

missing when the church bells rang. Their mothers searched for them vainly.

"Lethia! Lethia!" Mrs. Cain called, anxiously.

"Gerry! Gerry! Where are you, Gerry?" Mrs. Drinkwater cried again and again. But both children had disappeared. No one could find them.

The last bell rang out, and, in despair, the mothers gave up the search and went to church alone. They were both fretted and disappointed, but were palpably relieved to discover that their losses were mutual.

In the minister's pew the minister's wife sat among her little brood with gentle dignity, though her heart quaked. There were no Easter flowers, save for one white lily that lifted its pure face above the pulpit. The minister's wife had contributed that.

Service began, and went on a little monotonously. On both sides of the broad aisle there was evident keen disappointment, as though some anticipated relish had failed. Everybody expected that something would happen. The absence of little Lethia Cain and Gerry Drinkwater dispelled the possibility.

The minister prayed in his earnest, direct way, and then the congregation rose to sing. It was then that the something happened, after all. Suddenly, high, sweet music sounded in the people's ears—clear, high music, such as only the voices of little children can make. It came nearer—up the broad aisle! There were two voices. Two little children trudged up the aisle, hand in hand, singing an Easter carol.

"Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is risen! Peace, good-will—on—earth," the childish voices sang. They filled the quiet church with clear melody. The people's listening faces softened and grew gentle. The two mothers leaned forward, breathlessly.

"Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!" high and sweet, triumphant. "Christ the Lord is risen! Peace, good-will on earth!"

At the altar rail the small figures swung about, still singing. They stood there, hand in hand, till the carol ended. There were many verses, and they sang them all. At the end they walked gravely down the aisle and seated themselves in each other's place, while the people stared.

Little Lethia Cain nestled down beside Mrs. Drinkwater, and beamed up into her astonished face with a friendly smile.

"He would have—the Lord—you know," she whispered.

And, across the aisle, in the Cain pew, little Gerry Drinkwater snuggled down comfortably, with an audible sigh of relief.

"I'm glad that's over!" he whispered, distinctly. "We did it 'cause 'twas Easter, and He'd have liked to hear us singin' out of the same hymn-book, y' know. That's why we've swapped 'em, too—to make 'peace on earth.' Don't you see?"

"Yes," whispered Mrs. Cain, softly. "I see, Gerry." And she glanced across at the other mother with a little of Gerry's "peace on earth" in her softened face.

The sermon in the orchard had borne its fruit. The other sermon on Easter morning was to bear fruit, too, for the young minister preached as never before, and his congregation listened. The little children had led them—should they not follow?

The lines of patient worry in Rebekah Taft's face smoothed out one by one. A prescience of peace to come stole into her troubled heart and comforted it. Over the whole church brooded the Easter peace.

And the minister did not resign.—The Household.

EASTER MUSINGS.

BY E. CRAFT COBURN.

He left His worn clay vestment
Hanging upon the rood,
Faded and torn with the wearing,
Soiled with His sweat and blood.

Did He love that clay, I wonder,
That Mary oft had pressed
With sad, foreboding passion
To her yearning, sheltering breast?

And when the last great anguish
Had rent His human guise,

Was His immortal nature
A glad and new surprise?

We dream of holy moments
When God close clasped His Son,
And of the thrill of glory,
When They again were One.

Oh, Easter morn, resplendent
With mystic ecstasy!
Thy skies are deep with visions
Our human eyes would see.