Early on Easter morning? Out where the willows are heading low, Out where the mists drift to and fro, All in the Easter morning. Little brown birds in quiet nest, Twittering low 'neath mother's breast, May. "Spring is coming; let's aing our

Early on Easter morning.

Dainty fernlets, in woolly fold, Safely libiden from what and cold, All in the Easter morning. Lifting their blankets, peep to see What kind of a place the world may be And waken and custle merrily Early on Easter morning.

The clear little brook sings low and sweet, Pouching the pelides with dainty feet, All in the Easter morning. "Spring is coming; I make the way Green, where the flowers shall be some

Singing, I herald the sun's first ray Early on Easter morning."

Beautiful ones, ere the sun was red Loveliest carols were sung and said All in the Easter morning. The light mist shroudeth the sleepy town, But the bleds and the ferns and the brooklet brown Sing in the gray, while the stars lock

Early on Easter morning. -N. C. Waterman, in Youth's Companion. 

## Little Billy's Easter Hoard R

~~~~~

Billy was so small and fat that he could not climb on the hay mows to find the in history. nests. Sue, Mary and Teddy were bigger, and the contest with them went gaybe brought forth from their hiding places. and the one who had the most eggs would be the best fellow.

Mother would give them some hits of bright calico and pieces of onion peel; the eggs would be wrapped in those and boiled and when taken out of the water the onion ones would have beautiful yel low shells, and the ones wrapped in calico would have dainty flowers and put terns traced on them. Perhaps they might have some of those gorgeous purple and crimson dyes for certain high-lass eggs. Anyway, there would be a brave showing. Billy would probably have some given

to him, but they would not be his own board, and the heart of Billy was heavy within him.

He stoud on the barn floor dejectedly shelling the kernels off an ear of corn that had been dropped, and he could hear the abouts of the other children away off on the long mow in the wing. Easter was very near-only a few days.

"Cluck! Cluck!"

and then-

of Brown Hen?"

dropped.

"Clock! clock!" said the Brown Hen. which meant, "Look for courself, Billy looked. Away under the dark floor he could see a nest, and he counted -"Two-fire-free-elevents." Rill could not tell just how many, for his

mathematical education was shaky. "In they yours?" whispiered Hilly "Unch! cluck!" said the Brown Hen. "Don't tell the rest, and we'll go shares



BILLY GAVE ONE RAPTUROUS LOOK.

on this heard, and I'll take care of them

Then she crawled back under the boards and Billy ran in the house feeling that be, too, had a serret.

Not a word did Billy lisp. On Easter morning he, too, would bring forth his board, but he would leave some for the

He heard the Brown Hen cluck- | muda. must be waiting to divide. He went in, but she was not in sight. He dacked his head down to the hole and peeped. She was not on the nest, and only a few broken shells lay about

Tears welled up into Billy's blue eyes, The Brown Hen had not dealt fairle Sobbing and stumbling, he went out the stable door, and ran plump into her.

She was not alone. Chirping and peeping all around her was a troop of veilow. fuzzy halls. Billy took one rapturous look and then fled to Sister Mary, who was crawling from under a straw stack with her treasure.

"Look, Mary; look what me an' the Brown Hen done !" he called, "She's been takin' care of our eggs, an' they've all come chickens !"

## 3 HOME OF THE LILY.

Rermoda Flower Which Has a Place

in Henris of Americans. The Bermuda lily is one of the foreigners which has established a place in the hearts of the American people. Its pure white chalices are found not only in the church and chapel, but in the homes of the people, rich and poor, on Easter morning: they carry their message of the resurrection to a life where the spirit will be freed from the flesh that trammels it. How fitting that they should come from the summer islands, where there is no winter, no falling of leaves!

As one sits in the air perfumed by the droppings from the lily bells the romantic story of the land of their nativity enriches their beauty. No thunder of cannon or long tale of war sullies the pages of the history of the Bermudas.

They were, to the best of our knowl edge, discovered between 1515 and 1522 by a vessel commanded by a man named Bormudes. On board was a Spaniard | mmpire.



