

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## CLARICE'S EASTER LESSON.

By Elizabeth Price.

"Miss Downing says your dress ain't done yet. She sent a letter," and Sambo gravely removed from the inside of his cap a hastily written note.

Clarice Nelson glanced through it, then tossed it into the waste-basket, exclaiming impatiently, "Isn't that too provoking for anything? To let me depend on her till the last minute and then disappoint me! That's what comes of trying to be philanthropic and hiring irresponsible persons to do one's work. I wish I had taken my dress to Madame Fanchon—she never disappoints me."

"What is Mrs. Downing's excuse? There must be some good reason," said Mrs. Nelson, looking up from her sewing.

"I don't know I'm sure. I only read far enough to see that she couldn't possibly give me my dress and that she's very sorry. She may well be sorry, she'll get no more work from me."

"Let me see the note. Why, Clarice, she says her baby has been very ill, that she has worked every possible moment to avoid disappointing you, but has been unable to finish the work. Surely no reasonable being could ask more than that."

"Then I must be unreasonable, for I certainly want my dress. Think of standing before a great audience, such as we are sure to have tomorrow, and singing a long solo in my winter gown, when everybody else will be decked out in Easter array!" and Clarice drew her pretty forehead into an unbecoming frown.

"But, daughter, you have your new hat, and wrap and gloves—the dress really matters very little."

"Not in my estimation, mamma. You forget that things may not appear the same to me as they do to you, who are somewhat older. I've lost all interest in that tiresome Easter service, and wish I could have nothing to do with it. Everything is so disappointing—it seems to me nothing turns out right."

Mrs. Nelson sighed. How could Clarice feel so? Clarice, with her youth and beauty, her magnificent voice, her fair outlook upon a life of luxury and happiness. If she felt so keenly a trifling disappointment, how could she ever battle with the real trials that life was sure to bring? Yet Clarice called herself a Christian—was there nothing in her profession?

"Le Lord is risen, indeed, Hallelujah!" The words broke with startling distinctness the silence of the room. "Sambo has evidently left the doors open," said Clarice, smiling at the queer little quavers which marked the uncultivated voice of the singer. "Hallelujah!" The strain was unmistakably jubilant as the words were repeated.

"Aunt Dinah singing over her work," explained Mrs. Nelson. "I sent for her to do some cleaning this afternoon. Poor old creature, it's a pity there aren't more such contented souls."

"What has she to make her discontented? She has no aspirations," said Clarice, scornfully.

"Such as Easter gowns, for example? Probably not," rejoined Mrs. Nelson quietly. "But she is old and very poor, and dependent on her work for her own support and that of her orphaned grandchildren. Some people might consider that ground for anxiety, if not for discontent."

"Like Him, we, too, shall rise," sang the cracked old voice. "Hallelujah." Clarice sat silent for some time, listening to the singer. Over and over the words were repeated, an unmistakable thrill of gladness ringing through them.

Mrs. Nelson touched the bell. "Send Aunt Dinah here to polish the grate,"

she said to Sambo, who answered the summons.

A few moments later the old colored woman appeared, her scarlet turban about her head, and a large, clean apron tied around her ample waist. "I didn't know you were a singer, Aunt Dinah," began Clarice, teasingly.

"Deed I ain't no singer, honey; but my heart, hit's so brimmin' full of joy dis Eastah time I can't help mak' n' a joyful noise to my blessed Lord!"

Clarice looked at her curiously. "What are you joyful about?" she asked.

"Laws, honey, what ain't I joyful about would be mo' like it. Health an' strength to work, 'cep'in' when the roomatiz cripples me, which ain't often; my little picanninies gettin' older and stronger, till dey'll soon be heppin' dey Granny; good friends to git me work to do; but de bes' of all re Risen Lord, bless his holy name."

"Do you really feel as if he belongs to you, Aunt Dinah?"

"I does really feel dat I belongs to him, honey, an' dat's a long ways bettah. Ise lost a heap of loved ones in this heah worl', but deah's a bettah worl' 'acomin', an' because my Lord died an' rose again. 'Like him we, too, shall rise,' an' up yonah dere won't be any roomatiz, or funerals or disappointments."

"Do you have disappointments too, Aunt Dinah? I've had a dreadful one today and I don't feel like singing at all."

"Yes, honey, I has 'em. Why, bless you, child, if we didn't we wouldn't want no heaven; dis heah worl' would suit us too well, so de Mastah says, 'Not dis way, chile—de odder way,' an' we has to turn around' an' go away from de place we done start for."

