A CHILD'S EASTER.

Had I been there, when Christ, our Lord lay Within that tomb in Joseph's garden fair, I would have watched all night beside my

Had I been there

about me.

All through the long, dark night, when others

Have sunk to rest.

Close, close, beside Him still I would have stayed. And, knowing how He loved the little chil-

Ne'er felt afraid. Tomorrow, to my heart I would have whis-

pered. I will rise early in the morning hours, And wandering o'er the hillside I will gather The fairest flowers.

Tall, slender lilies (for my Saviour loved

And golden buttercups, and glad-eyed dais-But just awake.

'Grass of the field" in waving feath'ry beauty, He clothed it with that grace, so fair but Mosses all soft and green, and crimson berry,

With glossy leaf. While yet the dew is sparkling on the blos-

I'll gather them and lay them at His feet, And make the blessed piace where He is All fair and sweet.

The birds will come I know, and sing above The sparrows whom He cared for when awake.

And they will fill the air with joyous music For his dear sake. And thinking thus, the night would soon be

Fast drawing near the first glad Easter Ah, Lord, if I could but have seen Thee leav

The grave's dark night! I would have kept so still, so still, and clasp, My hands together as I do in prayer,

I would have knelt reverent, but, oh, so hap-Had I been there. Perhaps He would have bent one look upon

Perhaps in pity for that weary night He would have laid on my uplifted forehead A touch so light.

And all the rest of life I should have felt it, A sacred sign upon my brow impressed And ne'er forgot that precious, lonely vigil,

Dear Lord, through death and night I was near Thee: But in Thy risen glory can rejoice.

So, loud and glad in song this Easter morn-Thou'lt hear my voice

WHEN CHRIST AROSE.

Beriah entered the room with heavy, stumbling step, for he was as one drunk with sorrow. Nehusta, his wife, raised a warning finger from where she knelt by the couch, whereon lay their sick child. In obedience to her silent signal he sank on a seat nearby. Bending close over the sleeping one to ascertain that the breath of life yet slipped to and fro through the pale lips, she stepped softly to his side and, placing her hand on his shoulder, questioned him silently with her anxious

"Woe, woe!" broke in grief-laden tones from his lips. "The Just One has per-ished. The Lord God of Israel has forsaken His people-the wicked have prevailed Woe to Jerusalem! we are undone. Whither shall we go for help? Our burdens are grievous; strength we only the guard was gone and the tomb have not; He whom we trusted should redeem Israel is no more?' "Surely," exclaimed Nehusta, "He con-

founded His enemies at the last! Surely He brought all the power of their evil to naught!

"Nay, not so. We hoped to the last that He would indeed prove to be the Promised One. And when all grew black with the shadow of darkness, which, as it were, fell from the skies, and rose from the earth, and closed in from all sides, till it compassed us, soul and body, then thought I, 'Now, now, the Lord will show forth His terrible power and save this Holy Jesus, and clothe Him in might and glory and honor, and Judah shall lift up her head again, and nations shall bow down before her. But woe, woe! there came a terrible cry. It was His voice, shrill with pain and terror, 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?' And the earth rocked as a boat on the sea in a great wind, the very stones cracked and all the powers of darkness were let loose. I could not stand; I could not pray. I could but cast myself down and wait for the wrath of God to pass, for our people have slain an innocent One who did no evil. And when at last the darkness had passed—oh, it seemed ages that it held us in its terror! I arose and looked toward Him and He hung dead. But the two others yet lived; one cursing with madness, the other gazing upon Him. And His mother and John, whom He loved, with a few others, stood near. And afar off were gathered the women of Galilee. A soldier pierced His side and brake the legs of the thieves, and the one gazing upon Him as it were in praise and prayer smiled as He died. But the other—may my end not be like His. This day have I beheld wonderful and terrible things."

The child stirred and opened her eyes, saying, "My father, art thou returned?" cover, though life be sweet. Tell me, I diseases of the organs of digestion and

pray thee, what have they done with Jesus of Galilee?" He repeated much to her that he had already related to his wife, save only that from the child he strove to hide his bitterness of soul.

"And God let Him die?" she asked in sore dismay. "I thought, of a truth, that He were indeed the Messiah. Art sure,

father, that He was the child you saw in Bethlehem when you were but a lad?"
"Verily, I believe that He was. Yet He

"My father cometh," said Nehusta, Ben Carmi, bowed with age, entered, He saluted his daughter and son-in-law then stood silently looking down on Ra-

"Death would fain glean our fairest flowers," he said presently. "Saw ye the terrible thing that was permitted today?" he said, turning to the others.

Beriah bowed his head.

