

## THE MISSIONARY EASTER EGGS



Surely Biddy had hidden a nest somewhere, for each day she came cackling into the yard saying in hen language, "I've laid an egg." But no one could find it until Mary lost her ball in Fido's old kennel, and there, back in the corner in a soft bed of straw, she saw ten

white eggs. She ran into the house calling, "O mother, I've found Biddy's nest; and please may I have the eggs to color for Easter?"

"You may have the eggs, because you found them," said mother, "but a nestful of eggs could send the Easter story to some little children in a heathen land, and it seems almost too bad just to make something pretty out of them for ourselves when they might tell of Jesus and give some one a place in the heavenly home."

"Why not let Biddy lay more and then raise some baby chicks," suggested father. "Then, by and by, Mary can sell the chickens and give the money."

"But I won't have the money for my Easter money box," objected Mary.

"Put in as many little white eggs cut out of paper as there are eggs in Biddy's nest," said mother, "and explain that the money will come later."

"Oh, I'll like that," cried Mary.

So Biddy kept her nest, and when twelve white eggs in time cracked open to let out twelve dear, downy chicks, Mary said that they were the nicest Easter eggs she ever had had.