

piece of cotton batting and an egg in each box, together with a visiting card on which an Easter text is nicely written. The day before Easter let the members of the committee leave one of their Easter souvenirs at the home of every sick or sorrowing person in your town or church.—*Selected.*

**AN EASTER LEGEND.**

There is a pretty legend that associates the birds with the Easter festival. You remember the rough, cruel soldiers mocked Christ's claim to kingship by arraying Him in an old cast-off robe of royalty, and by placing a crown of thorns on His brow. This crown, according to the legend, was still upon His head when He ascended Calvary to die on the cross. We are told that Jesus fainted under the weight of the cross He bore. If human hearts were not touched, the heart of a little bird—a robin—was. The legend tells us that the tiny creature tried to life the crown of thorns from His brow, and only gave up the attempt when a thorn impaled its breast. That explains, so the legend runs, the reason why the robin's breast is red, and its eggs so beautifully spangled.

"And thus 'tis sweetly said,  
The robin has his silver vest  
Incarnadined with red."

Aye, the lillies are pure in their pallor  
The roses are fragrant and sweet,  
The music pours out like a sea-wave,  
Pulsing in praise at His feet;  
Pulsing in passionate praises that  
Jesus has risen again—  
But we look for the sign of His  
coming in the hearts of the children  
of men.

Wherever the kind hand of pity falls  
soft on a wound or a woe,  
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs  
up to o'er-master a foe,  
Wherever in sight of God's legions  
the armies of evil recede,  
And truth wins a soul for the kingdom,  
the Master is risen indeed.  
—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

**LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANTER.**

Acting on a sudden impulse, an elderly woman, the widow of a soldier who had been killed in the Civil War, went into a photographer's to have her picture taken. She was seated before the camera wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her the object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, thrusting his head out of the black cloth, said suddenly, "Just brighten the eyes a little!" She tried, but the dull and heavy look still lingered. "Look a little pleasanter," said the photographer, in an unimpassioned but confident and commanding voice. "See here," the woman returned sharply, "if you think an old woman who is dull can look bright, that one that feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told to, you don't know anything about human nature. I takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face. "Oh, no, it does not! it is something to be worked up from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer, good-naturedly. Something in his manner inspired faith, and she tried it again, this time with

better success. "That is good, that is fine, you look twenty years younger," exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illumined the faded face. She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind.

When the picture came it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then said in a clear, firm voice, "If I can do it once, I can do it again." Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said, "Brighten up, Catharine," and the old light flashed up once more. "Look a little pleasanter," she commented; and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face. Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come over her face. "Why, Mrs. A., you are getting young! How do you manage it?" "It is almost all done from within," she replied, with a smile; "you just brighten up inside, and feel pleasant."  
—*Christian Herald.*

**EASTER FLOWERS.**

The roses were the first to hear,  
The roses trellised to the tomb;  
Bring roses—hide the marks of spear  
And cruel-nails that sealed His  
doom.

The lillies were the first to see,  
The lillies on that Easter morn;  
Bring lillies, crowned with blossoms  
be  
The Head so lately crowned with  
thorns.

The roses were the first to hear,  
Ere yet the dark had dreamed of  
dawn,  
The faintest rustle reached their ear;  
They heard the napkin downward  
drawn;  
They listened to His breathing low;  
His feet upon the threshold fall,—  
Bring roses, sweetest buds that blow,  
His love the perfume of them all.

The lillies were the first to see;  
They, watching in the morning  
grey,  
Saw angels come so silently  
And roll the mighty stone away;  
They saw Him pass the portal's  
gloom;  
He brushed their leaves, oh, happy  
dower,—  
Bring lillies, purest buds that bloom,  
His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear,  
The lillies were the first to see;  
Bring fragrant flowers from far and  
near,  
To match the Easter melody.  
"Raboni!" be on every tongue,  
And every heart the rapture share  
Of Mary, as she kneels among  
The roses and the lillies fair.

**IN THE TIME OF TESTING.**

"It is wonderful how much of our goodness is due to the lack of temptation," said a wise woman recently. "We plant our little virtues in some warm, soft soil, some atmosphere of comfort, where they are sheltered from storm and stress, and they grow into hothouse luxuriance and beauty. We never doubt their vigor or genuineness until something deprives them of their shelter, and leaves them where the blasts of trial beat upon them.

"I thought myself a strong, rea-

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sonable, self-controlled woman, just and tolerant toward others, sweet-tempered and unselfish. Oh, no, I never said so, of course, but that was the estimate of my friends, and I secretly accepted it. There was little trouble in living up to it in the dear home atmosphere of love and appreciation.

"But when a change came to my life, when I was where half-veiled distrust took the place of the old, tender loyalty, where petty jealousies and clashing interests made themselves felt, and many things that had long been considered mine of right were called in question, then—ah, well! I discovered that there was a deal of bitterness, morbid weakness, anger, and selfishness left in my composition. I was weak in ways I had not deemed possible, and scarcely less bitter that the change in outward circumstances was the revelation of myself."  
—*Wellspring.*

**CHANGED.**

A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven, and there was a mansion being built. "Who is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room enough for his family."

"He might live better, if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Further on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And who is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.

What are we sending up? What kind of material are we building into our everyday life? Is it being sent up?  
—*Zion Outlook.*

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