JOEY'S EASTER LILY

Spring had come at last. Alre the brown, bare earth was greening the sunshiny glades; the pink b were peeping forth in the orcha the pussy willows nodding to breeze, and a blue bird was thin of making her nest in the old ma Speckled Bid had clucked triumph ly out of the barn with a brood downy chicks, and Aunt Hepsy house-cleaning.

"About this time," said A Hepsy's almanac, "look out for e noxial storm"; and, never, thou Joey Brooks—Aunt Hepsy's nephe did almanac give wiser warning. Just before Easter the house-clea equinoxial struck Pine Hill farm went through it like a cyclone.

Dust, rust and rubbish flew a secret work of iniquity in the wa break by Ionk was brought t and Aunt Hepsy stormed and s ned scoured and scolded until both until Elvira, her luckless help exhausted.

No wonder Joey took to the w early on this April morning, flo from the wrath to come—for "worthless vagabond," whom Hepsy had taken from his wide father "to do for," always come in such occasions for a quadruple a of bragging, nagging that Joey f found it hard to bear.

But there was a district school in the hollow, with a sweet-f teacher, who, for this country (simple mind, had sounded the hei and depths of human knowledge, was altogether the best and dea woman in the world.

School and Miss Mary's kind te ing were Joey's compensation fo hard lot, and he trolled his fine a Binford Creek this morning, dist to the notes of the bobolink, searched for the shy blossoms of arbutus, while Aunt Hepsy, with thin wisp of hair skewered on to her head, her skirts tucked up soap and sand enthroned at comm and scouring and scrubbing as if everything and soul were at stake.

"Well, take Joey's room first, El if the door ain't locked," decided Hepsy, pausing at the little b chamber.

"He said you needn't mind," re Elvira, briskly. "He'd clean it up self."

"He'd clean it, indeed! A nice it would be! I don't suppose his weakly mother knew what h cleaning was. Get the spare room that will unlock this—Land did ever any one see such a h fairly gasped Aunt Hepsy, as the flew open at her vigorous push revealed the room within.

It was a boy's room emphatic but such a room as a mother w have passed through with a to touch on its treasures and a l smile for the wholesome boyish thus revealed.

The narrow cot bed was n made, the tin basin and pitcher less and bright; but as for the re

"Sticks and stones, bugs beetles!" exclaimed Aunt Hepsey, ing at the home-made shelves that Joey's "collection." "Rabbit drying on the wall, and, as I li hornets' nest! The house will alive with moths and all kind crawling things. Of all the idle, for-nothing boys, that Joey B takes the lead! Broken guns, fi rods, old clock wheels, and every in creation that's no good! co Aunt Hepsy, knocking down a de" that poor Joey had been ously constructing during the winter nights. "Did anyone ever so much rubbish? Open the doo windows, Elviry; fling all this out; sweep up everything!"

And Aunt Hepsy began work herself by tearing down a triumphal of merit cards, bearing Miss M dainty signature, that decorated mantel.

"Everything, ma'am?" said E who had a streak of human sym somewhere in her bony frame.

"Everything!" repeated Aun sy, firmly.

"Bless us! Look here, ma What's this?" exclaimed Elvira, a flung open the window sash, in fidence to her mistress' command

There, on the broad sill stood a beautiful Easter lily, just opening bloom.

"For the land's sake!" cried Hepsy, shrilly at sight of this enormity. "And a-growing in o my stone butter-crocks! Pitch it out!"

But Elvira hesitated.

"It do seem most a pity, ma'am just a-goin to bloom," she said, s

"Nonsense!" rejoined Aunt Hepsy sharply. "Who wants flowers b ing in butter-crocks? And it's great things, anyway. Here, give me."

And she laid her hard, bony hand upon the lily, and was about to wr it out of the mould, when something in the fair, pure beauty of the flower—stayed her destroying hand.

Up from the rich, dark, moist leaves rose the single blossom, its snowy petals as yet folded over the golden heart. It was indeed the flower of the resurrection—the first sweet breath of spring.

"I dunno," said Aunt Hepsy, hesitating for the first time in five and forty years of house-cleaning. "I won't do any harm out there, I reckon, and the butter-crock's cracked, and ain't good for much, anyhow. S it stay, but sweep the rest of this rubbish away—every stick and shred of it."

