



A LEGEND of the EASTER CHILDREN

By LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

thought I was dead? In my life, lady nurses—
"Oh, please do!"
"No, my dear; the children were first poor old—your first Easter Day has had a hard time of darkness burst, must forgive him the stone away. There was a doctor is are quick to feel Cross, his name was all of mortal pain, —I should say, "No don't be peevish, art are first to heal art for y—
"He had loved the Lord Christ's face
"and on His knees had laughed and cried,
"heard Him say the heavenly place
"where all child-like souls abide;
"they had often heard Him tell strong men by pride and greed
"they could never please Him well
"all they were humble as a child,
"they had heard the tale that grieves
"little hearts; how One so dear
"slept upon the cross with thieves,
"tortured with a poisoned spear;
"how the temple's wondrous veil
"given by the lightning stroke,
"mingled with the women's wall,
"earthquake and the thunder
"stroke;
"seraphs came from northern
"bliss
"washed brigade of gulls,
"blown by some unearthly breeze,
"to swim above the place of skulls;

And how black night came down at noon,
And ghosts from graves that opened wide
Skulked out beneath a blood-red moon,
When He that loved the children died.

For two long days no girl or boy
In Galilee or Jordan plain
Could laugh or sing, for hope and joy
In every little heart was slain.
But when the earth that third day morn
Was flooded with such golden light
As never since the world was born
Had come to dazzle human sight,
Then every child, the legends say,
Knew that the time was at an end,
Knew that the stone was rolled away,
And flew to meet the risen Friend.
And long before the Madgalene
Had reached the empty sepulchre,
Or Peter heard what she had seen,
Or fleet John hastened after her,
The children had gone forth and found
The Master in the garden walk,
And scattered lilies on the ground,
And seen His smile, and heard Him talk.
No child was puny, halt, or lame,
Or hungry, or in tatters clad,
But clothed as if in light they came,
And all were whole, and strong, and glad.

They throng along the Kedron rill,
They thread the city through the gates,
Straight up to Joseph's garden hill,
Where He that loves the children waits.
They dance, they sing, they climb the trees,
They circle round in ring and file;
They know they cannot fall to please,
And win the guerdon of His smile.
He lifts His hand: "I bore the pain
Of death for men by sin defiled;
I rise henceforth to live and reign
Lord of the Kingdom of the Child."
They vanish, and He stands alone;
And when the women come to weep,
The garden flames with flowers new-blown—
The children are at home asleep.

"What makes that garden spot so bright?"
The learned rabbis stroked their chins;
They knew not yet the love is light,
That knowledge fails where love begins.
But somehow still on Easter morn
The world is beautiful again,
And in each child-like heart is born
Some yearning of good will to mer—
Some haunting sense, some happy dream
Of singing birds, of daffodils,
Of olive branches, or the gleam
Of dew-shine on the Syrian hills.

CAVE OF THE COLORED EGGS

By MISS D. STEPHENSON.

shall have to grandfather's mind if I sailing miles away lighter, but I'm for a month; when your me happier when had a proper little Crane nother man's little Crane word of that, on the pine cabin I believe I know. She had gone. She had her last visit, or Gaunt, and grandfather had Gaunt—
"Always was. I had moved
"his wife was still
"his madness, I don't
"d call it. They should a young-
"in That Place—not man't you
"Did you know Mr. Gathe's pets
"asked. (What was the w kittens,
"man trying to tell her?) and Bobby
"know him? We do, and I will do
"to make things lively."
"Burns was the beautiful collie
"were frisking ahead of the car-
"What's all right!" Rose assured
"ed fully.
"he's although she really had a
"mother with the friendly pets, and
"me the auntie cooked all the good
"children like to eat, Rose
"med for a playmate.
"r's a little boy over that
"M— Aunt Sara told her
"seen him only once.
"oes to work in the woods,
"mes with him most of the
"y with me," sigh-
"disappointment
"aunt said that there was an
"surprise hidden somewhere
"ors and that she must keep her
"open for it when she had gather-
"ed the eggs.
"She didn't give me a hint, so I
"n't know when I'm hot and when
"cold," laughed Rose, as she danc-
"away in the early spring sun-
"patted Bobby Burns, who was
"to help her hunt the surprise,
"aking the fussy laven-
"that peeped up in spite
"end we're asking a new
"she said to Bobby. "Oh,
"big hill! I never saw so
"my life." Rose stopped
"farm buildings spread-
"y," she cried sudden-
"crack in that rock!

The crack was a narrow gate that opened into an archway of rock. Bobby Burns and Rose entered curiously. "If it isn't a little cave!" said Rose in delight. "A cosy one we could keep house in. What's this?"

In one corner she spied a sort of nest made of alfalfa, and Bobby was sniffing at the contents. Rose was down beside him in a moment to examine the treasures in the nest. There were four beautiful Easter eggs—pink and blue and yellow and lavender,—and every one was marked with an "R."

