



JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

## A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

Why do all the flowers rejoice  
On Easter morning early?  
See, they bloom on all the hills,  
Breaking through the tender green!  
Windflowers shake their bells of snow,  
Violets fringe the laughing rills,  
Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,  
Dandelion's golden sheen  
Wakens at the robin's voice  
In the dawnlight pearly.  
Ah! the sweet world surely knows  
Christ, the Flower of earth, arose  
On Easter morning early!

Why are little children glad  
On Easter morning early!  
When the first sweet morning light  
Blushes through the shadowy gray,  
Open myriad happy eyes;  
Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,  
Like dew-laden lilies rise:  
Hearts that harbour nothing sad,  
Soaring, track his heavenly way  
In the dawnlight pearly.  
Sing, O children! all earth knows  
Christ, the children's King, arose  
On Easter morning early!

## WHY JOHNNY STAYED AT HOME.

JOHN GRYMES, the carpenter, was hard at work in his shop, one bright winter day, when he heard a fumbling at the door.

"That's my man Johnny," said the carpenter with a smile, laying down his plane and going to turn the door-knob.

Sure enough, it was Johnny. "Father," said the small man, "mayn't I go to see the parade?"

"What parade, little man?"

"Why, the George Washington parade, father; didn't you know it was his birthday? And the soldiers are going to march on horses, and have drums and red sashes. Please, father, can't I go?"

"Look here, John Grymes No. 2," said the carpenter, "what does mother say about this parade?"

Johnny's face fell. "Mother was going to take me," he said; "but she's got sick, and can't go, and she says the horses will get scared at the drum, and march over me; but I know they won't, and please let me go father?"

"Come in the shop a while," said the carpenter; and he lifted Johnny up on the end of his work-bench, while he took up his plane again.

"I was reading about George Washington last night, Jack," said his father, "in a big book full of pictures. I think I'll give you that book to-day, because it's George Washington's birthday."

"All right," cried the boy, forgetting the parade for a minute. "Has it stories in it, father?"

"Lots of them. One story says that when George Washington was a boy, he wanted to be a sailor-soldier; and his big brother got him a place, and a sword, and a sash, and brass buttons on his coat, and put money in his pocket, and told he might go. But he didn't go."

"Why didn't he go?" demanded Johnny. "If I had a big brother, and a sash, and a sword, and brass buttons, I'd be a soldier right quick to-day."

"He didn't go," continued the carpenter, "because his mother didn't want him to go."

The shavings fell on the floor with a soft, rustling sound; but no other sound was heard, and when the carpenter stopped his work and looked up, Johnny was gone; but not to the parade.

## LET JESUS IN.

LITTLE Charlie had listened very attentively while his father read at family worship the third chapter of Revelation; but when he repeated that beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me," he could not wait until his father had finished, but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry,—

"Father, did he get in?"

I would ask the same question of every child: Has the Saviour got into your heart? He has knocked again and again—is knocking now. Open your heart and bid him welcome, and this will be the happiest day of your life.

## THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

JIMMY was very much excited, for Uncle James had brought him a wonderful whistle that could play a little tune, if you knew how to put your fingers on the right holes.

Little Cousin Bertie stood for an hour listening to Jimmy playing on the wonderful whistle, and looking very wistful.

When he went home, he ran to his mother, and began to cry.

"Why, what is the matter with my Bertie?" asked she.

"Jimmy's got a new whistle that makes pretty music, and I haven't any at all. He wouldn't let me blow it a bit, 'cause he said I'd spoil it. I want one, I do."

"What's that?"

said brother Henry. "A whistle is wanted. Well, sir, if that's all, you shall have dozen whistles, if you like. I'm the fairy that can turn a willow wand into a whistle for you with a few waves of a jack-knife. Come on with me to Willow Brook, and see how fast brother can make whistles for you."

Bertie had great faith in his kind, big brother; so he dried his tears, smiled with pleasure, and trotted happily along with Henry to the brookside. He watched eagerly the skilful cuts that transformed willow stick into a whistle. At last Henry handed Bertie the finished whistle.

"Now, try that, little man, and see you can make a noise."

Bertie blew, and a soft, clear note ran out. Bertie's delight was pretty to see.

In a few minutes he was back at Cousin Jimmy's, whom he found crying over his broken toy.

"Never mind, Jimmy," said little Bertie. "you may have my whistle, 'cause my Henry will make me all I want. I tell you, it's splendid to have such a brother. He can do just everything 'most."

Henry did make both boys half a dozen whistles apiece, although he lost a base ball game to do it. The happy faces of the little boys fully paid him for his sacrifice.

NEVER neglect to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.



EASTER LILIES.