

The First Easter.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Upon that day, fount fairest of all days,
When first the skies thrilled to the Easter
sun,
And angels and archangels bowed in praise
For marvellous victory by the Lord Christ
won.

What songs had earth?
What joyful mirth?
What ointment sweet
For those pierced feet?
Did not all nations listen with rapt ears?
And kingdomless Jerusalem with tears?

No sound of shouting men, with victor's
palms,
No singing maidens with triumphant lay,
No splendid priests with offerings and psalms,
Went forth to keep with Christ first Easter
Day.

Poor Mary's sigh,
Her joyful cry,
Her flying feet
Her message sweet
Unto the brethren in their bitter need:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen,
indeed!"

This was the pealing song, the Easter cry,
The thunder in the trumpets that should
blow

The joyful news to lands both far and nigh,
Till every sky with Easter light shall glow,
And every race
Know Easter grace,
In every tongue
Be sweetly sung

The Easter song that Mary still doth lead:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen,
indeed!"

All deaf and dumb! Paphos loved Venus
then;

Delphi—nor Delos in its Aegean home;
Nor Greece, the land of gods and godlike men;
Nor sage nor augur in Imperial Rome
Knew Easter Day.

They brought no lay
Honey nor fire,
Nor rich attire,
Pale wines, or bruised myrrh, for offering
Unto Lord Christ, the Unknown God and
King.

Nay, even Zion—who his coming prayed—
Kept smoking temples pleading with the
skies;

And priests who on the altar victims laid,
Unmindful of the risen sacrifice;
And Urin pale,
And riven veil,
And Gentle face
In holy place,

And empty cross amid that awful gloom,
And soldiers watching by that empty tomb.

Daisy's Eggs.

A German Easter Story.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

"DAISY!" But no answer was heard.

"Daisy! Daisy! Where can the child be!" said the voice; but again there was no answer, and the tired feet were fain to climb the long stairways, their owner looking in at open doors, as she passed from landing to landing, and again and again calling "Daisy!"

Now Daisy heard perfectly well all the time, but she had reasons of her own for not acknowledging that she did so. Something had been said at dinner-time about sending a basket of good things to Widow Gretchen, and as Daisy was the usual carrier of such baskets, she had an intuition of the purpose for which she was wanted, and also, I am sorry to say, a strong sensation of unwillingness to go. Not that Daisy was usually a very selfish little girl, but to-day she was particularly busy, and to go out before tea would spoil all her plans. In one end of the long, low garret-room she was making a baby-house, and displaying all her treasures to the best possible advantage—and every one knows what a fascinating occupation that is.

But our readers must not suppose Daisy's treasures at all compared with those which they have gathered by the accumulation of the Christmases and birthdays of their lives. German children do not fare so well, or at least are not treated so lavishly. But then, possession is always comparative, and Daisy, having more than her companions, thought herself a very rich little girl.

"To-morrow there will be new ones, and as I'm ten years old this Easter, they're sure to be the handsomest I ever had." And just as she reached this conclusion, her mother's head appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Why, Daisy, I've been calling you for ever so long; didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, little mother, but—but I didn't want to come," with a sudden burst of honesty. "I don't want to carry a great heavy basket down to old Gretchen. If she is so poor that we must give her her Easter dinner, she might at least send for it herself."

"So she always did till Gotthold broke his leg; you know there is no one else to come. I am ashamed of my little daughter's selfishness; she should find it a pleasure to care for the sick and poor on Easter eve, when the dear Lord who gave up his life for us all lay in his rocky sepulchre. But she must go, nevertheless, for I promised, and I have no one else to send."

As there was no help for it, Daisy put her *sabots* (wooden shoes) over her boots, slipped on her cloak, and tied her long woollen hood tightly, and taking the basket went down-stairs, and with no very good grace was soon trotting down the steep and stony street. Her rosy, good-natured face looked as cross as it could look, and she muttered to herself:

"It's too bad, I haven't half finished my baby-house; it will be dark by the time I get back. I don't see why I should be made to wait on beggars, and I don't see what business Gotthold had to break his leg."

But by the time she had thought all this, Daisy had reached the high arched and painted stone bridge, and as it was an ever-new delight to look over the stone parapet upon the swiftly running water as it roared and dashed around and over the boulders and pebbles far below, or to watch the sunset colours setting the mountains on fire and gilding all the city steeples as they did to-night, she was in a somewhat better humour by the time she had climbed to the fifth story of the quaint old house to the apartment in which old Gretchen lived with her grandson, Gotthold.

"A thousand blessings on you, *fraulein* (young lady), said the old woman, as Daisy set down her basket on the clean black oak chest, which served at once the purposes of wardrobe, dresser, and table. "It'll be all the better resurrection to you that you had pity upon the poor."

Daisy felt the praise was undeserved, and blushed, as she turned to ask Gotthold—a pale, blue-eyed boy, a little older than herself—how he was to-night.

"Better," he said, making an attempt to hide some object he had been at work upon with a paint-brush.

The bones were beginning to knit, and the doctor thought in six weeks he could be about again, at least on crutches. Next Easter she wouldn't have to bring the cakes and eggs. He would be able to get for them himself,

though the doctor said his leg would never be straight again as it once was, and he could never jump or run or skate again.

