By LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

The legends say children were first
To be abroad that Easter Day
When morning out of darkness burst,
And angels rolled the stone away.
For children's hearts are quick to feel
The deadening pall of mortal pain,
And children's hearts are first to heal
When light and comfort come again.
And they had loved the Lord Christ's face
And on His knees had laughed and cried,
And heard Him say the heavenly place
Is where all child-like souls abide;
And they had often heard Him tell
Strong men by pride and greed defiled
That they could never please Him well
Till they were humble as a child.
And they had heard the tale that grieves
All little hearts; how One so dear
Was nailed upon the cross with thieves,
And tortured with a poisoned spear;
And how the temple's wondrous veil
Was riven by the lightning stroke,
While, mingled with the women's wail,
The earthquake and the thunder broke;
And how there came from northern seas
A terrified brigade of gulls,
Swept on by some unearthly breeze,
To scream above the place of skulls;
And how black night came down at noon,
And ghosts from graves that opened wide
Skulked out beneath a blood-red moon,
When He that loved the children died.

For two long days no girl or boy
In Galilee or Jordan plain
Could laugh or sing, for hope and joy
In every little heart was slain.
But when the earth that third day morn
Was flooded with such golden light
As never since the world was born
Had come to dazzle human sight,
Then every child, the legends say,
Knew that the time was ~~at an end~~,
Knew that the stone was rolled away,
And flew to meet the risen Friend.
And long before the Madgalene
Had reached the empty sepulchre,
Or Peter heard what she had seen,
Or fleet John hastened after her,
The children had gone forth and found
The Master in the garden walk,
And scattered lilies on the ground,
And seen His smile, and heard Him talk.
No child was puny, halt, or lame,
Or hungry, or in tatters clad,
But clothed as if in light they came,
And all were whole, and strong, and glad.

They throng along the Kedron rill,
They thread the city through the gates,
Straight up to Joseph's garden hill,
Where He that loves the children waits.
They dance, they sing, they climb the trees,
They circle round in ring and file;
They know they cannot fail to please,
And win the guerdon of His smile.
He lifts His hand: "I bore the pain
Of death for men by sin defiled;
I rise henceforth to live and reign
Lord of the Kingdom of the Child."
They vanish, and He stands alone;
And when the women come to weep,
The garden flames with flowers new-blown—
The children are at home asleep.

"What makes that garden spot so bright??"
The learned rabbis stroked their chins;
They knew not yet the love is light,
That knowledge fails where love begins.
But somehow still on Easter morn
The world is beautiful again,
And in each child-like heart is born
Some yearning of good will to men—
Some haunting sense, some happy dream
Of singing birds, of daffodils,
Of olive branches, or the gleam
Of dew-shine on the Syrian hills.

THE CAVE OF THE COLORED EGGS

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

When Rose came to grandfather's just before Easter she felt lonesome. Her mother was traveling miles away and would not be home for a month; but she began to feel happier when she remembered the six little Crane children who lived in the pine cabin on grandfather's place. She had played with them on her last visit. But before she and grandfather had driven half of the way home she learned that the Cranes had moved away.

"I'm sorry, Rosebud," grandfather said kindly, "but there isn't a youngster within three miles. Can't you get along with making the pets happy? There are some new kittens, a red calf, a brown colt and Bobby Burns. Your Aunt Sara and I will do our best to make things lively." Bobby Burns was the beautiful collie that was frisking ahead of the carriage.

"Oh, that's all right!" Rose assured him cheerfully.

But, although she really had a lovely time with the friendly pets, and although auntie cooked all the good things that children like to eat, Rose secretly longed for a playmate.

"There is a little boy over that steep rocky hill," Aunt Sara told her one day. "I've seen him only once. His father goes to work in the woods, and Paul goes with him most of the time!"

"Then he can't play with me," sighed Rose to herself.

But she forgot her disappointment when her aunt said that there was an Easter surprise hidden somewhere outdoors and that she must keep her eyes open for it when she had gathered the eggs.