that any mertion of the islands appears

The terrible storms that frequented this group led the Spaniards to believe that ly on. Easter morning their hoards would the islands were peopled by devils and levil spirits, and they became known as Los Piabolos. Nor were these vexing



destructive winds and storms unknown to the English. In 1503 Captain May, an Billy looked around and saw a brown | Englishman, was one of a porty wreck hen squeezing out through a hole in the ed on the southern shores of the Herma flooring. She walked straight up to Billy | das. They remained five months in the and began picking up the kernels be had i islands, and after building a bout from the codars that grew there they were abl-"What you been doin' under ve floor, to get away, reaching t'ape Heeton, from which place they sailed for England. This discovery of the beautiful islands was doubtless well known, but the spirit of adventure that was prevalent in those days attracted men to wider fields, and the Bermudas were overlooked

About 1610 there appeared "A discov ery of the Bermudae, otherwise called the lale of Devile, by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport and divers others." It is claimed that this lit tle back, having come into the presention of Shakspeare, provided the background for "The Tempest." Sir George Some" and his companions reached the islands it 1920 in a sinking resert. The resert was finally lodged between two rocks, and all recuped to the shore, which from that day

has been an English possession. The first sight of a lily-field transfered me. Sitting in the low-swinging cut ringe, riding over roads smooth and noise familiar, yet not familiar. Suddonly the ily field lies before one. Who can describ. it? It takes one out of this life if first seen without the workers. When they are added to the picture the lifty fields suggest I'topia. Such work must be a delight. All through the fields are the beantiful, graceful figures of men and women, through whose picturesque garments are caught gleams of the golden brong, of their skin. Here and there an animated small bronze image, with as little covering as possible, intensifies the beauty. The colored men of Bermuda are of mixed stock. They are the descend ants of American Indians captured and sold into slavery, negroes kidnapped from Africa, and English convicts who preferred to remain in the Bermudas after the government ceased to make use of the

islands as a convict colony. The Bermuda lily was introduced into Brown Hen oh, of course because they this country in 1873. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia Easter came and the older children he a lady and given to a florist. This went after their hidden eggs. Billy fol- I florist, appreciating their beauty and lowed in glee. How he would surprise calmo entrivated the plants for the bulbs. His fat legs twinkled through Since that time the exporting of lily-bulbs the barnyard fence and up to the great has been one of the industries of Ber

Strange Easter Custom.

From time immemorial a most extraordinary custom has been observed on Easter Mondays at Hallaton, down in

who was the historian of this discovery. I Leicestershire. In order to retain a piece The vessel was on her way from Spain of ground left to the parish in the good to Cuba. An attempt was made to land old days the villagers have to indulge in and leave some hogs, with a view to post the doubtful pleasure of a game of botsible future needs, but, according to the tle kicking, buts before they can begin did not. She could not take her eyes All the children had a hoard of eggs record, a storm arese and the boat did not to play certain preliminaries have to be from those rows of eager, boyish faces hidden away for Easter-all but Hilly. leave the vessel. This is the first time gone through. Two large ment pies and turned toward her so expectantly. two dozen penny loaves have to scrambled for. A huge wooden bottle, bound round with iron rims and containing ale, is thrown on the ground, and the men of the neighboring village of Medbourne have to wrest it from the Hallatonian grasp. It is hardly necessary provocative of a good many casualties of one form or another.-London Chronicle, they sight understand.

Holy Saturday in Florence. chariot is drawn into the square before the cathedral. Within the charlot are bundles of powder connected one with another by means of a fuse, and from the boy sat staring straight ahead of him, and chariot to the high altar of the cathedral in his heart echoed Tiny Tim's wonderruns a wire. When the crowd has gath- ling whisper: " Spose that means Johnny ered at a safe distance around the powder | Hell?" Then they looked up again-this laden car and just as the bells strike noon time in surprise, for the girl had put the archbishop releases a toy dove, which away her music and her eyes were sparktravels down the wire with a bit of flame ling at the thought of her beautiful plan. in its beak. As the messenger of fire flies into the charlot its gaudy decorations are harled into the air, with a roar and a cloud of smake. If the dove flies stead- of all those eyes, but no orator ever had ily to its goal the year will be a propi- a more attentive audience than this which tions one, but if the bird besitates there is evil ahead .- New York Tribune.

The Fad in Easter Cards. Almost all the Easter cards are disincily secular. Flowers and doves and other embleum of peace and purity adorn them, but there are few representations of sepulchers and very few religious texts. To such an extent has the secular card craze been carried, indeed, that those who refuse to buy them are known as sperialists, and some few ecclesiastical cards, which no doubt the shopkerpers think inappropriate to the season and only called

A \$4,000 Easter Hgg. In extravagant Paris an egg was mannfactured some years ago for a certain Spanish infanta which cost 20,000 france. or \$4,000. It was white enamel on the outside and had the whole gospel Easter engraved on the inside. A mys

terious mechanism within it sent forth

a little bird who sang twelve popular airs

for by cranks, are stowed away for them.

