

AT EASTER TIME.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

The little flowers came up through the ground

At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around.

At happy Easter time;
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say.
At happy Easter time!"

The pure white lily raised its cup.
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocuses to the sky looked up.
At happy Easter time.

and when Ben looked at the hill below the house he said there was plenty for coasting, and brought out his own and Marjory's sleds.

At the sight of them Marjory clapped her hands, "I do so love to coast," then she stopped, for she remembered that there were only the two small sleds, and if she and Ben used them Harold would have none. "You must take my sled, Harold," she added.

"But what will you do?"

"Oh, I can coast all winter, and you can't."

"No," said Ben, "keep your sled, he shall have mine."

Harold shook his head. "We've no

"and if Harold hadn't been here to need a sled we wouldn't have thought of it."

WHAT IS HOPE?

Two little girls, we are told, were once asked the question, "What is hope?"

One of them replied: "Hope would be like a butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy little thought that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"My hope," said the other one, "is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places."

The second little girl surely had the truer idea of what hope really is. Hope is a gift from God, and it comes into our



THE LAST SUPPER.

"We'll hear the song of heaven!" they say.

"Its glory shines on us to-day:
O, may it shine on us always.

At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago.

That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow.

At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day:
For Christ is risen, the angels say.
At blessed Easter time!"

A COASTING PARTY.

It was a fine change for Harold to go from his home in the city, out to Uncle John's in the country, for his vacation.

His cousins, Marjory and Ben, were as glad to have him come, and every day was full of pleasure. Soon a snowfall came,

place to coast in the city, and if we had, the police wouldn't let us, and I might make a mess of it if I tried."

"Not much," answered Ben, "we've shared all our fun together and we will this," and he turned and ran into the yard where his father was.

"It's all fixed," he cried, rushing back. "Papa says he will help us make the sleds into a 'double runner,' and then we can all ride."

With Uncle John to help, the "double runner" was soon ready. "Ladies first," and Harold turned to Marjory.

Quickly they were in their places, Marjory with the guiding lines held fast in her mittened hands; Ben next, his legs stuck stiffly out in case a brake be needed; and Harold holding fast behind. Then there was a little crunch of the snow, and away they went. "My, doesn't this 'double runner' go fine?" shouted Ben,

lives to brighten us, and make us more fit for the heaven above.

We have hope through our Lord Jesus Christ. If he had not come to save us, there would have been no hope for us, either in this world or in the next, but since he has died for us, and has risen again from the dead, we have the glorious hope, through his precious blood, of entering into his kingdom above.

Mrs. Joan Sherwood, in a lecture at Elmira College, said: "Sometimes when I go shopping I think there are more ladies behind the counters than in front of them. When I see a luxurious customer wear out a poor pale saleswoman with her insufficiently considered wants, and then go away after buying nothing, to proceed to the next shop to do the same thing again, I think the real lady is behind the counter."