

Easter Offerings

Bessie's Easter gift was to be a beautiful spray of white lilies. She was on her way to the church, and at the proper time, during the children's Easter service that afternoon, she would go up to the altar, with the others of her class, and place her spray of lilies in the cross that was to receive a flower, or cluster of flowers, from each child. She had started from home early, for mother had asked her to stop at the rectory and tell Mrs. Mansfield, the rector's wife, that she would call for her in time for the afternoon service.

'I wish I could go,' said Mrs. Mans-

field, 'but nurse is away, and there is no one to stay with Dorry.'

A thought came to Bessie. It was a bitter struggle, but she looked up with clear, steady eyes, and said that she would stay with Dorry during the service.

'Yours was a sweeter Easter offering than any of ours,' said the rector.

'But I didn't give mine,' said Bessie. 'My dear child,' answered the rector, 'a self-denying heart that cheerfully gives up its own pleasure for the sake of another is a far sweeter offering than thousands of lilies.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Arthur's Easter Eggs.

Arthur had been lying on a lounge for three weeks, for he had broken his leg. It is very hard for a little boy to keep quiet all day, but it gives him a very good chance to show a patient and sweet-tempered spirit. Arthur's mamma and all his friends were doing whatever they could to help him pass away the time. They read to him and told him stories. They brought him pictures and flowers and fruit and nuts.

'What have you got for me?' he asked one day in a fretful voice.

His mamma had just come in. She showed him something in a little box.

'What are they?' asked Arthur.

'Easter eggs, dear. See how lovely they are!'

They were lovely. Each one was colored all over, and had a pretty flower painted on it, with some reading.

'They are for you and your little sister,' said his mother. 'I will let you have your choice because you have to keep still. Which do you like best?'

'I want them all,' said Arthur, putting up an ugly lip.

I am very sorry to say that Arthur was not showing any patience or sweet temper. Indeed, the more people tried to be kind to him, the more cross and selfish he seemed to become.

'Don't you want to give some of them to little Jessie?' asked his mother.

'No-o-o-o,' whined Arthur.

'See!' said mamma, taking up one of the eggs. 'Do you remember when you went to find wild flowers last Spring? These are the little purple and white anemones that used to peep at you almost from under the dead leaves. And don't you know how the blue violets smile up from the grass? The dear Lord has made all things beautiful for children, and He wishes them to love one another.'

'I'll give Jessie two,' said Arthur, 'and I'll have four.'

'Very well,' said mamma, 'Which will you keep?'

She felt sorry when she saw how careful he was to pick out the four prettiest for himself, leaving what he thought the duller and plainest for his sister.

Next morning a cheery voice cried, 'Good morning, brother!' and Jessie's two arms went about his neck as she gave him a loving kiss. 'See!' she said, 'mamma has given me two Easter eggs. I'll give one to you, Arthur—the prettiest one, too, because you can't run about as I can, poor Arthur!'

Oh, how ashamed Arthur felt as his little sister offered him the prettier of the two eggs, chatting all the time!

'Or, I'll give you both. Mamma says this is Easter Sunday, when Christ arose from the grave to show people the way to heaven. And He loved little children, and wants them to love one another.'

'Jessie!' said Arthur, 'I'll take your eggs, but I'll give you mine, every one. Yes, you must take them.'

She had to, for Arthur insisted. His gentle little sister had taught him a lesson. She then ran to the garden for a few snowdrops to put beside his plate, and brought them to him singing like a bird:

'I am so glad that Jesus loves me.'

—Selected.



EASTER CHICKS.

—Our 'Little Dots.'