

Young People's Department.

CALENDAR.

189~

- April 3—SUNDAY before EASTER (Palm Sunday.)
 " 4—MONDAY before EASTER.
 " 5—TUESDAY before EASTER.
 " 6—WEDNESDAY before EASTER.
 " 7—THURSDAY before EASTER (Maundy Thursday)
 " 8—GOOD FRIDAY
 " 9—EASTER EVE.
 " 10—EASTER DAY.
 " 11—MONDAY in EASTER WEEK.
 " 12—TUESDAY in EASTER WEEK.
 " 17—1st SUNDAY after EASTER.
 " 24—2nd SUNDAY after EASTER.
 " 25—ST. MARK'S DAY.

TWIN SOLDIERS.

BY VIRGINIA C. CASTLEMAN.

 HEY stood by the window of the playroom, the "twin soldiers," and besides them were three other children, their school-mates, and the faces of all five were flushed with excitement. "I tell you we are members of the Church" cried the twin with the roundest face, "mamma said so!"

"Yes, indeed," chimed in the other twin, her blue eyes dilated and her mouth quivering, "we were taken to the church when we were babies, and were baptized; and I know we are members of the Church."

"Very little members, then," replied Mary Newton, teasingly, "most people join the Church when they're grown up."

"If you had been baptized when you were little, you wouldn't think that way," and the twins ran to ask their mother about it.

"Mamma!" cried the one who reached her mother's room first, "Aren't we members of the Church?"

"Mary says we're not!" gasped the second twin, almost breathless from the run across the hall.

"Certainly, my darlings, you were given to the Church at your baptism, and you promised to be 'faithful soldiers' to your life's end."

"We didn't promise ourselves, did we?" they asked in one breath, "but the people who stood for us; and papa held sister, and you held me, didn't you mamma?"

The twins loved to hear about it, how one Sunday afternoon, dressed in white christening robes, they had been carried to the church, and the old, white-haired clergyman had taken them in his arms, one after the other, and baptized them. Then they had lived in a great city; but now their home was in the country, where, instead of rows of houses, and street cars, and crowds of people, they saw all around them wide green fields, stretching out to the dark woods; and in the distance a blue river wound through the land. On clear days they could see many white sails moving slowly along over the water. Instead of the handsome church which their baby eyes had stared at so wonderingly, they went every Sunday to a little chapel at the foot of the hill; or, sometimes, to an old brick church, covered with ivy, and surrounded by old oak trees.

The twins were so little when the change in their home was made, that they hardly knew what had happened; but their mother's thoughts lingered long upon that baptismal scene of nine years ago. "And do sign them with the sign of the cross"—how the words rang in her ears.

How could she make them understand that with the blessings of membership must come the bearing of the cross. "Children, do you see this picture?" she asked, calling them to her.

"Oh! isn't it lovely, sister?"

"What a pretty mother!" said Helen.

"And such a sweet little baby," added Blanche.

"It is the Child Jesus, and the Virgin Mary, His mother," explained Mrs. Gibson, and waited quietly while the twins looked more closely at the Madonna.

"Mamma," asked Blanche, suddenly, "the sky is full of clouds; why does it look so dark? and why—what are those three crosses for, mamma?" Then, very gently, their mother reminded them that the little Child Jesus had grown to be a man, that He had been seized by cruel men and nailed to a cross, and on either side of Him was another cross upon which two thieves, two wicked men, were placed beside the good and holy Lord.

"Why did they do it, mother?" cried the children, their eyes full of tears.