



Leave thy sowing, leave thy spinning!  
Leave the world and all its sinning.  
Come and pray!  
Greet the joyous, radiant morning,  
Lift your hearts up to the dawning  
Easter day.

Altar lilies chastely glister,  
See! they raise their heads and listen.  
Murmur of Peace!  
Listen to the songs of gladness,  
That through sorrow and through sadness  
Never cease.

Hear that glorious anthem ringing,  
One clear treble voice is singing  
Wonderfully:  
"I know that my Redeemer liveth,  
The love that unto earth He giveth  
Cannot die!"

One long sun-ray brightly beaming,  
Through the chancel window streaming  
On his face,  
Seems to saint the singer lowly,  
Seems to bless all in the holy  
Dim-lit place.

Peace that puts an end to sorrow,  
That all heavenly joys doth borrow,  
On Easter day;  
The angels guard us, Christian, giving  
Blessing, love, and joy in living;  
Come and pray!

—Perceval Steet.

### AN EASTER THIEF.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

"H. Dolly, Dolly, I'm in such a pickle!"  
Dolly Merton looked up and laughed a little at her friend's distressed face.  
"Madge, dear, you are always in a pickle. What is it this time?"

Madge Townsend threw herself back despairingly in the big armchair.  
"This is the worst one yet!" she sighed.

Dolly laid down her embroidery and looked at her inquiringly.  
"You know I'm the Treasurer of our 'Merry Workers' Circle,'" Madge began.

"Yes."  
"And the money from our dues and fines, and the sale of dolls and aprons amounted altogether to fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents. We've been trying to get it up to fifteen dollars, and we were going to give it for an Easter offering at church to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes; well?"

"Well, it's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes; gone, and worse yet—stolen! Not a soul knows yet but you and I, and the thief, of course. But isn't it awful, and what shall I do?"

"Stolen, Madge? But I don't understand who could have stolen it. Where did you keep it?"

"Well, I was counting it over only day before yesterday, and I laid it down on my mantel—it was in the Tiffany note-paper box I've always kept it in—and then, well, to tell the truth, I forgot and left it out there, and to-day when I remembered and went to look for it it was gone."

"But that doesn't prove it was stolen, Madge."

"Doesn't it? When nobody has been near my room but Katherine, the new waitress—I never liked her—and she has a sick sister, she pretends, who needs all kinds of expensive medicines



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and things. Of course she stole it, and I don't know what to do. Mother is still away, and I really don't dare accuse Katherine to her face. There's no knowing what she might do, but it's awful to have such a thief around. And then, Dolly, to-morrow's Easter. I'm responsible for that money, and how am I going to replace it?"

"Your allowance?" suggested Dolly.

"But I haven't fifty cents left. You know how money always slips through my fingers. I really meant to do better this month, but Thursday I bought the loveliest new hat for Easter. When I saw Jennie Warren's I was dying with envy, but mine is much prettier, and it ought to be—it cost fifteen dollars. I don't know what mamma will say, but it's a beauty."

"Look here, Madge. Wouldn't they take it back again if you explained?

That's just the amount you need, and then—"

"Oh, but, Dolly, I couldn't! Why, what are you thinking of? Explain to a milliner? Ask Mrs. La Rue to give me back the money? I never could in the world! Besides, it would just break my heart to part with it."

"Then go to your father, Madge dear, and tell him."

"Oh, but, Dolly, that's impossible, too! You see," flushing a little, "he had to help me out last month. You know I broke Nellie Graham's gold locket, and it cost so much to get it repaired, I had no idea. Well, I couldn't pay the bill, so I had to go to papa, and he lectured me so. He is so particular. He said I was careless and extravagant, and if I could not learn to manage better he would have to stop my allowance altogether, and just give me fifty cents a week for spending money the way he used to, and I couldn't bear that. It would be too humiliating."

"I wish your mother was at home," Dolly said, thoughtfully.

"So do I," sighed Madge. "But she isn't, and I must have the money. Look here, Dolly. Do you think I could get it if I could screw up my courage to tell that Katherine up and

upon quires of pink, glazed paper which showed them off to the best advantage.

She smothered a sigh as she carefully wrapped them in paper, for they had been a labor of love, and she had counted so much upon her mother's and sister's pleasure in the surprise she had prepared for them. Fortunately, no one was in the secret but her friend and herself; and if by sacrificing them she could get poor, careless Madge out of this serious difficulty, ought she not to be willing, even glad, to do so? And especially as during the evening she would have time to embroider initials on a handkerchief apiece for her mother and sister, and she could make other centrepieces at some future time.

Together the girls went out and down to one of the large fancy-goods shops where they were both unknown.

Dolly turned rosy red, as she stated her errand, and flushed still more deeply when the head woman calmly but decidedly refused to buy.

The same thing occurred again. The afternoon was waning; the girls were in despair. Dolly had a music lesson at half-past four, and at last there was nothing for her to do but leave Madge with the undisposed of

embroideries and hasten back to be in time for her lesson.

Meanwhile, Madge had been experiencing a variety of emotions. At first indignation against the new waitress—the thief—who had made this disagreeable business necessary, had been uppermost in her mind. But gradually, as she noted Dolly's eager interest and anxiety to help her and her distress at their lack of success, she began to feel a sort of admiring envy of her usefulness, loyal friend, and a queer sort of indignation against herself and her own carelessness in leaving money for which she was responsible lying around where the first dishonest person could take it unperceived.

If she was so to blame, surely she ought to be willing to endure a little humiliation. So, with sudden determination, she started for the fancy-goods shop, which her mother always patronized, and where she was well known.

The head woman, Mrs. Lee, herself came forward, smiling and bowing when Madge entered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Townsend, what can I show you to-day?"

"Oh, I've not come to buy," Madge stammered. "I've come to show you something. It isn't my work—it's a friend's—but she has let me take it, because—because—mamma is away, and we want to raise some money before a certain day, and—and—we couldn't think of any other way."

"I see, yes, the embroidery is very pretty, done. You want to leave it here for me to sell for you on commission?"

Madge's face flushed still more deeply.

"We—that is I—need the money at once," she faltered.

"How much do you want?" inquired Mrs. Lee, her eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Oh, what must she be thinking of me?" thought Madge. "Nine dollars and seventy-five cents, please," she murmured, faintly. And Mrs. Lee, knowing that the work would readily sell for more than that amount, and feeling, too, that it might be poor policy to refuse to oblige the daughter of one of her best customers, smilingly

counted out the money and handed it to Madge.

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He read it over, but she was silent and unappreciative as before.

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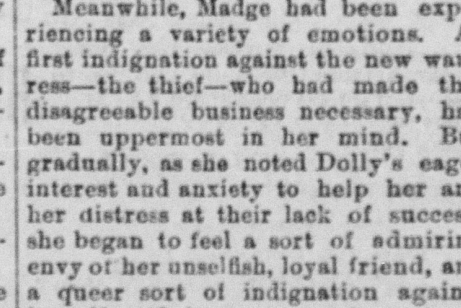
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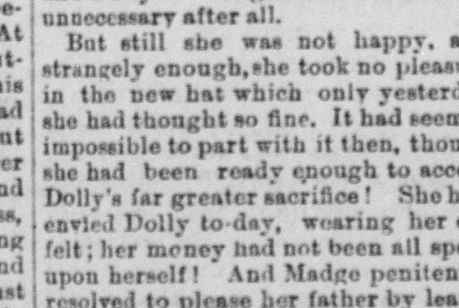
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