

A RESURRECTION THOUGHT.

"The bulbs that were hid in the darkness
Through the winter time and the snow
Have felt the thrill of the sunlight.
Their hour to bloom they know.
Purple and gold and scarlet,
And white as the robes of a king,
To the glory of love at Easter
Their beautiful wealth they bring.

The grass that was brown and withered
And cold on the sodden plain
Has been kissed by the tender sunshine,
Carressed by the crystal rain,
And its bright green blades quiver,
Lo! twice ten millions strong,
And the birds, with her nest among them,
File up with a sudden song.

And we, who have seen our darlings
Left from our side away:
Who have wept in silent anguish
O'er the cold and pulseless clay,
Take heart in the Easter gladness,
A parable all may read,
For the Lord who cares for the flowers
Cares well for our greater need.

He knows of the loss and anguish,
The grope of the stricken soul;
He will bring again our dear ones,
By his touch of life made whole.
We shall need and know and love them
In the spring beyond the sea.
That, after earth's dreary winter,
Is coming to you and me.
—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

THE EASTER LILY.

EASTER was but a fortnight off and two little girls, Lulu and Fanny, were watching with great interest mamma's calla, which at last was budding. Every morning they came early to the windows, where a few house plants were struggling for existence, and although every time they hoped to find a flower, and every time were so sadly disappointed, still the next morning found them at their post, hoping, in their childish faith, that some little blossom might be found for them.

All winter long they had watched the tiny leaflets unfolding, and these few plants had been carried back and forth, from one window to another, to catch every gleam of sunshine that strayed into the little room they called home. Every night these little loving hands had carefully covered the delicate leaves for protection from the chilling winds that would creep through the cracks and crevices, for old Boreas is a cold-hearted fellow, who shows little mercy for the poor, and worries his way into their chimney corners as if he were a welcome visitor.

But I don't think he had caught sight of this little bit of summer or he would have curled up the leaves with his cold fingers, and blown with his icy breath, until the tiny stalks became limp and lifeless, and the soil itself stiffened around the poor little roots. The little girls knew all this, and had covered their treasures so carefully at night, and cared for them so tenderly by day, that at last they were to be rewarded for all their labor—the lily had budded.

Long years ago—in fact, so many that it seemed to Lulu and Fanny a beautiful dream—there was a dear little home, where plants bloomed in the windows, and a warm fire gleamed in the grate; and in the springtime birds sang in the trees, and the lawn was covered with the greenest grass, where the bright spring flowers opened their eyes. And then, somehow, for the little girls could not tell how, all these beautiful things had faded away, only they and mamma were left, and mamma had to sew all the time, and sometimes she cried, too. Now these plants were all the garden they had; and only to think of it, the lily had budded; they were so happy; they must look oftener than before to see if the flower were almost there.

So the days crept by, and it seemed as if the lily would never unfold. To be sure, the winter was long and cold, and some days so dark and cloudy that the sun forgot to look into their windows, and some nights were so cold that the lily itself came near being chilled, so the bud was not very strong.

However, the days were getting warmer, for Easter was almost there. At Sunday school the teacher had told the children that on that day Christ had risen from the dead, and how beautiful the Easter morn would become to them if Christ indeed had risen in their hearts, and she went on to tell how some Christians, during the forty days before Easter, would deny themselves some known pleasure and strive to consecrate themselves anew to Christ.

"My dear girls," she added, "are not we all willing to deny ourselves something for the sake of Christ? to give up some amusement, or habit, or treasure, that perhaps may be crowding us out of the kingdom?"

"Is there not some object dear to us we are willing to give up for him? He gave his all for us—his life, kingdom and heaven itself; his precious blood was shed; and what have we done for him? Is there not something we can lay upon the altar as a sacrifice, so we may be prepared to receive his love into our hearts?"

All the way home from Sunday school, Lulu and Fanny were talking about what they could do for Christ; and perhaps, because they did not quite understand what was meant, or else had so little to give, they were a long time wondering what they could give to Christ; at last Fanny said: "I know what it is—the lily, we can give the lily to Christ; you know the teacher said it must be something we thought a great deal of, something dear to us, and I believe we care more for the lily than anything else." "But how will we send the lily to him?" asked Lulu. "I don't know," said Fanny, "but I guess God will show us how." And now that the lily was to be given to God, they bestowed more care than ever upon it; each day the bud grew larger, and you could begin to see a rim of white above the green.

The days sped on, and there were only four days till Easter, but in the meantime a malignant disease had settled over part of the city, and little children were rapidly falling at its approach; each mother trembled as she held her loved ones, for who knew how near the angel of death might be; he hovered around the homes of wealth and comfort, and of poverty and want, until at last the shadow fell across the street and into the room where the Easter lily was.

