

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

"DEAREST papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his
mother's knee,
"Why are those eggs that you see me hold
Coloured so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter-days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who
died
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God
reward—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock
And closed the gate with a mighty block

"Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of
blue,
And deep in the green tree's shadowy
breast
A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like mal-
white
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel
nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she
sang.

"All night long till the moon was up
she sat and sang in her moss wreathed
cap.
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill!
As the homeless wind when it roams the
hill,
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned
to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping
night
A glimmering angel clothed in white,
And he rolled the stone from the tomb
away
Where the Lord of the earth and heaven
lay,
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the
tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet
delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing
night,
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel
heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed
nest."

"And ever, my child, since that blessed
night
When Death bowed down to the Lord of
light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their
hue
And burn with red and gold and blue,
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter-day."
Fitz James O'Brien.

PURE whiskey or brandy, or wine,
or beer, are all dreadfully dangerous
drinks, but such drinks are hardly
ever found pure. They are nearly all
largely mixed with, or rather almost
made up entirely of, the most power-
ful and terrible poisons. It is no
wonder that while ordinary disease
kills its thousands, such horrible drinks
slay their ten thousands every year.
In the United States alone drink kills
off annually as many people as would
make a city as large as Toronto.
About every four minutes on an aver-
age somebody lies through drink in
Great Britain and America!—*Rev. J. C. Seymour's "Temperance Battle-
Field."*

THE KING AND THE PAGE.

ONCE when Frederick the Great,
of Prussia, rang his bell for
his page to come and wait on
him, there was no answer. He rang
again, and still there was no answer.
He rang again, and still there was no
answer. So he went out into the ante-
chamber, and there he found his page
fast asleep. The stop of the King did
not waken him, so soundly was he
sleeping. A letter sticking out of the
boy's pocket caught the King's eye,
and he was curious enough to take it
out and read it. Not any more hon-
ourable that for a King than for any
one else.

But the boy had no reason to be
afraid or ashamed of the King's curi-
osity, for it was a letter from his poor
mother, thanking him for sending her
his wages, and praying God to reward
his kindness and attention. After
reading it, the King went softly back
to his chamber, took a bag of money,
and with the letter slipped it into the
pocket of the boy.

Again going to his chamber, he
rang the bell loud enough to arouse
the sleeper, who immediately answered
its summons.

"You have been fast asleep," said
the King.

Frightened and confused, the poor
boy put his hand into his pocket and
found the bag of money. He took it
out, and, looking up to the King, burst
into tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the
King.

"Ah, sire," cried the poor fellow,
throwing himself on his knees before
Frederick, "somebody is trying to
ruin me. I know nothing about this
money which I have found in my
pocket."

"My young friend," said the King,
"God takes different ways of helping
us. Send the money to your mother.
Salute her from me, and tell her I will
take good care of both her and you."
—*Christian Weekly.*

A LITTLE ADVICE GRATIS.

THESE long winter evenings
are capital for literary im-
provement, and our young
people especially should not
neglect it. Business is not so pressing
as in the summer season, the weather
is more inclement, and consequently
does not entice so powerfully to the
outer air, and home is much more
attractive. These are the kind of nights
in which our historic self-made men
manufactured the greater part of their
power, by adding layer after layer of
thought, and disciplining their fac-
ulties for future work. If our young
men and women knew how much they
will need all of what well-applied
study can now give them, they would
waste none of these splendid evenings.
Of course, they must give some time
to society, and attend to the current
duties; but there are still many long
evenings which might be made profit-
able by devoting them to solid reading
or study.

