

IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

Finest L. Mace in Harper's Magazine. In the gray of Easter even...

NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS.

AN EASTER STORY. Youth's Companion: There is a little town in a distant state...

Three long months had passed since his death, and as common duties grew important...

"How long you have been gone, Uncle Stephen," called the boy.

"Mr. Casson stopped me at the church, Harry," said the boy.

"It is too late to change the programme," replied Agatha.

"Miss Barr has a sore throat, and they want you to take her place."

"Anything but to sing!" she said.

"I know," said her uncle.

"And then Easter comes this year on his birthday and mine, O. U. Nelson Stephen...

"I try to trust," said Agatha.

"I hope for it," said her uncle.

"I do not think I really disbelieve," said Agatha.

"When will people learn," he said, sorrowfully.

"People don't see," said little Harry.

Agatha's uncle looked at her questioningly.

"He has been talking to Minna in the kitchen about Easter among the Moravians," she said.

plorious fight for that which was highest. Agatha. Can you not celebrate his first triumphal day in heaven?

"I would, Mr. Casson," Agatha answered earnestly.

"You may feel different by Sunday," said her uncle.

While they had been talking, Agatha was too much moved to notice the convulsive pressure of the little hand in her own.

"You should have had your hat on, dear," she said.

"Sweetheart, I do not think I can," answered Agatha, gently.

The child brought his face in the black folds of her dress, and began to cry softly.

"It will all be spoiled," he murmured.

"Tell me about it," said the uncle.

"I was accompanying Minna in the kitchen," said the child between his sobs.

"I asked her why we didn't bury papa in that country where they did it."

"Never mind," said his uncle.

"Can I really go and sing it myself, Agatha?" he asked.

"The little face, emerging from the white folds, wore an astonished expression.

"He's dead, isn't he?" she would admirably affirm.

"The Lord is risen," he said solemnly.

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to understand him. When Agatha came up to the room an hour or two later the tears were still wet on his cheeks.

Early the next morning Agatha was awakened by the sudden sound of the door opening.

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looks like her grandmother, sought knowledge on this point. In reply she got a good deal of sensible advice about the importance of a woman taking care of herself.

After an engagement to sing in Albert hall on May 14, Miss Patti is looking forward to a period of rest and pleasure in her Welsh home.

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