"Oh," said Rose, "wasn't it dear of auntie to climb up here to hide my surprise? How did she guess that we'd come exploring?"
She picked up the four eggs and put them carefully into her pocket. Then she started down the hill.
At the chicken-yard gate she found Aunt Sara, who looked anxious. When Rose showed her the eggs and thanked her, Aunt Sara was plainly puzzled. "But you haven't found my surprise!" she said. "I have no idea who hid those in the cave."
"Then I walked off with somebody else's eggs! Shall I take them back?" asked Rose.
It was decided that after dinner she should return the eggs to the cave. Meanwhile she and Bobby explored the corral, and in a warm corner of a shed she found a covered basket. Inside were a dozen cheeping downy yellow chicks, her Easter surprise.

When Rose again climbed the hill she thought she heard voices, and, walking softly round the big rock, she nearly stumbled over a boy and a girl at the mouth of the cave.
"Are you Paul?" asked Rose.
The boy nodded and then his eyes fell on the basket. "Did you get them?" he asked.
Rose explained. "I'm so sorry. I thought that Aunt Sara had hidden them for me when I saw the initial."
The little girl laughed. "He hid them for me. I'm his cousin Ruth and I came for Easter." But she insisted that Rose share the pretty eggs with her.
"Come home with me," Rose invited her.
Half an hour later the children were playing with the pets while Aunt Sara prepared a real Easter tea party with candy rabbits.
"Isn't it fine that we found each other," said Ruth, "for now we can play together."
"Yes, in the Cave of the Colored Eggs," laughed Rose.—Youth's Companion.

A Children's Party.

"Will you please plan a simple Easter party for children?" asks a busy mother.
Yes indeed! Write the invitations on Easter cards and seal the envelopes with bunny seals. Decorate the table with Easter favors, and make a nest of white crepe paper (cut in narrow strips) for the centerpiece. Fill the nest with Easter eggs (one for each child) and have a downy yellow chick emerging from an egg-shell on top. For the favors, make little crepe-paper baskets and fill with candy eggs. Have the older children play "blind feeding the blind." Spread a sheet on the floor, and having blindfolded two players, seat them on the floor, facing each other. Give food, such as ground pop-corn or puffed rice, and let each attempt to feed the other. Shouts of laughter follow their futile efforts to feed and be fed.
A Japanese game called "ribbon's end" is played by the children, who are graded in size, and who line up with hands on each other's shoulders, the smallest one at the end. One child is chosen as catcher, and she makes an effort to catch the end of the "ribbon," while the whole line of players twists and turns to prevent her. Children always like to play "marching to Jerusalem," "blind man's buff," and "follow the leader."

Spring Gladness.

The happy spring again is here,
The buds of promise rich appear,
All nature doth with verdure shine,
Our hearts are filled with joy divine;
For Easter bells so sweetly ring
They ring
The glory of our risen King.
Behold the stricken watch at dawn,
For, lo, the Lord of life is gone;
Saw but the place where Jesus lay;
Angels had rolled the stone away,
The conqueror of death's dark night,
We hail,
We hail Him as the Prince of Light.
The budding and unfolding bloom
Portrays the rising from the tomb;
Ceasing the dormant prison bower,
Endowed with beauty, grace and power.
Then for the love that crowns our days
We give,
We give Him our exalted praise.
Born on the wings of faith, we see
That we shall in His likeness be,
At home on that immortal shore,
Where Jesus lives to die no more;
The Christ fulfilled his promised word,
We crown,
We crown Him as our living Lord.

PLANTING AND CARE OF HARDY HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS

By W. T. Maceon, Dominion Horticulturist for the Ontario Horticultural Association.

No flower garden is complete without perennials. Even though the plot of ground be small, some of the space should be devoted to this useful and varied class of plants. Few flowers require as little care as hardy herbaceous perennials if given the proper condition to start with.
The soil should be a good loam which will not bake, and well-drained. When planted, most perennials should be left undisturbed for a long time, hence the soil should be well prepared in the beginning by trenching and digging under a liberal supply of well-rotted stable manure. Most perennials thrive best in full sunlight, and, where possible, they should be planted where they will get the most favored conditions. A southern aspect is the most suitable, and where there is protection from the cold winds the plants do best.
Planting may be done either in spring or autumn, but spring planting is best for most kinds of perennials.
In making and planting a border it is most important to plant those kinds which will give a continuity of bloom from early in the spring until late in the autumn, and to arrange them so that they will be most effective. The dates of blooming, heights of the plants and colors of the flowers are matters which should be given very

careful consideration by those who desire to make the most of the material they have or may get. In large borders the best effects are obtained by massing several plants of one color, or several varieties of one species, and also arranging for a continuity of bloom, but in smaller borders and where the number of plants is limited, it is often not thought possible to get this, and sometimes one part of the border will be without bloom.
During the growing season the surface soil should be kept loose and free from weeds, and, in the summer, the taller growing plants will need staking, as fine specimens are liable to be broken by storms if this is neglected. When the plants have ceased blooming the old stalks should be cut off near the ground.
Just before permanent frost sets in, the border or bed should be given a dressing of about four inches of straw manure or leaves. This will form a good mulch for the protection of the plants in winter and at the same time enrich the soil. The mulch ought not to be removed too soon in the spring, as often most of the damage done to perennials is done at the season of the year when so much thawing and freezing takes place. After raking off the coarse material in the spring, the shorter manure may be dug in to enrich the soil.

