

Not Unto Himself.

[AN EASTER ASPIRATION]

"For none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."—Rom. 11. 7.

BY M. E. WINSLOW

Up from the dead He comes; no bands might bind Him
Who came death's captives from their chains to save;
And those who in the morning seek to find Him
Only behold a lonely, rifled grave.

Fresh from the dead He comes; amid the flowers,
Brighter, more fragrant, and more pure than they;
And those who bring their spices these early hours,
An angel bids to look where Jesus lay.

Up from the ground it comes; the green grass springing
Dead winter cannot hold in its embrace;
Nor can the ice forever hush the singing
Of streamlets rippling through that garden place.

Up in our hearts it comes,—the new life throbbing
Which Jesus wrested from death's ghastly hand.
No more the dirge-like wail of Lenten sobbing
May mar the music of Immanuel's land.

Not for itself it comes, the spring's fair greenness,
The fruit and beauty of the summer's life,
But that, far off in autumn's ripened keenness,
Our barns with grain and fruitage may be rife.

Not to themselves they live, the golden sunshine,
The myriad marvels of earth, sea, and air;
The teeming life of forest, hill, and prairie,
Each ministers to each and everywhere.

Not for Himself Christ rose that Easter morning,
Not to Himself the Conqueror liveth now;
Not that His head alone might wear the crowning
Placed He the diadem above His brow.

For us, for us His mighty wonder-working,
For us He trod the wine-press all alone,
Eurst the rock gates, and, through the garden taking
His path, passed grandly upward to His throne.

For us He lives through all the passing ages,
Dropping through unclosed hands His gifts to men,
The angel who records them on its pages—
Finds only loving deeds to us to pen.

For us His grace, a treasury un-failing
Of wisdom, faith, and love, and inner light.
For us His instant prayer, and, all prevailing,
For us His armor proved in every fight.

Not to ourselves we live the life He giveth,
His resurrection life, our own to-day;
He only in Christ's resurrection liveth
Who gives, as Jesus gave, his life away.

Then gladly come we, this fair Easter morning,
Bringing such spices as our lives afford,
Not to an empty grave, but no man scorn-
ing—
To those He rose for, and our risen Lord

Clara's Easter.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

CLARA PETIT's father was not rich. Clara wished he was if only for to-day when all the girls in the Sunday-school class except her were going to buy lovely flowers to decorate the school for Easter. Beth Burnet's father had given her a silver dollar for Easter buds, so had Daisy Chester's and Lulu Danforth's. But it was out of the question entirely for Mr. Petit to give Clara a whole dollar for flowers, indeed he could scarcely afford half that amount, although he had fully decided she should have it.

"She has been such a darling in our home, such a ray of sunshine brightening us all," was what her loving father thought.

"Here, Clara," he said cheerily, "here is a silver half dollar for some rosebuds for the school, or for some pretty eggs if you prefer, or for anything else you like."

"Oh, thank you, father," she answered joyfully, kissing her father a loving payment for his generosity.

"Clara, I think you will have to carry this little basket to old Grandma Wick to-day. I do not feel quite well enough for the long walk."

"Does she want it to-day, mamma?" asked Clara anxiously, for Beth Burnet was waiting in the hall for her to go out and select the flowers.

"She needs it to-day, dear," answered Mrs. Petit softly. "But you can buy your flowers first, indeed the basket is not quite ready."

Soon afterward Clara and Beth were in the florist's rooms looking about with admiring eyes at the beautiful flowers on every side. Beth soon had bought her dollar's worth of fragrant flowers and felt very happy. Clara as yet had purchased but one flower—a sweet, white rosebud, to which the florist added some pretty, sweet-smelling leaves—all for ten cents.

"What did you buy that one little rosebud now for when you have not chosen your other flowers? And why don't you get all you want right away?" Beth inquired as the two children closed the florist's door after them.

"I wanted to use this one little bud now, that is the reason I bought it," Clara said, looking lovingly at the rosebud, "and I don't get all my flowers now because I would not have time to carry them to the school and go to Grandma Wick's both before dinner, and they might all be faded if they had to wait until I get back from there."

"Get the flowers now. Let old Granny Wick wait, she's a cross old thing anyway."

But Clara thought differently. She went home, showed her mother the sweet rosebud wrapped in tissue paper and got the well-filled basket.

"It's for little Patty Holden, mamma," she said smilingly. "Don't you think she will be glad?"

"Yes, I know the poor little sick girl will be glad. I am glad, too, that you are so thoughtful of Patty," her mother answered.

When Clara arrived at Mrs. Holden's she found her very busy ironing some finery for a lady boarder at the hotel.

"Ah," she said with a smile at Clara, "you've come again to see Patty. Thank you, dear, for not forgetting our sick girl, go right into her little room, she'll welcome you, sure."

Clara went up the short flight of stairs which opened directly into Patty's room. She found the little girl looking very sad, with tears rolling down her thin, pale face.

"Not crying, Patty!" Clara said cheerfully as she entered the room and kissed Patty's cheek.

"I was crying, but I won't cry now," Patty answered, a bright glow coming into her eyes and cheeks at sight of Clara's sweet, merry face.

"That's right, don't, and see what I've brought to you, Patty. Isn't this a sweet rosebud, this Easter bud?"

