

Belleville, Pa., April 17, 1908.

AN EASTER LONGING.

Where is he, the Rose of Sharon, All the earth is dark and barren, None can with his Lord compare, Through the city I have wandered, Watchmen told my anguish sore, But, alas! the hours were squandered— Who my lost one will restore?

MRS. GOODWIN'S EASTER.

Mrs. Goodwin walked rapidly down the narrow path to the street, and without a backward look shut the gate behind her. She was not one to linger at the hour of parting, and to-day Mrs. Goodwin was leaving the home of fifty years.

"Can you give me the money this morning, John?" The calm assurance of Mrs. Goodwin's voice gave no token of the fears that were weighing her down.

On the table were "The Teacher's Journal," and the books that he had used as lesson helps. Beside them the open Bible. There they were, just as Henry Wilbur had left them the night of his death; for Mr. Steele knew that Henry Wilbur had never failed to turn to the study of the Sunday school lesson on Tuesday evening.

Another Butter Scoring Contest. The pure food agitation is cultivating a more critical spirit on the part of the buying public. Butter dealers report a constant demand for more of the best butter, and the growing tendency to discriminate between the best and that not quite so good in the matter of price.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Good nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, to the person who possesses it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—Henry Ward Beecher.

FARM NOTES. —Don't plant old garden seeds. Get a fresh supply. —Get the spray ready for spring work. Spraying is the orchardist's insurance.