Fanny lay there unconscious of the sadness and gloom that had settled upon their little home; sometimes in the delirium of fever she would talk about the lily—God's lily, as they called it now. Each day the shadows deepened, so dark, so sad, and to-morrow was Easter.

All night mamma and Lulu watched the little sufferer, hoping for some word or look of recognition; morning was dawning, Easter Sunday, when so many ages ago Christ had risen from the dead, and brought with him light and life to the waiting soul.

AN EASTER ANTHEM.



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Away off in the distance you might catch the chime of the old cathedral bells as they rang in the joyous morn—perhaps some of the music reached Fanny's ears, for half opening her eyes she stretched her hand toward Lulu and whispered: "I will take the lily to him." Just then the sunshine burst into the room, Lulu turned to the window, and there unfolded in all its beauty was the lovely lily.

Long hours afterward, when the Sabbath bells were pealing their glad notes, and choral voices sang, "The Lord is risen indeed," the little child lay there so still, so beautiful, with the smile of heaven upon her lips, and holding in the waxen fingers her precious gift, the Easter lily.

BEST OF THE YEAR.

The Easter Holiday Season and Its Delightful Associations.

EASTER is more delightful in its associations than any other holiday season of the year. It follows a period of conventional mourning. It is a revival from traditional depression and gloom. It opens the morning of hope and expectation. It reveals the unfolding buds of the year and of human faith and promise.

In these respects it differs in significance from the autumnal thanksgiving and later Christmas holidays. Autumnal holidays mark the end of the harvest, when all its fruits have been gathered and when gratitude is expressed for every gift of Providence to mankind. The year is closed. Reflection is the sole occupation of the mind.

Truths may be gathered from experience as fruit is gathered from the soil. But in the autumn every human sentiment is inspired by a knowledge that the best products of the year have been gathered, that its enjoyments are closed, that its fugitive hours, opportunities, events and lessons, that all which it contained for good or evil, have become an element of the unreturning past.

Easter is the period of resurrection. It is an emblem of the revival which nature experiences with each return of the sun in its orbit and of the rains and dews at their appointed time. It brings vernal sunshine, airs and odors. It is celebrated by offerings of flowers, by gayety in attire, by festive display, by all the gaudy outward semblance, in which the day-spring of the heart and of the season is clothed.

The Christianized Easter which the world celebrates is a higher inspiration of pagan philosophy, renewed, refined and etherealized by the influences which proceeded from the tragic events on Calvary and from their sublime conclusion. From the earliest era when man began to study the world around him and deity's manifestations the spring was sanctified as the period of the year when the vigor of nature's creative forces first was displayed. Every form of ancient mythology recognized the vernal equinox as the point of rejuvenation for the world of vegetable and animal life. Every wind of spring that blew and every wave that murmured were regarded as the source of new vital energies in production and growth.

From these beautiful pagan beliefs to the beautiful new Christian belief the change was not violent nor phenomenal. It was a graceful evolution from heathen to Christian thought. It was transition of that which was false but was almost as beautiful as truth to the beauty and holiness of truth. Coleridge described the abandoned fictions of classical poets, the intelligible forms of ancient beliefs,

The fair humanities of old religion, The power, the beauty and the majesty That had their haunts in dale or piney mountain.

Or forest, by slow brook or pebbly spring Or chasm, or watery depth—all these are vanished.

They live no longer in the faith of reason. In places of these fantastic heathen images the new religion brought realities of grace and truth. The old fictions of the earth and air dissolved and disappeared. They were succeeded by the gospel of peace and good will to all mankind—of universal practical charity, of faith manifested in good works, of all the gospel lessons which Easter day and its associations convey. Pagan philosophers and poets reached only the fancies and dreams of men. Christian philosophy reaches the profoundest depths of the intellect and the heart.

This is the lesson and instruction of the day! It relates both to the past and the future. It is a reminiscence and a promise. It combines the garnered wisdom of ages with the hope of all the years to come!

Day of Great Joy.

The Easter of Rome transcends in pomp and splendor that of all other countries. The Pope is borne into the great gallery of St. Peter's, and gives his solemn benediction, "to Rome and the world."

Poland feasts at this period on saffron cakes, roast pig and little lambs served with pistachio plums. The number of dishes cooked is enormous. Eggs form a part of all the pastimes. The religious services are devout and impressive.

In Mexico it is the great festival of the year. In the City of Mexico the population fill the streets and the parks, which resemble the most beautiful gardens. People passing each other in the streets throw flowers with their salutations. Bands discourse sweet music, and there is general abandonment to the delights of the festival of their "Sunday of joy."