'Slain by our priests and rulers," groaned Ben Carmi, "This sin will rest heavy on Close to the hard, cold stone my soft cheek our people. Woe and tribulation approach on the wings of the wind. Hear ye," he I should have thought my head lay on His breast;

And dreaming that His dear arms were asked dropping his voice to an awestruck whisper, "that the Temple veil was rent in twain?"

Beriah looked at him in speechless horror, while Nehusta shudderingly crouched to the floor.

"Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate openly and asked for His body, and he gave it him; and he and Nicodemus prepared it for burial and laid it in a new hewn tomb in the garden near the one that the counsellor hath prepared for himself."

They say that both the counsellor Joseph and the ruler Nicodemus were His disciples." whispered Nehusta. "They consented not to His death."

"Yet they could not aid Him," replied Ben Carmi, "for His disciples fled in fear. They trusted that He would save His people, Alas, He could not save Himself."
"He restored the sick to health," said And tender words about their beauty Nehusta wistfully; He raised the dead to life. I would that He had but looked on our child ere He died, then had she recovered from this grievous sickness." As she spoke she rose and went to the child, who now lay in a heavy stupor.

The night wore wearily away, and with the coming of morn Rachel died. The next day being the Sabbath, Beriah, finding a little group of disciples gathered together in a humble abode, joined himself to them. Their talk was all of the fearful events of the previous day, and lamentations over their crushed hopes. He now learned that the chief priests and rulers had asked Pilate to allow them to set a watch over the sepulchre, for they recalled Jesus' saying, made openly, that though they destroyed His body yet would He raise it up on the third day. The man relating this also stated that in their petition they set forth the probability of His disciples coming secretly at night to carry the body away, later claiming that He had risen from the dead. He told how

who after closing the tomb with a great stone, sealed it and stood watch over it. 'And they watch again tonight," concluded the speaker. As Beriah listened He purposed to pass that night near the tomb. When it was eventide he went into the garden at the base of Golgotha and sat down in the shadow of some olive trees. By the dim light of the stars he could make out the forms of the guard doing duty before the tomb. All was silent through the long hours of watching, save for the metallic ring of their armor as they moved and the occasional sound of their voices in

Pilate had given them a guard of soldiers,

blasphemous jest or complaint of weariness. Beriah grew cold and tired; sleep pressed heavily on his eyelids and he sank into dreamless slumber. Suddenly he awakened, with every sense unnaturally alert. There was a vague hint of the supernatural in the air; as it were, a whisper of some momentous happening. A soft tremulous light bathed all the place in its pure radiance. Whence it came be knew not—it simply was. And ran through him as he felt the unseen presence of celestial beings. For now were his eyes darkened and he saw not

beheld a strange white flower covering all the ground as far as he could see, and he saw that its silvery whiteness was luminous, a flower of light for every star which gemmed the heavens.

A holy peace enfolded his spirit, and he saw clearer; and, behold, a shining Presence passed, and with flaming sword touched the stone that lay at the mouth

guard fell to the earth like dead men. Again Beriah slept. oices, and standing up saw Peter enter

of the sepulchre, whereat the earth quaked

and the stone rolled to one side, and the

the tomb, while John, stooping, looked within. Beriah saw that all was as it had been. was open. No shining flower of Paradise met his sight, but at his feet grew a

went straightway to his home where his child lay dead. And his own sorrow returned to him more bitter than ever. He sought his wife to comfort him. She led him down to the inner room where lay the child in the midst of wailing mourners. Nehusta took the lily from his hand and laid it on the child's breast; and loa marvel!—color crept into the pale cheek, she breathed, moved, her eyes quivered

and opened. "She lives!" screamed Nehusta, clasping her in a rapturous embrace.

They gathered about her in amaze.

"Now," exclaimed Beriah, "know I that Jesus was the Messiah! For 'twas the flower that wrought the miracle."

"Let me but look upon it," said one the women, crowding forward. They found it not, for it had vanished. All these things kept they secret for fear of the chief priests and rulers.—Church

It would be just as sensible to fill your pockets with coal and expect to keep warm, as it is to fill the stomach with food and expect to keep strong. Coal is converted into heat only by combustion. Food is converted into strength only by digestion. When the digestive and nutritive system is deranged the food crowde into the stomach is an injury to the body it should sustain. Many a severe illness would be saved if people would pay more attention to the warnings of the derange stomach. Many a person pays a doctor's bill for treatment for "heart trouble," ner-The child stirred and opened her eyes, typing, "My father, art thou returned?"

"Yea, Rachel. How is it with my child?"
"It is well; but think not that I will rever, though life be sweet. Tell me I diseases of the organs of direction and

> -"My doctor told me I would have to quit eating so much meat."
> "Did you laugh him to scorn?"
> "I did at first, but when he sent in bill I found he was right."

