

THE COURIER

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THE LITTLE MAID AND THE BROKEN EGGS



In a land that is very much like our land
Once lived a fair young maiden,
Who took one day in her careless hand
A basket with eggs o'erladen.

They were Easter eggs, and the maid was
gay;
But alas! for her joy outspoken!
She tripped as she went on her heedless
way,
And her heart, with the eggs, were
broken.

It chanced, by a singular fact unknown

To science, but noted by others,
That out of the eggs, like seed that is
sown
In the earth, which its bosom smothers,
Up sprang a beautiful fairy queen,
And the maid by this self same token,
Found her heart restored, and with
rapture keen,
Rejoiced that the eggs had broken.

For the fairy queen, with her arms out-
spread
To the little maid who'd released her,

As she dried the tear-drops, softly said—
"My dear, I'm the Spirit of Easter;

From the bursting acorn springs a tree
Whence men frame frigates oaken,
And never could you have looked on me
If your Easter eggs hadn't broken."

L'ENVOY.

When the skies of a beautiful day in
spring
Grow dark with an April shower,

It is far from wise that the song we sing
Turn to sobs in that dismal hour,

Like the little maid's. Let the song still
rise,
And we'll find, when Time has spoken,
That a passing grief brought a lasting
prize,
And we're glad that our eggs were
broken.

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