift to the sunlight. A and tenderly drew How came it there? No, it had risen "Risen from the de softly to herself. with the summer; earth's resurrection the germ of its old this wondrous new beautiful thing. Sh ly its petal with a awe. It seemed message of hope an God's own love. new life that begi of the old, of ir death, of an eternit end. It whispered stronger than sight love.

Long Agnes kn blossom that spok soul, until she had life is not death, bu love lies beyond t eternal. Her hear last. Then came t first that had w terrible day. W time, the passion worn away, she cemetery, taking flower that had b sage from him doorway of death life.

The morning Church was not y a little figure cla softly and stole i pew. The beauti the altar had a m one soul in the morning. From closing words of cause I live, They are the wo God himself, who every man. In the attestation to the soul, we cannot where is thy sting is thy victory?"

Upon the hush minister's words the great organ, throbbed with its congregation aros the Lord, is rise

With the last wonderful power above the other turned to see a f which shone the umphant, as Ag the words, as sh fore:

"Made like Hi Ours the cross,

Its Power Gr many medicines panaceas for a come and gone Electric Oil w market? Yet it good to humani paration more extending its vi and in a larger is the medicine