"She didn't give me a hint, so I don't know when I'm hot and when I'm cold,'" laughed Rose, as she danced away in the early spring sunshine. She patted Bobby Burns, who was going to help her hunt the surprise, and enjoyed picking the fuzzy lavender hepaticas that peeped up in spite of the snow.

"Let's pretend we're seeking a new country," she said to Bobby. "Oh, but this is a big hill! I never saw so many rocks in my life." Rose stopped to look at the farm buildings spread out below. "Why," she cried suddenly, "there's a big crack in that rock! Let's look in!"

The crack was a narrow gate that opened into an archway of rock. Bobby Burns and Rose entered curiously. "If it isn't a little cave!" said Rose in delight. "A cosy one we could keep house in. What's this?"

In one corner she spied a sort of nest made of alfalfa, and Bobby was sniffing at the contents. Rose was down beside him in a moment to examine the treasures in the nest. There were four beautiful Easter eggs,—pink and blue and yellow and lavender,—and every one was marked with an "R."

"Oh," said Rose, "wasn't it dear of auntie to climb up here to hide my surprise? How did she guess that we'd come exploring?"

She picked up the four eggs and put them carefully into her pocket. Then she started down the hill.

At the chicken-yard gate she found Aunt Sara, who looked anxious. When Rose showed her the eggs and thanked her, Aunt Sara was plainly puzzled: "But you haven't found my surprise!" she said. "I have no idea who hid those in the cave."

"Then I walked off with somebody else's eggs! Shall I take them back?" asked Rose.

It was decided that after dinner she should return the eggs to the cave. Meanwhile she and Bobby explored the corral, and in a warm corner of a shed she found a covered basket. Inside were a dozen cheeping downy yellow chicks, her Easter surprise.

When Rose again climbed the hill she thought she heard voices, and, walking softly round the big rock, she nearly stumbled over a boy and a girl at the mouth of the cave.

"Are you Paul?" asked Rose.

The boy nodded and then his eyes fell on the basket. "Did you get them?" he asked.

Rose explained. "I'm so sorry. I thought that Aunt Sara had hidden them for me when I saw the initial."

The little girl laughed. "He hid them for me. I'm his cousin Ruth and I came for Easter." But she insisted that Rose share the pretty eggs with her.

"Come home with me," Rose invited her.

Half an hour later the children were playing with the pets while Aunt Sara prepared a real Easter tea party with candy rabbits.

"Isn't it fine that we found each other," said Ruth, "for now we can play together."

"Yes, in the Cave of the Colored Eggs," laughed Rose.—Youth's Companion.

If, like the budding trees and opening flowers of Spring, we look upward and struggle upward; if we live the life of faith—and work—every Easter will be a re-birth.

This is for us the most significant day of all the year—for, as Spring awakens the germs of new promise, new growth, new beauty, new life in nature, so Easter comes to us with the joyful message of a new and fuller life.

Spring Flowers.

Of all the flowers that bloomed at Easter time,
And brought their message from earth's dusky sod;
To me, frail pendants in a stranger's hand,
Flashed Resurrection's light—revealing God!
"The dog-tooth violet," I smiled. She said: "Is that its name" passed on, while I, for hours,
Was left with haunting memories of spring woods,
Where, with a saint, I knelt among the flowers.

—Rosamund Hovy.

A Children's Party.

"Will you please plan a simple Easter party for children?" asks a busy mother.

Yes indeed! Write the invitations on Easter cards and seal the envelopes with bunny seals. Decorate the table with Easter favors, and make a nest of white crepe paper (cut in narrow strips) for the centrepiece. Fill the nest with Easter eggs (one for each child) and have a downy yellow chick emerging from an eggshell on top. For the favors, make little crepe-paper baskets and fill with candy eggs. Have the older children play "blind feeding the blind." Spread a sheet on the floor, and having blindfolded two players, seat them on the floor, facing each other. Give food, such as ground pop-corn or puffed rice, and let each attempt to feed the other. Shouts of laughter follow their futile efforts to feed and be fed.