It was nearly sunset when Joey strolled leisurely homeward, a bundle of shiners, carefully cleaned, over his fishing-pole, and a big bunch of arbutus, fresh in damp moss, in his hand.

He stopped at the tea-time at Miss Mary's pretty little cottage and tapped at the door.

"Why, Joey!" exclaimed Miss Mary, surprised at this first visit from her shy, studious pupil.

"Yes, ma'am—it's—it's I," stammered Joey, turning red to the roots of his hair in his embarrassment. "Thought you might like a string of fresh fish for your supper. And—and here are the flowers you were talking about the other day—the 'trailing beauties,' I think you called them."

"The arbutus," said Miss Mary, delightedly. "Oh, how sweet! And what a nice string of fish! Did you catch them all yourself? How kind of you to bring them to me. Won't you come in and see mother?"

"Yes, ma'am—no, ma'am—I mean, no, thank you, ma'am," answered Joey, quite abashed by the glimpse he caught of a little sitting-room that, with its dainty, muslin curtains and pretty pictures and potted plants, seemed the abode of princely splendor. "I'd muddy things up with these big boots. But—but"—Joey shuffled from one foot to the other and twirled his cap sheepishly—"what I came to say, Miss Mary, was that that bulb you gave me last fall has come up beautiful. It's a-going to bloom and if you don't mind the butter-crock, I'll bring it round for Easter Day."

"Bulb! butter-crock! Oh," exclaimed Miss Mary, "you mean the lily-bulb I gave you. It is going to bloom, you say? Why, every one of mine were utter failures. Bring it to me by all means. I will be so glad to have it. We want all we can get for the church. And as for the butter-crock," Miss Mary laughed gaily, "that's a new idea for me. Joey, I'll plant all my lilies in butter-crocks next year, and see if I don't have better luck."

And Joey went on homeward across the field radiant with the spring sunset, his heart fairly singing in his simple boyish breast. It was only from Miss Mary poor Joey ever got a word of cheer.

"Don't come one step further, Joey Brooks!" cried Aunt Hepsy, as he approached the kitchen door—"not till you've taken off them muddy boots and brushed your trousers. I won't have my scoured floor tramped over by any such feet. Here, Elviry, hand Joey a plate of cold victles; he can eat 'em on the door-step. Nice time of day for a boy to be coming home expecting to be served with a hot dinner. I'm just clean done out, scouring and scrubbing. Such a kennel as that room of yours, Joey Brooks, I never seen in my mortal life!"

Joey looked alarmed.

"Has she been up in my room?" he asked Elvira, as she came out with a huge dish of cold meat and potatoes and bread that would have satisfied the appetite of the Giant Cormorant.

"She has that," answered poor Elvira, draggled and drugged nearly to desperation. "She unlocked the door herself. Miss Hepsy Brooks don't stop for nothing when she starts house-cleaning. And—and she swept everything out, clean as my hand."

Joey was hungry as only a healthy boy can be who has tramped it through the woods ever since breakfast, but the plate of "victles" dropped from his hand, he kicked off his muddy boots and was up the stairs with a bound.

One glance at the bare and freshly scoured room, and he sank down on the narrow bed with a blank face of despair.

Everything gone—model, mineral, merit cards, the old gun for which he had sawed Farmer Bray's winter wood, the hornet's nest that he had borne off from the topmost bough of the old elm amid the ringing cheers of his schoolmates, the skins he was curing to fashion into a rug to keep Miss Mary's dainty feet from the schoolhouse floor, the beetles and butterflies, and stones, in which he was learning to read nature's wonderful lessons, with an interest even deeper than he found in books—all gone! And they had been his own—his own—these boyish treasures, that represented the hopes, the efforts, the aspirations of his young life, all swept away. It was the touch of the tyrant heel that made Young Canada rebel.

"What did you do it for?" cried Joey bursting into the kitchen and facing Aunt Hepsy, with blazing eyes.

"The land's sake," cried that lady, nearly dropping her tea-cup in her amazement, "Do what?"

"Fling out all my things," continued Joey, his young voice quivering—"my model, and my merit cards, and my rabbit-skins, and my—my everything!"

