

ACHSAH'S EASTER-TIDE.

Of the dear Lord's poor was Achsah, brown-haired
and hazel-eyed,
When her small feet came to the portals of one
glad Easter-tide.
The sweet pale face of the mother had faded with
the snow—
Now she knew she must leave her darling, the
darling who loved her so.

And the dear little face had grown thinner, the
dear little step less strong,
Till the mother had hoped that Achsah would not
stay behind her long.
Now as neared the joyous Easter, with its glory
of song and flowers,
A wish grew strong in the childish heart through
all the bright'ning hours.

She thought of the splendor of churches, with
blossoms made fair as the sun,
And how "mamma loved all the flowers, if only
she might have one."
And her heart swelled big with the longing ever
more strong and deep,
And she woke from a dream of blossoms in her
short and fevered sleep.

'Twas the day before Easter morning; to-morrow
the jubilant glee,
The great, glad, exultant chorus would be rolling
o'er land and sea!
To-morrow, the song of angels would sound
through each church's nave,
Telling to all "He is risen!"—the Lord who died
to save.

And she said, "I can find a flower, I can find just
one, I know;
The Lord who loves little children will show me
where to go."
Then she pinned on her poor worn wrapping, and
tied on her tattered hood,
And started in search of her flower, but not
through field or wood;

Only the streets of the city, stretching for weary
miles,
Till the poor little feet grew tired, the face forgot
its smiles—
Past many a church where the organs were peal-
ing soft and low,
She wandered, our little Achsah, walking ever
more slow.

Miles, miles the worn feet travelled, till sick at
heart and faint,
The wee face under the tattered hood glowed
pale like a pictured saint,
Until at length she started, in wonder and sur-
prise,
And tears came quickly welling up into the hazel
eyes,

For there on the dusty pavement, dropped by
some careless hand,
Bearing its load of treasure, to deck some chancel
grand,
Lay a pure and perfect lily, dainty, and fair, and
white,
In its deep, sweet heart a dewdrop glowed in the
clear daylight.

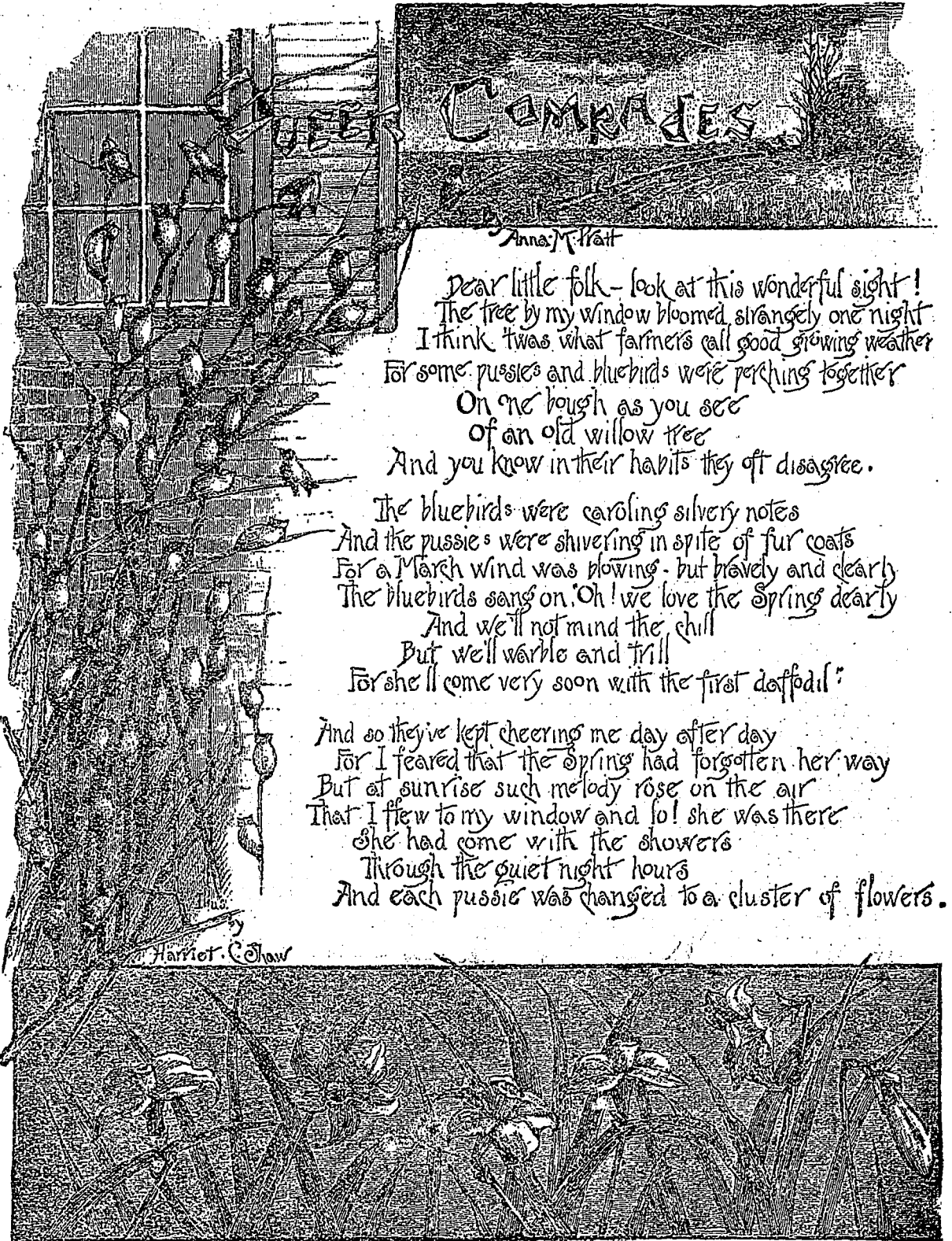
Quickly she seized the treasure, the sad brown
eyes aglow,
Sobbing, as back she hurried, "He laid it there,
I know."
Hurried at first, then faltered, growing more
weak each mile,
Still the tired feet never rested. "Mamma," she
said, "will smile."