A Japanese game called "ribbon's end" is played by the children, who are graded in size, and who line up with hands on each other's shoulders, the smallest one at the end. One child is chosen as catcher, and she makes an effort to catch the end of the "ribbon," while the whole line of players twists and turns to prevent her. Children always like to play "marching to Jerusalem," "blind man's buff," and "follow the leader."

A Change of Address.

Johnnie was begging his father to let him have a second piece of cake.

"When I was a boy," said Father, "I was allowed to have only one helping."

Johnnie thought this over for a minute, and then said:

"Daddie, aren't you glad you live with us now?"

The most lovable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another person's point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the rights of their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to want those we love to be happy in their own way instead of our way.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

A DAY OF HOPE.

Easter Days bring a benefit apart from specific religious belief concerning its significance. To have at least one day in the year devoted to hope, the highest and most daring hope, is greatly worth while. To encourage the faith that life will eventually swallow up death is needed with perhaps a special urgency for our time.

Ecclesiastes, the ancient preacher, declared that there is nothing new under the sun. It is at least true that his frequently despondent though resigned philosophy is restated with conviction all too often to-day:

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.

"The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.

"The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north: it whirleth about continually.

"All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it."

Weary and incessant cycles of change, both in outward nature and inward experience, generations appearing and departing like leaves of a mighty forest—this plaint of the futility of existence is heard with slight change, as a too frequent modern comment upon life.

But Easter proclaims the pitiless iron circle broken at last. Grief and darkness not always to revolve with crushing authority upon joy and light. One Life untenable by the power of death, potentially shattering that tyranny over all other lives. Trust reviving through a positive achievement of personal survival of death. For those implicitly and with affection of heart committing spiritual welfare to the keeping of the victorious and mystically inclusive Life, assurance of their own immortality.

It is indeed a most daring hope. To be envied, those who cherish it. Easter is the sun smitten mountain peak of human faith, in a world where so many valleys are still wrapped in night.

Spring Gladness.

The happy spring again is here
The buds of promise rich appear,
All nature doth with verdure shine,
Our hearts are filled with joy divine;
For Easter bells so sweetly ring
They ring
The glory of our risen King.

Behold the strickened watch at dawn,
For, lo, the Lord of life is gone;
Saw but the place where Jesus lay;
Angels had rolled the stone away,
The conqueror of death's dark night,
We hail,
We hail Him as the Prince of Light.

The budding and unfolding bloom
Portrays the rising from the tomb;
Ceasing the dormant prison bower,
Endowed with beauty, grace and power.
Then for the love that crowns our days
We give,
We give Him our exalted praise.

Born on the wings of faith, we see
That we shall in His likeness be,
At home on that immortal shore,
Where Jesus lives to die no more;
The Christ fulfilled his promised word,
We crown,
We crown Him as our living Lord.

Now is Christ risen from the dead
and become the first fruits of them
that slept.

London Busses Crowded Both Night and Day.

Many who learn that London's population is about 8,000,000 are not amazed, because all of them seem to be trying to get on the same bus that you tried to get on. Nowhere has the ordinary competition between human beings just to get somewhere developed self-reliance in women more remarkably than in London. The women run often moving omnibuses and leap aboard them with arms full of packages. And conductors never have to warn them not to hop off backward, says Raymond Tompkins in a London letter to "The Baltimore Sun."

Every night it looks as though all 8,000,000 are trying to get to the theatre at once. It is a mighty poor playhouse that hasn't its queue one block long at the box office window two hours before the curtain rises, and two or three blocks long an hour and a half later.

The London idea of an adequate tea establishment is three floors, each floor as big as a convention hall, with an orchestra in each one and crowds at the doors waiting for employ tables.

People rather than things throng one's memories of London, for even her architecture, with all its medieval pomp, her museums with their uncounted treasures, her acres of chimney pots, like the bad dream of a keeper of asparagus beds, are articulate with the tongues of every age.

A Man No One Could Lift.

