

ON EASTER MORNING.

Beautiful children, whose voices sweet Echo the carol the bells repeat. All in the Easter morning. Did ye know that before the sun so red Had glimmered up from his downy bed Loveliest carols were sung and said Early on Easter morning?



It is not here: but he is risen

BALLADE OF EASTER.

Fled the legion of the cold 'Neath the sun's triumphant ray; So, across the lifting world, Now the vestal lights have play! Beauty burgeons from decay; Glow and glory follow gloom; Hark! the bells of Easter say "Christ has risen from the tomb!"

EASTER LILIES.

By Police Vaughn. The sound of her own name pleased the whirling, buzzing mist which had enveloped Marjorie Wilton ever since she had taken her place on this bare, wooden platform.

WOMAN RINGS CHIMES.



from his long climb, "not if this is where Miss Lily Bell lives." "Oh! Oh! it isn't for me!" Lily Bell had stretched out her hands toward the beautiful white flower and in her blue eyes shone a happiness which made the young man forget all about those long flights of stairs.



RINGING THE CHIMES.

When Miss Thomas first began to ring the bells of Grace church, several years ago, she had no end of difficulty, for the bells ring several seconds after the keys are struck, and it takes a great deal of practice before one can learn to play without expecting to hear the answering note.

WOMAN RINGS CHIMES.

Plays the Famous Grace Church Bells of New York. In a little room, just off Broadway, where the noise of the street creeps in, sits a young woman who daily strikes the keys which operate through many streets in the church spire above.

The famous bells of Grace church chimes are rung by electricity, and the electric wires are connected with a miniature piano-forte which is located in a small room in the basement of the church. Here every day the fair young chime-ringer comes and strikes the keys which form the electric connection with the big bells above.

AN EASTER PARTY.



THE EASTER RABBIT.

At Easter time the little ones eagerly watch for that delightful personage, the "Easter Rabbit," or, the "Oster Hays," as the German children call him. As an Easter party is always welcomed gladly by little folks, we must invent some new games for them, for they may be tired of old ones.

A Living Faith makes a New Man.

Rev. T. H. McConnell, President of the Chicago, Illinois, Church, Louisville. Every phase of the life of Jesus is an open book for every man. Rev. J. W. Hodder, Baptist, Brooklyn.

In this day of crime God is looking for men and women who will stand up for Him. Rev. J. O. Rowell, Evangelist, Pawtucket. The modern methods of business and politics throw men in the way of temptation and death. Rev. H. L. Larr, Congregationalist, Providence.

There is less graft, in proportion to opportunity, in Roosevelt's time than there was in Washington's. Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York. Great wealth has kept many young men away from a pure life than ever has the want of it. Rev. William Edward Biederwolf, Evangelist, North Camden.

It is not always safe to take a man's profession nor his standing, but to measure him by the cause he champions. Rev. Charles G. Kidder, Disciple, Chicago. Each soul must pay its own debt. Each man must save himself in the same manner in which Jesus paid for a mighty saving relation to the world. Rev. William Forkner, People's Church, Aurora.

To be good when it is impossible for us to do wrong, is no honor to man, but to do good when on every hand there are opportunities for wrongdoing is Christ-like. Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore. The strongest woman in the world is not the richest, the best educated, the most graceful nor the one endowed with 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 God, who has not touched God, who has not come in contact with the Eternal One Himself. Rev. W. P. MacArthur, Congregationalist, Brooklyn. No matter how much you think, or in what fields of research you have not done your duty as a thinker, if you have left unexamined and unconsidered the great Christ problem of the world. Rev. J. W. Francis, Presbyterian, Parkersburg.

Jesus demands of every man that he utilize all the thought, every capacity, every potentiality he possesses, and that he put down the lower, selfish nature and exalt the divine and the noble that is within him. Rev. E. L. Hoyle, Congregationalist, New Haven. A beautiful home may shelter evil people. The chances are that the people in the tenements would be no more pious if they were suddenly lifted into palaces. It is the individual life and heart that must be changed. Rev. H. Mitchell, Methodist, Cleveland.

