

**Easter Morning.**

BY MRS. E. L. SUPER.

SPARE not the flowers at Easter, the fairest to be found,  
Temple and mission and cloister in mystic kinship bound!  
Lo, their altars in redolent union spanning our Christian land,  
Like a garland of wondrous beauty, touched by a heavenly hand!  
Christ is risen from the dead!

Beautiful message they bring us, it thrills the world to-day;  
Beautiful comfort they whisper—There is a Living Way!  
At the cross sin and hate were triumphant, Calvary lost in night;  
At the tomb divine love and compassion flooded the world with light!  
Christ is risen from the dead!

Cross of our living Redeemer; mankind shall own its sway!  
Conquering down through the ages, it rules the earth to-day!  
Unbeliever, reviler, scoffer, would ye its secrets win?  
It is love, love eternal, love peerless, bearing the curse of sin.  
Christ is risen from the dead!

Love of our risen Redeemer! O arm divine above,  
Reaching us life everlasting, the crowning gift of love;  
How our weakness and failures do touch thee, infinite pity thine;  
For thy strength like a mantle doth fold us close to the heart divine.  
Christ is risen from the dead!

Fellowship sweet of believers, on common ground we meet;  
Common our needs, our temptations, our crosses, we fall at the Master's feet,  
And alike all our hearts lose their burdens; his peace overshadows all strife;  
We are one, all his sheepfold, this morning, one in the Risen Life.  
Christ is risen from the dead!

**In Prison and Out.**

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

**CHAPTER XII.—VICTORIA'S COFFIN.**

BUT Blackett was nowhere to be found. He had taken his glazier's tools, and a sheet or two of glass on his back, and gone away into the country to seek for stray jobs in the shape of broken panes. There was no trace of the lost money in his room; and though Roger, in his fright, had owned to having stolen it, and added that he had given the whole of it to his father, there was no evidence to prove the truth of his assertion. Roger's terrified statements were full of contradictions and falsehoods. He was ready to assert or deny anything, and he was remanded until his father could be found and summoned; whilst Euclid and Victoria were bidden to hold themselves in readiness to appear whenever their evidence should be wanted.

For the next few days, Euclid, a broken-spirited, hopeless old man, dragged his heavy feet over his old rounds, crying, "Cre-she! Cre-she!" mournfully, as if by some cruel magic a spell had been cast over him, and he was doomed to tread the dreary street, with bowed-down head and dragging limbs, uttering no other word but "Cre-she!" His eyes discerned nothing save Victoria being carried before him in a parish coffin. He did not even see Blackett, on the evening of his return from his expedition after work, lying in wait to watch him come home, and jeering after him as he shambled along the passage and up the stairs.

It had been a hard day's work for Euclid, and he was long behind his time. Bess and Victoria had been looking out for him anxiously the last hour or more; and they made much of him, as if they could not do enough to comfort him. But he sat silent and downcast, and only shook his shaggy gray head dependently when Victoria gave him a cup of tea.

"Daddy!" she said, "what's aillin' you?"  
"You know Victoria!" he answered sadly and reproachfully. "God hasn't helped my poor old legs to keep you and me off the parish. Your poor mother when she lay a dyin', with you on her poor arm, she said as she were sure he'd do as much as that; and he hasn't."

"Have you been to ask help of the parish?" inquired Bess, with eyes round with wonder and alarm.

"No, no, child! not yet!" he replied, a

tinge of brownish red creeping over his grim yet pale face. "It's not come to that as yet. But, as I come down the street here in the dusk, there walked alongside of me a parish funeral,—not a real funeral, only the shadow of one, as you may say; and I knowed it were Victoria's. It were Victoria's!" he repeated, his voice breaking down into a sob.

"Father!" cried Victoria, "daddy! how do you know as I shall want a funeral or a coffin?"

Euclid lifted up his head, and checked his sobs, gazing at the only child left to him, with his dim old eyes half blinded with tears.

"I've been thinking," she went on, "as we've been almost making believe as if I must want a coffin o' my own very soon. Maybe God hasn't let us keep that money, because he doesn't mean me to die just yet. I've been thinkin' hard ever since it was stole; and that's what's come into my head, father. Perhaps God knows I sha'n't want a coffin o' my own yet; and there was some harm, maybe, in our settin' our minds on it."

"Not want a coffin!" repeated Euclid incredulously.

