

the morning of the festival friends and neighbors visit each other to exchange their greetings. The one who enters the other's house says, "The Lord is risen!" And his friend replies, "The Lord is risen indeed."

But I have not yet told you where we got the name of Easter. Long ago, when the first Christian missionaries went to England, which was then a heathen land, they found the people worshipping, among other false deities, a goddess named Easter or Eastre. She was the goddess of spring, and the month of April, which they called Easter-monath, was dedicated to her. The missionaries taught the people to keep the Christian feast, but they allowed them to give it the name of their discredited goddess—Easter.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1905.

RIDING THE PIGS.

Some sixty years ago New Zealanders had never seen a pig or any animal larger than a cat. About that time Captain King brought them some Indian corn and some beans, and taught them how to plant and cultivate them, and shortly sent them some fine pigs, not doubting that they would understand what to do with them without telling.

The New Zealanders were very much pleased, but they had no idea what the pigs were sent for, and everybody asked everybody else about it, until one said that he had heard all about them from a sailor, and that they were horses! Oh, certainly they were horses! The sailor had described them perfectly—long heads, pointed ears, broad backs, four legs and a tail. They were to ride upon. Great chiefs

always rode them where the sailor lived. So the New Zealand chiefs mounted the pigs, and when Captain King came to see how everything was going on, they had ridden them to death.

Captain King did not despair. He took two natives home with him, and taught them all about the cultivation of maize and the rearing of pigs, and pork is now as popular in New Zealand as it is in Cincinnati. You can hardly take a walk without meeting a mother-pig and a lot of squealing piglets; and people pet them more than they ever did or ever will in their native lands. When baby wants something to play with in New Zealand they give him a young pig, smooth as a kid glove, with little slits of eyes, and his curly tail twisted up into a little tight knot; and the brown baby hauls it about and pulls its ears and goes to sleep hugging it fast; and there they lie together, the piglet grunting, the baby snoring.

LEARN TO SAY "NO!"

Tim was hurrying to the saloon with a jug. It was to be filled with liquor for his father, who was already drunk at home. The little boy's mother was dead, and Tim's life was a hard one.

As he ran, he passed some well-dressed boys.

"I don't believe them chaps are ever real hungry, or that their fathers ever drink a drop," he said to himself. (Tim could hardly fancy such happiness as that!)

When he reached the saloon he met Ned Turner and Matt Jordan. They were there for the same purpose.

After Tim's jug was filled, Matt called out: "You'd better drink some yourself, Tim; that's the way I do. At first you don't like it, but after a while it tastes good. It's real heatin' too, and you look cold."

After Tim turned the corner he was about to follow Matt's advice. He was so hungry and cold; anything better than that. Then something seemed to hold back his little cold hands.

His teacher in the mission school, who had been so kind to him, had begged him never to touch the terrible drink which had made his father such a different man.

"Learn to say 'no,' Tim, if others ask you," she urged him. "It can never do any one good, but only harm, to taste it. Don't listen to those who tell you to drink it."

Tim thought of her words now. It might make him warm for a few minutes, as Matt had said, to taste the fiery liquor, but it was better to go cold than to begin to drink from that dangerous jug that had done his father so much harm.

"I'll never touch it," said Tim. "I'll never be like father and the other men." And he kept his word. To-day he is a

sober, useful man, and he thanks God that he learned early to say "no" to wrong companions.

"WHAT IS HOPE?"

A little girl was once asked, "What is hope?" She smiled and answered, "Hope is like a little butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"No," said another little girl, "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places."

Which was right?

MARY'S PRAYER.

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy; bless my two ears, and help them hear mother call me; bless my two lips and make them speak kind and true; bless my two hands, and make them good, and not touch what they mustn't; bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to; bless my heart, and make it love God, mother, father, George, and everybody. Please let ugly sin never get hold of me, never!"

AN EASTER SONG.

Little children, Easter dawneth,
Easter morn in roseate hue
Breaks with resurrection promise,
Brings a message, dears, to you.

Little people, Easter dawneth,
Haste from slumb'rous realms away,
He who died for little children
Has arisen—lives to-day.
Hearken, Easter bells are ringing,
And gay-plumaged birds are singing,
While the children dear are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

There can be no time so joyous
As the blessed Easter morn,
Save the glad some Christmas season
When the Holy Child was born.

And, resplendent with the glory
Of the resurrection joy,
Childish lips repeat the story
Dear to every girl and boy.

Of the love wherewith the Saviour—
King Almighty, Sovereign he—
Said, in sweetest condescension,
"Bring the little ones to me."

And he lives—he reigns for ever,
Prince of peace, the children's Friend,
Opening doors on Easter morning
Into worlds that never end.
Hearken, Easter bells are ringing,
Easter carols we are singing,
While the children's hands are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

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