

BOYS AND GIRLS

Resurrection.

(A. M. L., in 'The Christian.')

Little brown buds on the tips of the trees,
Swaying about in the icy-cold breeze,
Wrapped up so tightly you scarcely can
freeze,
Are ye the heralds of spring?

Little brown buds buried deep in the ground,
Sending your leaves through the clods that
surround.
Quietly working, with never a sound,
Blooms to perfection to bring.

Little brown chrysalides, hidden from sight,
Waiting for sunshine's beneficent might,
Soon to burst forth into radiance bright,
Gladsome as bird on the wing!

Dearly loved sleepers, laid down in the
earth!
Buried with you all our light-hearted mirth!
Ye, too, are waiting a glorious birth,
Christ's Resurrection to sing.

Bright Sun of Righteousness, shine through
our gloom!
Teach us that Life only 'sleeps' in the tomb,
Soon to awake in more glorious bloom,
Since Thou hast vanquished Death's sting.

Shine in our hearts, blessed Sunlight of love;
Lighten our darkness, as earth-lights remove,
Waiting Thy promise to come from above,
Joyfullest Springtime to bring!

A Cuban Easter Offering.

(By Mrs. John B. Wood.)

Why so many live hens were carried into the little Cuban town of Jaruco three or four days before Easter was a problem. They came every way, across horse's backs and under people's arms. These hens were promptly put to 'sit' in boxes and stuffed with as many bits of meat and as much corn meal, seasoned with red pepper, as they could accommodate. The problem might, however, have been solved by Senora Lutgardia, for had she not, sitting peacefully in the patio of the El Faro Mission House, overheard the small Angelita holding forth to a dozen or more little girls gathered in the mission parlor to play with the wonderful dolls sent by kind friends in the States:

'You know,' Angelita said, 'Miss Woody told us Easter was a time to make joyful offerings, because Christ had risen from the grave. We should do all the good we can, then, for people we love. Now, I propose we bring all the eggs we can get to the mission!'

'Where can we get eggs?' asked little Carlotta. 'We have no hens.'

'Ask your father to get one from the country, can't you?' replied Angelita. And as the grave little head shook a negation sadly, added: 'Well, for those to whom eggs do not come they can bring flowers to our Master.'

'Are the dolls to be brought?' asked an anxious small voice.

'But, surely,' replied Angelita, the leader, 'and because there are not enough to go round we must sometimes lend. I will let,' with a gracious air, 'some of you hold Maria,' squeezing a large tow-head lady to her heart. So it was decided that each child bring as many eggs and plants as possible. Miss Woody was to be coaxed to let them dress the mission room all by themselves, and then they would ask the teachers in and present the beautiful gifts. Pledged to secrecy, the little girls put the dolls to sleep and went home, not noticing the presence of Senora Lutgardia as she sat behind the wall and the tall coleus.

On the Saturday before Easter Sunday busy little fingers twined long wreaths of the 'Christmas Flowers' and arranged bouquets of the pure white disks of the moonflower over every available picture, framed as they already were, in the bright red spines of the century plant that made the hedges along the road. A large dish of perfect Marechal Niel roses, with buds too heavy to be supported on the slender stems, glowed in golden sweetness amid their light green leaves upon the center table. The little girls had much discussion as to how to do all unknown to the kind ladies of the mission, but way was cleared by Miss Woody, saying casually that all the teachers would be away that particular afternoon. This from Lutgardia.

Clusters of the exquisite coffee blossoms, with their drooping white flowers and dark

green feathery foliage, hung round the windows, and many pots of plants decorated the room, for to some little pupils hens had been an unattainable good. All the children except little dark-eyed Anita were assembled. Because she came not Angelita's round face clouded.

'I want to sing some hymns and have a little prayer meeting,' she said, 'to sort of dedicate our Easter offering, you know, before the teachers come, but we can't go on without Anita. I wish she'd hurry.' It must be understood that one form of mission work at 'El Faro' is the Children's Work Social held Saturday afternoon, a function which the dear little maids on this blessed occasion resolved into a prayer meeting under Angelita's guidance. Angelita, before the adult choir was formed, led much of the singing in the regular services of the mission, but since the choir's organization she devoted her sweet voice to the children's societies. Had she known how Anita herself ached to hurry her earnest brow would not have been so grave.