"Hoity toity!" exclaimed Aunt Hepsy, who was tired and nervous, and more than commonly tartaric this evening. "Your things, indeed! I'd like to know what things a charity child like you can call yours? Your things! If you mean the rubbish I swept out of your rooms, I tell you this is my house and I'll have no such things in it—bugs and spiders and every other sort of horrid thing walking round; mouldy rabbit-skins and dusty hornets' nests. It's a wonder that we weren't all down with fever. You are your mother's son, Joey Brooks; and of all the shiftless, good-for-nothing—"

"Stop right there!" cried Joey, white to his lips. "Not another word like that, Aunt Hepsy, or I'll—I'll do something I'll be sorry for. I won't hear one word against my dead mother; and I'm—I'm done with you. I've stayed here long enough to have 'victles' flung at me as if I were a dog. I'm not going to stand it any longer. I'm off from Pine Hill to-night."

And, leaving Aunt Hepsy fairly speechless at this unprecedented outburst, Joey started up for his room to gather up his few clothes and, as he believed, shake the dust of Pine Hill from his feet forever.

But he started as he crossed the threshold. There, unseen and forgotten in his anger—there, on the window-sill, stood his Easter lily, like a star in the gathering shadows, opened into full and perfect bloom.

"That's safe, anyhow," said Joey, in a choking voice; "and—and I promised to take it to Miss Mary to-morrow. I'll have to keep my word. I'll stay this one night, and then I'm off—off to sea, or somewhere; I don't much care."

It was a hard night for Joey. He flung himself on his little bed, hungry, and heavy-hearted, and it was long before he could sleep.

At last he sank into an uneasy slumber, from which he started up, shivering.

Winter was making a last bluster, ere he packed up finally for his departure. A chilly wind was sweeping through the open window.

"My lily!" thought Joey, remembering his last and only treasure.

And he sprang to the window and leaned forward to lift the flower, when a sound from below made him pause and listen with bated breath. Voices surely beneath—voices low and strange.

"Kin you wrench the bolt?"

"In a minute. Be keerful. Don't want to stir things up too soon."

Joey's heart gave one wild bound and then fairly stood still.

Burglars! Burglars in this lonely place, full a quarter of a mile from any neighbor's help!

"No fear!"—the words came clearly up, in a lull of the wind. There's only two women and a little kid that sleeps sound as a log, somewhere up in the garret."

Aye, no one! No one but Aunt Hepsy, Elvira and himself. And not even Farmer Bray's rusty gun!

Joey stood, his hand still resting on his Easter lily, like one turned to stone.

"She's got five hundred dollars in her room, and we must have it."

"Aye, aye! Thar, the bolts off; jump in."

But that jump was never made. Hurling down from some unseen height came a terible missile, crashing full upon the miscreant's head and felling him senseless to the earth while with a cry of terror, his companion sprang off affrighted into the darkness.

"Oh, what is all this racket?" shrieked Aunt Hepsy and Elvira, tumbling from their beds. "Joey Brooks, what have you done now?" for Joey, white-faced and breathless, met them on the stairs.

"I don't know; hurt him pretty bad, I guess. They were coming to rob you of that five hundred dollars interest money Squire Simpkins paid you. I heard them under the window and I had nothing else, so I pitched my—my Easter lily down on them. One run off, but the butter-crock was so heavy, you know, it has nearly killed the other."

Aunt Hepsy peered through the window at the huge black-bearded fellow lying at her doorstep, then dropped on the kitchen settee, and for the first and only time in her life went off into hysterics.

"And it was you who saved me! Joey Brooks, if it hadn't been for you and that Easter lily I come near throwing on the rubbish heap, I'd been robbed, and maybe my life taken. It's a warning to me—it's a warning. I've been a hard, unnatural woman. I'll not live shut up like a hermit any more; I'll send for your father to-morrow and give him and his a home here. And shake hands, Joey. That five hundred dollars shall go into the bank to send you to college and make a man of you. And you can fill up your room with bugs and spiders and snakes if you want to, and I'll never touch it with brush or broom.

And Aunt Hepsey was the woman to keep her word.

Joey found himself a hero next morning, when the neighbors gathered from far and near, and the big, black-bearded ruffian, with a badly-damaged head, in the hands of the law, was discovered to be a notorious housebreaker who had defied the police for many years.

But when Miss Mary came up to congratulate her pupil on his courage and quick wit that had saved his aunt from loss, if not personal injury, Joey's voice trembled.