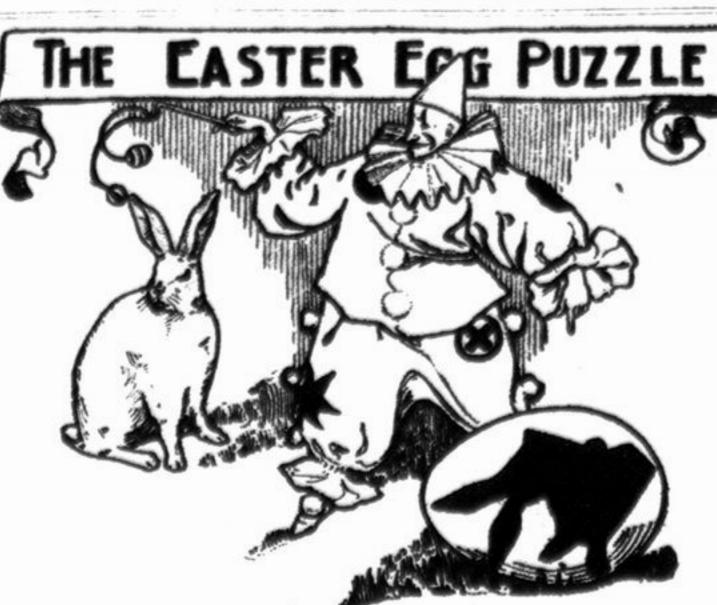


The white-gowned Hies of the Easter

In grand cathedrals smilingly they hall And in the chapels of the lowly born. They are the chosen flowers to tell As only His grace and fragrance may, of the abounding miracle and glory

That through the ages crown the Easte The Illies whose contemplates their swee

And, kneeling, lingers in their sacre But shares the message, in its full co-When lift voices whisper, "All is well." -Frank Walcott Hutt.



Carefully cut out the rabbit and fold it so that it will exactly fill the hole in the egg. Pin the folded paper to the egg. The game is to see in how few folds you can make the paper fit the egg. The person who makes it fit in the smallest number of folds may be considered as winning the game.

Of course, any number of persons can play it, as the paper rabbit can be folded any number of times, but a record of the folds made by each must be kept, and, to make the game interesting, no one should tell until all have tried how many folds he or she made. The record should be kept by as

HALLADE OF BASTER.

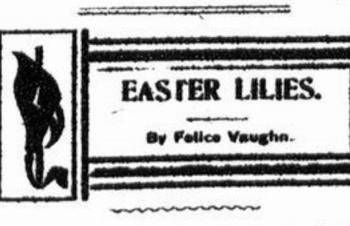
Fled the legions of the cold 'Neath the sun's triumphant ray; How the vernal lights have play! Heauty burgeons from decay; Hark! the be is of Easter say Christ has risen from the tomb!"

Earth, that seems so sere and old, Feels the fore-thrill of the May, Then the creamy king-cup gold Shall enrich the meddow way; Even now their levely lay Bluebirds lift where catkins bloom, While the hells of Easter say Christ has risen from the tomb

All the children of the mold, Little brethren of the clay, Water-folk, or shy or held, Alvy comrades, grave or gay. Know spring's summons and obey. lope !- they bld us give it room Now the belia of Easter say, "Christ has risen form the tomb."

Prince of Peace, thy promised day Shall the night of death illume, For the belis of Easter say "Christ has risen from the tomb -t'linton Scollard.

EXYOY.



· The sound of her own name piesced the whirling, buzzing mist which had enveloped Marjorie Wilton ever since she had taken her place on this bare, wooden platform. She arose somewhat unsteadily, and took a step or two forward. The open music in her hand trembled so that I she could not have read the printed words had she looked down upon them. But she

dealy grown still; forty pairs of bright eyes were fixed upon her face and forty little newsboys were waiting for her to sing, not so much, perhaps, that they might hear her voice, as in admiration for the pretty girl in white who had come to add that the struggle is invariably down to Newsboys' hall to sing to them in words so simple and sweet that even

One little song, though it breathed sadness quite out of keeping with their At Florence on Holy Saturday a cheery natures, they liked best of all, for it told of angels welcoming a poor, weary earth-child, and when it was ended there came one breathless moment when each It was Marjorie Wilton's first and

> last "specch," and she halted and stammered many times under the steady gaze eat and listened in silence to the story she had to tell. It was the story of little blue-eyed girl, crippled and all alone in the world now that her brother had been taken to his heavenly home; of poor crooked back which grew weaker and weaker till the child could only lie still all day long in the little garret room which a kindly woman, though nearly as poor berself, had shared with her; of girl who had found the little sufferer and had told a great doctor, who labored not for gain; and lastly, of hope—the hope of a new life when she might run and play with other little girls, and be well and strong again.