Reached at last were home and mother. "I am
so tired," she said;
"Mamma is sleeping so quiet I will creep to her
side in bed,
I am so cold and so tired, I will lie down here and
rest,
First I'll place in her hand the lily, she'll find it
here at her breast."

And then the poor little maiden sank to her
needed sleep,
And the angels guarded the sleepers whose
slumber was long and deep,
Next morning the Easter chorus soared 'round
each architrave
Of the lofty and lovely churches. "He is risen!"
the echoes gave.

But in the lowly hovel the sunshine streamed
and fell
And rested on child and mother, who slept so
long and well.
The sweet pale faces were upturned fair in the
light of day;
In the nerveless hand of the mother the waxen
lily lay.

Pinched were the sleeping faces; to those who
saw them, there
The whole sad tale was written, a tale of want
and care.
Naught but cold and hunger for them had the
earth to yield—
Hunger, and cold, and hardship, and a grave in
"Potters' field."



Anna M. Hart
Dear little folk—look at this wonderful sight!
The tree by my window bloomed strangely one night
I think 'twas what farmers call good growing weather
For some pussies and bluebirds were perching together
On one bough as you see
Of an old willow tree
And you know in their habits they oft disagree.

The bluebirds were caroling silvery notes
And the pussies were shivering in spite of fur coats
For a March wind was blowing—but bravely and clearly
The bluebirds sang on, "Oh! we love the Spring dearly
And we'll not mind the chill
But we'll warble and trill
For she'll come very soon with the first daffodil!"
And so they've kept cheering me day after day
For I feared that the Spring had forgotten her way
But at sunrise such melody rose on the air
That I flew to my window and lo! she was there
She had come with the showers
Through the quiet night hours
And each pussie was changed to a cluster of flowers.

"As I live, ye shall live also." O wonderful
words that he saith!
Into his blessed presence they had passed through
the gates of death.
O glorious Easter morning! O joy!—He lives
who died!
'Mid the songs and the flowers of heaven was
"Achsah's Easter-tide!"
EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

EYES OPEN OR SHUT.

Two boys one morning took a walk with
a naturalist. "Do you notice anything
peculiar in the movements of those wasps?"
he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the
middle of the road.

"Nothing except that they seem to come
and go," replied one of the boys. The
other was less prompt in his reply, but he
had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs,"
he said. "One has a little pellet of mud,
the other has nothing. Are there drones
among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went
away with a burden," replied the naturalist.

"The one you thought a do-nothing had
a mouthful of water. They reach their
nest together; the one deposits his pellet
of mud, and the other ejects the water
upon it, which makes it of the consistency
of mortar. They then paddle it upon the
nest, and fly away for more materials." And
then on the strength of this interesting in-
cident, he gives this good advice: Boys,
cultivate the faculty of observation.
Hear sharply—look keenly. Glance at
at a shop window as you pass it, and

then try how many things you can re-
call that you noticed in it. Open your eyes
wider when you stroll across the meadow.
There are ten thousand interesting things
to be seen. Animals, birds, plants and in-
sects, with their habits, intelligence and
peculiarities will command your admiration.
You may not become great men through
your observations, like Newton, Linnaeus,
Franklin, or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you
will acquire information that will be of ser-
vice to you, and make you wiser and quite
probably better.—F. H. Stauffer.

PLEASURE IN GIVING.

The three Carey sisters were objects of
envy in the school. Each of them had a
somewhat large allowance of money, which
was intended to cover her personal ex-
penses. It was the first year in which the
allowance had been made, and at the close
each of the girls found herself with a little
sum in hand.

"We can do what we please with it!"
exclaimed May. She ran for her hat, and
hurrying to the candy-shop, laid in a
supply of dainty confections with which she
treated all the girls in school.

Jane said nothing, but she spent no
money in candy. A day or two later a
quaint old Japanese bronze appeared on her
desk.

"What are you going to do with your
spare money?" she asked of Sophy, the
youngest of the sisters.

Sophy grew red, but did not answer.
May laughed.

"Sophy has an ambition to do good in

the world," she said. "She intends to
spend her money for a half-dozen instruc-
tive books, which she is going to lend to
the poor boys in the alley."

"If I could make them good men it
would be better than candy or bric-a-brac,"
said Sophy, earnestly.

She bought the books, gave them to the
boys, and went to their homes several times
to explain and talk to them about the stories
and pictures. One day, when the sisters
were together, Jane asked:

"What became of the books, Sophy?"
Sophy shook her head. "The boys tired
of them in a week, and took no notice of
them afterward."

"I have my bronze still," said Jane,
triumphantly. "It is a pleasure to me
whenever I see it. Your candy did not
last long," she said to Jane, significantly.

"It made us all happy while it did last,"
said May, laughing.

Sophy sat thinking when she was left
alone. Her little effort seemed to have been
wasted. The good books had made the
boys no better. It had been useless as
water spilled upon the ground. Why not
buy candy next month with her spare
money; or a pretty bronze?

And yet—
She loved those bad little fellows so
much since she had tried to help them!
And they ran after her now to speak to her
—to shake hands!

Her color rose, and the tears came into
her eyes. "I will keep on my own way.
I like it better than bronzes or candy,"
she whispered to herself.—Companion.