



JUST OUT OF THE EGG.—AN EASTER OPENING.—DRAWN BY RENE VALETTE.

AN EASTER OPENING.

These sketches were all done from life by M. Rene Valette, the well-known Parisian painter. They represent the grotesque appearance and attitudes of some of our familiar feathered friends as they make their debuts upon the stage of life—that is to say, just as they step out of the egg. Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive are devoted to the common chicks, those fussy little creatures that go picking and cheeping about, shaking their downy plumage, and at the slightest alarm scurrying for protection to the sheltering wings of the maternal hen. The next four sketches show little ducks at the same interesting period of existence. No. 10 is a young heron, who as yet scarcely does with his long neck, legs and owl (Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14) with his goggle eyes and abundant wings as wise and dignified even in infancy. In 15, 16, 17 and 18 the scraggy fledgeling crow, with his ever-open beak offers a fine contrast to the worms. No. 19 is a baby chaffinch, while 20, 21 and 22 portray the too-common sparrow. Then we have the woodpecker (23), the fauvel (24), a pair of starlings (25), and, finally, a very distressful-looking little creature (26) which the artist assures us is a tomtit.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XV.—(Continued.)

"Now make believe start somewhere, 'n' mebbe he'll get ahead 'n' put you on the right track."  
Miss Vilda did as she was told, and Rags followed close at her heels.  
"Gorry! I never see sech a fool!—or wait,—I'll tell you what's the matter with him. Mebbe he ain't sech a fool as he looks. You see, he knows Timothy wants to run away and don't want to be found 'n' clapped into a 'sylum, 'n' nuthor does he.

And not bein' sure o' your intentions, he ain't a-goin' to give hisself away; that's the way I size Mr. Rags up!"

"Nice doggy, nice doggy!" shuddered Miss Vilda, as Rags precipitated himself upon her again. "Show me where Timothy is, and then we'll go back home and have some nice bones. Run and find your little master, that's a good doggy!"

It would be a clever philosopher who could divine Rags's special method of logic, or who could write him down either as fool or sage. Suffice it to say that, at this moment (having run in all other possible directions, and wishing, doubtless, to keep on moving), he ran round the wood-pile; and Miss Vilda following close behind, came upon a little figure stretched on a bit of gray blanket. The pale face shone paler in the moonlight; there were traces of tears on the cheeks; but there was a heavenly smile on his parted lips, as if his dream-mother had rocked him to sleep in her arms. Rags stole away to Jabe (for even mixed dogs have some delicacy), and Miss Vilda went down on her knees beside the sleeping boy.

"Timothy, Timothy, wake up!"

No answer.

"Timothy, wake up! I've come to take you home!"

Timothy woke with a sob and a start at that hated word, and seeing Miss Vilda at once jumped to conclusions.

"Please, please, dear Miss Vildy, don't take me to the Home, but find me some other place, and I'll never, never run away from it!"

"My blessed little boy, I've come to take you back to your own home at the White Farm."

It was too good to believe all at once. "Nobody wants me there," he said hesitatingly.

"Everybody wants you there," replied Miss Vilda, with a softer note in her voice than anybody had ever heard there before. "Samantha wants you, Gay wants you,

and Jabe is waiting out here with Maria, for he wants you."

"But do you want me?" faltered the boy.

"I want you more than all of 'em put together, Timothy; I want you and I need you most of all," cried Miss Vilda, with the tears coursing down her withered cheeks; "and if you'll only forgive me for hurtin' your feelin's and makin' you run away, you shall come to the White Farm and be my own boy as long as you live."

"Oh, Miss Vildy, darling Miss Vildy! are we both of us adopted, and are we truly going to live with you all the time and never have to go to the Home?" Whereupon, the boy flung his loving arms round Miss Vilda's neck in an ecstasy of gratitude; and in that sweet embrace of trust and confidence and joy, the stone was rolled away, once and forever, from the sepulchre of Miss Vilda's heart, and Easter morning broke there.

(To be Continued.)

APRIL FOOL.

BY PANSY.

Silly boys! Sillier on the first day of April than any other day of the whole year. Bent on having something that they called "fun!" On their way home from school, looking about them, right and left, for mischief, they spied Dick Wheeler's old black leather satchel.

"Hurrah!" said Aleck, the oldest and wildest of them; "here's fun! If here isn't Dick's satchel that he carries on his arm, as if it was full of gold dust. He must be gone into the market; let's pry it open and take out whatever is inside—doughnuts as likely as not—then we can fill up the sachel with something else, and April fool him."

"What can we put in?" the others said, gathering around.

"Onions," said one. "Sand," said another. "Molasses," said the brilliant boy who had the name of being the "cutest" fellow in school.

I hope you see how much his cuteness amounted to.

"It will run out," objected young Tommy Jones, who occasionally acted as though he had brains.