"And now she is going to take her first step after all these years on Easter Sonday. And ob, boys, shan't we try to make it a happy day for her, you and 17" Quite unconsciously the girl stretched

out her hands to them. And the boys would have gone through fire or flood to please her, for in that moment they knew that she was talking of Lily Rell, the little sister that Johnny had loved so dearly and for whose sake he had worked early and late. A perfect storm of approval went up, while one, more practical then the rest, shouted out in question "What's she want?"

"She wante," said Marjorie, "an Easter lify. You see it is her hirthday, too, and she was named for the beautiful flowers. thought that for Johnny's sake you born might send her one, for I am sure it would please her more than if anybody else did."

Again the storm of applause broke out. "I'll give one! I'll give her one! Put fown my name!" came in chorus. The newsbors did not count the hours when they must trudge wearily from house to souse, or stand upon street corners in the rain or cold.

Marjorie smiled down upon them as the said: "Well, I am sure the little girl will have her heart's desire; but you needn't each send one, you know."

Long after the beautiful "magic-lantern pictures" had faded from the great and Newsboys' hall lay wrapped in dark- her ness, the bors lingered about the door talking it all over, and for days little chimes are rung by electricity, and the groups of very excited urchins might be electric wires are connected with a minseen gathered on the corners of some busy streets, and there was much mysterious small room in the basement of the church. nodding of heads and counting over of Here every day the fair young chimegrimy pennies, while a sharp lookout was ringer comes and strikes the kers which always kept for "the other fellows," The form the electric connection with the big What is the message of these sweet flowflorists wondered much at the queer lit- hells above. the delegations that came stepping cantionsly in between the great swinging doors and went wandering among the beautiful waving palms and fragrant flowers, yet always coming back to gaze with wide even at the great banks of Easter lilies. Perhaps these same smiling clerks might have told of other such delegations, and other slender stalks, topped with pure white blossoms, which were ordered to be sent to "Miss I'lly Bell" on Easter morning: yet there was always this same sense of delightful mystery, and as everyone had acted as though it were the most precious of secrets, they said not a word. Clad bells rang out to greet the dawn of Easter day! The first sweet flowers of spring had pushed their way through the moist ground in token that winter was past. Everyone was joyous, get none more so than the little blue-eyed girl who lay watching the sunbeams dance across the rude garret floor, for she had the promise of a new life, too.

"Oh, Anntie Murphy, won't my Mr Doctor ever come?" asked Lily Bell, for the twentieth time since breakfast, and "Auntie Murphy" was just going to answer as she had before, "Yes, dearie, pretty soon," when there came a tramping upon the rickety stairs, and, a moment later, a knocking which fairly shook the little door. Lily Bell and Mrs. Murphy looked at each other. Who could it be? Visitors were not frequent in this

made such a clatter. take?" was all the good woman could my, as the stalwart young Irishman who had walked into the center of the little room, slid the great jax carefully from

WOE BE UNTO HUBBY—IT & C



from his long climb, "not if this is where Miss Lity Bell lives."

"Oh! Oh! it isn't for me!"

those long flights of stairs. He made note, second landing and told him of Lily Bell and the wonderful happiness which had come to her on that Easter morn, and offered to help him with his load.

The curious little crowd which had gathered before the tenement shouted in wonder when a third wagon was drawn up before the door and more great jars were carried in, and when, at last, Marjorie and the doctor came driving up and saw the many onlookers they were afraid that the building must be on fire. The girl carried a great bunch of violets which she said were like the blue of Lily Bell's eyes, and the doctor some very mysterious parcels, yet these were quite forgotten as they stood on the threshold of the tiny room, not at all sure that they had not wandered into fairyland. "Oh, those blessed boys!" cried Mar-

jorie, an she stooped to kiss the little white face, and then she told them all. When the tender body was released from its iroo frame, Lily Bell, though a very different Lily Bell now, in the pret ty white dress which Marjorie had brought, flitted from flower to flower, scarcely knowing whether to be most happy in this strange new strength or the pure white blossoms which she had want ed so long that they did not seem real to her now. Suddenly she stood still among the snowy beauties, for all the world like some fragile flower herself.

