

number of these who received memorials was 128.

So ended our Children's Mission. We are very thankful that we have had it, and feel most grateful to Father Osborne for having given this additional time and labor to our parish.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. HODGSON.

St. Peter's Clergy House, Charlottetown.

Family Department.

EASTER HYMN.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

Now the Resurrection morning
Dawns upon our longing hearts;
Now our Lord from death returning
To His Church new life imparts.
Hallelujah! Christ is risen!
He to us new life imparts.

Christ is risen! Death no longer
Claims an undisputed sway;
Strong, he yields to One yet stronger,
His defeat we hymn to-day.
Hallelujah! Death no longer
Claims us for his lawful prey.

From the grave triumphant rising
Our Victorious Leader see;
He through Death, Death's lord surprising,
Wins for us the victory.
Hallelujah! Death is vanquished,
Christ hath won the victory.

Christ is risen! Oh, what gladness
Do these wondrous words inspire;
We no more in tones of sadness
Tell of unfulfilled desire.
Hallelujah! of His praises
His redeemed can never tire.

Christ is risen! Let the tidings
To the tribes of earth be borne;
Let the souls in night abiding
Have the sun of Easter morn.
Hallelujah! let the nations
Hail with us the Easter morn.

Saviour, on this Easter morning
To Thy Throne we lift our eyes,
Thanks unfeigned to Thee returning,
Who for us from death did rise.
Hallelujah! now we hasten
To our home beyond the skies.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

"I have been keeping your sister company," said Mr. Ray, whom John, on his return to the Hall that evening, found sitting by Nelly's couch, her dainty little tea-table between them.

"Yes," she said, looking anxiously into her brother's face, and but for Mr. Ray, I should have begun to worry about you before this. This brother of mine has spoiled me," she went on to her friend; "he never leaves me for many hours together quite alone."

"And certainly did not purpose doing so to-night," said John, "but you know the most dependable people do unpremeditated things at times."

He spoke more cheerfully, and looked more like himself than he had for days past, and both Nelly and Mr. Ray were comforted. Nelly poured out a cup of tea for her brother, and he drew his chair close beside her, and patted her little slender hand.

"Do you know, Nell, that you are becoming quite a useful member of society," he said; "do you notice Parson (John had adapted the appellation universal at Longmoor) that this young lady is beginning to take quite an active part in our establishment? You see she has arrived at pouring out tea, and Mrs. Partel finds that she has no longer the sole voice in domestic arrangements."

"Yes indeed," said Nelly brightly, "and some day she will open her eyes very wide when I make my appearance in the house keeper's room!"

"I have often thought of late, Squire," said Mr. Ray, "that since Miss Carruther's health really seems improving, it would do her a world of good were you to take her for a little trip abroad. It

would be quite a new world," and the parson's face kindled from pure sympathy, "and indeed it would do you both infinite good."

John half absently assented that it might be a good plan, while Nelly wondered wistfully whether such a thing could really be accomplished.

"You see, I should be such a drag upon him," even at my very best."

But this John indignantly denied, and Stephen Ray, who had been revolving what might best tend to restore John in some measure to himself, determined to keep the subject before them.

With the one great and ever recurring difference of Sybil's absence, things went on well at Longmoor and the "Coomb." A teacher after Stephen Ray's own heart had been found for the school on the Ridge. He was one of those whom he had himself won over from the ranks of the rough embroiled factory "hands" at L.—one of his trophies of victory. He had gained a hold upon him when a boy, had induced him to come to his night-school, where he speedily discovered along with the untamed spirit of mischief and rebellion much force of character and natural ability. By degrees the semi-savage nature yielded, as so many others had done, to the all powerful spirit of brave and patient love in Stephen Ray. From being a rebel Hugh Anwick had become the most loyal and obedient follower of the young priest, and, as time went on, had grown to be one of his chief supporters. Though still working in a factory he had become teacher at a night-school, and found time in his busy life to continue his own studies. He was one of many of Stephen Ray's former flock who regularly corresponded with him and still felt the warmest interest in their former beloved pastor. When Stephen Ray had written him about the Coomb, the half-wild and yet strangely attractive people, the project of the school, the success which had so far attended his efforts, then the loss of the young, devoted fellow teacher, the strong desire suddenly sprang up in the heart of Hugh Anwick to take up this work, which would bring him once again into close companionship with the man whom he loved and venerated beyond any other. He wrote, offering his services as teacher to the youth, and such of the elders as would accept them, of the Coomb, and Stephen Ray, knowing the man thoroughly and loving him as the rescuer will love the rescued, gladly accepted the offer. The Squire, too, rejoiced with him when he had been told of the peculiar fitness of Hugh Anwick for the work, and looked forward with more interest than he had felt in anything since Sybil's departure to the arrival of this strong reinforcement in what Sybil had called the "Coomb Crusade." Mr. Ray was at the station to meet his old friend, and great was the gladness on both sides as they clasped hands once more.

