

taking on a very hopeful appearance. Women are forming into societies for philanthropic purposes of different kinds, consequently we are in hopes that the near future will see some changes in the interior, brought about by Christian influence. There is certainly work to be done, therefore let us have your sincere sympathy and earnest prayer. Our workers' motto this year is, "The zeal of the Lord of works will perform this." Isa. ix. 7. Remembering this we may be hopeful, for he who hears our prayers is faithful.

Yours affectionately in the Master's service,

MARGARET M. YOUNG.

#### PAPA'S CHRISTMAS CHAIR.

In my arms, oh! rest thy body,  
Tired and worn with years of care;  
I will gently bear thee upward  
To the thought of things more fair.  
I have longed to make some sunshine  
In this world of care and woe,  
If but little my beginning  
It may have some chance to grow.  
Bring your wife and children with you,  
In my arms I'll hold them all.  
Steadily, gently up I'll bear them  
Free from care or duty's call.

ETHEL JESSIE ANDERSON.

#### EASTER IN THE SOUTH.

Rabbits everywhere! of every size, material and description. The toy shops are a bewildering mass of bunnies from the "Jack" that will jump with remarkable fidelity (when properly wound up) down to the dainty china affair for my lady's boudoir. The confectionery shops present but few attractions beside their candy rabbits, of various sizes and grades, while even the show windows of the mammoth dry goods emporiums are for the nonce solely given up to displays of the loathed divinity of the Easter season. As surely as Kris Kringle is the patron saint of the Yule-tide, so surely is the rabbit that of the Easter in Dixie land. Every Southern child, who has not outgrown childish delusions, expects to find in some sequestered spot in the home on Easter morning an elaborately constructed nest of twigs and grass containing several highly-colored and fantastically decorated eggs. A good-sized rabbit of some description will generally be found guarding the precious gift, while smaller and sweeter bunnies, that rarely survive the day, are eagerly sought for in the hidden places of that wonderful "nest of rabbits." Just why the rabbit should be so identified with Easter time (and Easter eggs) does not seem clearly understood; not for lack of tradition but rather because of the number of them and their varied meanings. However, we will not dwell on the pleasure-giving custom that annually brings so much joy to thousands of Southern homes because we know not of the "why and wherefore," but join with them in wishing Sir Jack a Happy Easter.

#### A PASSING GLEAM.

Down a sunshiny forest glade  
Where the early flowers grew,  
Daintily stepped a little maid,  
Prettily dressed in blue.  
Child of a wealthy man was she  
Whose life was full of song;  
Bright as the flowers and as free  
As the wild birds, all day long.

Down in that sunshiny forest glade,  
At the foot of a waterfall  
Sobbing, there lay a little slave  
Who had hurt himself from a fall.  
'Round him the flowers gently swayed,  
But his hand was bleeding sore,  
And he saw them not, though the little maid  
Had spied them from afar.

Forward, she tripped in glad delight,  
When she spied the water's bright sheen;  
And eager to see the beautiful sight,  
Rushed on through the bushy screen.  
Then stopped in affright when at her feet,  
'Midst all that was bright and fair,  
She beheld a poor little slave of the street  
Who for safety had lain down there.  
They stared at each other in mute affright,  
While the little slave vaguely wondered

If this were one of the angels bright,  
And if so from where had she wandered?  
But the other's pity soon mastered fear,  
And ere long she had learned his story:  
And was bathing his hand with water clear,  
While she spoke to him sweet and slowly.  
And when at last the work was done,  
And the slave went back to the street,  
And the little maid, in the smiling sun  
Danced away on her dainty feet,  
The poor boy thought of that vision fair,  
The prettiest thing that could be seen,  
A little girl with golden hair,—  
A happy face—a passing gleam.

ZENDA.

#### A SCHOOL-GIRL'S LAMENT.

Oh! for brains enough to think,  
To make us use our pen and ink,  
To help us guide it with such care  
That brilliant thoughts may fill the air.  
O! for sense enough to know,  
And mind our business as we go;  
And when exams. stare in our face,  
To use our pens and win the race.  
O! for tongues that we could hold,  
Just like the folks in days of old;  
And O! for pure and simple minds  
To rival those of olden times.

ETHEL JESSIE ANDERSON.

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