

EASTER EVERYWHERE.

'Tis Easter in the garden beds,
Beneath the fertile mould
The daffodil and buttercups
Are hiding heads of gold.

'Tis Easter, where, on slender spires
Of hyacinthine bells,
Their pink and purple censers swing
On tiny pedicels.

'Tis Easter, where the pansy blooms
Rise, smiling, from the dead;
Where lilies-of-the-valley droop
Each chasie and chalice head;

Where violets blink, where tulips glow
And golden cinquefoil creeps,
'Tis Easter in the flower world—
Wake, everything that sleeps!

For Easter music's on the breeze,
A gloria in the air,
A symphony of soft south winds—
Te Deums everywhere!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—MAY 6.

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.

Matt. 13. 24-30, 36-43. Memory verse, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall
he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

LESSON STORY.

The kingdom of Heaven, Jesus said, is like unto a man who sowed good seed in his field. But in the night, when no one was watching, an evil person came and sowed tares. When the good seed began to put forth little shoots the tares did also. The servants were told not to touch the field lest they tore up good grain with the tares. When harvest time came the two would be separated.

Jesus said this parable meant that the sower of the good seed is the Son of man. The field is the world, the harvest is the end of the world. The sower of tares is the devil, and the reapers are the angels. The tares or those who followed the evil one shall be burned. But those who were good shall be taken to be for ever with their Heavenly Father, in a glorious kingdom of light and joy.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the Kingdom of Heaven likened to? A man who sowed good seed in his field.
2. Who is the sower? The Son of man.

3. Who soweth the tares? The evil one.
4. What is the field? The world.
5. Who are the good seed? Children of Righteousness.
6. Who are the tares? Children of wickedness.
7. What is the harvest? The end of the world.
8. Who are the reapers? The angels.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13.

A FIERCE DEMONIAK HEALED.

Mark 5. 1-20. Memory verse, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark. 5. 19.

LESSON STORY.

This is a strange story of how Jesus healed the poor man who was tormented with devils. He was a poor crazy fellow for whom nobody could do anything. They had tried to chain him, but he always broke loose. He lived in a wild, dreary place among the rocks by the sea shore. There were sorts of caves where people buried their dead.

When the poor demoniac saw Jesus he cried out and ran and worshipped him. He said he was possessed with hundreds of devils and prayed Jesus to cast them into the swine. This was done. The man was saved from his torments. Then the swine tore off madly to the sea and were drowned. When the news of this great change to the mad man came to be known many went out to see and were amazed to find him clothed and in his right mind. Jesus bade him go home and tell his people what the Lord had done for him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who met Jesus when he got out of the ship? A poor crazy man.
2. Where did he live? In caves by the sea shore.
3. Was he dangerous? Yes, no one could chain him.
4. What happened him? Jesus cast the evil spirits out of him.
5. Where did they go? Into the swine.
6. What did the man then do? Praised God and told what he had done for him.

RUTH'S RUNAWAY.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

Mother had gone away to nurse Aunt Edith, who was ill, and little Ruth was left with Jennie, her nurse, whom she had always loved dearly. But Ruth was a wilful little maiden sometimes, and to-day, because Jennie would not let her go barefooted in the grass, as she wanted to do, she said she was going to have a new nurse, right away, before mother came home. She repeated this to Jennie when

Jennie put her to bed, but Jennie only smiled as she tucked in the sheet.

It was very early to go to bed, Ruth thought. The sun had not gone to bed yet, and why should she? She didn't like Jennie, and she was going to have somebody else, and she was going out in her bare feet whenever she wanted to. All of a sudden a beautiful idea struck her. She would go out right now in her bare feet, and look for a new nurse.

It did not take long after that for Ruth to put on her clothes. Of course they weren't all on right, but Ruth was satisfied, though she couldn't button them as Jennie did, she knew. Downstairs she crept, her little pink toes making no noise at all. The side door was open and nobody was about. How easy it all was.

"I'll go down the road to the store," said Ruth to herself, as she trotted through the gate and out into the lane. At the store her mother could always get every thing, and why could not she get a new nurse there? Ruth went on boldly and reached the road, where a man was driving along with his waggon heaped with hay. He looked curiously at the little figure, with its bare feet.

"Where are you going, little girl?" he called out in a big, kind voice.

"I'm going to get a new nurse at the store," said Ruth. She was in such a hurry that she could not stop to talk to him, but went on fast down the road, while the man stopped his horse and turned to look after her with great interest, for he had a little girl of his own at home. Just then Ruth stepped right on a sharp-edged stone that hurt one of her small pink toes very much indeed, and brought tears to the chubby cheeks.

"Oh-oo-oo!" she wailed; "I want Jennie! Where's Jennie? I've hurted my foot!" and sob followed sob, until the kind man, who had left his waggon at the first cry, picked her up and sat her in the middle of the soft hay and comforted her. "I'll take you to Jennie right away, if you'll tell me where she lives," he said.

"Right in there," sobbed Ruth, pointing into the lane. "She's my nurse. I want her!"

It didn't take five minutes after that to have her safe in Jennie's arms. "It seemed as if this young lady changed her mind mighty sudden," said the man to Jennie, as he lifted Ruth out of the hay. "She was out hunting a new nurse, she said, but she doesn't want anybody but you just now. Her foot isn't hurt much, is it?"

"Just a scratch," said Jennie, patting the little instep as she made ready to bind up the injured toe. But the scratch hurt a good deal that night, so that Ruth never teased to go barefoot again, and she thinks that perhaps nurses know more than little girls do sometimes.