

EASTER.

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

My sweet little neighbor Bessie,
I thought 'vas busy with play.
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
" Say, what is the Easter Day?"

" Has no one told you, darling—
Do they ' feed his lambs ' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child

I came at length to the garden
Where they laid his form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter Day—

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

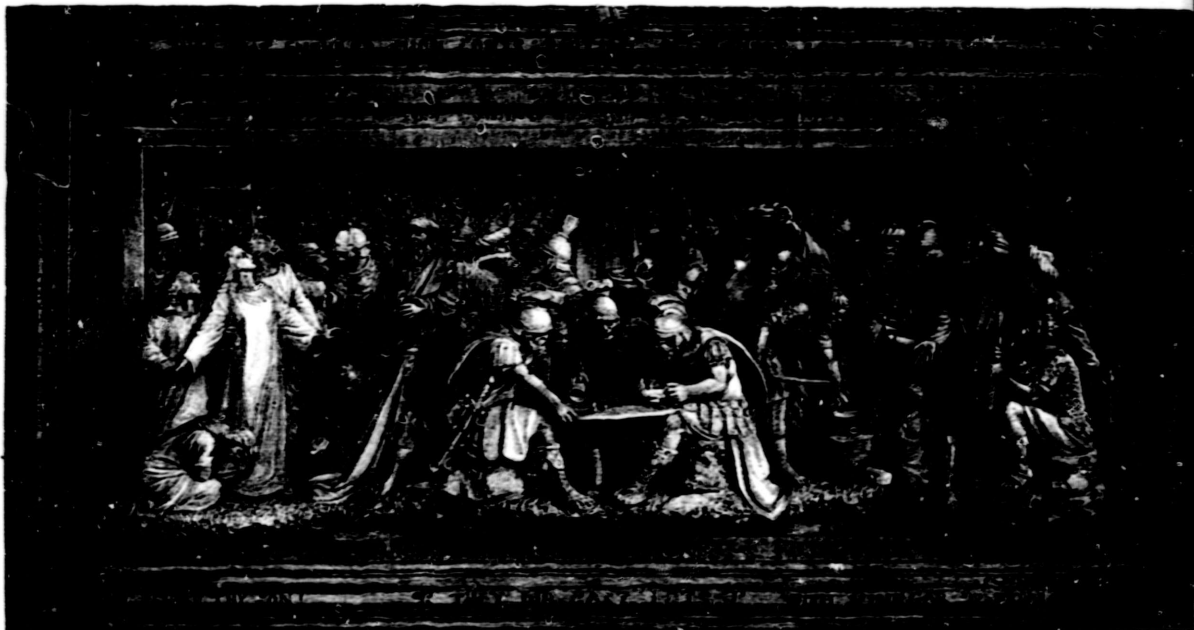
I think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of him who was God and man.

So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that was,
But the child that is to-day.

AN EASTER IN HOLLAND.

Many years ago in a land called Hol-
land, far across the sea, the people were
very poor. Their little country was on the
coast. There had been storms of wind
and rain, which had swept over the towns,



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

The story whose end is Easter—
The Life of the Undeified.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar.

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life he lived,
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears.

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter Day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,

destroying many of their houses and some
lives. Easter had been a happy time to
them and the little ones had always re-
ceived presents as you do, children, at
Christmas. But this year there was no
money with which to buy presents.

So the kind mothers thought the matter
over and talked with each other as to how
the little ones could be made happy.
Every family kept hens and chickens and
had plenty of eggs. The mothers colored
the eggs, blue and red, green and purple
and yellow, and filled the nests under the
bushes with them.

When some children went out to gather
flowers on Easter morning, they found a
nest filled with these lovely treasures.
And just then a snow-white rabbit bounded
out of the bushes. "Bunny brought our
eggs," they cried, and ever since they have
told how the rabbit brought the Easter
eggs.