"I can't keep my word to you, Miss Mary. My poor Easter lily lies there."

And he pointed to the broken flower, lying withered in the dust.

"Its work is done, Joey," she said, softly picking up the bulb. "May we do ours as well."

And Joey has so far, for Professor Joseph Brooks has held a high position in a famous college for many years, and his deep study and research in natural science has gained him name and fame.

But though to beetle and butterfly, stone and star—to all the wide range of God's creation—he gives thought and time, it is the flowers he loves best.

They bloom in his garden, in his conservatory, in his class-room, in his study. And always fair and queenly above all stands the Easter lily in the early spring—the sweet flower that the professor says shaped his life.

Tail Wags the Shark.

The thrasher shark has a tail longer than its body.

CHARMING FROCKS APPEAR IN PRINTED SILKS.

Printed silk of graceful design is admirably adapted to this straight-line frock, cut with oval neck, and revealing a shaped yoke front and back ending in short kimono sleeves. Fine tucks provide front fulness and a tie belt has a bow in front. The pattern provides long sleeves and the accompanying diagram pictures the simple design of No. 1144, which is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years, or (34, 36 and 38 inches bust only). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 3 yards 36 or 40-inch material; long sleeves ½ yard additional. Price 20 cents.

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Listening for Spring.

The birches are listening, listening
(Their slim, white bodies glistening)
For the far-off beat, of Spring's dancing feet,
The birches are listening, listening.

The birches are whispering together,
On the hillside yellow with heather,
They are wondering, wondering why
Spring is passing them by.

"Tallest One! Look through your branches,
See you no sign that she launches
Swift on the tide of her shallop's glide
Tallest One! Look through your branches!"

"She will bring shimmering green,
She will veil with its silvery sheen,
All our sweet pride, as if of a bride,
We shall go robed like a queen."

The birches are listening, listening,
They are trembling with joy and whispering:
"She is coming, our own, our sweet—
We hear her feet: in our rootlets beat
Spring, on her dancing feet!"

—Henrietta Jewett Keith.

A $100,000 Easter Egg.

Who would pay $100,000 for an Easter egg? Such was the present Napoleon gave to his Empress at Easter in 1862. The egg itself, although made of gold, was not so valuable, but inside were pearls valued at the above sum.

It was about the middle of the nineteenth century that the Easter egg reached its zenith of costliness. Perhaps the most remarkable was one sent by a Court Chamberlain to an actress. This egg took the form of a gigantic coffer, ten feet high and twice as long, in which was a charming victoria, complete with groom and ponies.

Another egg, presented by a South African millionaire to his fiancee, contained a complete bridal outfit, several hundredweights of chocolates and confectionery, and a full assortment of wedding gifts.

S.S. LESSON

April 4. Jesus Appears to His Disciples, John 20: 24 to 21: 25. Golden Text—Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John 20: 29.

ANALYSIS.

I. APPEARANCE TO THE ELEVEN DISCIPLES IN JERUSALEM, 20:24-29.

II. APPEARANCE TO SEVEN DISCIPLES IN GALILEE, 21:1-25.

INTRODUCTION—It is on record that Jesus appeared to his disciples and to others who had known and loved him *ten times* after his resurrection, a chain of evidence not easily broken. To Mary Magdalene who came very early on the morning of the third day, the first Easter Sunday morning, and found the tomb open and the body of Jesus gone, as she stood weeping, he came, though in the imperfect light and with her tear-dimmed eyes she did not at first know him, John 20: 1-18. To other women, who followed her and likewise found the tomb empty, he appeared as they were returning in haste to the city, Matt. 28:1-10; Mark 16:1-8. Then to two disciples as they walked together on the way from Jerusalem to Emmaus and talked of the strange things that had happened (Luke 24:13-32), and again to Simon Peter alone, Luke 24:34; 1 Cor. 15:5. It was on the evening of that same memorable Sunday that he appeared to ten of the disciples, and others who were gathered with them, in a house in the city, banishing their fears and arousing wonder and joy in the hearts of all. A week later, in a similar gathering, Thomas the doubter saw him and believed, Luke 24: 36-48; John 20: 19-29. In Galilee to the seven by the lake side, as told in our lesson (John 21:1-24), and to a large assembly in a mountain, possibly the mountain of his great sermon (Matt. 5:1), he came with words of counsel, comfort, and instruction (Matt. 28: 16-20; 1 Cor. 16:6). Last of all to James, his own brother, perhaps in Jerusalem (1 Cor. 15:7), and to the eleven disciples in a farewell walk to Bethany, whence he was parted from them and carried up into heaven," Luke 24: 50-51; Acts 1:4-9. Thus, says the historian in the book of Acts, "he shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," Acts 1:3. Peter to the multitude which gathered about the apostles at Pentecost declared, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses." And Paul writes, after citing the evidence of others, "Last of all he was seen of me also," referring to his vision on the way to Damascus, of the Christ whose followers he was persecuting, 1 Cor. 15:8, Acts 9:1-9.