In a little outhouse Anita stood patiently watching a large black hen.

'You know you always do lay at this time,' she said, 'and I can't take four eggs unless you hurry. Do be quick; I must go. They don't wait for me; besides, they will get all the dolls, and how can I sing hymns without Maria to hug?' The hen eyed her imperturbably; Anita looked at the hen, then she stamped. 'Oh, well!' she exclaimed, desperately, 'I know you will lay, and if you can't do it here you shall there,' and she flew with both hands at the surprised hen, crammed her into a palm-leaf basket and went flying up to 'El Faro,' holding the basket tight by its slender string.

'Here I am!' she exclaimed, 'just wait till I put this stupid hen into Miss Woody's room; she won't care. I must have four eggs, and I only have three. They are beauties, though,' and she proudly added them to the already full basket.

'It's time we begin our hymns,' said Angelita; 'I've kept Maria for you, but you were so late I thought you would never get here. Here's Maria.'

'It was all the hen,' said Anita, hugging joyfully to her heart the flaxen-headed beauty. The sweet, childish voices, led by Angelita, rang out in the beautiful hymns taught them by Mr. Clark and others of the mission, and after singing several Angelita laid down her book, saying, as her young face grew reverent:

'We have time for a prayer meeting before the teachers come. Prayers and praises, too, for Mr. Clark says the Bible tells us to always praise and give thanks before we ask for anything more, and,' continuing her little speech rather shyly, 'I want us all to give the dear God thanks for the mission and ask Him that friends in the States will send us more workers and help, that the good news may be told in every town about Jesus.'

'Oh, stop, stop a minute,' cried Anita, as they were about to kneel; 'do wait until I

can see my hen, for—' expressing what many another has found to be true, 'I can pray so much better when I have offered all I have.' Flying to Miss Woody's room, she softly opened the door, nearly screaming with delight when she saw on the bed as lovely a pinky white egg, delicately transparent and warm, as hen ever laid. Senora Blacky was circumspectly picking her steps over the white counterpane with intention of finding a way out of this unusual, and, to her mind, inappropriate, abode. On Anita's entrance she paused, head on one side, and her leg up-raised, considering the sudden intruder, but Anita's spring put deliberation to flight. Astonished and protesting the annoyed hen flew over Anita's head, out through the open door and into the quiet patio. There, amid the coleus plants and gourd vines, she recovered her equanimity and marched about with satisfied cackle.

'Now, we're ready,' announced Anita, but Angelita was disturbed by a rustle in one corner of the room; she raised her head, asking, 'what is the matter?'

'Violetta won't kneel; I never saw such a doll,' almost sobbed a tiny child; 'her knees won't bend, she is so stiff.'

'Lay her flat on her face,' promptly spoke Anita. 'The Bible says people got down on their faces.' So comforted, the little group began the prayer meeting, and when the teachers arrived a score of bright Easter faces showed the beautiful eggs and no less beautiful flowers, and Senora Blacky was fed and much stroked as she made her way home in the basket.—Selected.

Miss Lovina's Easter.

(Mabel Earle, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'I've borne with him and borne with him,' Lovina Karsters averred, keeping grim watch over the kettle wherein her Easter eggs were boiling. 'I tell you, bishop, you haven't any idea "how" I've borne with Billy.'

'Haven't I?' said the bishop.

Miss Lovina looked up suddenly, and dashed away an angry tear.

'I didn't mean that,' she said. 'If there's a living being next to Almighty God, in all these camps and prospect-holes and ranches out here, that knows "all" about us, it's you. You know every foot of country from Quartz City to Dead Timber, and from Snowbird to Kingfisher. And what's more, you know the lives of the folks, inside and out, with their go-to-meeting clothes on, and their overalls and jumpers, too. But, bishop, you haven't ever been a single woman keeping house in a log cabin, and you "don't" know what it is to be a sister of Billy Karsters.'

'No,' said the bishop, 'I don't.'

He left the plaid-cushioned rocking-chair where he had been sitting beside Miss Lovina's work-basket, and walked across the room to the window, peering out between the geraniums blossoming there to the shaft-houses of the Kingfisher mines, across the gulch.