

have a new suit, mamma wrote that she would send a box before Easter, but I would like to celebrate the day in some unusual way.'

'Well, I am sure that I for one am ready for something unusual!' said May; 'I always am! I do on unusual things! But what can we do out of the ordinary?'

'I have been reading some thoughts on Easter,' said Laura, 'and it seems just as though it would never be just the same to me again—I don't know just how to make it all different—but for one thing, couldn't we girls have a sunrise prayer meeting? Then you remember after the women visited the sepulchre early in the morning, and after Christ appeared to them, they went and told the story of the resurrection. It seems as if we ought to tell somebody the good news.'

The girls were still for a few minutes, while the shadows deepened around them, then May said, 'I wonder how it would be if each of us were to take that thought to ourselves. We'll have the sunrise prayer meeting right here in my room, and if we go out from that meeting with anything to tell, and can find anybody to tell it to, or any way to tell it, we will carry out the suggestion—then we will have another meeting in the evening and relate our experiences!'

'I don't think we need look any farther for "Easter novelties!"' said Lou, with an attempt at gayety, which did not cover the deeper feeling which was stirring the girl's heart.

Easter morning, 'Resurrection Morning,' as Laura said she loved to call it, came bright and fair. May's lilies made the room fragrant and the hearts of the girls were stilled as their eyes rested upon the bank of white blossoms that filled the space above the writing desk.

'I will tell you now,' said May, 'so that you can feel all through the meeting that they are your very own, I am going to divide and give you each a stalk when you go out.'

Laura had been chosen to lead the meeting, but there was not much leading. It was a sweet half hour; a hymn, the story of that first resurrection morning, faintly uttered but heartfelt petitions, and then they went their several ways, after being reminded by May that they were to come again at evening to tell their experiences.

At that evening hour, Margaret Lansing said, 'Girls, it has been the most blessed Easter I ever spent. I suppose the music was just the usual sort—but it seemed so different, so soul-filling; and then the sermon, I was so interested in what Dr. Miller said, and, do you know, I heard some one say, "It was a very shallow sermon." I wanted to say, "If you had attended a sunrise prayer meeting and got your soul full of the spirit of the day, you would not say that!"' Then Mr. Mead asked me to take a class, and I tried to tell the story to the little girls. One of them said she never knew what Easter meant until I told her! So you see I may have told it to some purpose. Anyway, I know it is in my own life to stay!'

One girl had written to her brother to tell about the new life and how it came to her. Nellie Clarke said, 'Well, girls, I thought I could tell the story better by proxy, so I gave a dollar towards the support of the Sunday-school missionary, and

I promised to give a dollar out of every quarter's allowance. And another thing, you know that mamma sent me a new suit after all, and when I put it on, the thought came to me, perhaps this comes to remind you that you ought to have your heart renewed and your life made pure and clean—and, girls, you don't hear me using any slang after this!'

Marion Haines said, 'Girls, I don't suppose you ever dreamed that I have been almost an infidel, I fancy heathen would express it more nearly. Anyway, I never had any sort of religious life; I was as surely dead to anything of a religious nature as one could be, and when you were talking and planning the other evening, I said to myself, "Well, I'll keep still, but I'll go and see what they do at that sunrise prayer meeting!" I came this morning, and I cannot tell how it was, but I am sure I went out another person! It is a new life! It has been a true Easter to me!'

As Marion ended this little speech, which was such a glad surprise to the others, a burst of song filled the room:

'Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!

Blessed morn of life and light!

Lo, the grave is rent asunder,

Death is conquered through His might.

Christ is risen! Hallelujah!

Gladness fills the world to-day!

—'Episcopal Recorder.'

Redeeming the Time.

A pretty Indian legend illustrates this: A good spirit wishing to benefit a young princess led her into a ripe and golden cornfield. 'See these ears of corn, my daughter, if thou wilt pluck them diligently, they will turn to precious jewels, the richer the ear of corn, the brighter the gem. But thou mayest only once pass through this cornfield, and canst not return the same way.' The maiden gladly accepted the offer. As she went on, many ripe and full ears of corn she found in her path, but she did not pluck them, always hoping to find better ones further on. But presently the stems grew thinner, the ears poorer, with scarcely any grains of wheat on them; further on they were blighted, and she did not think them worth picking. Sorrowfully she stood at the end of the field, for she could not go back the same way, regretting the loss of the golden ears she had overlooked and lost. To each of us are golden opportunities offered; life speeds on to the goal from which there is no return; let us redeem the time, for fields are white unto the harvest. —'The Christian Guardian.'

Look Over Your Troubles.

John Wesley was walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking.

'Do you know,' said Wesley, 'why the cow looks over the wall?'

'No,' replied the one in trouble.

'I will tell you,' said Wesley; 'because she cannot look through it. And that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them.'

Cripple's Crawl.

'It's the finest bit of land in the parish,' said the minister to the friend at his side, 'and its situation is absolutely unique.'

'And you say that a hundred years ago it was a part of the Holborne estates?' remarked the minister's guest.

'It was, and the present owner of the estates takes a keener pleasure in this than "isn't" than in that that is.'

'But why should he? He must be a queer sort of chap, and different to most of us, if he can look on pleasantly at losses,' objected the visitor.

'My dear Hartly,' replied the minister, 'you scarcely do justice to the finer instincts of human nature; your wanderings amidst wretchedness, misery, brutality, selfishness, and dishonesty, have induced a belief in total depravity.'

Hartly was silent for a while, then he said: 'You are hard on me; I have not adopted any such belief, I merely wondered what could induce any chap to take a pleasure in seeing his hereditary possessions held by another. I know this much, had the land been in my family from time immemorial I shouldn't rest till it was restored to me—but there, it may be that I, who have no lands to lose, attach an unusual importance to possession.'

The minister smiled. 'Let me tell you the story of the Crawl,' he said; 'you may then be better able to appreciate Lord Holborne's particular point of view.'

'Is your story legend or history?' asked Hartly.

'It's a true story, you skeptic, and your heart will attest its truth,' was the decisive reply.

'Imagine your self set back in time by a hundred years,' commenced the narrator, 'and a resident here, instead of a casual visitor. You would have known that the village consisted of Holborne Hall, its private grounds, and a cluster of two or three dozen cottages, with two alehouses, a small general shop, and a forge. The church on the hill stood in the midst of its gravestones, and opened its doors now and again to admit a Sunday morning congregation. There was but one man in the village, apart from the Hall, who could read, and he was the parson. No railway brought strangers to the place, nor took the natives from it, for those were pre-railway days so far as this district was concerned. The chief excitement that quickened the dull lives of the villagers was that occasioned by the taking of the poachers red-handed, adventurers from the outlying parishes, by the Hall keepers, who received a bonus on every capture; or, maybe, the excitement due to the hunt, when my lord, with a party of sporting companions, followed the chase across the country. But here let me say that there must be no fancy picture in your mind conjured up by the word "cottages" or "villagers," as both were alike forbidding in appearance. The cottages were mere shanties, unfit to shelter pigs, badly drained, unprovided with pure water, open at very many points to the sky and the weather, with woodwork dropping to pieces, and the plaster tumbling about one's ears. Diphtheria and typhoid made yearly ravages amongst the children, and not a tenant dare utter a word of complaint against the damp, dirty den that served as a family death-trap, but was dignified by the title