



## An Easter Hymn.

Joyful be all our hearts to-day,  
 Joyful be our hymns of praise;  
 'Tis the Resurrection morn,  
 Loudest hallelujahs raise.  
 Christ is risen! Blessed truth!  
 O'er the world the tidings spread;  
 Tell to all the sons of men,—  
 'Christ is risen from the dead!'

From the throne of God most high  
 Angels haste on radiant wing,  
 And to loving, sorrowing hearts  
 First the joyous message bring:  
 'Seek Him not within the tomb:  
 He is risen, as He said.  
 O receive the glorious truth;  
 'Christ is risen from the dead!'

Still that angel voice is heard  
 In this world of pain and death,  
 And we listen, wondering still  
 What it is the angel saith:  
 'Cease your murmuring, dry your  
 tears,  
 Live no longer filled with dread;  
 Death is vanquished, ye are free;  
 Christ is risen from the dead!'

## A Message of Hope.

'The express delivery waggon has gone by, and my Easter hat hasn't come. I'm as provoked as can be! I think Aunt Harriet is real mean. I shan't go to church one step to-morrow, that's certain.'

'How you do talk, Evelyn! I am surprised to hear you.'

'Well, mother, I had my heart set on having that hat to wear to-morrow. Of course I want it for Easter. I don't care now whether it ever comes. I hadn't told any of the girls that I was expecting a new hat from the city, except Gertrude, and she promised not to tell. I want to see that lovely gauze ribbon with the watered stripe, and the beautiful flowers Aunt Harriet wrote she had selected.'

'Perhaps it will rain to-morrow; it looks like it. You would not wear your new hat then, if you did have it.'

'Yes, I would, too, mamma. We don't live far from church, and I couldn't possibly keep it one whole week in the house without showing it to the girls. It is the worst dis-

appointment I could have, not getting that Easter hat to-night,' and Evelyn burst into a torrent of tears.

'The worst disappointment you could have, Evelyn? My child, I cannot bear to hear you talk in such an unreasonable way. When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that such a disappointment as this is very trifling in consideration of greater and more vital ones that may come to you. You know I do not feel as you do about new clothes for Easter.'

'So long as I cannot have my new hat to wear, I hope it will pour as hard as ever it can, and then I can have a good excuse to stay at home; it will be stress of weather then instead of stress of Easter hat.'

Mrs. Wilmot sighed, and a troubled look came over her face. It was very hard to reason with this impetuous daughter. 'I am sorry to have you disappointed, Evelyn. Probably the hat was sent in time, but has been delayed in some way. Aunt Harriet is always prompt.'

'Don't talk any more about it, please. I'm perfectly wretched ov-

er the matter. Whether it rains or shines I shall not go to church to-morrow, and that settles it.'

It was midnight, Evelyn had fallen asleep in a very unpleasant state of mind, and her dreams were not the most peaceful. She was startled from her sleep by hearing her mother's voice: 'Evelyn, little Dorothy has the croup, and I wish you would get right up and go for William, and tell him to get the doctor as quickly as possible.'

Little Dorothy, the darling of the household, with the croup! Evelyn sprang out of bed and put her clothes on in a very few minutes. William, who attended to Mr. Wilmot's furnace and did chores at the barn, lived in the street back of the house. Mr. Wilmot was away on business and would not be able to get home until after Easter.

The doctor was soon in the house, but he looked very grave, and said there was not a moment to lose. All the household were awakened and assisted the mother and daughter in their efforts to restore the little treasure of the home.

When morning came it was cloudy; the sun shone out for a few minutes at different times, but none of the Wilmot family went to church that day. Evelyn had given no thought to her Easter hat. If God should take little Dorothy away! Oh, if he should, what would they do, how could they live without her? And papa to lose his darling while he was gone!

Evelyn threw herself on her knees by her bed. 'O God,' she cried, 'spare us our baby, the dearly loved little sister!' The thought of what her mother said to her the night before, that disappointments of much greater moment than the loss of an Easter hat could come to one. 'I have been a wicked girl, O Lord. Forgive me that I thought more of my new hat than of the beautiful lessons of thy Resurrection Day.'

It was an anxious day. Friends came and went and offered their services of love. But before the sun set on that Easter day the good Shepherd had come and gathered the suffering lamb to his bosom. Oh, the wonderful glory of the Resurrection! The blessed truth that the little one had gone to be forever with the Lord. Gone from the arms of the loved ones on earth into the arms of the blessed Jesus before it had learned anything of the sorrows, the sufferings, and the evils of the world. But, oh, the lonely, empty cradle, the aching arms that long to fold the little one once more close to the mother's loving breast!

Early on Monday morning the express waggon came to the door and rang the bell on which was tied the white emblem of death. It was the box containing the Easter hat.

'Oh, mamma, dear mamma, I can never look at that hat. How little