The new teacher, as to the outward man, was of middle height, firmly and compactly built—a man of thews and sinews, which from long-continued exercise had arrived almost at the perfection of manly strength. His face was pale, strong-featured, with eyes full of resolution and honesty.

"You see, I couldn't miss the chance of working with you once more, sir," he said, and there was a suspicion of huskiness in his voice.

"God bless you, Hugh!" replied Mr. Ray; "the very sight of you warms my heart. This is one of the great pleasures of my life."

Hugh Anwick was silent till he had mastered his emotion. "How much better you are looking, sir! Why, it seems like old times when I first knew you—as regards your looks, I mean."

"And you are the same Hugh that you were then, only that you and I between us, by God's help, have managed to get rid of the rough husk which hid the sound kernel."

John Carruthers and Hugh Anwick were mutually pleased with one another, each recognizing the true manliness which characterized them both, and each respecting the qualities which in their several spheres made them capable of exerting a wide influence. Squire and parson together introduced the new teacher to the scene of his work and to some of his future neighbors. Part of the little mission-house had been fitted up as a dwelling, and was cosy enough for one of such simple habits as Hugh Anwick, whose eyes were gladdened by a well-filled book-shelf as part of the furniture. A bright-eyed urchin from the Coomb, an or-

phan without fixed abode, but who had been adopted by the whole community, was to act in the capacity of general *fuctotum* to the teacher, who, being vouched for by the parson, was expected with much curiosity and some excitement, but without ill-feeling by the Coomb-folk; city born and bred, accustomed his life long to the din of machinery, to the dark and dirty streets with their more or less grimy denizens, to a sky never free from the dark vapours forever rising from innumerable factory chimneys, Hugh Anwick felt as though in a strange, sweet dream. Such dreams he had dreamt indeed, for like many another in that vast busy city he had often longed with an inexpressible longing for sunshine and green fields, but this was the fulfilment of his visions. Here, on the breezy plateau, the soft, elastic turf under his feet, the free, pure heaven stretching above him he seemed as one born unto another life. Stephen Ray, by virtue of his strong, wide sympathies entered fully into his feelings; had he not lived for the best years of his life in the stifling shadows of the great city? John, whose heritage had been pure air and country sights and sounds, could scarcely realize what they meant to the stranger, as one who has always enjoyed the blessing of sight, cannot enter into the wondering rapture of him whose sight is restored.

"We shall have a Church here some day, Hugh," said Stephen Ray cheerily, "and we may live to see a comely, Christian village on the open hill-top instead of those barbarous though picturesque hovels in the Coomb, and the Squire here will exercise a paternal government over as fine a little community as will be found in Westshire."

"May you be a true prophet," said John, "you have infected me with your hopefulness, and you know that I am with you in all your schemes."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

"When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in Glory."

Christ our Life! It is this which gives the true meaning to our Easter joy. Our Festival is not only the commemoration of a glorious fact, but it is the triumphant expression of a wondrous future certainty. *Because He lives we shall live also!* We, living members of that living Head, shall be partakers of His deathless glory. Yes, imperfect, sinful beings as we know ourselves too well to be, we yet may utter the words which would seem meet only for the lips of angels, "We also shall appear with Him in glory." And if in the consciousness of our own utter unworthiness we ask how can these things be? we hear the words, "It is Christ who died, the Just for the unjust." It is Christ who died, and by His death purchased redemption for sinners—"Yea, rather that is risen again," and "ever liveth to make intercession for us!"

Well may our anthems of adoring gladness ascend like an incense from earth to Heaven, and well may we deck with Earth's fairest offerings the temples of the King of Kings, seeing by faith Him who is invisibly amongst us and enjoying a foretaste of that unending joy when we shall see Him face to face.

As Easter is to Lent, the brightness of morning to the long night shadows, so to the shadows of our earthly life will be the day-dawn of Eternity, when Christ, Who is our Life, shall appear! Compared with THAT joy, what to the Christian are the joys of *this* life! how faint, how dim beside the glory that shall be revealed. This is the joy of Easter; this is its message to our souls. The RISEN Saviour bids us rise with Him, our sins buried in His Grave, our life assured by His Life. His indwelling Spirit sustaining us on our earthly journey until the shadows flee away and the Son of Man come in His own and the Father's and the holy angels' glory, we, even we also, shall be made like unto Him and shall be with Him forever.

Truly the joy of Easter is a real, a triumphant joy to the Christian, a joy not to be lessened by the penitence which Lent has fostered, nor by the deep consciousness of our own unworthiness, for He who is our Life is our Righteousness.