

lack, it cannot do it so well as by placing the children under arrangements and influences which will, or nearly as is possible, reproduce for them true family life.

In realising this idea, we place the children in separate groups. We fix the number at twenty; but I am afraid that pressure leads us generally to crowd more into the house rather than reject a needy child altogether. The children of the house live there, under the care of "mother" and "sister;" and all that is needed for the domestic life is provided in the house. Their meals are taken there; they sleep there; they pass their hours of leisure there—it is their "home." And it is sacred to them—no other children being admitted except as visitors. In this way we believe that we gain an individual knowledge of the children, and a specially appropriate dealing with each child, without which the best education of heart and conscience—as well as of intellect—can never be accomplished.

Two incidental results following from this system are very valuable in such work as ours: the services of Christian women of a higher class than have usually been engaged can be secured. Several of our matrons are ladies, who cheerfully give their time and strength to our work; and this they can do—with domestic arrangements on the above plan—when we could hardly ask or expect them to hold subordinate offices in an establishment of the barrack kind. And all our experience goes to prove that the more thoroughly refined and the more highly educated a woman is, the better is she fitted to do our work; provided always, that she has plenty of personal religion and common sense.

The other advantage of the system is, that the houses can be built or purchased in succession. The buildings thus gradually increase as means and requirements grow; and the cost of the several houses comes within the amounts which individuals or groups of friends feel at liberty to devote to such an enterprise. Thus many of our houses represent most kindly personal interest in our work.

Now, all our Homes are founded upon this "family principle." We apply it to boys as well as girls, believing it to be quite as needful for the one as for the other. Accordingly, in the country branches of the Home, we have similar interesting associations and memories connected with the various houses. At Edgworth, one of the houses is the "Ministers' Children's Gift House," the cost of it having been provided by children of Wesleyan Methodist ministers. A third is the Sanderson Mitchell House—a gift commemorative of a much-loved mother and two dearly-remembered little ones, whose death had snatched away.

(To be continued.)

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.

Easter Lilies.

BY AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

Oh, where are the sweet lilies,
Stately and fair and tall?
And why don't they grow for Easter,
Down by our garden wall?

Dear, in the bare, brown garden,
Their roots lie hidden deep,
And the life is pulsing through them,
Although they seem asleep.

And the gardener's eye can see them,
In germs that buried lie,
Shine in the spotless beauty
That will clothe them by-and-by.

So may Christ see in us growing
The lilies he loves best—
The faith, the trust, the patience
He planted in the breast.

Not yet their crown of blossom,
But he sees their coming prime,
As they will smile to meet him,
In earth's glad Easter time.

The love that striveth toward him,
Through earthly gloom and chill;
The faithful, meek obedience,
In darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,
Spotless and fair and sweet,
He would bring to the risen Saviour,
And lay at his blessed feet.

Easter-Tide.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

As long as the Anglo-Saxon language has been spoken, the anniversary of the resurrection of our Lord has been known as "Easter."

In our day, Easter is often called "The Christian Festival," or "The Sunday of Joy;" and has been greatly changed from its original character, which was at first somewhat pagan. Now it has become a day of general rejoicing for all who believe in His name, of whatever sect or nation, and accompanied with rites of peculiar significance well adapted to the needs of all.

The appellation "Easter," probably came from Ostar—"to rise"—though many think the name is derived from the Saxon goddess "Eastre," who was thought to exercise a happy influence upon the spring and its vegetation. But whichever it may be, the day is held only second in interest to Christmas, both in England and in our own country, where these anniversaries have come to have a lasting home in the hearts of all Christian people.

In earlier days, Easter was also called "The Queen of Festivals," and was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. The usual form of salutation on that day was, "Christ is risen!" the person addressed responding, "And has appeared unto Simon;" and even to-day this form of salutation may be heard in the Russian and Greek churches.

Many curious customs are attached to the observance of this day in different parts of the world. In Ireland, the people rise at four o'clock in the morning, on purpose to see the "sun dance." Not only the ignorant, but the wealthy and intelligent, observe

this custom. Now we know that the sun neither works nor plays on Easter-day more than any other. This is only one of the ignorant superstitions of the country. In some parts of England they call it "lamb playing," looking at the sun in some clear spring of water—which is really only the pretty reflection—and believing it to be the frisking and gambolling of lambs.