"No," she said, with a faint smile. "I think the thought of it has helped to make me ill. I could go to the p'leece-court after the money was stole, and I'm none the worse for it; and the p'leece has been here to bid us go again to-morrow, and I feel quite sharp and stirred-up like. And I've slept sounder since the money's been gone away from under my head. It was always sayin' quietly in my ear, 'I'm a-goin' to buy a coffin for you!' And then I'd dream of my funeral, and you being left all alone, father. No, God doesn't mean me to want a coffin yet, I think."

Old Euclid sat motionless and speechless, his bowed head lifted up, and his hands firmly grasping his knees, as he gazed fixedly at his daughter. She was very pale, very thin, a small, delicate, weakly creature; but her eyes were brighter, and her face happier, than he had seen them since she was a little, untroubled child, not old enough to understand his difficulties and toil. The tears started to her eyes for a moment as she met his gaze; but she laughed and nodded to him as she wiped them away. If God meant to leave him Victoria, how could he fret about her coffin?

His sleep was disturbed that night; but the waking thoughts that drove it away were happy ones. Had he thought himself an old worn-out man a few hours before? Why, there were years of work in him yet; and he would start afresh after to-morrow. If he could only lay by twopence a day—one shilling a week—for the next two years, that would more than return his lost treasure. But it should never lie under Victoria's pillow again, to sing that dismal song into her ear. He must find a banker for it; and it should grow without her knowledge. Then his heart softened towards Roger, poor lad! What could he do with such a father? One of his own boys had died about his age; and he thought with peaceful regret of him, blending the two lads together in his half-waking, half-dreamy thoughts.

Bess had to start off for the market alone the next morning, leaving Euclid to go to the police-court to appear against Roger. He and Victoria set out in good time, and had to wait a long while in the large entrance-court of it, whilst a squalid and rough crowd of men, women, and children gathered together. Victoria, in her long seclusion in her garret, had been kept very much apart from her neighbours; and the brutal faces, and rough, coarse manners of this crowd frightened her. She was glad when an officer summoned her and her father into the court.

They had been there before; yet still the place looked vast and imposing to them, though it was but a small and dimly lighted hall. There were about fifty spectators in it, standing in a small space at the back, looking on and listening in almost unbroken silence. Roger stood at the bar, opposite the magistrate, looking miserable and bewildered. Blackett, dressed decently, like a thoroughly respectable workman, glanced towards him, from time to time, with a glance that made him shiver. Euclid and Victoria gave their evidence again; and the policeman who had arrested Roger told what he had said in admission of the theft. There was no doubt of his guilt; but was his father an accomplice?

There might be a strong suspicion of it in every mind; but there was no proof. Blackett told the magistrate that Roger was a confirmed liar, as well as a confirmed thief. He had often beaten him for his bad conduct, and done his utmost to correct him. He himself had been so hard up for money on the day of the robbery, that he had been compelled to go out and seek work through the country. Not a shilling or a penny could be traced to him; and, if the lad swore he had given it all to him, it was only one out of a thousand lies. He would be glad to have him sent to prison, where he would be taken care of, and taught a trade.

"I've got somethin' more to say," exclaimed

Euclid, stepping briskly into the witness-box as soon as Blackett quitted it.

He stood in it as if it had been a kind of pulpit, and he a rugged, unkempt, grim old preacher. His ragged gray hair fell over his wrinkled forehead almost to the shaggy eyebrows, under which his dim and faded eyes gleamed again for a few minutes with his earnestness and resolution. He grasped the wood-work before him with both his hands, and turned his gaze alternately from the magistrate to Roger.

"Don't you send him to jail, my worship!" he exclaimed in a tone of fervent entreaty. "I forgive him free, and Victoria forgives him. It were the money for her coffin he stole; and it's come to her mind as God doesn't mean to let her die yet, and she'll not want a coffin as soon as I thought. I was afeard the parish 'ud have to bury her. The parish!" he cried in a shriller voice, which rang through the court. "I was afeard o' that, or I'd never ha' gone for the police,—never! He's only a young, little lad, my worship; and, if you send him to jail, he'll grow up a thief. His two brothers has been in jail, and they're both thieves for good now. I can't call 'em jail-birds; they're jail-chickens, my worship. O my worship! try summat else with Roger. Try what keepin' him out o' jail 'll do; for it's done no good to his brothers. It makes my heart sore to think as Victoria and me should ha' helped at makin' him a thief. Jail's no good for young lads; no good at all. I'm a old man, and I've seen enough of it. If you'll only let him go free, my good worship, I'll forgive him; and Victoria forgives him. Only let us never sit at home o' nights, and think as he's been sent to jail, and made a thief of, by her and me."

