

The bell rang, and the opening exercises were concluded.

"Now, Morton," said Miss Hamlin, with a twinkle of fun in her clear, gray eyes. "I heard two queer things about this class. Can you, or any of you, guess what they are?"

"Worst class in the school!" volunteered Walt Fernald.

"Not at all," replied the teacher promptly. "What *could* have put such a thing into your head?"

Walter looked out of the corner of his eye at the rest of the class; but nobody seemed prepared with the answer to Rose's questions.

"Well, I won't keep you guessing," said she. "I was told that this class used to be, two or three years ago, the *best* class in the school—"

The boys forgot to laugh, and Dick said, "Hush up, I want to hear!" to Rob Daniels, who was whispering in his other ear.

"And that now, there is more talking and laughing here than in any other class. Was the first report right?"

Modest silence on the part of the boys.

"And the second?"

"Yes'm! That's so!" from two or three.

"Now," continued Miss Hamlin, with a nice little flush in her cheeks, but a firm set to her lips, "I propose to teach the class just as it is now. But I want it to beat the record of the old one."

The popular phrase told immediately. It showed in the eyes of her auditors.

"Next Sunday is—what?"

"Easter."

"What does the day celebrate?"

"The Resurrection." "Jesus coming to life," replied two or three together.

"Yes," said Miss Rose, quietly. "It was the day on which Jesus, who was 'crucified, dead and buried,' rose again from the dead. Now, how shall we celebrate the day, that wonderful day, in our class?"

Nobody knew. "I don't like Easter much," said Rob. "There's not half so much fun as Christmas."

"All flowers and things," said another. "A girls' day, I call it."

"What," exclaimed Miss Hamlin, turning quickly to the last speaker. "the day on which the greatest hero the world has ever known, came back to life? Yes, it is a girls' day, and a boys' day, too! A day for splendid deeds, for manly conduct, for fighting and gaining victories. Now," she went on earnestly, "I'll tell you what we must do. The good reputation of this class, its honor and courage and manliness seems somehow to have been lost—dead and buried. Let next Easter be its real Resurrection Day. I want

every boy to study his lesson this week, as he never did before; and to come to the class on Sunday with his mind made up to make this class the brightest, best, most interesting, most brave and Christlike in the school. I will do my part. Can I depend on you to do yours? Hold up your hands, all that will help!

Up went every right hand in the class. The boys were on fire with their teacher's enthusiasm.

Easter Sunday! The boys were early in their class, two of them reaching their seats before Miss Hamlin herself. The first hymn was given out.

"Now's your chance!" whispered Rose. "Sing your best." And, led by her sweet soprano, the boy voices rang out clear and strong:

"The day of resurrection,
Go tell it out abroad."

They sat down all in a glow. Generally they had talked behind their hymn-books, right through the piece.

No class was quieter during Scripture reading and prayer. Another song. The musical director at the piano, very near their class, sent a pleased look and nod at them over his shoulder.

Then came the lesson. Each boy strove to outdo the rest. They could hardly wait for the questions before answering.

At the close of the school the hymn "Onward, Christian soldiers" was given out, and right nobly the class responded to the leader's hand. Glancing at their teacher, they could not guess why she faltered once or twice in the song, and her eyes were moist, as she looked round on her sturdy little squad of soldiers, singing with all their might,

"Forward, as to war!"

with their shoulders squared and their heads thrown back. But you and I know how she was touched, and how thankful she was for this true resurrection in their young hearts.

We will leave them all there, singing and looking forward bravely to the next week's conflict. Surely, with the great Captain's help, they will conquer, and hear His word, "Well done!"—*Advance.*

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT,

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, Editor, is published on the first of every month, and sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for *one dollar* per annum. *Cash in advance* is required of all subscribers. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly, local items of church news, or communications of general interest. As we go to press in advance of the date, news items should be in before the 18th of each month. To subscribers in the United Kingdom, including postage, 5s. per annum. All communications, business or otherwise, to be addressed: REV. W. W. SMITH, St. Catharines, O.