



VOLUME XXXV., No. 15.

MONTREAL, APRIL 13, 1900.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

### Rose Carmen's Easter.

(By Belle V. Chisholm, in 'The Herald and Presbyter.')  
"Oh, mother, it is bewilderingly beautiful, a veritable dream of loveliness, and so becoming to me they all say," exclaimed Rose Carmen, her fresh, sweet face protesting against the need of embellishments to add to its own youthful beauty.

"I do not doubt it, Rose, dear," said her mother gently, "but ten dollars seems like a good deal of money to put into such a small bit of ribbons and flowers."

"But it fits my head, mother mine," laughed Rose, "and the tiny bit of brains inside," she added, tapping her pretty, golden head significantly.

"Well, you must decide that matter for yourself," Mrs. Carmen replied, indulgently, as Rose tripped lightly out of the room, her cheery face in keeping with the sunshine fountain inside.

It was the Saturday week before Easter, and Rose had just returned from the round of the millinery stores, her little head, as she said, turned with the vision of the marvels of beauty that their windows contained. So long as she could remember, she had never failed to blossom out in a new outfit at Easter. Already her new Easter suit was well under way, at her dress-maker's, and the ten-dollar bill that still nestled in her pocketbook was begging hard to be exchanged for that "dream" of a hat to which she had taken such a fancy. Her parents were by no means wealthy, but they were in very comfortable circumstances, able to provide liberally for their daughter's comforts, though it was seldom that they indulged either her or themselves in useless luxuries.

Mr. Carmen was a wise father; and wishing to teach his daughter economy as well as business, he began, at a very early age, to give her a certain allowance, out of which she was to clothe herself and pay all her own sundry little bills, including her donations to the church and charitable objects. As usual, the Easter suit had been bought from her own little bank account, leaving only the ten dollars and a solitary half dollar for the hat and her contributions.

Rose was neither vain nor extravagant, but she did like pretty things, and to her artistic eye nothing had ever seemed quite so beautiful as that bit of feminine perfection in the shape of a hat, down in Madame Unstol's window. Still, her conscience was not just exactly at rest on the subject, and later in the evening she expressed her opinion to her mother by saying, "Ten dollars does seem a good deal for a young girl with a limited allowance to pay for a bonnet, but it is for Easter, you know, and nothing is too good or beautiful to wear in honor of the resurrection of our precious Christ." Her eyes glowed while she spoke, for she had learned to love the Saviour, and was trying to honor him by a Christly living.

"All nature is bursting into new life and beauty to greet the Easter dawn, and I feel that I can not wear anything half lovely enough to welcome the risen Christ when he comes to his own in the glad resurrection service. Don't you agree with me, mother, dearest?"

"Yes; if that is the way he wishes you to honor him with the gifts bestowed upon you," returned Mrs. Carmen.

Rose longed to ask her if she doubted this; but fearing that her answer might not be in accordance with her own desire, she contented herself with her expressed wish,

and went to her room to dream over the delight in store for her when her desire should become a reality.

There was a strange minister in their pulpit the next day. He had just returned from a visit to the home missionary stations in the North West, and tears rolled down the cheeks of many of his listeners as he repeated the pathetic stories of the privations of the heroic laborers in the famine-stricken parts of the far North West. One in particular came home with peculiar force to the Sunday-school of Easterville, since it related to the particular missionary whom the school had undertaken to help support, and the promised amount had not been paid in full.

The missionary himself had been a classmate of Dr. H—— in his college days, and had married a lady of superior education and refinement. And a lady he found her still, presiding over the cabin in the woods with all the grace and sweetness that had charmed visitors in her father's luxurious home a score of years before. The little cabin to which he had been so warmly welcomed, a few days previous, contained but one fair-sized room, which served in the triple capacity of living-room, dining-room and sleeping apartment for the family of six. A ladder in one corner led to the pastor's study in the garret, and a little lean-to shed answered for the kitchen, where what little food they possessed was prepared.

The meal to which he sat down that evening consisted of corn-bread and sorghum molasses; and though the coffee had been prepared with the most skilful hands, it was impossible to neutralize the unmistakable scent of rye that pervaded it. The pastor's salary was two full quarters behind, and the grocers and merchants had refused to