"Oh, I forgot!" she cried, while a shade of sadness crossed her face. "Forgot! Lily Bell?" Marjorie was beside her in an instant.

"Why, about poor old Granny Flynn and Maggie Tod and Robbie, that will pever be well again, and all the rest. Oh, how could 1?" the little girl cried. and then they read her unspoken thought. The newsboys came and carried the flowers which Lily Bell sent into many a poor home that Easter day, and somehow they were glad that in her great happiness she had not forgotten those about her to whom no Easter joy had

WOMAN RINGS CHIMES.

Betta of New York. In a little room, just off Broadway, where the noise of the street creeps in. spite of thick walls and heavy doors, there sits a roung woman who daily bells in the church spire above.

For years Miss Bertha Thomass indeed!" In the Greek church this cus been the bell-ringer of Grace Church chimes, and when you visit New York and Imppen down on Broadway near 16th street, you can drop in any time and see her at work. She rings the chimes every day at 10 in the morning: and at 4 in the afternoon, and during Lent she rings them a great deal oftenor. Sundays she is at her post six times a day, and on Easter she spends nearly the whole of the daylight hours seated upon the little wooden bench, striking the white curtain, the last song was ended. keys upon the tiny keyboard in front of

> The famous bells of Grace church lature manoforte which is located in a

When Miss Thomas first began to ring the bells of Grace church, several years ago, she had no end of difficulty, for Lity Bell had stretched out her hands the bells ring several seconds after the toward the beautiful white flower and keys are struck, and it takes a great deal in her blue eyes shone a happiness which of practice before one can learn to play made the young man forget all about without expecting to hear the answering

the trip seven times, reappearing after But after a while she got used to haveach journey with another Easter filly ing the bells ring several seconds after which he placed in the little circle about they were struck, and now she is able to the bed so that the happy girl might lean go on playing, feeling sure that in time out and touch each one in almost reverent the right bell will sound. Another diffiwonder. On his way down for the last culty experienced by the chime-ringer, time he met another florist's man on the so far away from the bells, is that the sound is often lost in the noise of the street. Many ringers of electric chimes are obliged to have a very large horn attachment which brings the sound down to



RINGING THE CHIMES.

the ear. But Miss Thomass plays without the horn, and trusts to her ear to catch the fleeting note.

Miss Thomass says that chime-ringing is an excellent occupation for a woman, if she can learn it; though she admits that her sister tried it and failed. It was so kard to follow the bells. / The actunt execution is very simple, for the alightest touch makes the connection. Easter morning Miss Thomass has a special program, and each year she plays several

pieces of her composition.

Easter Day-Its Origin. It is probable that Easter received its name from the Saxon goddess Eastre, whose festival was kept about the same season each year as Easter.

In the ancient church the celebration Easter lasted eight days, but in later imes it was limited to two or three days. It used to be a festival of pleasure as well as a time for generosity and the performing of good deeds. Alms were given to the needy, the sick were visited by the rich and great, and often slaves were freed, and poor unfortunates suffering imprisonment liberated. Services were held during the whole week preceding Easter Sunday, on which day people greeted such strikes the keys which operate the great other with kisses, saying: "He is risen!" the response always being "He is risen,

> tom is still observed. The custom of exchanging eggs Easter-or during holy week-is a very old one and symbolizes the resurrection or renewed life.

> Easter day in always the first Sunday after the full moon, which comes upon or next after the 21st of March, which date is the beginning of the old church year. If the full moon comes on Sunday, Easter day falls on the Sunday following.

Satisfied with Herself. She paced adown the crowded aisle With gentle trend and Easter smile; For well she knew no honnet there With her "creation" could compare ! Town Topics.

The Message. We see Easter lilies all about un; we know they have grown out of the graves

wherein the brown bulbs were placed.

ers? That life is victor over death. AN EASTER PARTY.



THE EASTER RABBIT.

