

EASTER FLOWERS.

The roses were the first to hear—
The roses trilled to the tomb;
Bring roses—hide the marks of spear
And cruel nails that sealed His doom
The lilies were the first to see—
The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The roses were the first to hear:
Ere yet the dark had dreamed of dawn,
The faintest rustle reached their ear;
They heard the napkin downward
drawn:
They listened to His breathing low;
His feet upon the threshold fall.
Bring roses—sweetest buds that blow,
His love the perfume of them all.

The lilies were the first to see:
They, watching in the morning gray,
Saw angels come so silently
And roll the mighty stone away;
They saw Him pass the portals' gloom;
He brushed their leaves—oh, happy
dew!
Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom,
His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear,
The lilies were the first to see;
Bring fragrant flowers from far and near
To match the Easter melody!
"Rabboni!" be on every tongue,
And every heart the rapture share
Of Mary, as she kneels among
The roses and the lilies fair!
—Clarence Urmey, in the Century.

MARIAN'S EASTER LILY.

BY MARY E. CULLINANE.

HERE, mamma,
I've lost the prize!
"I know," said Marian Ellwood,
bursting into the sitting-room one
bright sunny afternoon in Octo-
ber. "Alice Robbins won it, and
I will never forgive her, because
she told me last week I may as
well give up the contests as she
was sure I wouldn't obtain the prize.
I know Mary Brown of the senior
class must have helped her, and
that was not honorable, as the teacher
said we were not to receive help
from any body on our essays."

The contest in question was for
the best written essay on "Nature,"
and was to be entirely original. The
prize to be given was a volume of
Longfellow's poems, a much coveted
book by Marian, as she was very
fond of reading "Evangeline," and
now to see it slip from her was
indeed too much, really exasperating.
Always having received a high mark
for her essays, Marian was confident
in this case that her work excelled
any she had previously written. Alice
Robbins, too, was also a good
essayist, and the contest had been
supposed to be a tie between them.
But the judge in the matter had
pronounced in favor of Alice. All
this was very humiliating to Marian,
who was fully conscious of her own
ability, and who declared that evening
that she would be even with Alice yet.

Her mother, on the contrary, tried
to instill into her little daughter's
mind how beautiful it was to forgive
and forget, and how much better it
was to have that little inner voice
telling her, "You have done your
best," rather than have it constantly
repeating, "You have been dishonest,
Marian, and your essay belonged to
somebody else, not to you."

But Marian could not or would not
overcome her chagrin, and went to
bed that night in anything but an
enviable frame of mind, declaring to
herself over and over again that she
would never again speak to Alice
Robbins.

The next day she went to school,
her ill-humor having in no way
abated, and at recess obstinately
refused to speak to Alice, who, to
the surprise of Marian, did not seem
to be elated with her prize as it
would naturally be supposed she
would be under the circumstances.

The winter passed on and Easter
was fast approaching.
To meet it the girls were planning
for an entertainment to be held at
the school on Easter Monday night,
to which parents and friends were to
be invited. In the preparation the
girls were having a merry time, but
one thing alone jarred on their
thoughts, and that was the
difficulty between Alice and Marian.
These two girls

their well laid plan, entered the school
room chatting merrily. In their midst
was Marian, and they also expected
to find Alice in the room; but lo!
Alice, who was usually very punctual,
was not in her accustomed place
when the bell rang.

All the morning the girls wondered
what had happened to Alice. At last
word came to the teacher that she
was very ill with diphtheria. It was
very prevalent in the neighborhood
and great consternation prevailed
among the girls at the announcement,
for Alice, with all her short-comings,
was beloved by every scholar.

But how had Marian taken this
startling piece of news? Did a voice
whisper, "Now you are revenged;
she cannot eclipse you now at the
entertainment?"
No, the better nature of Marian
asserted itself on the instant, and a
great wave of sympathy stole over
her, and she uttered a short prayer
for Alice's recovery. Then she
vowed to herself that if Alice were
to be able to come to the entertain-
ment she, Marian, would procure for
the occasion the handsomest Easter
lily to be found, and present it to
her in atonement for her past harsh-
ness. At home she entreated of her
mother to be allowed to go to see
Alice, saying that she feared her
dear companion might die and
spend her Easter in heaven. To
this her mother sternly objected,
pointing out the risks her darling
would run of getting sick herself.

"I think, though, you might write
her a nice letter," her mother said,
"and ask her to forgive you."
And the next morning Marian did,
after listening to the church bells
from her open window, and how
happy Alice was when she received
the glad message. Crying with joy,
she made the resolution when she
ended its reading that she would
confess all, and give up the prize
which she had so dishonestly won,
and give it to Marian.
"Two days more, and it will be

EASTER EGGS IN MANY FORMS.

