

EASTER SONG.

HF earth is dark, no leaf nor blossom... Where are our lost? We wander weeping...

Where are our lost? We wander weeping... Here in thy soul, thou unbelieving...



EASTER FORGIVENESS.

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WOULD not live away, I ask not to stay! quavered Miss Elizabeth, in an uncertain soprano...

Five o'clock never found Miss Elizabeth or Peter asleep. Here it was only 8 o'clock on Easter morning...

She saw herself in her cool pink and white frock, her face, with a cascade of curls on both sides, almost hidden under a shadowy pink bonnet...

The story was an old one. People had almost forgotten it. Sometimes a few of the oldest folks touched upon it at quilting bees and sewing parties...

"Now, Peter, why don't you get your tie straight just for once?" she exclaimed, standing on tiptoe and giving the big fellow's shoulders a twist to bring him into a better light...

A lump in Peter's throat threatened to strangle him as he answered spasmodically: "Last night—sing! school—as we were a-walkin' home..."

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART. Her mind busy with pictures of the coming carriage, Ah, it was something to walk into church behind a prospective bridegroom...

"What is it? What's he got there?" asked Peter. Miss Elizabeth knew. Her face grew white as the kerchief around her neck...

"DID YOU KISS HER?" "YES, I DID," at the gate and drew up a few yards from the kitchen door. Then she saw they were not alone...

"Only tired," he answered, and his sad eyes looked at her quietly, intently. Miss Elizabeth felt uncomfortable. He did not look like a tramp, although he was miserably poor...

"You're an old fool, Elizabeth Darrow," she said inwardly, and frowned into the house. By and by Peter appeared. "You're not goin' to leave him sittin' there all day, I hope?" asked Peter...

And was this the end of it all? And did Miss Elizabeth, strong in her pride, see her old lover depart next day without a pang? Ah, no so easily are old memories forgotten...

"You're ill; that's what you are," said Miss Elizabeth. "Where do you come from?" "I've been everywhere," he answered. "I have no home; I've been a rolling stone..."

"Let me go first, I'll face him," she said in an indignant whisper. She pushed and bent her ear forward. Yes, there was the sound again, and his candle was still burning...

"I meant you should never know," the old man stammered, and she saw the tears steal from beneath his lowered lids...

"The Arbitrator of His Own Fate. Judge—What's the charge, officer? Officer—He was examining doors. Judge—What is your business, Smith? Smith—I am a locksmith. Judge—Jailer, lock Smith up. Whereupon Smith made a bolt. —New York Herald."

"Don't mind me," he said, staggering to his feet; "I'm going now. I only wanted to rest a little, and the place looked so pretty..."

"Put away the book, Dick Aspell. What's done is done, and there's no use shoving tears over it. She hurried away, Peter and Lucy following in wondering silence."

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Of course around the festival of Easter there cluster many queer customs, some of which are obsolete and others yet in vogue in Ireland on the Saturday evening just preceding Easter Sunday...

"It's very puzzling," said a worried-looking woman to one of her neighbors. "What is that?" "I can't tell whether Willis is corrupting the parrot or whether the parrot is corrupting Willis." —Washington Post.

"I never told you that story before, Jim." "Yes, you did, Bill; but it has grown a good deal in the last twenty years, and I'm glad to meet it again." —Harper's Bazar.

"What are you saying?" asked the man before her in a slow, amazed tone. "I didn't think you could be so unfair. You ask me why I went away when you sent me off your self, and in a spirit of pique I married the woman I had been only flirting with..."

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