The Spring Festival

In Switzerland and Austria, as well as the entire Continental Europe, the Easter holiday is kept with every ceremony of ancient times. The peasants, plain, simple country folk, enjoy this spring holiday and honor the season accordingly. The Tyrolese have always been famous for their bands of singers, who traverse the valleys, singing the beautiful Easter hymns, making their own music upon many ancient guitars, calling the folks to the doors, where entire families, grouped about, join in choruses, and they too rejoice with gladness upon this anniversary.
Naturally the question of food and refreshments for the singers and their friends, as well as the communities at large, has played a prominent part in the housewifely lore of the times, and it is here we find that the housewife offers to her guests eggs prepared by boiling in the shells and dyed in many gay colorings.

It has been told that the gayly colored eggs were usually prepared for the children who accompanied the singers as aides, carrying the personal belongings of the singers. The good housewife had the eggs prepared early against their need, and the children with gayly colored baskets called at each door for their share of the eggs. The singers were also invited in for refreshments and handsomely regaled for their Easter carols, dancing the old folk dances, and merriment reigned supreme, and with the falling of the shades of night, away home went the weary singers with happy hearts.
The Pasche or Pascal eggs have formed a part of the Easter celebration from time immemorial, and so closely have traditions been handed down, both by word of mouth and in literature, that we too, feel that the egg is necessary for the true celebration of this great holiday.
The German and French quickly adapted this idea into their cooking, and eggs are made from cake mixtures, also from sugar so shaped that they resemble the egg and are coated with various colored icings as well as covered with chocolate.
The Bidden cakes are also a part of the Easter festival in many parts of Europe, and particularly in Kent, England. In the parish of Biddenden there is an endowment, so old that all trace of its history has been lost, for making a distribution of cakes among the very poor on Easter Sunday. It is from old traditions like this that the cakes, candles and certain special egg dishes have become a part of our Easter traditions.
Our brothers over the sea have ever been tuneful and have commemorated many of the holidays in verse, song and doggerel; here is one that is sung among the English folks:
"Sugar, cake or wine,
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine,
If my dear the winner be,
A dancing in the great hall
The wager thou shalt have, and mo
And my misfortunes all."
This is the season of many engagements and weddings; and many forfeits between the lads and lassies ending with an Easter marriage.

Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.

A DAY OF HOPE

Easter Days bring a benefit apart from specific religious belief concerning its significance. To have at least one day in the year devoted to hope, the highest and most daring hope, is greatly worth while. To encourage the faith that life will eventually swallow up death is needed with perhaps a special urgency for our time.
Ecclesiastes, the ancient preacher, declared that there is nothing new under the sun. It is at least true that his frequently despondent though resigned philosophy is restated with conviction all too often to-day:
"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.
"The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.
"The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually.
"All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it."
Weary and incessant cycles of change, both in outward nature and inward experience, generations appearing and departing like leaves of a mighty forest—this plant of the futility of existence is heard with slight change, as a too frequent modern comment upon life.
But Easter proclaims the pitiless iron circle broken at last. Grief and darkness not always to revolve with crushing authority upon joy and light. One Life untenable by the power of death, potentially shattering that tyranny over all other lives. Trust reviving through a positive achievement of personal survival of death. For those implicitly and with affection of heart committing spiritual welfare to the keeping of the victorious and mystically inclusive Life, assurance of their own immortality.
It is indeed a most daring hope. To be envied, those who cherish it. Easter is the sun smitten mountain peak of human faith, in a world where so many valleys are still wrapped in night.
Spring Flowers.
Of all the flowers that bloomed at Easter time,
And brought their message from earth's dusky sod;
To me, frail pendants in a stranger's hand,
Flashed Resurrection's light—revealing God!
"The dog-tooth violet," I smiled. She said: "Is that its name?" passed on, while I, for hours,
Was left with haunting memories of spring woods,
Where, with a saint, I knelt among the flowers.
—Rosamund Hovy.
Easter Day reminds us that death is not the end—for in the miracle of the Resurrection, Life has triumphed over Death!
If, like the budding trees and opening flowers of Spring, we look upward and struggle upward; if we live the life of faith—and work—every Easter will be a re-birth.