At Easter time the little ones eagerly | which he carries the eggs, toy bunnies, watch for that delightful personage, the etc. The big sister or brother can draw be evidence of "Easter Rabbit," or, the "Oster Haus," just such a rabbit on heavy white paper, trines die, but the as the German children call him. As an being careful to leave off the ears. Then It lives on the little garret home, and Mr. Doctor never | Easter party is always welcomed gladly on smaller sheets of paper he or she may by little folks, we must invent some new draw ears. These cars are cut out and "Oh, sir, are you sure there's no mis- games for them, for they may be tired of a pin is run through the paper near the place it is fastened to the head. Buch

The Easter rabbit is as big as a four-child is agmed with one of these and year-old boy. He has silky white fur. blindfolded. The object of the game in one care, soft pink eyes and a firsty tail to see who can pin their ours not that looks like a half of catton. On his spot where the car should be. A hard is that a large, strong banket, in principle is minute full of carely.

politics throw men in the way tation and decait,-- Rev. 38 11.31 Congregationalist, Providence. There is less graft, in proportion tas opportunity, in Rousevell's than there was in Washington ac-R. B. MacArthur, Baptist, New York. Great wealth has kept more y men away from a pure life than has the want of it.—Rev. William ward Biederwolf, Evangeliat, North Camden.

A living faith makes a live

Men of power are always

Every phase of the life of Jesus in

In this day of crime God is lacking

for pien and women who will stand ou

open book for every man .- How A

for Him.—Rev. J. O. Buswell, Evan

Rev. T. H. McConnell, Pre

prayer.-- Hev. E. L. Powell,

Hodder, Baptist, Brooklyn.

The modern methods of

Church, Louisville.

lst, Pawtucket.

Chicago.

It is not always safe to take a man profession nor his standing, but measure him by the cause he champions.—Rev. Charles G. Kindred, Disciple, Chicago. Each soul must pay its own debt.

Each man must save himself in the same manner in which Jenus rose Rev. William Forkell, People's Church To be good when it is impossible for us to do wrong, is no honor to man,

to do good when on every hand the are opportunities for wrough Christ-like,-Rev. L. M. Zimme Lutheran, Baltimore, The strongest woman in the world is not the richest, the best educated, the

the greatest physical beauty, but the purest woman,-Rev. P. W. Snyder Presbyterian, Pittsburg. No man can be a mighty man for God or for humanity who has not seen Go who has not touched God, who has no come in contact with the Eternal Co

most graceful nor the one endowed with

Hippseif,-Rev. W. P. MacLaurin, Con gregationalist, Brooklyn. No matter how muck you think, of what fields of research, you have to done your duty as a thinker, it is have left unexamined and uncon the great Christ problem of the wi -Rev. J. W. Francis, Presby

Parkersburg. Jesus demands of every man that he utilize all the thought, every a every potentiality he possesses, and the he put down the lower, welful a and exalt the divise and the me is within him .- Hey, M. Let B

Congregationalist, New Haves A beautiful house may ab people. The chances are that bud ple in the tenderloin would be no plous if they were suddenly lifted palaces. It is the individual heart that must be changed.

Mitchell, Methodist, Cleveland The richness of the intellect and affections of the heart that sh spent in meditation upon a better a higher life and in love for God a the Christ are wasted upon lusts and the things that lead to -Rev. G. H. Rowe, Christian Che

Sunday is on the increase, for we are told that nearly fifty millions o American people never enter a chur on that day. It, therefore, behoe Catholics of the republic, by word example, to insist upon Sunday of ance.—Bishop Mcl'aul, Roman Cat Trenton.

Do not think for a moment that nan who has enileted under Chelet or have no more battles, or that the hattle will be the only one to be for It will be a fight all along the way. he will be under a captain that never lost a battle, and victory surely follow.—Rev. G. Campbell gan, Evangelist, at Hartford.

The great blenning of forgiveness sins which are past and even the h ing of being awakened from the slees of death would profit mankind but I tle if the arrangements of that for time-the millennial age-were not such a scale as to permit a the recovery from present mental. and physical weakness.—Rev. Co. Russell, Congregationalist, Cine

Permanent success in any time ing is conditioned upon working w God. In every department of activity certain laws prevail which must obeyed in order to insure success. The laws are all God's laws. The pay must understand and observe the of health to cure his patient. The Ch tian is the one who undertakes to form to the laws of God in an stands them. Just so far as I that, he is a co-worker with God-J. P. Roberta, Baptist, Providence

Religion is a life, and not an about life. Redemption is a new divine spirit, and not a defin demption. There is a new then there always will be one redemption, remain uncha definition of those things trines are like the leaves The kindly autumn o them off. The tree in leaves. If it does not, old, withered leaves branches, it is dead