

EASTER THOUGHTS FOR LITTLE WORKERS.

Jesus died that we might live
This is the day our Savior arose from the dead.

Let us learn a sweet lesson from the flowers. In the winter they die, but in the spring they come again. So Christ will raise our bodies from the grave unto life eternal.

Sing your joyous songs today, little workers, for Christ our Lord has conquered our last enemy, death, and gone to prepare a beautiful home for us in heaven.

—Sunbeam.

AN EASTER SONG.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Sing a Song of Easter,
A song of happy hours,
Of dashing spray, and shadow play,
And lovely springing flowers,
Of birds come home again to build
Beside the cottage eaves,
Of waking buds, and rushing floods,
And dance of rustling leaves.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song that means a prayer
Of want and love to one above
Who keeps his world in care;
A song for all on this green earth,
For dear ones passed away,
Sing clear and strong the joyful song,
The song of Easter Day.

Sing a song of Easter,
A song of pure delight,
A song that starts in merry hearts,
And swells from morn till night;
An Easter song that children lift,
Without a jarring chord,
That thrills afar from star to star,
To praise the children's Lord.

SIX EASTER EGGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

HARRY had been lying on a lounge for three weeks for he had broken his leg. It was very hard for a little boy to keep quiet all day; but it gave him a very good chance to show a patient and sweet-tempered spirit.

Harry's mamma and all his friends were doing all they could to help him pass away the time. They read to him and told him stories. They brought him pictures and flowers, and fruits and nuts.

"What have you got for me?" he asked one day in a fretful voice. His mamma had just come in. She showed him something in a little box.

"What are they?" asked Harry.

"Easter eggs, dear. See how lovely they are!"

They were lovely. Each one was coloured all over, and had a pretty flower painted on it, with some reading.

"They are for you and your little sister," said his mother. "I will let you have your choice, because you have to keep still. Which do you like best?"

"I want them all," said Harry, putting up an ugly lip.

I am very sorry to say that Harry was not showing any patience or sweet temper. Indeed the more people tried to be kind to him the more cross and selfish he seemed to become.

"Don't you want to give some of them to little Jessie?" asked his mamma.

"No o-o-o," whined Harry.

"See!" said his mamma, taking up one of the eggs, "Do you remember when you went to find wildflowers last spring? These are the little purple and white anemones that used to peep at you almost from under the dead leaves. And don't you know how the blue violets smile up from the grass? The dear Lord has made everything beautiful for little children, and he loves them all and wishes them to love one another."

"I'll give Jessie two," said Harry in a very unwilling voice, "and I'll have four."

"Very well," said mamma, "which will you keep?"

She felt sorry at seeing what pains he took to pick out the four prettiest for himself, leaving what he thought the dullest and plainest for his sister.

Soon after he woke up next morning he heard tripping steps near his door, and soon a cheery voice cried, "Good morning, brother!" and Jessie's two arms went about his neck as she gave him a loving kiss.

"See!" she said, "mamma has given me two Easter eggs. I'll give one to you, Harry—the prettiest one, too, because you can't run about as I can, poor Harry!"

O how ashamed Harry felt as his dear little sister offered him the prettiest of the two he had picked out for her because they were the ugliest, chatting away all the time!

"Or, I'll give you both. Mamma says this is Easter Sunday, when Christ arose from the grave to show people the way to heaven. And he loves little children, and he wants them to love one another."

"O Jessie!" said Harry, "I'll take your eggs, but I'll give you mine, every one. Yes, you must take them."

She had to, for Harry would have it so. She ran out in the garden to find a few snowdrops to put beside his breakfast, and carried them to him, singing like a bird: "Little children, love one another."—Sunbeam.

Our choicest offerings we bring
To Thee, this day, Oh Christ, our King,
And lay them at Thy feet.
Our hands hold lillies fair, to grace
The alters of the holy place,
Fair lillies, pure and sweet,