"What are some of your disappointments?"

"Well, one of 'em jes' now is Eastah aigs, honey. My little picanninies' hearts is dat sat on Eastah aigs dey's guine be a weepin' an' a wailin' in de mornin', case I can't get 'em in no ways. But den dey's so much goodness an' mercy a follerin' us I can't be sorry for long, an' I jes' feels like singing wid all my heart. 'De Lord is risen, indeed, Hallelujah!' Case you see whether our plans git disappointed or not, de Eastah's dere, honey, jest the same, an' de Risen Lord is ours for de takin'."

"I guess you are right, Aunt Dinah. I have been feeling as if Easter wouldn't amount to much this year because I hadn't my new dress to wear; but, perhaps it does mean more than that."

The grate was finished and the old woman went back to the kitchen, but the cloud had lifted from Clarice's face and her lips hummed happily a snatch of Aunt Dinah's song.

The little "picanninies" were not disappointed about their "Eastah aigs." Instead of "weepin' an' wailin'," there were shouts of joy over Miss Nelson's generous basket, which made the day one long to be remembered.

Into Mrs. Downing's troubled life there shone a gleam of sunshine, as she read the dainty note, which said, "It doesn't matter at all about the dress. Take your own time to finish it. I hope your baby will soon be well, and in the meantime, if I can be of any service to you, please let me know."

"I am sending some trifles, which may please the children. The lilies are for yourself—a reminder of our risen Lord, whose resurrection makes this glad Easter possible. Your friend."

"CLARICE NELSON."

Clarice wore her winter gown to the Easter service, but she sang as never before, from an awakened heart of love, the glorious words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

CLOSING EXERCISES OF KNOX  
CHURCH.

## A Satisfactory Convocation.

Westminster church was filled to the doors Thursday night on the occasion of the closing exercises of Knox College. A class of fifteen young men was graduated, the candidates being presented by Rev. Professor James Ballantyne, D.D., and handed their diplomas by the Principal, Rev. William Maclaren, D.D. The examination results were read by Rev. Dr. J. A. Turnbull, chairman of the Board of Examiners.

Considerable interest attached to the granting of the honorary degree of doctor of divinity to three candidates—Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., editor and business manager of the Presbyterian Sabbath school publications; Rev. Charles William Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), pastor of St. Stephen's church, Winnipeg, and Rev. Robert Alexander Falconer, Litt. D., Principal of the Presbyterian College at Halifax, the latter being decorated "in absentia."

Rev. Dr. Somerville in presenting Mr. Fraser for the degree referred to his career as a student in the University of Toronto and Knox College and the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and his pastorate in country charges, and in Charles street (now Westminster) church, Toronto. The teacher-training course, which was under his care, was pronounced by others to be the best in the world, while the Sunday school papers were second to none.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, in presenting Mr. Gordon, described him as a well born—a Canadian, a Presbyterian, and the son of a minister, a "man from Glengarry"—well educated, in our own public schools, none better, high schools, in Toronto University, under Sir Daniel Wilson, George Paxton Young and Professor Hutton, and in Knox under Dr. Caven, Dr. Maclaren and Professor Gregg,—as well trained in a Christian home, on a mission station, on the prairie, in camps of miners and lumbermen of the west, and pulpits of the city of Winnipeg; and as well motivated to do good and to be good, to consecrate his whole life to the service of the Master, from which course nothing could dissuade him nor call him away, though he is not only appreciated as a leader of young men, but as a literary artist he stands in the front of modern writers.

Rev. J. M. Duncan, presenting the name of Principal Falconer, said he had won distinction also in the world of scholarship, especially in New Testament study. He also was a Canadian born in Charlottetown. In 1885 he won the Gilchrist scholarship, standing second in the list, at London University. In 1888 he was graduated from London, and in 1889 from Edinburgh, or art, receiving his B.D. from the latter university in 1892. In 1902 Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature. In 1899 he became lecturer in New Testament Exegesis in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, and in 1895 professor. In 1904, at a remarkably early age, he was made principal. His influence was felt in many departments of the church.

## Principals Riview of the Year.

Rev. Dr. Maclaren, Principal of the college, in his opening address said that the session had been a good and profitable one. The staff was larger and more completely developed than at any previous period of its history. A goodly band of young men had completed their course, and were now prepared to enter upon their life work as ambas-