Euclid had spoken rapidly and eagerly, utterly disregarding the somewhat feeble efforts of the nearest policeman to silence him. All who were in the court listened, as men always listen to urgent, warm-hearted pleading. Victoria's sud and wan little face, turned towards Roger, pleaded for him as eloquently; and the boy, dropping his face into his hands, broke out into a loud cry as Euclid finished speaking. A gentleman, who was sitting on a seat behind the officials of the court, wrote a few words hurriedly on a slip of paper, and had it passed to the magistrate, who glanced at it, and turned to Euclid.

"At your request," he said, "I shall not pass sentence on this lad to-day, but remand him for another week. Some inquiries shall be made into Blackett's circumstances and means of helping to pay for the maintenance of his son, and also if any industrial school is open to take him. Blackett, if your two older sons are thieves, it speaks very badly for you; and I shall direct the police to keep an eye upon you and your movements. You may go now."

There was an ominous scowl of hatred on Blackett's face as he crushed past Euclid and Victoria on their way out. Euclid caught sight of it; but he did not speak of it to Victoria, who was overjoyed to think of Roger escaping the doom that had threatened him, and very proud to think that her father had spoken up so well before the justice. It would be something to remember and talk of for many a long day.

But when Bess, coming home in the evening, heard the good news about Roger, she burst out into a passion of sobs and tears. It was not that Roger was saved, but that David was lost. "O mother! mother!" she cried again and again, "if they'd only done the same by him! And mother always said he'd ha' made a good man like father!"

(To be continued.)

**THE EASTER FESTIVAL.**

ON this happy Easter morning, it is perhaps not amiss that we should tell our young readers something of the history of this great Christian festival. It is held in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, and is called *Pascha* by the Roman and Greek Churches. It is a movable feast, occurring at any date between March 21 and April 25; and by it the other movable feasts throughout the ecclesiastical year are regulated. It is held about the same time as the Jewish Passover, or Paschal Feast, although it very seldom happens that the Christian and Jewish festivals are observed on the same day. In the early Church this festival lasted several days, and catechumens were then usually admitted to the rite of baptism. At present its celebration is confined in the Church of England to Easter-eve, Easter Sunday, and the Monday and Tuesday in Easter week. In the Roman Catholic Church it is a time of enjoyment, because the restrictions imposed during the preceding period of Lent are no longer to be observed.

Some ascribe the institution of the Easter festival to the apostles, but the more general opinion is that it was first observed by their immediate successors, about A.D. 68. The Council of Arles, in 314, and the Council of Nicea, in 325, decreed that the day for keeping this festival should be the 14th day of the March moon; but by the alteration of the calendar by Gregory XIII., in 1582, the first Sunday after the full moon immediately following the 21st of March was fixed as Easter Day.

**BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.**

As I was taking a walk early in December, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell; though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring boy-cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine. The older boy took his hand in a kind, fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it's a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he. "My lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie. "But you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

**HARD TIMES.**

BY J. H. HANNAFORD.

It would be interesting to find a smoker, during any "hard times," who loses cigars, or tobacco, or intoxicants on that account. While a depression in business and a stringency in the money market are generally and legitimately caused by our extravagance and the withdrawal of the money from circulation, by schemers, speculators and defrauders. In this country there is an abundance of provisions for our whole population, when only the necessities of life are demanded, such as will afford nourishment, health and comfort to all. If, in addition to this, we could save the two billions of dollars annually spent, in this country alone, for tobacco and intoxicants, we should soon have an abundance for all, soon becoming the richest country, by far, in the world. And what do we get in return for this vast expenditure? A little low animal indulgence and much disease, loss of self-respect, and general degradation, with an increase of selfishness.

**JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

HOW TO TEACH THE NAMES OF THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

THIS simple illustration will be remembered by a child of six years; besides making an interesting blackboard lesson it contains information valuable even to adults:

**OLD TESTAMENT.**

Pentateuch—5. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.

Historical—12. Joshua, Judges, Ruth I. and II., Samuel I. and II., Kings I. and II., Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther.

Poetical—5. Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon.

Prophetical—17. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.

**NEW TESTAMENT.**

Historical—5. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts.

Pauline Epistles—14. Romans I. and II., Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians I. and II., Thessalonians I. and II., Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Hebrews.

General Epistles—7. James I. and II., Peter I. II. and III., John, Jude.

Prophetical—1. Revelation.

First teach the children the names of the divisions and the number of books in each division; then learn the names of the books by groups of five. Call on some boy to recite the first five, then upon some girl for the second five, then upon the children in concert for the whole ten; or go around the whole class, each scholar naming one book in their order. In a course of twenty weeks, a few minutes at each opening service of the League, the children will readily turn to any book in the Bible the leader may call for.