

THE FIRST ROBIN.

Hark! Is it spring? I waked, and heard a robin sing; Only a shower of silvery notes, that dropped;

AN EASTER-CARD.

On the morning of the Saturday before Easter Lawrence Brooks put on his shabby overcoat, his shabby hat, also his shabby gloves,—for, poor as he was, the instincts of a gentleman as to gloves survived within him—and set out for the post-office.

at it over his cloud of tobacco smoke with a curious delight, and then, as always, his dream began. A species of hypnosis induced by the suggestion of the Easter-card settled over him, and he lived therein to his complete self-delusion for the time.

when he called on Amy. He had never thought anything about her, never anything at all; she had scarcely been more to him than a piece of furniture. But now a mighty change like that from the union of elemental affinities seemed to be taking place within him.

was delayed by bad weather, but at 2 p.m., March 14th, she landed the expedition a short distance above Baler, which is twenty miles south of Baguigan, near which place the gunboats displaying no lights entered a lonely cove.

LAST WEEK IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Solemn and pathetic interest always attends on the last hours and last words of our human life. The world gathers around the death-bed of its heroes and listens for every accent which fall from their lips.

of the officials of the Jewish Church, He denounced them in the bitterest terms. He knew how to be righteously angry. In some such mood, perhaps, He declared that the holy and the beautiful temple, so dear to the hearts of His countrymen, would surely be destroyed. That greatly incensed the ultra-patriotic. "The commandment"—That ye also love one another as I have loved you!—was also spoken on one of those days. He was the object of enthusiastic interest among those who came from the provinces, and not improbably of the Jewish community, but of sneering criticism on the part of the priests and their friends.