Dainty and Amusing Trifles With Which to Celebrate.

Easter has become almost equally
with Christmas in many families a
day of gladness and gift giving, and
while the custom should never be
allowed to become a cause of ex-
pense ill to be borne, it is quite
possible for everybody, high and
low, to bring a little good feeling
into the household by simple
remembrances all around.

Countless are the conceits and
none are elaborate. In the simpler
forms the eggs are swiftly colored
in rainbow hues with aniline dyes,
then daintily etched with a sharp-
pointed knife; or they are coated
with metallic paints; or they are
frosted with diamond dust. For
decorating by what ever method
the contents are either hard boiled
or the contents are blown by means
of a tiny hole at either end, and
then finished with narrow ribbons
for hanging.

But it is egg caricatures that delight



and amaze the little ones. The egg
is blown and the shell cleansed and
rubbed with benzine.
Figure 1 shows the general style
and features of two extremes—a
sage and a dunce. Success depends
upon the markings in sepia, which
are few, but striking. The eyes are
either blue

with characteristic "mortar board"
cap, or a dear, smiling baby in lace
frilled cap. The shell head is secured



OLD DAME GRUNDY.

ly glued to a support of several layers
of chamois or flannel.

EASTER TIDE.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death;
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

In the countless green blades of the
meadow
The sheen of the daffodil's gold,
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,
The opaline mist on the wood;
In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture,
The river's strong sweep to the sea,
Are signs of the day that is hastening
In gladness to you and to me.

So down in thy splendor of lilies,
Thy fluttering violet breath,
O jubilant morning of Easter,
Thou triumph of life over death!
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Hot Cross-Buns.

In England, especially in London,
small spiced and sweetened cakes are
sold during Lent. These are the
famous "hot cross-buns," the best of
which are made at Chelsea. Each one
is marked with a cross, hence its name.
Old-fashioned people used to eat
nothing the latter days of Lent except
a cup of coffee and a hot cross-bun
each morning; and a certain number of
these were always laid away carefully
throughout the year. They were said
to bring special blessings. On Good
Friday morning this cry may be heard
far and wide:

Two a penny bus,
One a penny bus,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross-buns.

Easter Games.

In some parts of England boys go
about begging eggs to play with. The
game consists in two boys holding one
egg each in the palm of the right hand
and striking them together. To the
boy holding the egg that resists the
shock belongs the spoils.

A game familiar to Americans with
the Easter eggs is the egg-rolling sport
on the lawn at the White House in
Washington.

In the Tyrolean Mountains bands of
children go about singing Easter
hymns and receiving in return for
their music baskets of eggs.

Easter Fast in Asia Minor.

In Asia Minor a fast is kept through
the whole of passion week, terminating
Easter morning, when all go to church
and listen to a long service. The
young men meet outside the church
and make a great noise firing off their
rifles and pistols. They then make a
large bonfire, at which an image represent-
ing Judas Iscariot is nailed to a
cross and burned. After this they re-
turn to their homes and breakfast,
the principal dish being red-colored eggs,
which they exchange with the words:
"Christ is risen."

A Substitute For Easter Eggs.

In Germany sometimes instead of
eggs at Easter an emblematic print is
occasionally presented. One of these
is preserved in the print room of
the British Museum. Three hens are
represented as upholding a basket,
in which are placed three eggs orna-
mented with representations illustra-
tive of the Resurrection; over the
center egg the "Agnus Dei," with a
chalice representing faith; the other
eggs bearing the emblem of charity
and hope.

President Kruger on Office-Seeking.

A good story of President Kruger is
told in an article on "Mining and
Politics in the Transvaal," in the
National Review. Some of the President's
young relations applied to him for
office. He considered awhile, and said:

"I can do nothing; for the high
offices of the State are in firm hands,
and for the little clerkships you are
too stupid."

An Easter Jingle.

With bits of stick and wisps of hay I've
made a little nest;
I've chosen from my Easter eggs the ones
that I like best;
And now I'll get the old white hen, and set
her on all safe,
So she'll hatch out some red and blue and
pink and yellow chicks.
—Harriet Brewster Sterling, in April 8,
Nicholas.

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY
PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

"Peace in the Soul" Is the Title of the
Rev. George H. Herworth's Sermon,
Preached in the New York Herald's
Column—An Address by Dr. L. Moody.

"For the Kingdom of God is joy and
peace."—Romans xiv., 17.

The Bible is the most practical book in
the world. There is very little theology in
it—not as much as some people think—but
a great many inspired bits of advice as to
the conduct of every day life, as though
the writer loved the men and women who
would read his words and was actuated by
no other motive than to help them over
rough places. For this reason the Book
has maintained its hold on mankind. It is
friendly, kindly and encouraging, a book
not to be read through at a sitting, but
to be taken up at odd times and glanced
at just as you would look at a handful of
jewels for a moment and then put them
away.