Daisy felt very sorry for him as she walked up the hill again towards her home, and considerably ashamed of herself, so, like a good many impulsive people who go from one extreme to another, she began to plan what she could do to make the six weeks of Gotthold's confinement less tedious. She would carry him her prettiest story-books; she would go and tell him about all the excursions to the woods; and when the flowers came, as they soon would now, she would carry him a fresh bunch every day, for she knew how much the artist-boy loved flowers. All the-e things were very pleasant to do, they involved no self-denial; and she went to sleep quite restored to her own good opinion, while the same Paschal moon looked into her window which had long ago lighted the Eastern garden, and the "new sepulchre" wherein lay the crucified Lord.

"Christ is risen! he is risen indeed!" rang through the German household, and Daisy opened her eyes to see the Easter sunrise in its crimson glory through the uncurtained casement of the room.

It did not take the little girl long to dress and hurry down to the breakfast table, where, according to the family custom, the Easter-eggs given by each member of the family to each other member, were placed upon the plates and covered with snowy napkins. When, the Easter grace having been sung, these napkins were removed, there were general exclamations of delight at the beauty of colouring and taste in decoration and selection displayed. But it is only with Daisy's share of the exhibition that we have to do.

Around her plate was a complete circle of eggs; eggs of all pure colours, variegated, striped, gilded, painted with flowers and birds, made of sugar, of ivory, and of painted wood; but on the plate stood a little gilded chariot, to which were harnessed two tiny hares (an ancient German symbol of the resurrection), and in the chariot lay an egg of pure iridescent mother-of-pearl, which, divided into two sections by a gold rim, opened upon hinges and displayed nestling in a bed of rosy cotton a lovely little silver dove. It was so beautiful that it almost took away Daisy's breath, and quite took away her appetite; indeed, there was very little breakfast eaten by anybody, as the early church bells began to ring and every one hurried off at once to attend the service.

Daisy now began to plan something else to do for Gotthold. She would go, after church, and carry him one of her new eggs. Which should it be,—the sugar egg embossed with silver and gold flowers; one of those painted in rainbow stripes; that curious egg of red ivory which opened and showed a smaller blue one, that again enclosing a yellow one, and so on, till in the very centre was a little white egg, about the size of a pea; or should she give away the beauty, the pearl and silver and gold? Could she? Gotthold liked beautiful and delicate things even more than she did, and he had so few; but she meant this new treasure to fill that space in the baby-house she had left for it yesterday; could she? And the two voices of selfishness and generosity began to talk so loud in her heart that

she did not hear a word of the prayers, or the hymns, the gospel, or the sermon, till suddenly these words which the minister was saying struck upon her ear: "Yes, my people, Christ's resurrection gift was no mean one. He gave the best he had, his life, that we might have the best; we could have even life eternal. Let us offer him to-day no half-way sacrifice."

"Gotthold," said Daisy soon after, beaming all over with smiles and dimples, "here's the most beautiful egg you ever saw. Mother said I might give it to you; but don't open the box till I am gone." For the brave little girl was afraid her resolution might give way if she took another look.

"Here, Daisy," called out Gotthold, as she was running away, "is an egg I painted for you; carry it carefully, and don't open it till you get home."

Daisy took the little soft roll of cotton and tissue paper, carried it home tenderly, and when she opened it found a veritable egg-shell, out of which the contents had been blown through two small holes at either end, and on the surface of which was painted a wreath of tiny ferns tied together on one side by a bunch of Easter lilies. Out of one end projected a loop of narrow blue ribbon, which, on being pulled, drew out a little roll of paper, on which was printed in delicate German Text letters, a verse which may be translated thus:

"Who doth himself in Christ's grave lay,—
Shall rise with Christ on Easter Day.
Who conquers self for other's need,
Hath risen with Jesus, risen indeed.
Who selfishness at the cross lays down,
Shall share with his Saviour the throne and
the crown."

"How could he know! Gotthold, I mean," said Daisy, looking with glad yet astonished eyes at her mother.

"He did not know, it was only a coincidence. But Jesus knew all about it,—the sin, the repentance, the struggle, and the victory. I think Daisy, my Easter flower, understands the meaning of Easter better than she ever did before."

"Oh, yes! I don't think I was ever so happy before," said the little girl. "I feel like saying all the time, 'Christ is risen; he is risen indeed.'"

He Would Have Liquor.

On Saturday afternoon a little girl informed the officer on duty at the Agnes street police station, Toronto, that her father was selling her clothing and other articles in order to obtain money. The officer immediately went to the house, and found a second-hand dealer with his large hand-cart, into which he was putting valuable clothing which he had purchased from the father, George Scarlett, for twenty five cents. The constable ordered him to return every article he had put into the cart, after which he received his twenty-five cents and departed, evidently glad to have got off so easily. Scarlett was told that if he again attempted to thus dispose of the property of his family he would be arrested, as this was not the first offence of the kind. About an hour later he was observed with a parcel under his arm by a policeman on the beat, who instantly gave chase, captured him, and brought him to the station on the charge of drunkenness. The parcel he was carrying he threw into a yard when he saw the policeman coming towards him. It was recovered, however, and on examination found to contain a quilt.