The richness of the intellect and the affection of the heart that should be spent in meditation upon a better and a higher life and in love for God and the Christ are wasted upon worldly lusts and the things that lead to ruin. Rev. G. H. Rows, Christian Church, Aurora. It is evident that the destruction of Sunday is on the increase, for we are told that nearly fifty millions of the American people never enter a church on that day. It, therefore, behooves the Catholics of the republic, by word and example, to insist upon Sunday observance. Bishop McVaul, Roman Catholic, Trenton.

Do not think for a moment that a man who has enlisted under Christ will have no more battles, or that the first battle will be the only one to be fought. It will be a fight all along the way, but he will be under a captain that has never lost a battle, and victory will surely follow. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Evangelist, at Hartford. The great blessing of forgiveness of sins which are past and even the blessing of being awakened from the sleep of death would profit mankind but little if the arrangements of that future time—the millennial age—were not on such a scale as to permit a thorough recovery from present mental, moral and physical weakness. Rev. G. F. Russell, Congregationalist, Cincinnati.

Permanent success in any undertaking is conditioned upon working with God. In every department of activity, certain laws prevail which must be obeyed in order to insure success. These laws are all God's laws. The physician must understand and observe the laws of health to cure his patient. The Christian is the one who undertakes to conform to the laws of God in every department of his life so far as he understands them. Just so far as he does that he is a co-worker with God. Rev. J. F. Roberts, Baptist, Providence. Religion is a life and not an act, and about life, redemption is a new divine spirit, and not a definition of a definition. There is a new thought, there always will be one. God, redemption, remain unchanged. Definitions of these things change, but the things themselves do not. The kindly autumn comes and the leaves fall. The tree has no more leaves, if it does not get new ones, without having shed the old ones. It is the same with the human branch. It is the same with the human branch. It is the same with the human branch. It is the same with the human branch.

who was the historian of this discovery. The vessel was on her way from Spain to Cuba. An attempt was made to land and leave some hogs, with a view to possible future needs, but, according to the record, a storm arose and the boat did not leave the vessel. This is the first time that any mention of the islands appears in history.

The terrible storms that frequented this group led the Spaniards to believe that the islands were peopled by devils and evil spirits, and they became known as Los Diabolos. Nor were these veering, destructive winds and storms unknown to the English. In 1583 Captain May, an Englishman, was one of a party wrecked on the southern shores of the Bermudas. They remained five months in the islands and after building a boat from the rotters that grew there they were able to get away, reaching Cape Breton, 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.

EASTER LILIES IN THE BERMUDAS.



EASTER LILIES IN THE BERMUDAS.

About 1610 there appeared "A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils, by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport and divers others." It is claimed that this little book, having come into the possession of Shakespeare, provided the background for "The Tempest." Sir George Somers and his companions reached the islands in 1609 in a sinking vessel. The vessel was finally lodged between two rocks, and all escaped to the shore, which from that day has been an English possession.

The first sight of a lily-field transpired one sitting in the low-swinging carriage, riding over roads smooth and noiseless, one becomes conscious of an odor familiar, yet not familiar. Suddenly the lily field lies before one. Who can describe it? It takes one out of this life if first seen without the workers. When they are added to the picture the lily fields suggest Utopia. Each work must be a delight. All through the fields are the beautiful, graceful figures of men and women, through whose picturesque garments are caught gleams of the golden bronze of their skin. Here and there an animated small bronze image, with as little covering as possible, intensifies the beauty. The colored men of Bermudas are of mixed stock. They are the descendents 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 this country in 1873. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia by a lady and given to a florist. This florist, appreciating their beauty and value, cultivated the plants for the bulbs. Since that time the exporting of lily-bulbs has been one of the industries of Bermudas.

Strange Easter Custom. From time immemorial a most extraordinary custom has been observed on Easter Mondays at Hiltaton, down in

Leicestershire. In order to retain a piece of ground left to the parish in the good old days the villagers have to indulge in the doubtful pleasure of a game of bottle-kicking, but before they can begin to play certain preliminaries have to be gone through. Two large meat pies and two dozen penny loaves have to be scrambled for. A huge wooden bottle, bound round with iron rings and containing ale, is thrown on the ground, and the men of the neighboring village of Melbourn have to wrest it from the Hiltatonian grasp. It is hardly necessary to add that the struggle is invariably provocative of a good many casualties of one form or another.—London Chronicle.