In America the occasion is observed generally but quietly. Presents are exchanged, eggs and flowers are given a prominent place, and the church services

are unusually impressive. If the Americans had any special use for the festival in a worldly way they might designate it as the "feast of hats." The feminine portion of the community wear new hats, according to the ancient tradition that to be lucky all the year, something new must be worn on Easter Sunday.



Outcome of Centuries.

The resume of Easter customs finds the central idea in the fact that they are the outcome of eighteen centuries of religious zeal, and the concentration of genius and enthusiasm in art, science, poetry and learning of every sort. Easter is a crystallization of the hope expressed in its solemn observances, deliverance from death, founded on the story of the great Teacher of Nazareth, and carrying joy and life into the dead and desolate theories that in the dark ages held the world in dominance. The festival of the soul is the highest and greatest of all the ceremonies of Eastertide.

NATURE'S EASTER SIGNS
ROSE A SEARS.

The swamps are turned to arsenals
Of green and solid spears;
DID NOT THE LORD PROCLAIM HE SENT
THE SWORD TO COMING YEARS?
There are purple puppets in the bogs,
And hooded brakes galore;
DID NOT THE LORD COMMAND US ALL
TO TELL THE NAME HE WORE?
The pine woods with the violet
And arbutus, tender, sweet;
DID NOT THE LORD THE SPIKENARD HOLD
FOR HIS ANNOINTING MEET?
THE TRILLIUMS spotless triangle,
The triple leaf of clover;
ARE SAYING TRINITY TO ALL
WHO CON THEIR MEANING OVER
And hallelujahs star the knolls,
And blueets crowd to see
IF SENSES DULL AT LAST WILL READ
IN SYMBOL, VICTORY.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

The Waif.
Just a lonely little maiden from the city's dust and heat,
A homeless, lonely little waif with blue eyes sad and sweet;
No father's hand with thoughtful care the little life had blessed,
No mother's touch of love had e'er the tangled hair caressed.

Her ears had heard sin's blasphemies, her cheeks had felt its blows,
And in the wide, wide city she had lived—just how, God knows.
But now, out to the country—kind hearts had planned the way—
She rode to breathe the summer breath a fortnight and a day.

Oh, joy of all that journey! and sweeter joy to come
When Farmer Stebbins took her to his pleasant upland home.
The wide, old-fashioned wagon was a chariot with wings,
And the big house on the hillside looked grander than a king's.

All the beaming bliss of sunshine, all the woodland's song and stir,
All the bloom of rural beauty was paradise to her,
And the hum of bees that wandered in the daisy fields all day
Was music of another world that stole her heart away.

She knew the spreading maple that the robins loved the best,
She found the clump of grasses where the ground bird hid its nest,
And when the wind at evening whispered thro' the orchard boughs
She went with Farmer Stebbins to help drive home the cows.

And when, at quiet bedtime, with touch of tender care
Kind Mother Stebbins' gentle hand brushed back the tangled hair,
One little heart with happiness was full and running o'er,
One little soul was filled with love till it could hold no more.

Too soon the visit ended, the parting time drew nigh,
She kissed kind Mother Stebbins, bid the birds and bees good-by.

guesses the most names of the things provided for the game of testing the taste. Tell mother that this is very good fun for a grown-up people's game, too.

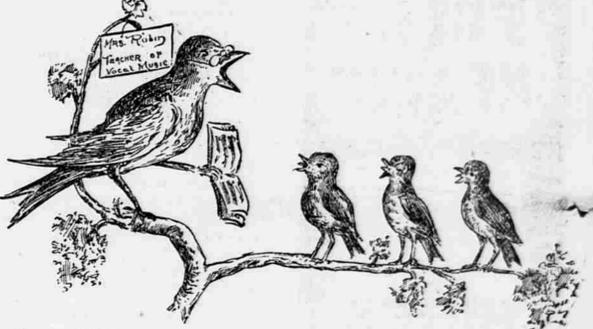
A Bottle of Famous Tea.
Next time you read about the Boston tea party in which our forefathers threw the English tea into Boston harbor, it will make the story more real to you to know that some of this tea is still preserved in Massachusetts. The State Historical Society has a big bottle of it and several of the old families of Dorchester have small packages of it—and they are very proud of them, too.

You see, the tea was sent to Gov. Hutchinson and there was so much of it thrown overboard that it floated down the river and the next morning some of it was recovered by people along the shore who found it floating perfectly dry in the boxes, and they preserved packages of it as mementos. The old house in Boston in which the Sons of Liberty disguised themselves as Indians for the purpose of going to the tea party was owned by John Hancock and it still stands just as it was when they came whooping out of it in 1773.

