



at Mass, and with every accessory of pomp that the heart of man can devise. From a hall in the adjoining Vatican he is borne into the Church, amid the utmost conceivable splendour, seated in his Chair of State, his vestments literally glittering with gold. On his head he wears the Tiara, a tall, round, gilded cap, representing a triple crown—spiritual power, temporal power, and the union of both. Beside him are carried the flabellé, large fans of ostrich feathers, in which are set the eye-like parts of peacocks' feathers, to signify the eyes or vigilance of the Church. Over him is supported a canopy of silk, richly fringed.

After officiating at Mass at the High Altar, he is with

similar pageant and ceremony, and to the most gorgeous display of music, carried back through the crowded edifice, and ascends to the balcony over the central doorway. Rising from his Chair of State, and surrounded by his principal officers, he pronounces to the expectant multitude beneath, benedictions, indulgences, absolutions.

The concourse of people is beyond description. Papers, containing the prayers that have been offered, are thrown down upon their heads, and, though in Latin, are eagerly scrambled for. In the evening the dome and other exterior parts of St. Peter's are beautifully illuminated with lamps.

## TWO EASTER EGGS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

**M**ANY years ago Jessie and Susie, two little girls whose father was dead, were living with their mother on the outskirts of a beautiful village among the hills of the Eastern Townships. They were pretty children, and both were lovable and attractive when at their best.

Susie, who at the date of our story was nine years of age, was the youngest by some three years. She had been very ill at the time of her father's death, two years before, was delicate for a long while after, and much petting and many indulgences had naturally fallen to her lot during that time.

When her sister was really ill Jessie had been most tender and devoted; but as her health improved she came to be a little jealous of the attentions, of which, it seemed to her, Susie was receiving more than her fair share.

"She is every bit as well as I am now, and I don't see why she shouldn't do the same."—was often her thought, and once it had risen into speech; but then Jessie herself had grown ashamed as soon as the words had left her lips, and they had brought a look of grieved surprise to her mother's face which she did not like to meet. At that moment she thought she could never speak so again, and for a while she did not, but by-and-by she began to say the same thing again to herself, in thought if not in words.

"It is just because she is white, and soft, and round that folks like to play with her, and kiss her, and have her with them; but she doesn't *know* anything"—said poor Jessie to herself in a jealous rage, when one day their dear Uncle Tom, who had returned only yesterday from a year's absence in Europe, took Susie out for a

sleigh-ride and did not ask Jessie to make one of the party.

This happened close upon Easter. When they came back from their drive Jessie was sitting alone in the library in a corner of the broad window-seat, well hidden by the curtain, indulging in something very like a sulk. Her mother came into the room at the moment they drove up and Uncle Tom soon followed, but neither discovered that Jessie was there.

"See Mary, here are some Easter gifts I have brought for the children"—said Uncle Tom.

Jessie's sulk was forgotten. Oh, how she wished she could see, but she did not like to come out of her hiding—"Besides Easter gifts are secrets just as Christmas presents are and they wouldn't want me to"—thought Jessie.

"Oh! Tom, how lovely! What an extravagant fellow you are!" exclaimed her mother—but just then Susie came running along the hall and into the room. Uncle Tom hastily put the things into the drawer of the library table. Jessie knew that, for she heard him step that way, and then the lock click as the key turned in it.

Pretty soon tea was ready; they all went out and Jessie was released from her hiding. She noticed in passing that Uncle Tom had taken away the key of the drawer—but Jessie knew that drawer had two keys, and she knew where the other one was kept—it was in a little vase on the mantel.

How she did want to see those gifts. She wanted it so badly that finally she felt that she must. Next day came an opportunity. Jessie yielded to temptation, unlocked the drawer and peeped in.

There were two boxes; her name was upon one, Susie's on the other. Jessie pressed the spring of hers.