"Oh, how sweet it is," Patty said, smelling of the fragrant blossom, and then pressing it gently to her lips.

"Oh, how good of you, Clara dear, to

remember me. I was crying because I was so lonely. Mother has to work so hard that she can't stay with me much, but I'll not be lonely now with the sweet flowers. I believe I'll remember now that "Christ is risen."

"I wish you could see the stores, Patty, with the windows full of eggs and cards. Down to Downing's they have the prettiest cards the real Prang chromos. There is one I wish you could see, Patty. It is a broken egg filled with daisies, with two little chickens harnessed up before it pulling it along."

"Oh, how pretty it must be," said Patty delightedly, leaning on her elbows to watch Clara's face. "Tell me about another, Clara."

"Well, there is one with beautiful white lilies on a golden ground, and besides the flowers are the verses.

"Easter buds, as now, were growing,
Ages ago.

Easter lilies then were blooming
By the water's flow.

And in nature all was bright,
Bathed in holy, radiant light.

For Christ the Lord is risen."

"Oh, Clara, that must be lovely. I wish I could see that."

"Perhaps you can. I'll ask Mr. Downing this afternoon to let me bring it over just for you to look at," Clara said. "And now I must go to Grandma Wick's."

"Sure enough, the Lord is risen," said granny, reverently. "I don't deserve this, though, not at all," she added, tears dropping upon her palsied hands. "I've been reppin' all mornin' just cause I'd lost my Easter verses."

"What were they, granny?"

"Somethin' about 'Chime softly, bells of Easter.' Oh, I thought so much of them verses. I cut 'em out of a newspaper long ago, but I can get along without 'em an' remember my Lord is risen, but I do long for 'em after all," granny said, softly.

"Granny, are these the verses?" and Clara repeated some that she knew, beginning with "Chime softly."

"Them's the ones—ain't they cheerin'?" granny asked, with joyful yet trembling voice.

"Yes, they're lovely, and you shall have those verses again before night."

As Clara started homeward she paused for a moment by a fence surrounding a wild park belonging to Esquire Daniels. If she dared to go through the woods the long, tiresome walk around the park would not have to be taken, but then they were private grounds, she did not think it right to cross. Just as she was starting around the park Mary Daniels overtook her.

Miss Daniels was driving her little pony, and the phaeton in which she sat was the bearer also of some lovely white flowers.

"Ah, Clara," she said smilingly, "are you in search of Easter flowers, too? I see you have your basket."

"No, ma'am," laughed Clara. "My basket has been on some other business—but I'm going to buy a few flowers after I go home."

"Look here, Clara," Mary said, holding up a basket of white flowers, "aren't these lovely?"

"Indeed they are."

"If you want some like them I'll tell you where to find them."

"I should be rejoiced to get them," Clara spoke, joyfully.

"Just climb the fence then and go across the woods—you can have all the flowers you can carry—if it is a bushel,"

and Miss Daniels, with a happy laugh drove on.

That afternoon Clara spent her remaining forty cents. Shall I tell you how? Twenty cents paid for two beautiful Easter cards, the other twenty for a sweet pink hyacinth in a bit of a pot.

But, are you wondering whether Clara did not furnish any fair flowers to celebrate the joyous Easter day? Glance into the school the next morning, the bright Easter morn. Do you see that great pure pillow of snowy trilliums? Clara Pettit sent that. It was made by her own hands from the flowers gathered from Mary Daniels' wood. Do you see that lovely trailing arbutus with its waxy pink buds winding about the flower tables? Clara obtained that from the same source.

But about the cards. Little Patty has one, the one she wanted, with the fair lilies on it. It is pinned upon the wall near her bed and the sweet pink hyacinth is on the stand beside her. There are no tears on her face now, only smiles, and she says, with deep feeling: "Oh, mamma, isn't Clara a darling?"

"She surely is, God bless her," her mother answers fervently.

The other card is at Granny Wick's. As she looks at the sweet blue bells she reads the verses beside them:

"Chime softly, bells of Easter,
Ring out your holiest lay;
For Christ the Lord is risen,
'Tis Resurrection Day"

"I'm so glad my Lord is risen," she says softly. "And, my Lord, bless little Clara Petit."

"Smiles."

LITTLE Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now, Russell," she said, drawing down her face and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "dust you remember, never, never to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."

"I want to get a dog's muzzle," said a little fellow entering a hardware store. "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious storekeeper. "No, of course, it isn't," replied the little fellow indignantly. "It's for our dog."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a printer boy in London, would drink no beer, and his companions called him the water-American, and wondered that he was stronger than those who drank beer. His companions at the press drank six pints of beer every day, and had it to pay for. He was not only saved the expense, but he was stronger than they, and better off in every way. If he had gone to drinking beer at that time, like the other printer-boys, it is likely he should never have heard of him.

A FARMER's wife in Germany, making some cherry brandy, threw the remains of the fermented fruit into the yard. Her ten geese ate them all, and became dead drunk. She had forgotten about the cherries, and when she found her geese all in the gutter she concluded they had been poisoned and would not be good for food, but she picked all their feathers off for market. What was her surprise and sorrow to find her geese next morning as well as ever, but cold and shivering. Let us hope she and the geese both learned a lesson, that cherry and other brandy is apt to take the feathers off the backs of geese and the clothes off the backs of people.—*Christian Witness.*