About a Wise Cat.
There is in the Treasury Department at Washington a cat that understands English perfectly. His name is Tom, and when addressed he will quickly respond, even waking out of a sound sleep to go toward the speaker. Sometimes, to confuse him, the clerks will sing out some word or words in which the syllable Tom is emphasized, and to that he pays no attention. But let any one call, "Tom, it's dinner time!" and forthwith he walks across the room, reaches up with his paws to a tin pail, claws it down, and comes bringing it in his mouth. Tom is passionately fond of music. At the cry of "Hand organ!" he climbs to a high window seat, but at the words "Here a dog!" he slinks under a desk.

Odd Visiting Cards.
No doubt you've all heard the story of the Indian rajah who sent a big elephant as a visiting card to his friend, a neighboring rajah. Cards almost as remarkable as this one have been manufactured in Germany. They are of solid iron, although they do not look so much different from ordinary calling cards. Several of the great manufacturers have had iron rolled in very thin sheets and then cut into card sizes.

"NOW, ALL TOGETHER!"



And climbed into the wagon with its wide, old-fashioned seat,
Once more a homeless little waif with blue eyes sad and sweet.

But when they reached the station and heard the whistle's blast,
Around the farmer's sunbrowned neck two little arms hung fast.
"Don't send me back! Don't send me!" the sobbing creature said,
And Farmer Stebbins swallowed hard, then bent his bushy head.

And soft unloosed the clinging arms and put the grieved child down;
He stooped and kissed the tear-stained face and smoothed the hair of brown;

And then—the long train sped away around a distant hill,
But a happy brown-haired maiden stays with Farmer Stebbins still.
—Sheldon C. Stoddard, in Youth's Companion.

A Scheme for Boys Who Skate.
In Russia skating is even more popular as a winter sport than it is in this country. Beautiful skating parks and ponds are maintained in all of the larger towns and cities, where they are used almost constantly. As a result they soon become rough, cut by the sharp edges of the skates.

To remedy this difficulty a clever Russian has invented an ice-roller, hollow inside and so arranged that a roaring fire can be kept burning within, thus heating the iron surface. As this roller passes over the ice the roughness is smoothed down, and the surface is soon frozen clear and even again.

Some of our boys who have skating ponds might try this scheme.

Game of Taste-Testing.
You think you know the taste of things, don't you? Well, let me tell you that if it were not for your nose you could not tell a good many things apart, so far as your taste goes. A great deal of what you call the taste of a thing is its smell. You can't quite believe this? Prove it for yourselves. The trial makes it a capital game, as described by the Jenness Miller Monthly. Get mother to give you some raw oatmeal, some licorice, chocolate, apples, as many different things as she can think of that do not taste a bit alike. Then blindfold first one and then another of your party, and let each one who is blindfolded hold his or her nose very tightly, so that it isn't possible to smell things, and then let some one give him or her first one thing and then another to taste. It is good fun to give a little prize, perhaps one of your lolly sticks, Jack, or one of your dolls, Polly, to the boy or girl who

upon which it was easy to print the name and business address of the person who was to use them. Some of the cards are only one one-thousandth of an inch thick. Those used by Baron Krupp, the great gunmaker, are one eight-hundred-and-twentieth of an inch thick.

Did any of you ever hear of odder visiting cards?
Blindman's Buff.
I played blindman's buff with Nell
In the way grown people play;
Long ago—I will not tell
Just how long ago to-day.
I pursued her as she ran,
I, the poor blindfolded man.

What a famous chase she led,
Here and there, as swift as thought.
Did I catch her? No, instead,
The blindfolded one was caught,
For the man's an easy muff,
In this game of blindman's buff.

As a spinning jenny flies,
Round and round about we ran,
I with my blinded eyes—
Serious girl and giddy man!
Both have long since had enough
Of the game of blindman's buff.
—New York Journal.

He Suspected the Cat.
A tradesman, owner of a dog and cat, had been in the habit of letting his dog go to market and buy his own meat. The dog would bring the meat home and deposit it somewhere in the store, and when hungry would go and get it, says the Christian Leader. The cat acquired a habit of stealing its meat, and the dog would lie down near it, watch for the thief, and when the cat came would drive her away. But at last he became tired of this business, carried the meat down cellar and covered it up with sand. One day the owner of the dog thought he would get the meat, bring it upstairs, and see what the dog would do. After taking a nap the dog went down in the cellar, in search of his meat, and commenced digging as usual, but there was no meat to be found. He laid himself down a minute, as if in thought, and then rushed upstairs, and spying the cat, "went for her," and chased her all around the store as closely as a police officer in pursuit of a thief.

The Truly Clever Woman.
John—Is your wife clever? Jack—Clever enough to make me think that she knows less than I know.—Judge.

A really smart preacher is one who knows when it is wise to be "called" to another field.