A new trick recently caused considerable excitement in Paris. Johnny Coulon, an American and former bantam-weight champion boxer challenged the strongest man of France to lift him. His one condition, according to newspaper dispatches, was that his opponent should face him and grasp him at his sides between his ribs and his hips. Before the word was given Coulon would rub the neck of his opponent slightly just below the point of the left jaw and, letting one or two fingers rest there, would lightly place two fingers of his left hand on the other's right wrist. And his opponent could not lift him!

At first people were amazed, especially when it was said that a magic current, generated by the position of Coulon's hands, held the little man fixed to the ground. But after a while the trick was shown to be very simple indeed.

It was the position that the big man was obliged to take that made it impossible for him to lift the bantam weight. By placing his fingers under his opponent's jaw, Coulon kept him at such a distance that he could not get sufficient purchase to lift even a much lighter weight, for when he began to lift, the centre of gravity was in front of his toes, and he overbalanced. Like the man in the familiar old trick who, bending over a chair with his head against the wall, tries to lift the chair and in the same movement to stand erect, the big Frenchman was handicapped; he was on the short end of the lever.

Improving the Machinery.

There had been some criticism lately about the running of a certain railroad whose trains were deplorably slow and uncertain. The other day a traveler arriving at a wayside station remarked to the agent:

"I notice that your service has improved lately."

"Can't see it," said the agent suspiciously.

"Oh, I can," said the traveler; "for instance, your engines are able to whistle without stopping, now."

It is lost labor to sow where there is no soil.

PLANTING AND CARE OF HARDY HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS

By W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist for the Ontario Horticultural Association.

No flower garden is complete without perennials. Even though the plot of ground be small, some of the space should be devoted to this useful and varied class of plants. Few flowers require as little care as hardy herbaceous perennials if given the proper condition to start with.

The soil should be a good loam which will not bake, and well-drained. When planted, most perennials should be left undisturbed for a long time, hence the soil should be well prepared in the beginning by trenching and digging under a liberal supply of well-rotted stable manure. Most perennials thrive best in full sunlight, and, where possible, they should be planted where they will get the most favored conditions. A southern aspect is the most suitable, and where there is protection from the cold winds the plants do best.

Planting may be done either in spring or autumn, but spring planting is best for most kinds of perennials.

In making and planting a border it is most important to plant those kinds which will give a continuity of bloom from early in the spring until late in the autumn, and to arrange them so that they will be most effective. The dates of blooming, heights of the plants and colors of the flowers are matters which should be given very careful consideration by those who desire to make the most of the material they have or may get. In large borders the best effects are obtained by massing several plants of one color, or several varieties of one species, and also arranging for a continuity of bloom, but in smaller borders and where the number of plants is limited, it is often not thought possible to get this, and sometimes one part of the border will be without bloom.

During the growing season the surface soil should be kept loose and free from weeds, and, in the summer, the taller growing plants will need staking, as fine specimens are liable to be broken by storms if this is neglected. When the plants have ceased blooming the old stalks should be cut off near the ground.

Just before permanent frost sets in, the border or bed should be given a dressing of about four inches of straw manure or leaves. This will form a good mulch for the protection of the plants in winter and at the same time enrich the soil. The mulch ought not to be removed too soon in the spring, as often most of the damage done to perennials is done at the season of the year when so much thawing and freezing takes place. After raking off the coarse material in the spring, the shorter manure may be dug in to enrich the soil.

A Poem You Ought to Know. "The Ancient Mariner."

Only an extract from Coleridge's masterpiece can be given, as it runs to some 300 lines. This description of a ship and crew becalmed in the tropics, written by a man who had never experienced any of the sensations he describes, is a triumph of constructive imagination.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Where Britons Pay No Postage.

There is one place in the world—strangely enough not within the realms of the British Empire—where Britons pay no postage on certain correspondence.

Members of the British Army of Occupation and British civilians employed by the Rhine Army or any of the various Inter-Allied commissions in Cologne do not require to pay postage on letters, official or private, addressed to other Britons holding official positions in Germany.

