

What thou sawest, Mary, say
 As thou wentest on the way.
 I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had lain,
 I saw His glory as He rose again;
 Napkin and linen clothes, and angels twain;
 Yea, Christ is risen, my hope, and He
 Will go before you into Galilee.
 We know that Christ indeed has risen from the grave;
 Hail, thou King of Victory!
 Have mercy, Lord, and save.

(Caswall's translation.)

On Easter Sunday morning the Risen Saviour burst open the gates of Limbo, and no doubt of Purgatory also. It was the beginning of that continuous ascent of souls to Heaven which has gone on from then till now. The rapturous joy these souls feel on receiving their message of deliverance, when the Angel of Purgatory comes to wake them on the morrow and call them from their bed of sorrow, is perhaps the best key to true Easter joy and peace. For such a resurrection can take place this side of the grave as well. Our Risen Lord gives us grace to rise with Him: 'And in Christ all shall be brought to life, each in his own order; the first-fruits Christ, then they are Christ's' (1 Cor. xv., 22). He waits to share the glory of His Resurrection with His faithful ones, and the simple thought of His waiting should give our fainting hearts renewed hope and courage. The path no doubt is long, often through pain and misery, spiritual darkness and distress, but 'the longest day has its evening, the hardest work its ending, the sharpest pain its contented and everlasting rest,' and the path has been already trod by our King Himself:

Master, go on and I will follow Thee
 To the last gasp with faith and loyalty.

The Storyteller

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN

Miss Lucy Connolly laughed softly—a laugh that was half a sigh of perfect happiness. From the vine-covered shelter of the Larned's porch she could look out over the city that stretched away below her, afloat on a lake of moonlight. The famous view was at its best, but more than the beauty of the night stirred in the girl's heart.

'Only a month and two days!' she said. 'Mrs. William Staunton! I wonder how it will feel to be called that.'

Mrs. Larned touched the firm young hand that lay on the chair arm beside her. Miss Connolly smiled at the caress of the delicate, slender fingers.

'I wonder!' she repeated.

'Oh, you'll feel ever so important and dignified—after you're through giggling.'

'I shan't giggle at all!' protested Miss Connolly. 'I'll be too proud—oh, you must meet him!'

'Indeed, I should be glad to. I've had only occasional glimpses of him. There are so many newcomers—newcomers at least to me—that I'm often quite bewildered with them.'

'Don't you think him wonderfully handsome?' Lucy's adoring little soul was tremendously in earnest.

'Ravishingly!' agreed Mrs. Larned, in a drawl tinged with friendly irony.

'Well, he is!' asserted Miss Lucy, with a suggestion of defiance. 'And he's just as nice as he is handsome!'

'I don't doubt it, my dear. I've heard nothing but pleasant things from every one who knows him. Only—'

'Well—only! Don't dare tell me he has a flaw.'

Mrs. Larned hesitated, and patted Miss Lucy's hand.

'Only,' she said after a pause, 'I wish he were a Catholic.'

Miss Lucy sat erect in her eagerness. Her attitude was that of one accepting a challenge.

'Oh, he's not at all like most non-Catholics!' she cried. 'He has the greatest respect for the Church. He is glad that I have my religion. He says that is my province, that he isn't worthy to enter it.'

'That's all very well, but it doesn't alter the fact that he disagrees with you on the most fundamental matter in the world.'

'But I'm sure I can convince him of the Truth.'

'Other women have been sure, my dear—and failed.'

Had any one but Mrs. Larned spoken the words Lucy would have fancied a shade of sadness in them, but Mary Larned's happiness spread a radiance round her wherever she moved.

'And if I do fail—though I won't admit the possibility—what then? You never converted your husband, and everybody said you're the happiest person they know.'

The moonlight, flickering through the vine leaves, threw a very strange expression over the tender autumnal beauty of the elder woman's face. Lucy did not notice that the hand upon her own tightened and then released its hold. She thought that her friend's long silence meant that this latest argument could not be refuted. It was quite a while before Mrs. Larned spoke, but Lucy was too oblivious to everything but her own joy, and both were too deeply attached to each other, for all the score or more of years between them, for a pause ever to grow constrained.

'Even if I am happy,' said Mary presently, 'it only makes me an exception. How many such marriages are successes? Not one in five. Look at Eileen Rourke, for example.'

'The idea!' retorted Lucy. 'As if Will were anything like him! Will's different.'

'They're always different, my dear. That's why girls marry them. When are you going to bring him to see me?'

'Let me think. To-morrow we're invited to the Nortons' to dinner. Wednesday—oh, I promised Nell Washburn I'd stay with her Wednesday night. Will didn't like it, because he wanted to go to Glenwood Beach that night, and now he says he'll have nothing to do. Thursday—well, how would Thursday be?'

Mrs. Larned appeared to ponder the question.

'I think,' she said, 'if you'll not be too frenziedly jealous, I'll ask Mr. Staunton to spend Wednesday evening with me.'

'Oh, I know he'd love to,' said Miss Lucy.

It was fully an hour later when she rose with an air of protest, declaring that she knew it must be dreadfully late.

'I'll walk home with you,' said her hostess.

Miss Lucy scouted the idea; it was bright moonlight and only three blocks, but Mrs. Larned prevailed, and the two walked away into the night with their arms twined round each other's waists.

When Mrs. Larned returned she found her husband on the verandah in his favorite wicker rocker, puffing lazily at his pipe.

'Hello!' said he. 'Been taking a constitutional?'

'Not much of one. Lucy Connolly was here and I took her home.'

'So she's going to marry young Staunton, is she?'

'Yes. Next month.'

'Poor chap!' Her husband's laugh came jarringly.

'Poor chap, indeed!' she flamed. 'He's marrying the sweetest girl in this town or out of it!'

'True enough. I was merely thinking of all the fool things he'll have to promise the priest, and how he'll kick himself afterwards.'

Mrs. Larned drew herself up, and her eyes glittered.

'Whatever he promises I'm sure he will fulfil!' she answered.

'Meaning, I haven't fulfilled mine, eh?' growled her husband.

'That question has been worn rather threadbare, don't you think?' replied Mary, and went inside to write a note to Mr. Staunton.

"Pattillo"

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