"What if it does! Be all the funnier to see it drip, dripping. I say, won't it be rich to stand here and see him dip his hand into it! He'll go to looking the first thing, for what was in his satchel, when he finds it is open."

By this time it was open. And it was rather stupid to find that there was nothing in it, after all, but long sheets of thick, stiff paper, closely written, some of them folded, and some of them not.

"Whatever are these?" Aleck said, looking puzzled. "What does little Dick do for a living, anyhow?"

Nobody knew. He was a new boy, who passed the school regularly at certain hours of every day, always with this satchel on his arm. The boys gave very little attention to the papers, except to each take one, to flourish around little Dick's ears when he should have dipped his astonished hand into the molasses.

Then two of them went across the street to the grocer's to get a quart of molasses, and borrowed a pitcher to put it in, felling the clerk that they forgot to bring one from home.

It wasn't true, to be sure, but then you know it was April fool day, and, for some strange reason, there are people who think it isn't wicked to lie—on that day.

Back came the boys with their molasses, and with much glee it was poured into the satchel.

The whole performance was carried out just as they planned. Unsuspecting Dick ran around a corner after his satchel, was astonished and alarmed to find it open, dived his hands in to see if the precious papers were safe, and drew them quickly forth again—molasses dripping from every finger—amid the wild shouts of the delighted scamps, who flourished the yellow looking papers about his ears, and danced, and yelled like a party of Indians, just in from camp. It was extremely funny, wasn't it? No wonder they were delighted and proud of their wit and wisdom when they could produce such great results as these.

But there are two sides to every story. This was the beginning of the "April fool." What a pity that the four boys

should have been so busy yelling, that they had no eyes for a tall gentleman, just across the street from them, who stopped and looked at them very carefully for as much as a minute, then went backward a few steps, and talked with another tall man who wore a long coat with gilt buttons on it.

The two gentlemen crossed the street, and the one in blue coat and brass buttons laid his hand on Aleck Stone's arm before one of them saw him. Then they greeted him.

"Jolly!" said Aleck, turning quickly to see who had him by the sleeve. But he did not speak as though he thought it was very jolly.

"My land!" said Tommy Jones, as if that had anything to do with it. One of the others whistled "Yankee Doodle" very softly, and they all stood still and waited for what came next.

"What is going on here?" said the policeman, in that calm voice which is so terrible to hear at such a time as this. "Whose satchel is this, boys, and what have you been doing with it?"

"It is only Dick Wheeler's old satchel," Aleck explained, eagerly; "and we have only been having a little fun, because you see it is April-fool day."

"Yes, I see it is," the policeman said, still speaking in that quiet voice; "and I see some boys who have been April-fooled. This is not Dick Wheeler's old satchel at all. It happens to belong to Judge Markham. Now what is all this stuff on these papers? Molasses! I declare. Whew! You are deeper fooled than I thought. Well, Judge Markham, what will you have done with them?"

It is a pity that we haven't the pictures of the four boys as they stood with woe-begone faces and sticky fingers, eying the judge.

"Well," he said, slowly, "it is a troublesome business. Those papers are spoiled, you see. So is the satchel, for that matter. They ought to go to jail for a while till they get a little common sense. But seeing they are only 'fools' according to their own account, we will have to let them off, I think, by paying the damage. That satchel is spoiled, but I won't be hard on you, boys. I'll throw that in; it cost me twelve dollars to get those papers copied and put in order, and that you will have to pay."

Twelve dollars! and they hadn't twelve cents to their names. April-fool boys are the kind who hardly ever have any money in their pockets.

Their fathers every one said that the boys must earn every cent of the money, and stuck to it; I am not sure they knew Judge Markham called on the fathers and advised that, and did not charge any fee for his advice, but such is the case.

The potatoes that were dropped, and the weeding that was done, and the water that was brought, and the cows that were driven to pasture, before each boy had three dollars to give to Judge Markham, would make your backs ache to think of, much more to do it all.

Finally, there came a day when the boys were going a-Maying; they did not live in that part of the world where it is as likely to snow on the first day of May as to do anything else; they lived where there was actually a chance to set up a May-pole and frolic around it, and have a good time; so the first day of May came to our four boys, and they were invited to the May party.

(To be Continued.)

THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine;  
I felt in the sunlight a softening shine,  
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard  
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;  
And the bursting buds and the springing grass  
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;  
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod,  
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love divine,  
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;  
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave  
Were riven, that living, Thy life might save.  
But blind and wayward, I could not see,  
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me,  
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,  
Had no fair chamber to take Thee in.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ divine,  
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;  
Cleansc, till the desolate place shall be  
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.  
Reign, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,  
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest,  
While Thou art in me, and in Thee I abide,  
What end can there be to the Easter-tide?

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.