Thus a British soldier at Cologne can communicate post free with his chum at Solingen, with a polite friend at Mayence, or a Belgian acquaintance at Aix-la-Chapelle. The privilege, however, is strictly confined to the military and officials, and Tommy must pay full postage—three-halfpence—on letters home.

The "free" letters are not handled by the Germans. There is a British Army field post-office in Cologne—housed in a section of the German post building—but the soldier, if he wishes, may avail himself of the German system, which, if some milliards of marks cheaper, is nowadays not always reliable.

The Army Post Office, however, does not handle telegrams, all of which go over the German system in our area. It is rather different in the French zone. There is, of course, wireless communication between the War Office and G.H.Q. Cologne, and every day since the Armistice a resume of the home news has been flashed across to Richl, on the Rhine bank.

Just as Good.

Barber—"Some tonic on your hair, sir?"

Bob (facetiously) — "Yes, a little H2O."

"I'm sorry; we just used the last of that. But here is something just as good—prepared by the same company."

Easter Day reminds us that death is not the end—for in the miracle of the Resurrection, Life has triumphed over Death!

The Spring Festival

In Switzerland and Austria, as well as the entire Continent of Europe, the Easter holiday is kept with every ceremony of ancient times. The peasants, plain, simple country folk, enjoy this spring holiday and honor the season accordingly. The Tyrolese have always been famous for their bands of singers, who traverse the valleys, singing the beautiful Easter hymns, making their own music upon many ancient guitars, calling the folks to the doors, where entire families, grouped about, join in choruses and they too rejoice with gladness upon this anniversary.

Naturally the question of food and refreshments for the singers and their friends, as well as the communities at large, has played a prominent part in the housewifely lore of the times, and it is here we find that the housewife offers to her guests eggs prepared by boiling in the shells and dyed in many gay colorings.

It has been told that the gaily colored eggs were usually prepared for the children who accompanied the singers as aides, carrying the personal belongings of the singers. The housewife had the eggs prepared early against their need, and the children with gaily colored baskets called at each door for their share of the eggs. The singers were also invited in for refreshments and handsomely regaled for their Easter carols, dancing the old folk dances, and merriment reigned supreme, and with the falling of the shades of night away home went the weary singers with happy hearts.

The Pasche or Pascal eggs have formed a part of the Easter celebration from time immemorial, and so closely have traditions been handed down, both by word of mouth and in literature, that we, too, feel that the egg is necessary for the true celebration of this great holiday.

The German and French [illegible] adapted this idea into their cookery and eggs are made from cake mixtures, also from sugar so shaped that they resemble the egg and are ornamented with various colored icings as well as covered with chocolate.

The Bidden cakes are also a part of the Easter festival in many parts of Europe, and particularly in [illegible] England. In the parish of Bidd[illegible] there is an endowment, so old that all trace of its history has been lost, for making a distribution of cakes among the very poor on Easter Sunday. It is from old traditions like this that the cakes, candies and certain special egg dishes have become a part of our Easter traditions.

Our brothers over the sea have ever been tuneful and have commemorated many of the holidays in verse, song and doggerel; here is one that is sung among the English folks:

"Sugar, cake or wine,
Or for a tansy let us pay.
The loss be thine or mine.
If my dear the winner be,
A dancing in the great hall
The wager that shall have, and not
And my misfortunes all."

This is the season of many engagements and weddings; and many benefits between the lads and lasses ending with an Easter marriage.

Angling for Birds.