No fact of history is more strongly attested than this fact of the resurrection. There may be different ways of explaining or accounting for what happened, but the astounding fact remains, witnessed not only by the Gospels, the book of Acts, and the Epistles, but by the recovered and joyous faith of the apostles, the universal belief of the early Christian church and the testimony which Christian experience in every age has borne and still bears to the living Christ.

Jesus lives; no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives; by this we know
From the grave He will recall us.

I. APPEARANCE TO THE ELEVEN DISCIPLES IN JERUSALEM, 20:24-29.

Thomas had not been present on the night, a week earlier, when Jesus had appeared to the disciples and to others assembled in some friend's house in Jerusalem, possibly the same house in which they had eaten the last supper with the Lord, John 10:19-25; compare Luke 22:7-12. He was evidently not a man who became seized of a new idea quickly, but there was no other of the eleven remaining disciples more loyal and faithful to his Master. When they all sought to dissuade him from going to Jerusalem after the death of Lazarus, knowing the plots which had been made against his life, it was Thomas who said, "Let us also go that we may die with him," John 11:16. At the last supper, listening to the words of Jesus, he was one of the questioners who found it difficult to understand, John 14:5. He was one of the seven whom Jesus met at the lake of Galilee, 21:2. He refused to believe the story of Jesus' appearance brought him by the other disciples, and declared that he must himself . . . and touch the Lord. The evidence he demanded is now given him. Jesus does not rebuke the doubter, but treats him with understanding and with sympathy. How completely justified Jesus' method of treatment is by what followed! Thomas is convinced, never to doubt again. "My Lord and my God."

There were other doubters beside Thomas. See Matt. 28.17. All could not have had presented to them the kind of evidence that convinced Thomas. Especially was this true in far-off Ephesus, near the end of the century, where and when John is believed to have written this Gospel. It is of such, no doubt, he is thinking when he quotes the saying of Jesus: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." A higher faith is theirs who have recognized the reality and power of the spiritual forces set in operation by the Gospel and have, therefore, believed in the risen Christ.

II. APPEARANCE TO SEVEN DISCIPLES IN GALILEE, 21:15-17.

Somewhere, previously, Jesus had met and revealed himself to Peter, Luke 24: 34. No doubt Peter had confessed his fault and had been forgiven. But the burden of his denial of his Lord must have still rested heavily upon him. It could only have been lifted by the opportunity of service and of sacrifice, and that opportunity is now given him. He must become a shepherd of the flock of Christ. Henceforth, he is not his own man, but his Lord's. The work of the Good Shepherd must be carried on. The scattered and discouraged believers in Jesus must be gathered and cared for. The church, the Christian community, must be established. Do we see the beginning of the fulfilment of Peter's commission on the day of Pentecost?

Hot Cross Buns.

In pursuance of an old English custom, hot-cross buns are found in many tables on Good Friday. The buns have been immortalized in verse by Mother Goose—the little song "One a penny, two a penny" being familiar to thousands of children. The buns are called "hot cross" because, when kneaded and ready to put in the pan, they are slashed on top in the form of a cross. Another method is to roll two small pieces of dough into finger-lengths, then lay them in the pans, one on top of the other, in the form of a cross. Still another method is to form the dough into round buns and form into cross shapes by making a gash in each of the four sides with a pair of scissors.