I have noticed that it makes many, very
many references to peace and joy—not the
peace of a nation, that busy peace in which
we compete for personal gain, but the
peace of the heart, which creates content-
ment and keeps the soul in poise and
equilibrium; the peace which makes a man
feel that everything will come out right in
the end because nothing can go wrong
when God is guiding our affairs. It is
once spoken of in very extreme lan-
guage as "the peace that passeth under-
standing," like the peace which a sensitive
soul enjoys when it gazes on a magnificent
landscape, or like that which the joy of
music has when he is listening to some
superb orchestra, or like that which a mother
has when she is sitting by the cradle of
her first-born, a peace that refuses to be
analyzed, but is so deep and strange that
no one can describe it to a person who has
not felt it.

I am talking to myself as well as to you
when I say that we could get a great deal
more out of life if we were more peaceful.
We expend too much energy on trivial
things, things so unimportant that it does
not matter greatly how they go. We allow
ourselves to be disturbed by small matters,
whereas the soul is big enough to look on
them with indifference. We keep ourselves
in a condition of nervous tension, which is
not simply hurtful to the body but equally
so to the spiritual nature. Body and soul
are so closely related that over excitement
of the one seems to throw the other off its
balance. You and I cannot be at our best
until we are tranquil in heart with that
quietude of tranquility which rests on the firm
basis of faith that the angels of God are
looking after our interests and trying to
persuade us to take the right road to heaven.
There is just an atom of insanity in us, and
when we grow restless that atom is fanned
into a flame. The truly sane man is the
quiet souled man. I say, therefore, since
Christianity teaches a man to be quietest,
that the Christian religion will both make
us sane and keep us so.

When crossing the ocean recently our
ship ran into a storm. The sea was very
rough, the fog closed in on all sides, and
we had an uncomfortable time. The waves
were in an ugly mood, and on two or three
occasions swept the deck. I enjoyed it as
little as did the other passengers and should
have been grateful for a ray of sunshine.
But that was not to be thought of. Suppose
I had taken on myself the responsibility
of the situation. The captain was on the
bridge night and day, but suppose I
had allowed myself to wonder whether he
knew his business, and had offered him
advice as to the conduct of the vessel. Would
that have allayed the tempest, would it
have stilled the troubled waters, would it
have kept the ship from rolling un-
easily? I should not only have done no good,
but should have interfered to my own
detriment. My duty was to keep on my feet
as best I could, not to go beyond my province
as a passenger, to bear in mind that the
captain had passed safely through a thou-
sand such storms and was showing no
anxiety about this one. If I had faith in
the master of the craft there was no need
to be afraid. Any doubt as to his ability
would at once create havoc of mind and
body. My duty was to keep still and to
leave the captain to do what he thought
well in a few hours.

Now the spiritual difficulty we encounter
in our lives is this subtle suspicion that
after all there may not be a God, or, if
there is, that He is not equal to the emer-
gency. That faintest of all doubts is the
foundation of our religious restlessness.
We may as well face this fact and
govern ourselves accordingly. The man
who does not cheerfully meet as fate has
a lurking doubt of God's existence. He
may deny it to others, but he must needs
admit it to himself. He may accept the
longest creed that was ever written and be
orthodox in all the details of his profes-
sion, but if you could find your way into
his heart of hearts you would discover that
his faith in God is a social or ecclesiastical
luxury, and as such is worth very little.

Did Christ have any doubt that a legion
of angels would minister unto Him in His
necessity? Can you conceive of Him as
sitting at the window of His friend's house
on the night before the crucifixion, and
wondering if He could go through the
next day's experience? On the contrary,
He was self-possessed, even cheerful, and
if the opportunity to avoid the cross
had been offered He would not have
accepted it. He knew that the Father was
there, that the Father would be with Him,
and that the thrust of nails could not pain
Him so much as a doubt of that Father's love.

We cannot follow that example except in
a far-off way. He said, "The gift is done
without a tremor, but we can say it with a
tremor. The highest excellence is repose,
truthful repose of soul, but you cannot be
self-possessed until you know that you are
possessed of God. The essence of religion
is the soul's consciousness that as its day
shall be its strength; that God and you
can do anything and bear anything. After
that you will be at peace, quietest and
acquiescent. He who has hold of God's
hand and knows it is the most cheerful
soul this side of Heaven."
—George H. Herworth.

DWIGHT L. MOODY SPEAKS.

Address by the Evangelist at a Crowded
Meeting in New York.

