



SIMON BEARING THE CROSS OF JESUS.

SIMON THE CYRENIAN.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Along the dusty thoroughfare of life,
Upon his daily errands walking free,
Came a brave, honest man, untouched by
pain,
Unchilled by sight or thought of misery.

But lo! a crowd: he stops; with curious
eye
A fainting form all pressed to earth he
sees;
The hard, rough burden of the bitter cross
Hath bowed the drooping head and feeble
knees.

"Ho! lay the cross upon yon stranger
there,
For he hath breadth of chest and strength
of limb."
Straight it is done, and heavy laden thus,
With Jesus' cross he turns and follows him.

Unmurmuring, patient, cheerful, pitiful,
Prompt with the holy Sufferer to endure,
Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord,
Thus did he make his glorious calling sure,

Oh soul, whoe'er thou art, walking life's
way,
As yet from touch of deadly sorrow free,
Learn from this story to forecast the day
When Jesus and his cross shall come to thee.

Oh, in that fearful, that decisive hour
Rebel not, shrink not, seek not thence to
flee:

But, humbling bending, take thy heavy
load,
And bear it after Jesus patiently.

His cross is thine. If thou and he be one,
Some portion of his pain must still be
thine;
Thus only mayst thou share his glorious
crown,
And reign with him in majesty divine.

Master in sorrow! I accept my share
In the great anguish of life's mystery.
No more alone I sink beneath my load,
But bear my cross, O Jesus, after thee.

WHAT DOES EASTER MEAN?

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"Hi, sis. See what I've brought you."
Nellie, sitting quietly knitting by the
window, screamed with delight.

"Oh, you darling Jack! Where did you
find it? And I was just thinking of
Easter. They're trimming the church so
pretty, Aunt Emma says, but the flowers
all grew in the greenhouse, and this is a
wild one. Oh, how sweet it is!"

"Why do they make such a fuss over
Easter, Nell? What is it, anyway?"

"Why, Jack, it's everything. It means
Christ is risen. He died for us, you know,
but the tomb couldn't hold him. He rose
from the dead. Oh, I love him! don't
you?"

"Yes, I do, Nell, but the flowers?"

"He gives 'em to us, Jack, 'cause he
loves us. They ain't of much use only to
make us happy."

"I saw lots of lilies at the florist's. I
wished I could buy one for you."

"Did you? How nice of you! They
use lilies at Easter because they are so
pure and sweet you know. Don't you
remember what auntie read the other day,
'Oh, make me pure as the lilies are'?"

"Oh, yes, and last Easter teacher told
us to remember this verse: 'The pure in
heart shall see God.' Say, Nell, it's awful
good of God to give us the flowers, isn't
it? I wish I could give him something."

"You can give him your heart, Jack.
That is what he most wants. I've given
him mine."

"He shall have mine, too!" said Jack.

Boys and girls, have you given yours?

"YOU CAN'T SCOOT."

She was a child of the slums; a ragged,
unkempt, forlorn little girl of about ten
years of age. Some one had given her a
penny, and she had hurried away to the
penny store, and had there purchased a
long stick of striped red-and-white candy.
She was running along the street, proud
and happy in her new and rare possession,
when I saw her. Suddenly another little
girl, equally ragged and forlorn-looking,
came limping out of the dark hallway of
a dilapidated old rookery of a tenement
house. She was very lame, and had
evidently suffered much in her short life.
Her face had a drawn and prematurely
old look, such as one is always sorry to see
in the faces of children. The two girls
met, and the one with the candy held it
aloft, exclaiming: "See what I've got!
just you see what I've got!"

"Where'd you git it, Janie!"

"Bought it."

"Where'd you git the money?"

"A man gave it to me for scooting after
his hat when the wind blowed it off."

"Gimme some of it, won't you, Janie!
Please do!"

There was a wistful, eager, hungry
look in the drawn little face. Janie hesi-
tated. Evidently sticks of candy
came rarely to her. She looked long-
ingly at the candy, and then at the little
girl. Suddenly she rushed forward, say-
ing eagerly, joyously: "You take it all;
Maggie! you take it 'all! You can't
scoot after gentlemen's hats and earn
pennies, and I can. So you take it all;
and if I get a chance to earn another
penny, I'll give it to you to buy anything
you want to with it."

Generous little heart, in which love of
self had not yet found an abiding-place!
What a lesson it taught to the grasping
and the self-centred, who care not for the
wants, the weakness, nor the woes of
others.