



### EASTER BIRDS.

Easter birds sing Alleluia,  
For the night has passed away;  
Shall not little Christian children  
Sing for joy as well as they?  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is  
risen to-day.

Easter flowers breathe Alleluia.  
Offered on his altar holy;  
Children, be like spotless lilies,  
Roses sweet and violets lowly.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Offer him your  
hearts to-day.

Bring your gifts, that Alleluia  
Through the ransomed world may ring;  
Pray that all may learn the story,  
Join the gladsome hymns we sing.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is  
risen to-day.

### A MISSIONARY SERMON BY A LITTLE BOY.

Who would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions? To be sure, Katie and Bettie talked a great deal about their "Whatsoever Band." The little pink mite-box that stood on the mantel-shelf beside the old clock was always preaching a missionary sermon. Fritz often saw the pennies and dimes dropped into the box, and was sometimes held up to add his mite to the family gifts. But he was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls went to their mission-band meeting, to hear her little boy giving a missionary sermon to old Whiskers, the family cat.

"Whiskers, 'tain't bein' a miss'nary boy dsust to put money in 'e pink botst. It's thinkin' 'bout 'e peoples 'at doesn't know 'ere is a happy land. It's bein' 'orry for em, and lovin' 'e mans and ladies 'at tells 'em 'bout it. It's puttin' 'em n'ight nest to papa and mamma when you say your p'ayers. My Bettie says some

foist sink it's on'y puttin' pennies in 'e botst. When I's a mission-band boy I'll know better."

### EASTERTIDE.

The little flowers came through the ground  
At Easter time, at Easter time;  
They raised their heads and looked around  
At happy Easter time.

And every pretty bud did say  
"Good people, bless this holy day;  
For Christ is risen, the angels say,  
At happy Easter time."

The pure white lily raised its cup,  
At Easter time, at Easter time;  
The crocus to the sky looked up,  
At happy Easter time.

"We'll hear the song of heaven," they say;  
"Its glories shine on us to-day;  
O may it shine on us always,  
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long, and long, and long ago,  
That Easter time, that Easter time;  
But still the pure white lilies blow  
At happy Easter time.

And still each little flower doth say:  
"Good Christians, bless this holy day;  
For Christ is risen, the angels say,  
At blessed Easter time."

### CURIOUS EASTER CUSTOMS.

In France, during the middle ages, there were many curious customs relative to Easter eggs. Before Eastertide began, the priests made a round of visits, blessing and receiving eggs. The largest eggs were picked out and sent to the king as tribute. After high mass at the chapel of the Louvre on Easter Day, huge, gaily decorated baskets of gilded eggs were carried into the royal presence; the attendant eunuchs blessed and distributed them to those present. Then came the substitution of the artificial egg of sugar, pasteboard, ivory, and so forth, the cover or case for some daintier gift.

It is a little curious that as far as the custom of egg-rolling is practised in the United States, it has a national reputation only in Washington. How or where it started there no one now living in Washington can tell; but that the enchanting slopes of the White House grounds give it inviting encouragement no one will dispute. With every year the crowd of children engaged in the sport has increased, and the egg-rolling has finally grown to the importance of a festival.

The public schools are closed on

Easter Monday, and thousands of children swarm about the White House. The grounds are prettily diversified with little hills and intermediate valleys, and on the knoll above the steepest of these grassy slopes the children gather. Baskets and boxes are quickly opened, and the sport of rolling the coloured eggs begins. It has no apparent object, unless it is to test the strength of the eggshell, and see how many times it will go bumping over rough places without breaking. Some of the little ones try to roll their eggs against others, to see which will break; others run after their eggs as they roll down, to catch them before they reach the bottom, so that they may not break. But they are not long-lived. Even the hard-boiled egg has a limit of endurance. Before long the first comers have seen the last of their coloured treasures broken and scattered over the stones. But the new comers constantly arriving bring a fresh supply. The children come and go from nine o'clock till sundown.

### EASTERTIDE.

Oh, rare as the splendour of lilies,  
And sweet as the violet's breath,  
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,  
A triumph of life over death.  
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom  
Full baskets of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin-soft petals  
To carpet a path for our King.

God's kindness to us ought to make us  
kind to one another.



EASTER LILIES.