

JOEY'S EASTER LILY

Spring had come at last. Already the brown, bare earth was greening in the sunny glades; the pink buds were peeping forth in the orchards; the pussy willows nodding to the breeze, and a blue bird was thinking of making her nest in the old maple. Speckled Bird had clucked triumphantly out of the barn with a brood of downy chicks, and Aunt Hepsy was house-cleaning.

"About this time," said Aunt Hepsy's almanac, "look out for equinoctial storm;" and never, thought Joey Brooks—Aunt Hepsy's nephew—did almanac give wiser warning; for just before Easter the house-cleaning equinoctial struck Pine Hill farm and went through it like a cyclone.

Dust, rust and rubbish flew; every secret work of iniquity in the way of break or leak was brought to light, and Aunt Hepsy stormed and swept and scoured, and soiled until both she and Evira, her luckless help, were exhausted.

No wonder Joey took to the woods early on this April morning, fleeing from the wrath to come—for this "worthless vagabond," whom Miss Hepsy had taken from his widowed father "to do for," always come in on such occasions for a quadruple share of "nagging—nagging that Joey often found it hard to bear.

But there was a district school down in the hollow, with a sweet-faced teacher, who, to the country boy's simple mind, had sounded the heights and depths of human knowledge, and was altogether the best and dearest woman in the world.

School and Miss Mary's kind teaching were Joey's compensation for his hard lot, and he trod his line along Binford Creek this morning, listened to the notes of the bobolink, and searched for the shy blossoms of the arbutus, while Aunt Hepsy, with her thin wisp of hair skewered on top of her head, her skirts tucked up and soap and sand unlimited at command, was scouring and scrubbing as if her very life and soul were at stake.

"We'll take Joey's room first, Elvira, if the door isn't locked," decided Aunt Hepsy, pausing at the little barren chamber.

"He said you needn't mind," replied Elvira, briskly, "he'd clean it up himself."

"He'd clean it! Indeed! A nice clean it would be! I don't suppose his poor mother knew what house-cleaning was. Get the spare room key—that will unlock this—Land's sake! did ever any one see such a hole?" fairly gasped Aunt Hepsy, as the door flew open at her vigorous push and revealed the room within.

It was a boy's room emphatically, but such a room as a mother would have passed through with a tender touch on its treasures and a loving smile for the wholesome boyish taste thus revealed.

The narrow cot bed was neatly made, the tin basin and pitcher spotted and bright; but as for the rest!

"Sticks and stones, bugs and beetles!" exclaimed Aunt Hepsy, staring at the home-made shelves that held Joey's "collection." "Rabbit-skins drying on the wall, and, as I live, a hornet's nest! The house will be alive with moths and all kinds of crawling things. Of all the idle, good-for-nothing boys, that Joey Brooks takes the lead! Broken guns, fishing-rods, old clock wheels, and everything in creation that's no good! continued Aunt Hepsy, knocking down a "model" that poor Joey had been laboriously constructing during the long winter nights. "Did anyone ever see so much rubbish? Open the doors and windows, Elvira; fling all this trash out; sweep up everything!"

And Aunt Hepsy began work herself by tearing down a triumphal arch of merit cards, bearing Miss Mary's dainty signature, that decorated the mantel.

"Everything, ma'am?" said Elvira, who had a streak of human sympathy somewhere in her lony frame.

"Everything!" repeated Aunt Hepsy, firmly.

"Bless us! Look here, ma'am! What's this?" exclaimed Evira, as she flung open the window-sash, in obedience to her mistress's command.

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

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

But Elvira hesitated.

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

"Nonsense!" rejoined Aunt Hepsy, sharply. "Who wants flowers blooming in butter-crocks? And it's no great thing, anyway. Here, give it to me!"

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

Up from the rich, dark, glossy 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-censer breath of spring.

"I dunno," said Aunt Hepsy, hesitating for the first time in five and forty years of house-cleaning. "It won't do any harm out there. I reckon, and the butter-crock's cracked, and ain't good for much, anyhow. So let 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 string of shiners, carefully cleaned, on his fishing-pole, and a big bunch of arbutus, fresh in damp moss, in his hand. He stopped at the teacher'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 these are the flowers you were telling us 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.

"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 'vittles' 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 outbreak, 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 keeful. 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 hall 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 terrible 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 in 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 Hepsy 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.

"It's 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.

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 of her launches Swift on the tide of her shallop's glide Tallest One! Look through your branches!"

"She will bring shimmering green, She will veer 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 rookets beat Spring, on her dancing feet!"
—Henrietta Jewett Keith.



CHARMING PROCKS 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 bust) requires 3 yards 36 or 40-inch material; long sleeves 1/2 yard additional. Price 20 cents.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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 coffee, ten feet high and twice as long, in which was a charming variety of things, and a South African millionaire to his fiancée, contained a complete bridal outfit, several hundredweights of chocolates and confectionery, and a rich assortment of wedding gifts.

A Spring Walk.
I took a walk and quite alone, I went bent the April sky, I wasn't lonely, not a bit, And I will tell you why.
A little bird sweet called to me, The brook it sang a song, The grasses whispered soft and low, Just as I went along.
And on a branch close by the path, I didn't see them stir— The funny Pussycat Willows, sat, I almost heard them purr.
—Alix Thorn.

A LEGEND OF EASTER

BY AMY IOVELL.

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

At the beginning of the new year—which still opens in the East at the spring equinox—holiday is celebrated similar to our New Year's Day.

At this time of the renewing of the year, and of the whole aspect of 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 significance though they celebrate no longer the opening of the year, they still remind us of 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 left Flanders 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 hoghead of wine; and the archer who was fortunate enough to pierce the cork had the right to enjoy a deep draught of the wine, inviting 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 country dance 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 loverliness, 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.

perience 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 eleven remaining disciples more loyal or 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 to him and the other disciples, and declared that he must himself see 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 Thomas' as. Especially was this true in our day, when 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, 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?

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 guilt 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, 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?

A Great Difference. School Inspector (to class)—"Now, boys, can any of you tell me what is the difference between a collision and an explosion?"

Smart Boy—"In a collision there you are. In an explosion, where are you?"

Hot Cross-Buns. In pursuance of an old English custom, hot-cross buns are found on many tables on Good Friday. The buns have been immortalized in literature 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 shape by cutting 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 level tablespoonful 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 sufficient stiff-flour to form a stiff batter. Beat the batter hard, mix in half a cupful of cleaned 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 bread-board and knead, with the addition of extra flour and let it rise again until light. Then mold into round balls and set in rows in greased pans. Brush the buns with melted butter, sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and ground cinnamon and, with a sharp knife, make a very deep cross in the centre of each bun. Allow buns to rise, then bake until brown.

An Easter Treat for the Children. Last Easter the youngsters in my sister's family begged for the gaudily 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 desiccated coconut, 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 beside there was a plate of fudge for all. The children were delighted with their treat.—L. R.

Fully half the people convicted of crimes are under thirty years of age.