



A LEGEND of the EASTER CHILDREN

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 open-
ed 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
mer.
Some haunting sense, some happy
dream
Of singing birds, of daffodils,
Of olive branches, or the gleam
Of dew-shine on the Syrian hills.

One Flour for all Baking



A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

Bake what you will—bread, pies or cakes—you will get satisfactory results every time if you use Quaker Flour.

Quaker Flour is always of uniform quality. It is milled to a high standard, and tested hourly to maintain that standard. It is made entirely from the finest hard western wheat.

By actual daily tests in our own bake shop, Quaker Flour is proven the best for all baking purposes.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

It is easy to bake home-made bread the Quaker way. Write for our tested recipes. They will be mailed to you without charge.

STIVER BROS. Stouffville

Distributors

W. S. LAPP, Uxbridge

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 centerpiece. Fill the nest with Easter eggs (one for each child) and have a downy yellow chick emerging from an egg-shell 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."

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

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 diving,
For Easter bells so sweetly ring

The glory of our risen King.
Behold the stricken 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 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.

A DAY OF HOPE

der, 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 initials."

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.

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

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

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.

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 collicie 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,

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.

It pays to use
MARTIN-SENOUR WOOD-LAC STAIN
for Furniture—Floors & Woodwork
Write to Head Office Montreal for Free Booklet
HOME PAINTING MADE EASY
SOLD BY
SILVESTER BROS.
Stouffville Ont.

THE GREATER
Overland
OUR SHOW ROOMS just north of the former Todd Carriage Factory, is now fitted up, and we invite you to call and see the NEW MODEL OVERLAND CARS now on exhibition. Better still ask for a demonstration.
W. H. TODD
AGENT STOUFFVILLE
OVERLAND MODEL 91 IS \$710
TIRES AND TUBES

RAPID GROWTH
The rapid growth of dairy farming is clearly proven by government statistics. Add one or two more cows to your herd this summer and ship your cream to us. We have a well established and highly equipped creamery. Our experience given freely to our customers should be of value to you. We are not seeking experience at your expense, nor are we plunging in the dark, by looking for a market for an unknown brand of butter. Our six years of energy and our excellent equipment, and the backing of our many hundreds of shippers enables us to turn out a brand of butter that has established itself on the market, thus we have always ready sale for our output.
We have just increased our cream gathering facilities and will be able to cover even more ground and still give better service to our shippers, also to those who intend to start this summer. Phone us for information or call and see us.
Stouffville Creamery Co.
PHONE 18602
Also Agents for the DeLaval Separator