

BIDDY FOUND
LUCKETT.

Hart's woods
is a nest. The
It is just the
you ever saw.
low hen, made up
of chicks would be
in there was such
them in. So she
in morning until
t without a single
d not even come
she grew quite

want a family o
garden, and she
plainly, and ever
dshed and pulled
y her tail.
e Mrs. Biddy fin
d like an old lad

Hart went into th
Biddy looking a
uld be. As Mrs.
en uttered a low
reamed:

off!" Just the
d out from unde
not the head of

y up quickly, ev
her sharply, as
four little blin
ubbing their lit
r, and screaming
Mrs. Biddy, wit
d wrong side o
turns.

A mother cat that h
ngry cries of h
nto the shed. A
n flew into a gre
vagely. They h
while, puss spitt
paws, and the b
sharp beak. Ho
no one can tell
ght Mrs. Biddy
out, and shut t
in peace with

Hart was up
woodshed. There
Mrs. Puss with
efully in the m
dled away snu
cepting one wh
kit that was ro
s, Biddy's back.
em to feel entir
so she soon car
Hart's kitchen,
rner, where she
d never find th
s was lonely ind
ed and clucked m
as if trying to c
; but as they did
nd went back to
d, hoping, perh
of babies, some
S.S. Times.

THE FIRST EASTER.

BY JESSIE W. H. AMES.

It was at the first gray peep of dawn,
Ere yet the sun in glory dight
Rose, clothed in splendour like a king,
To give once more the dark world light.

The dew lay glistening on the grass,
The wind was not yet waked from rest;
Silent and still the blue sea lay,
Silent the bird upon her nest.

Silent the whole fair garden slept,
Not yet awake from night's repose;
The still, blue air was fresh and sweet
With mist that from the dewdrops rose.

But one poor woman waited there,
Weeping beside a tomb's darl. door;
Deep were the sobs that shook her frame.
And eyes were dim, and heart was sore.

Unbraided flowed the golden hair
That once the Saviour's feet had
pressed;
And deepest sable was the robe
That rested on her throbbing breast.

Once, twice, into the empty tomb
She looked, with tear-stained, anxious
eyes,
Hoping to see him her soul loved
Out of its dim, damp darkness rise.

A bird, up in its lofty nest,
Sang—oh, how gay and full of glee!
A faint breeze swept across the land,
And woke the ripples on the sea.

A soft blush deepened in the sky,
The coming of the dawn was near,
And, one by one, on every side
The signs of life once more appear.

Into the garden's sacred walk
A man has come with footsteps slow;
Careless his soft eyes wander round,
Then rest upon this form of woe.

And she, the poor heart-broken one,
Hears the footfall, and lifts her head;
"Tis but the gardener" who comes
To tend this "city of the dead."

Beside the mourner's bended form
He stops; again she lifts her head:
As in low tones, "Why weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou, sad one?" he said.

"Oh, they have borne away my Lord!
Good sir, thus far give me thy aid—
If it is thou who bore him hence,
Tell me, I pray, where he is laid.

"I came with spices, rich and rare,
Long, long before the rise of dawn;
Within this tomb I saw him laid;
I sought him, and I found him gone."

The soft light deepened in his eye,
A happy smile passed o'er his face,
A wind that seemed to sigh with joy,
Made music in the sacred place.

A thrill of joy passed through her breast,
A veil seemed lifted from her eyes;
Fair as a lily kissed with dew
She saw her Lord before her rise.

Once more his voice, so heavenly sweet,
Did music to her ears afford;
"Mary!" She turned herself, and said:
"Rabboni, Master, risen Lord!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men—
Isa. 53. 3.

Titles and Golden Texts should be
thoroughly learned.

1. J. A. at B. - - - She hath done—
2. The T. E. - - - Blessed is he that—
3. G. S. J. - - - - We would see—
4. C. S. the P. - - - What think ye—
5. P. of the T. V. - Watch therefore; for
6. P. of the T. - - - So then every one—
7. The L's S. - - - This do in—
8. J. in G. - - - - Not my will,—
9. J. B. - - - - - The Son of man is—
10. J. and C. - - - Thou art the Christ,
11. J. and P. - - - - I find no—
12. J. C. and B. - - - Christ died for—

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON I. [April 7.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

Luke 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—
1 Cor. 15. 20.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What had Jesus told the disciples?
That on the third day he should rise
again. What did the Jews do? They put
soldiers to watch the tomb. Who came to
the tomb early Sunday morning? Why
did they bring sweet spices? What sur-
prised them? To find the stone rolled
away. What grieved them? That the
body of Jesus was gone. Whom did they
see at the tomb? What did the angels
tell them? What were they told to do?
What does the resurrection mean to us?
That we, too, shall rise some day.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson story. Luke
24. 1-12.
- Tues. Read what Mark says about it.
Mark 16. 1-8.
- Wed. Find what Mary said to the angels.
John 20. 13.
- Thur. Learn how the tomb was opened.
Matt. 28. 1-4.

- Fri. Learn the glad truth of the Golden
Text.
- Sat. Read what Jesus said to Mary.
John 20. 15, 16.
- Sun. Find who know the voice of Jesus.
John 10. 1-6.

FALSE SHAME.

Willie was ashamed. He hung his head
and blushed. A rude boy had laughed
at him and said, "Oh, you're a church
member!"

At night Willie's mother told him some
stories about Paul, and he said—
"I like him; he was brave."

Then his mother opened the Bible and
read what Paul wrote about not being
ashamed of the Gospel.

"I am sorry I was ashamed," said
Willie. "I will hold up my head next
time as bravely as Paul did."

THE WORM IN THE TREE.

There was once a beautiful garden in
which stood a tall tree. This tree was
also beautiful, as it was full of leaves,
which hung gracefully.

One day the gardener spied a worm not
more than an inch or two long, crawling
upon its trunk and pecking away at the
bark.

A gentleman near by told him that if
he did not kill that little worm it would
kill the tree. But the gardener did not
really believe that a worm so small could
hurt so great a tree, and took no pains to
destroy him, and the worm kept at work.

So time went on. The next year it was
noticed that the leaves of the tree com-
menced to die very early at the top, and
all the leaves fell off much earlier than
those of the other trees. And at the end
of the next season the tree was dead.
That great tree was killed by that little
worm. He bored straight into the heart
of that tree, and kept at it until the life
was all gone. That only illustrates what
sin does for people. The leaves became
dead and dropped off because there was a
worm in the heart of the tree.

When you see people do what they
ought not it is because sin, like a worm,
is in the heart. I saw two boys quarrel-
ling, and one struck the other a hard blow.
He did not strike him because the hand
that struck him was bad, but because the
heart had sin in it. Sin in the heart
makes people do bad things. I heard a
boy say a bad word to his mother. He
did not say it because his tongue was bad,
but because sin in his heart made his
tongue say the bad word. The bad word
came out just as the leaves fall off the
tree.

Unless the worm could be got out of
the tree there was no hope for the tree. It
must die. And unless sin be taken from
the heart it will kill us. With it in the
heart we can never go to heaven to live
with God and holy angels.

Only God can destroy sin in the heart.
If we go to him and ask him in faith he
will destroy sin, and thus we may be kept
from doing wrong.