Holy Saturday in Florence.

At Florence on Holy Saturday a chariot is drawn into the square before the cathedral. Within the chariot are bundles of powder connected one with another by means of a fuse, and from the chariot to the high altar of the cathedral runs a wire. When the crowd has gathered at a safe distance around the powder-laden car and just as the bells strike noon the archbishop releases a toy dove, which travels down the wire with a bit of flame in its beak. As the messenger of fire flies into the chariot its gaudy decorations are hurled into the air, with a cloud of smoke. If the dove flies straightly to its goal the year will be a propitious one, but if the bird hesitates there is evil ahead.—New York Tribune.

The End in Easter Cards.

Almost all the Easter cards are distinctly secular. Flowers and doves and other symbols of peace and purity adorn them, but there are few representations of angels 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 specialists, and some few ecclesiastical cards, which no doubt the shopkeepers think inappropriate to the season and only called for by cranks, are stored away for them.

A \$4,000 Easter Egg.

An extravagant Paris egg was manufactured some years ago for a certain Spanish infant which cost 20,000 francs, or \$4,000. It was white enamel on the outside and had the whole group of Easter carved on the inside. A very serious accident within it was forth a little bird who sang twelve popular airs from the opera.

Easter Lilies.



On this glad day the lilies never fail us. The white-gowned lilies of the Easter morn; In grand cathedrals continually they hail us, In the chapels of the lovely born. They are the chosen flowers to tell us, As only lily grace and fragrance may, Of the abounding miracle and glory that through the ages crown the Easter Day.

The lilies—whose contemplates their sweet-ness, And, kneeling, lingers in their sacred But shatters the message, in its full completeness, When lily voices whisper, "All is well."—Frank Walcott Pratt.

Little Billy's Easter Hoard

All the children had a hoard of eggs hidden away for Easter—all but Billy. Billy was so small and fat that he could not climb on the hay mows to find the nests. Sue, Mary and Teddy were bigger, and the contest with them went gayly on, Easter morning their hoards would be brought forth from their hiding places, and the one who had the most eggs would be the best fellow.

Mother would give them some bits 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 yellow shells, and the ones wrapped in calico would have dainty flowers and patterns traced on them. Perhaps they might have some of those gorgeous purple and crimson dyes for certain high-class eggs. Anyway, there would be a hoard showing.

Billy would probably have some given to him, but they would be his own hoard, and the heart of Billy was heavy within him.

He stood on the barn floor dejectedly shelling the kernels off an ear of corn that had been dropped, and he could hear the shouts of the other children away off on the long mow in the wing. Easter was very near—only a few days, and then— "Cluck!"

Billy looked around and saw a brown hen squeezing out through a hole in the flooring. She walked straight up to Billy and began picking up the kernels he had dropped.

"What you been doin' under 'er floor, ef' Brown Hen?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the Brown Hen, which meant, "Look for yourself."

Billy looked away under the dark floor he could see a nest, and he counted— "Two—five—five—seven!" Billy could not tell just how many, for his mathematical education was shaky.

"Is they yours?" whispered Billy.

"Cluck! cluck!" said the Brown Hen. "Don't tell the rest, and we'll go shares."



BILLY GAVE ONE BAPTIST HEN LOOK.

on this hoard, and I'll take care of them for us."

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

Not a word did Billy say. On Easter morning he, too, would bring forth his hoard, but he would leave some for the Brown Hen—oh, of course—because they were partners.

Easter came and the older children went after their hidden eggs. Billy followed in glee. How he would surprise them! His fat legs twinkled through the barnyard fence and up to the cluck door. He heard the Brown Hen clucking. She must be waiting to divide. He went in, but she was not in sight. He ducked 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 desert fairly. 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 yellow, fuzzy balls. Billy took one rapturous look and then fled to Sister Mary, who was crawling from under a straw stack with her treasures.

"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!"

HOME OF THE LILY.

Bermuda Flower Which Has a Place in Hearts 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 chalice is 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 knowledge, discovered between 1515 and 1522 by a vessel commanded by a man named Bermodes. On board was a Spaniard

THE EASTER EGG PUZZLE



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 an umpire.