Hot Cross buns with fruit are made as follows. Heat to boiling point one pint of milk. Add one teaspoonful each of lard and butter, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir the milk until the added ingredients are all dissolved and then remove from the fire. When cooled to tepid heat, add two lightly-beaten eggs, three-quarters of a yeast-cake dissolved in half a cupful of lukewarm water and sufficient sifted flour to form a stiff batter. Beat the batter hard, mix in half a cupful of cleaned currants, one cupful of seeded raisins and three quarters of a cupful of shredded citron. Allow the sponge to rise overnight. In the morning turn out on a well-floured board and knead, with the addition of extra flour and let it rise again in a light. Then mold into round balls and set in rows in greased pans. Brush the buns with melted butter, sprinkle thick'y with granulated sugar and ground cinnamon and, with a sharp knife, make a very deep cross in the centre of each bun. Allow to rise, then bake until brown.

A Spring Walk.

I took a walk and quite alone,
For me bent the April sky.
I wasn't lonely, for a bee
And I will tell you why.
A dicky-bird sweet called to me,
The brook it sang a song,
The grasses whispered soft to me
Just as I went along.
And on a branch close by me
I didn't see them stir,
The funny little Willow-wrens,
I almost heard them purr.

—Alix Thorne.

Went Up Slowly.

Westminster Abbey took 600 years to build.

A LEGEND OF EASTER

BY AMY LOVELL.

Among Eastern nations the egg was the symbol of the primitive state of the world—of the creative force that has developed the germs of all things.

At the beginning of the year—which still opens in the spring equinox—a holiday or similar to our New Year's Day.

At this time of the renewing of the year, and of the whole nature, presents are exchanged, and painted and gilded eggs are sent from all quarters, intended to recall the rudiments of all life.

Charles IX., in fixing the commencement of the year on the first of January, caused the eggs to lose part of their signification though they celebrate no longer the opening of the year, they still remain as the renewal of nature.

In Russia, Easter eggs assume a religious character. They are distributed only after being solemnly blessed by the priests on Holy Saturday.

A charming legend is told among the French peasants in the East of France, in which Easter eggs bear a prominent part.

Margaret of Austria, governess of the Low Countries, having taken on a pilgrimage to a distant and far-famed shrine, arrived at Bourg, a town not far from Lyons, where she remained a few days at a castle in the depth of the forest.

This princess was not only a most important personage among the nobility of Europe, but was also an attractive and most charming young woman, full of grace and joyousness.

During her stay at the castle, one festivity followed another in her honor. Knights and lords vied with one another to obtain a favoring glance from her bright eyes, and the peasants looked upon her as a gracious being from Fairyland.

On Easter Monday, there was a great gathering in the plain beyond the forest to enjoy the day in disport of various kinds. New games and old were prepared for the general amusement.

The older peasants formed an archery club, having for their target a hogshead of wine; and the archer who was fortunate enough to pierce the cask had the right to enjoy a deep draught of the wine, treating all the members of his party to join in the potation.

Margaret, surrounded by the ladies of the neighboring castles, took part in the pleasures of the day.

A hundred eggs were scattered on the sand, and a bounty race was performed by a young couple holding each other by the hand.

It was the acknowledged custom in that part of the country that if the dance were performed without danger to the eggs, the couple were declared betrothed. Three times the trial was to be repeated, and any awkwardness was to be greeted with shouts of derision, but success was heartily applauded.

The princess was quite absorbed in watching this spectacle so new to her—when a horn resounded through the forest, and almost immediately appeared the handsome, young Duke Phillibert, of Savoy, accompanied by his train—some mounted on gaily-caparisoned steeds, some in rich equipages.

The prince alighted from his carriage, advanced, and bent his knee before the lady of the manor, entreating her hospitality. This being graciously accorded, the festivities proceeded with even more animation than before.

When the excitement was at the highest, it proved too much for Margaret's youthful enthusiasm.

"I would like to join in the dance also," she exclaimed.

Immediately Phillibert begged the honor of her hand, and led her forward.

"Austria and Savoy!" was the cry on all sides.

The two young people themselves, far from thinking of their noble rank and the dignity of their respective houses, were intent only on avoiding the scattered eggs.

Daintily Margaret advanced and retreated, scarcely seeming to touch the ground with the tips of her high-heeled shoes, and lightly extending her blue-satin petticoat, that it might not dip toward the eggs.

Fate favored the illustrious pair as it might the simplest peasants. The dance was successful, and Margaret, blushing with pleasure and lovelier than ever, placed her hand in that of the young duke, saying:

"Let us adopt the custom of the country."

