

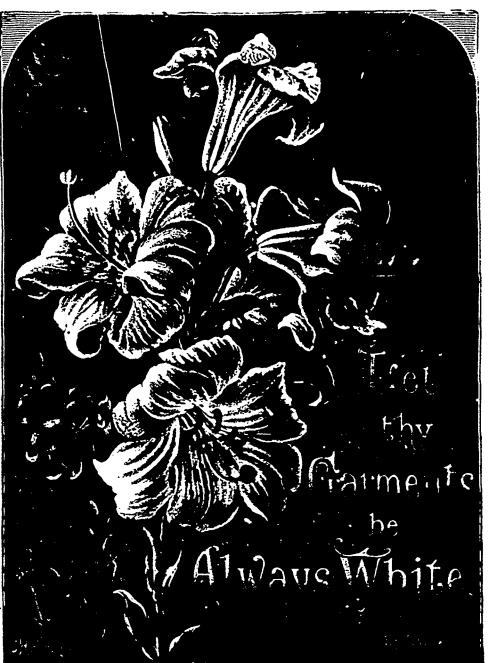
## EASTER-EGG ROLLING.

OSE of the droll customs of Easter tide in Germany is "Easter Monday rolling." The - 18 boys and girls go to the top of agrassy hill, and at a given signal, down they all roll. One girl has a bowl of coloured eggs that, as they start, she pours after them; they all scraphile for them as best they an, each trying to get an egg

before reaching the bottom. Probably the only place on this continent where this rolling is practised is at Washington, and here it is only the eggs and not the children that It usually takes place rol] early in the day in front of the Capitol and close to the White House, where the sloping hil-locks form a very favourable place for rolling the variegated, hard-boiled eggs. During the formoon of Easter Monday it is the custom for thousands to fock to the play-ground, young and old, rich and poor, black and white, in the most democratic way, and the children of all classes join in the chase, over the green sward, of the rolling and bounding eggs. The spoiled boys and girls of the millionaire are seen running side by side with the joyous and sometimes barefooted little coloured children, and the frolicksome egg-rolling smumes the character of a great public festival, all class discrimination being entirely laid aside. Those who have withessed it pronounce the trooping of the children into the White House at one o'clock to offer the President & joyous Easter greeting a pretty sight.

PACING THE WOBLD, MIN FRANCES E. WILLARD tells the following story .:

About twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old-a handsome, darkeyed, curly-haired, young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay



that he bought another paper and sold it for two [Thoburn, and is making a trip around the world. cents, and so on. He took up his position in front [At the same time he is studying for his degree in was a favourite place with the newsboy- and hey fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his he would have taken if he were here. ground, won standing room for hunself, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsonrs in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid you his simple story. up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in atenography and typewriting. He began in a class of two hundred others. When graduated from the to bind hearts together than great or heroic doeds;

the huja classing & buch. ily. Fretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing romewhere in the woods or they stop to skip publies in the river. It is only the few that go onright straight on-who catch the butterfly we call "success."

Well, this boy became the best stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen he was president of their society. He then went to a leading college and took the entire four years' course of preparation in two years, at the same time supporting himself and mother by his stenography for the professors. He kept up his health by outdoor exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, or tobacco, or alcoholic His food was simple drinks mostly fish, vegetables, and fruit. He had a good conscience, there was no meanness about him.

When he was twenty years of age he became the private secretary of one of the greatest Of capitalists in America. course, he had a large salary. Ho was clear cut in every-thing he did; there was no slackness in his work. The gentleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but his young private secretary, with quiet dignity, doclined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gracious manner It is to the credit of the great capitalist that, when his secretary told him that he never used tcbscco or liquor, he answered, honour you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chicagonian is Jerome Raymond. He is now the

of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This the university, being permitted to substitute French and Sanskrit for some other studies that

He was my stenographer, on and off, for two It seemed years, and I think most highly of him to me I could not do a greater service than to tell

In these lives of ours, tender little acts do more course only six remained with him. There is some since the first are like the daily bread none can do back the money he borrowed (make a note of that, thing in this for you to think about. A great many, without, the latter, occasional feasts, beautiful and hors) and he now had one cent of his own. With start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They, memorable, but not possible to all.-Louise Alcott.