Dwight L. Moody has been holding a
series of crowded meetings in New York.
The following account is from one of the
famous evangelist's addresses there:

"In Luke xiv., 10 is the keynote of this
whole meeting. 'The Son of Man is come
to seek and save that which is lost.' Even
now I am cast down. A life-long friend
has come to me saying that his health is
lost and that it is only a question of time
when he passes away. I am sad, I say, yet
he has the promise of a beautiful life here-
after. Some friend of yours has lost his
wealth, is reduced in life. You sympathize
with him, I sympathize with him. And yet
with all this misfortune there is a hope for
a better life."
—To-day I passed the eye infirmary, across
from where I am staying, where I am told

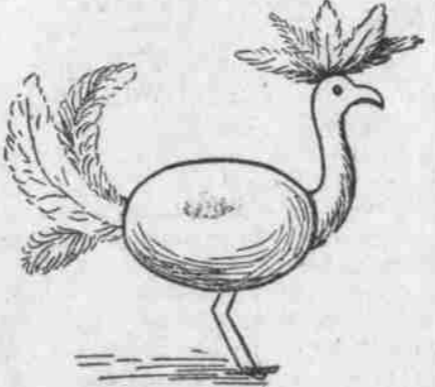
SHARK CATCHERS DROWNED.

Four Japanese Lose Their Lives in the
Surf in an Exciting Hunt.

Four Japanese fishermen were drowned
near Pacific Grove, Cal., while harpooning
sharks. Japanese catch sharks for oil,
which nets twenty-five cents a gallon. Two
boats went out, with three men in one and
four in the other. The boats were lashed
together with cross pieces so that they
would better withstand the tugs of
sharks when harpooned. A school of white
sharks appeared early in the afternoon,
and one fully twenty-five feet long,
harpooned. Instead of rushing out to sea
as wounded sharks usually do, this one
made for the shore and dragged the boats
into the surf. Four huge rollers were en-
countered and capsized the boats. Three
men in one of the boats reached shore. The
others were drowned.



stiff underskirt, or she may be sus-
pended by a string running from the
body through the head.
A right jolly little fellow can be
modeled from figure 4. His body and
head are egg shells. These are joined
by slipping the splint with a stringing
to the body shell and extending the
cord up through the head. Features
are painted in grotesque expression.
The hair is of cotton, arms and limbs
of pasteboard. The whole is painted
a brilliant red with trimmings in gold.
Pen wipers for folder children are
made by decorating ordinary eggshells
like heads. Effective models are those
of a sweet faced nun, a pretty student.



A NAMELESS BIRD.

Sweet presence of our risen Lord,
Brood over us to-day
And let us feel the living word
Thy wondering disciples heard
Along Emmaus's way.

Receptive hearts give Thou to each,
Nor let our eyes be blind
To find the lessons Thou wouldst teach
On Life's rough highway, in our reach,
And take them as we find.
—Jennie Thomson-Hiles.

Easter Monday. How happy I am,"
exclaimed Marian Ellwood excitedly,
as she waved a small envelope over
her head. "I have just received this
note from Alice Robbins, and she
says the doctor told her yesterday
that she would be well enough to
come to our entertainment."

Alice and Marian had at last become
fast friends. The old love for each
had returned once more. Alice had
confessed everything; she had told
how Mary Brown, being in a senior
class had written her essay for her,
and that she in turn had copied it,
and passed it on to the teacher as her
own. For all this she begged of
Marian to take the book. It was her
due, she said, but Marian was too
loyal to her friend to hear of such a
thing. Both attended the entertain-
ment together and it passed off
pleasantly. After it was over Marian
presented Alice with a magnificent
Easter lily. It was a token of love
and forgiveness, she said, and it
proved, as the years went on, a sym-
bol of pure, true friendship, which,
it is safe to say, will last with each
for the other until death.—Boston Bou-
quet.

An Easter Custom Abroad.

In Bavaria and the German Catholic
countries there is a custom similar to
that of Italy of taking baskets of food
to the churches to receive the priestly
benediction. The bottom of the basket
is covered with a white linen cloth on
which are laid a freshly boiled smoked
ham, some hard-boiled colored eggs,
a piece of horseradish, salt, pepper,
etc. The servant girl or the daughter
of the house carries this to the church
to be blessed by the priest during
early mass. On their return the
breakfast table is laid with the con-
tents of the basket and the family part-
ake of a hearty breakfast, eating first
a small piece of horseradish to stimulate
the appetite. No other food is touched
until that which has been consecrated
is all eaten, not a crumb being allowed
to be wasted—even the eggshells are
conscientiously burned. Many are
superstitious enough to believe that
eggs laid on Monday and Thursday
have certain healing qualities.

The Irish Prefix "Ogga."

The prefix "Ogga" before so many of
the names of Irish families is an ab-
breivation of the "ogha," meaning
grandchild.