He, no whit embarrassed, accepted her hand and all that it involved. And so they were affianced, and the poets of the country sang many a song in their honor.

EASTER, OLDEST OF CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS

Easter, which is being celebrated by Christian churches throughout the world, is the oldest of all of the festivals of the Christian calendar.

It antedates the observance of Christmas. For while Easter was observed from the very beginning of Christianity, nearly 2,000 years ago, it was not until the fourth century that the birthday of the Saviour began to be regularly celebrated.

Together with Christmas, Easter is classed by the instinctive religious beliefs of a large portion of the world's people as one of the banking features of the year.

Easter, which marks the resurrection of the Christian Saviour, had its beginning in the Jewish feast of the Passover.

"The first Christians, being descended from or intimately connected with the Jewish Church," says the church historian, "naturally continued to observe the Jewish festival, the spirit in a new spirit, as commemorative of events of which those had no knowledge. The Passover, symbolic of the thought of Christ as the true Paschal Lamb, the first fruits from the dead, continued to be celebrated and became the Christian Easter."

But while Easter is a continuation in Christian form of the Jewish Passover, early differences arose as to the precise day on which the festival should be observed. In the Jewish faith the Passover comes on a fixed day of the month; whereas the Christian believers for the earliest days assigned the Easter festival to a fixed day of the week, namely, Sunday, that being the first day of the week, and the day, according to the period upon which Christ rose from the dead.

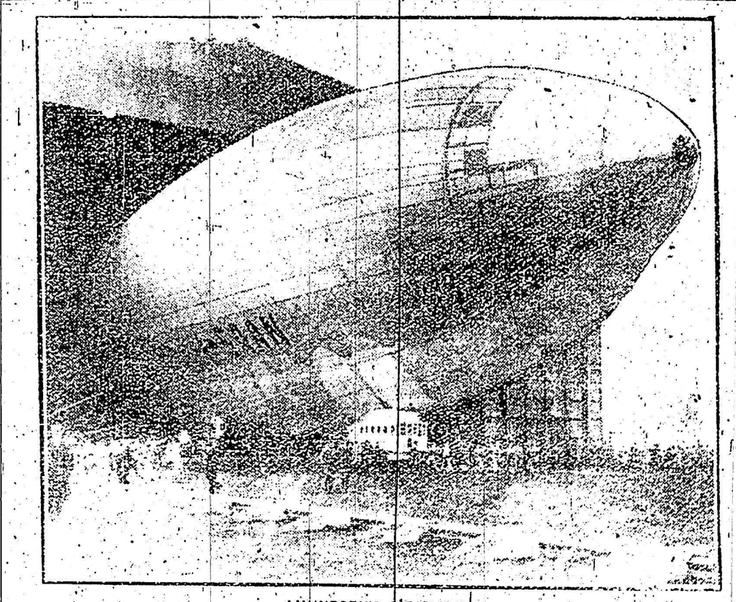
The differences, due largely to astronomical problems of a confusing character, continued until the year 325, when the Council of Nicea decreed that everywhere in Christendom Easter should be celebrated on the same day. It was not, however, until the adoption of the Gregorian calendar in 1582 that that decree was generally accepted, and even to this day in the churches of Russia and Greece, as well as in some of the Oriental churches, where the Gregorian or modern calendar has not been accepted, Easter falls sometimes before and sometimes after the date on which the festival is celebrated by the Western churches.

An Easter Treat for the Children.

Last Easter the youngsters of my sister's family begged for the pretty colored candy Easter eggs every time they went to town. We did not wish them to eat the cheap candies, so I promised them an Easter treat if they would agree not to tease for the candy novelties.

To make good my promise, the day before Easter I made a batch of little drop cakes and when they were cool I carefully hollowed out the centres, leaving only the shell. This shell I partially filled with decorated cocoanut, thus making an imitation straw nest. Inside the nest I put several candies made from confectioners' sugar and cream, molded in the shape of eggs and colored with fruit coloring.

Each child had a nest and besides there was a plate of fudge for all. The children were delighted with their treat. L. R.



AMUNDSEN'S DIRIGIBLE

The Italian craft, the Norge, built for Amundsen's North Pole expedit Rome, on its first trial flight. The Norge will fly across Switzerland, Polston, leaving the Campino airdrome, Spitzbergen, where it will be met by Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth nd, Sweden, Russia and Germany to