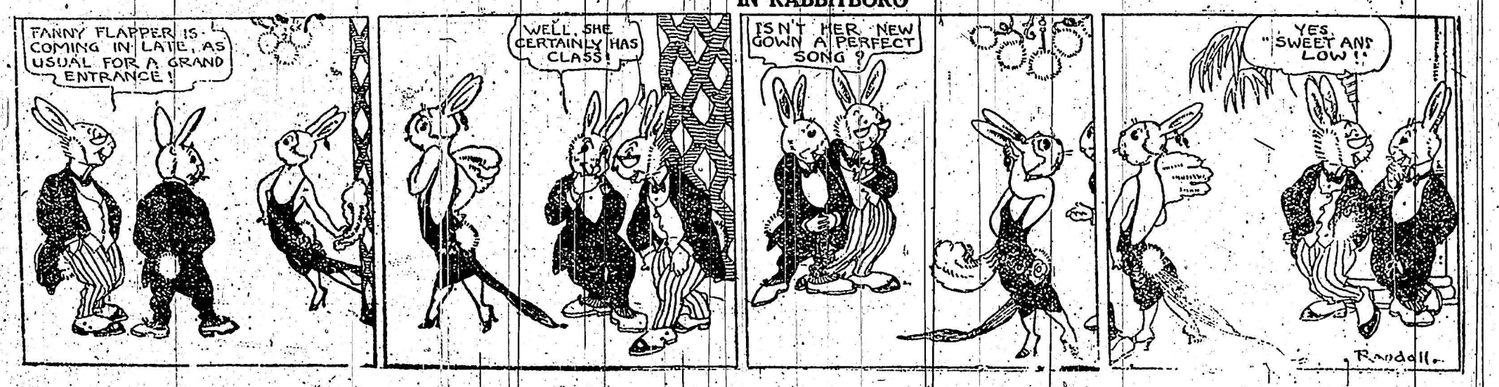
St. Kilda, fifty miles west of the Outer Hebrides, is only three miles long and two miles broad, and is very rocky, its inhabitants have to be pretty wide awake to make a living. To a great extent they depend on sea-birds for their food supply, and one fowler has been known to catch 620 birds in a single day.

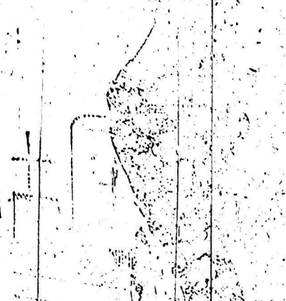
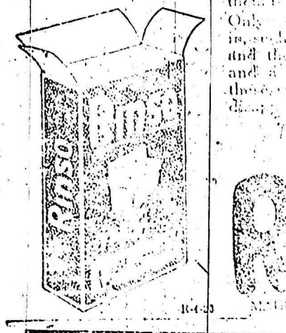
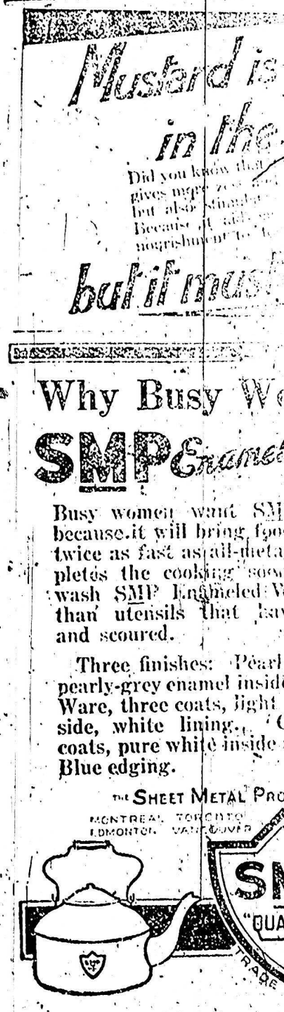
The fowler sets out with a long pole, nine or ten feet long, with a horse hair noose at the end and flagged by gannet's quills. Puffins are numerous on the island, and the fowler creeps as near the birds as possible without giving them the alarm, thrusts forth his pole along the ground, works the noose close to an unsuspecting puffin, and very dexterously drops the noose over the bird's head and secures it.

The birds are treated much like herrings, except that they need a preliminary plucking. When that is done they are split open, kippered, and hung in long strings across the cottage ceiling. In this way they will keep for an indefinite period, and provide a puffin breakfast at a moment's notice.

You know not where a [illegible] light.

IN RABBITBORO



RED R
TEA is 80
Next time try the finest
RED ROSE OR

The Harp.