The fascination of books and papers
is so great that it is a wonder that any
resist their spell. By simply opening
the leaves the reader is transported to
a new world, and either gathering the
lessons of successive ages, traveling
with magic boots which skim the earth
without effort, or gaining the secret of
successful men, or learning the news

of the day and the times in which we
live, or plucking the fruit of science.
Sarcely this is much better than idle
conversation, the rapid wit, the stale
and feeble jokes, and the thin life of
many of our youth. The world will
need, as it always has needed, men and
women who have read, and those who
have studied and kept abreast of the
times will be the ones who truly
succeed.—*Exchange.*

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

WID you ever see a name printed
on a growing apple, pear or
peach, No! Well, if you wish
to have that pleasure this is the way to
obtain it. While the fruit yet hangs
green upon the tree, make up your
mind which is the biggest and most
promising specimen of all. Next, cut
out from thin, tough paper, the initials
of the name of your little brother or
sister or chief crony, with round specks
for the dots after the letters, and the
letters themselves plain and thick.
Then paste these letters and dots on
the side of the apple which is now
turned to the sun, taking care not to
loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.
As soon as the apple is ripe, take off
the paper cuttings, which, having shut
out the reddening rays of the sun,
have kept the fruit green just beneath
them, so that the name or initials now
show plainly. After that bring the
owner of the initials to play near
the tree and say presently, "why what
are those queer marks on that apple up
there?" You will find this quite a
pleasant way to surprise little ones.

EFFECTS OF DRINK.

SEVERAL years ago a youth
was hung for killing his little
brother. When on the gal-
lows the sheriff said, "If you
have anything to say, speak now, for
you have only five minutes to live."
The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I
have to die. I had only one little
brother; he had beautiful eyes and
flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one
day I got drunk for the first time in
my life, and coming home, I found
him gathering strawberries in the gar-
den. I became angry with him with-
out a cause and I killed him with one
blow. I did not know anything about
it till the next morning, when I awoke
from sleep and found myself tied and
guarded, and was told that when my
little brother was found, his hair was
clotted with his blood and brains, and
he was dead. Whiskey has done this.
It has ruined me. I never was drunk
but once. I have only one more word
to say, and then I am going to my
final Judge. I say to young men,
Never, never, NEVER touch intoxicating
drinks, and never begin to smoke."

A man who had committed murder
and was awaiting the day of execution
drew the picture on the wall of his
cell, of a gallows, with five steps leading
up to it. On the first step he wrote,
Disobedience to Parents; on the second,
Sabbath-breaking; on the third step,
Gambling and drunkenness; on the
fourth, *Murder*; and on the fifth he
wrote, "*The Fatal Platform.*"—*Rev. J. C. Seymour's Temperance Battlefield.*

"Why did you hide, Johnny?" said
one boy to another. "I hide to save
my hide," replied the other, as he
bied away to a secure spot.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRAND
MOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folk.
They beat all the aunts in creation.
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies, and cake,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma,"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper 'tis true,
To other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea
And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys."

"Life is only so short at the best,
Let the children be happy to-day,"
Then look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves, as they tuck by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night.
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,
Such as I, need a wonderful sight.

DO YOUR BEST.

A GENTLEMAN once said to a
physician: "I should think,
doctor, that at night you would
feel so wearied over the work
of the day, that you would not be able
to sleep." "My head hardly touches
the pillow before I am asleep," re-
plied the physician. "I made up my
mind," he continued, "at the com-
mencement of my professional career,
to do my best under all circumstances;
and so doing I am not troubled with
any misgivings." A good rule for us
all to follow. Too many are disposed
to say: "No matter how I do this
work, now; next time I'll do better."
The practice is as bad as the reasoning.
"No matter how I learn this lesson in
the primary class; when I get into a
higher department, then I'll study."
As well might the mother in knitting
stockings say: "No matter how the
top is done; if even I drop a stitch
now and then I'll do better when I
get further along." What kind of a
stocking would that be? As well
might the builder say: "I don't care
how I make the foundation of this
house; anything will do here; wait till
I get to the top, then I'll do good
work." Said Sir Joshua Reynolds
once to Dr. Samuel Johnson. "Pray
tell me sir, by what means you have
attained such extraordinary accuracy
and flow of language in the expression
of your ideas?" "I laid it down as a
fixed rule," replied the doctor, "to do
my best on every occasion, and in
every company to impart what I know
in the most forcible language I can
put it."—*Selected.*

EVERY man feels that justice ought
to be done in the moral government
of the universe, and that it cannot be
done without the punishment of evil
doing.