In Paris it was an old custom to stone all Jews who might be found in the streets on Easter; and if one of these unfortunate sons of Abraham could be caught, he would be taken to the nearest church, and there severely punished for the deeds of his ancestors.

In Rome, the Easter season is one of great magnificence. The Pope is placed in a lofty chair, which is borne to St. Peter's, followed by a concourse of "the faithful," who receive his blessings, which are dispensed by the flourish of three fingers as he is carried along.

At Easter this magnificent church—the largest in the world—is most brilliantly illuminated. Four thousand four hundred lamps are so arranged as to show off to the best advantage the massive architecture of the building; while the one hundred and ninety-two statues along its top are surmounted each with a lamp, giving the effect of a fairy palace suddenly lighted and hung in the air. These illuminations last from eight to nine in the evening; and just as the cathedral bell, with its solemn peal, strikes nine, nearly fifteen hundred torches are suddenly lighted, besides the lanterns, so that the glorious structure looks like one vast conflagration surmounted at the top by a fiery cross. The scene is at once grand and terrific, lasting hour after hour, and not until the gray twilight of morning shows itself in the east are its last torches extinguished.

Lifting, or "heaving," as it was called, was one of the old curious customs in England at each returning Easter festival. An arm-chair, lined with white and decorated with ribbons and favours, was placed in some prominent position. Any one was invited to take a seat, when at once several females would appear, and, raising them in the air, keep them there until a fee should be offered, when the unlucky occupant would be brought to the ground, withdraw, and give place to others, who would be caught in the same way.

Pasch eggs are quite as much a feature of Easter as hot-cross buns are upon Good Friday. The word *Pasch* is derived from "Paschal," a name often given to Easter, as it is the Paschal season. As far back as the reign of Edward I., history records that he bought four hundred eggs on purpose to have them stained or covered with tinseel, and afterwards given to the royal household—not, however, before they were consecrated. This

custom of dyeing and ornamenting eggs is followed up all over the world. It is a pretty custom, and gives much innocent amusement.

From a small beginning, the observance of Easter, which has always been so universal in Europe, has grown to be a very general custom in this country. Hands and hearts are being knitted closer together because of its coming. Discord gives place to concord, and contention to harmony, for, with many, Lent is a time for true penitence, self-denial, and alms-giving; a seeking to do good, and the cherishing of a brighter hope for the true Easter that may dawn for us all.

Easter, too, is becoming rapidly the festival of sacred remembrance of departed friends, by bringing to the altar offerings of flowers which send up incense to the mercy-seat like a message to the lost ones, as well as our tribute to him who is at once "the resurrection and the life." Old as the Litany is itself, the flowers are of older birth yet. Every rose and lily, even the very leaves themselves, mean more after the lessons of such a day.

Already we are reminded of the near approach of this season most memorable in human history. Very soon the long forty days' fast will be over, and all the clouds that have enfolded Passion week will be swept away. Then all Christendom will rejoice when the bright and joyous Easter dawns again, betokening, not only the new birth of the natural world, but the great "re-birthday of the year"—the day the Lord himself has made.

An Easter Legend.

WHERE'ER the Saviour smiles a flower awakes,
And springing forth before his shining feet,
Looks up, and seeing him, grows straight-way sweet
With grace that from his smile perfection takes;
And this it is that gives it charm, and makes
A flower a thing of beauty, so complete,
Sometimes I think the simplest bud we meet
Its angel hath to heal some heart that breaks!
Yes, heaven makes advent to the earth
through flowers;
And in these Easter blossoms you and I
May catch a gleam of God's eternal bowers,
Hid somewhere in the glades of the sky.
For this I send thee flowers on Easter day
To bring that sweetest heaven about thy way!

WHEN Garibaldi had been defeated at Rome, he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but cold and hunger and rags and hardships. Let him who loves his country follow me!" And thousands of the youth of Italy sprang to their feet at that high appeal. And will you—the trustees of posterity—will you turn your backs to the appeal of your Saviour Christ? I know that you will not. You cannot all be missionaries, but some of you may be called to that high work, and all of you may help it forward. —Archdeacon Farrer.