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

MOTHER'S EASTER LILY.

Away back in January Wilna had planned to buy mother a lily plant at Easter, and every penny of her pocket money that she could spare from church and Sunday school she had carefully put aside for that purpose. She hadn't a great deal of pocket money at any time, for the Martins were not by any means wealthy; so that it was necessary that she should begin early to save up if she were to attain her heart's desire. Also it meant that she must practice a good deal of self-denial. Even her school pencils, which Wilna always bought with her own money, must be made to last much longer than they had ever lasted before; and as for candy and fruit, which she sometimes bought as a treat for her classmates, they were not to be thought of.

Of course, it was a little hard to be called "Old Stinginess" and "Mrs. Miser" when one was neither stingy nor miserly; but then, as Wilna remembered, in midst of her little griefs, the other girls didn't know the circumstances, and so, perhaps, ought not to be blamed for thinking and saying these unkind things. And to comfort herself she made little trips now and then to the florist's store, a few blocks away, and walked through the glass houses trying to decide which of all the budding beauties that grew therein she would finally select. For Mr. Perkins, the florist, knew the Martins very well, and Wilna was a liberty to go in and out of his greenhouses and admire his plants whenever she ased. She had never spoken to him of what was in her mind when she began to pay him more frequent visits, but, being a man who knew how to "put two and two together," he rather guessed it had something to do with an Easter gift; and so, when he had artfully managed to find out how much money she had to spend, he somehow contrived to let her know that he would let her have a very fine lily indeed—and he carefully pointed it out to her as he spoke-for the sum of twenty-five cents. And of course Wilna hadn't the very faintest idea, while she was rejoicing over this bit of information, that the plant she was looking at with its beautiful burden of perfumed white buds, was worth more than five

times as much. And then, just the week before Easter, when Wilna had the money for her sur-prise (turned now into a shining silver quarter) packed carefully away in a nice bit of white tissue paper, ready to be ex-changed for the treasure she had set her heart upon, two important things happened. First her little cousin Dorothy came to stay at the Martin home, and Wilna, to whose lot it fell to entertain her, could no longer find the spare time to run around and feast her eyes upon the budding lilies in Mr. Perkins' greenhouse; and second, Mrs. Maguire, the washer-woman, fell down and broke her leg, and had to be taken to the hospital. And that, as you will presently see, was really the more important happening of the two. It was the day before Good Friday, and Wilna, with little Dorothy by her side, was out on an errand for her mother when, in passing the door of the Maguire cottage, she saw Mamie Maguire, who was just her own age but so much small-er that Wilna's outgrown frocks and coats were always passed along to her. Mamie's eyes were red with weeping

when Wilna stopped to ask what was the matter, and the two-year-old baby who clung to her skirts was wailing pitifully. 'Sure, 'tis throuble enough we're having Miss Wilna, now me mother's away!" the child said, between sobs. "First, it's in' to take some oranges to me mother this afthernoon." And Mamie cried the clearly as in childhood, for too long had his spirit known the earth-life. The air

was filled with a sweet fragrance, and he more bitterly. pitiful little face. She knew, as did every-one else, that Patrick Maguire spent brings good luck if carried the entire most of his wife's small earnings at the corner saloon, and that but for the kinder was out of the way the chances were that the children would have nothing that kindly people did not give them.

Wilna thought of the bright new quar Again Beriah slept. ter snugly in her pocketbook, and her In the early dawn he was awakened by face flushed. That quarter could be made to do so much for the two famished little ones if it were carefully spent! She could go home and get food for them, she knew, but that would take time, and meanwhile they were both hungry and cold. But there was mother's lily! Wilna knew just how lovely it must look, with strange lily of waxen whiteness. He plucked it and fled, not knowing what he did, lest he be questioned of the night.

When he had entered into the city he lives a pleased with a smaller gift; and lives a pleased with a please gift; and lives a pleased with a please gift gift a plea were not these poor children, whose mother was no longer there to take care handed the quarter over the counter.

"Plhase give me all you can for that," she said, breathlessly, not stopping to consider her words. "It's for two poor children who haven't had any breakfast, and I guess you will know what they wan't; and I'd like to have some nice oranges for their mother, who is in the oranges for their mother, who is in the hospital. And, please, Mr. Thompson, I'm in a dreadful hurry!"

There never was such a quarter's worth of eatables sent out from a grocery store before, as found its way into the Maguire cottage that morning; and the expression of joy on Mamie Maguire's pinched little face was ample compensation for the tug of disappointment at Wilna's heart when she realized that her dream of the beautiful lily for mother's Easter gift was over. True, a few hot tears gathered mistily in her eyes as she worked over a little ribbon bookmark for mother that afternoon; but she bravely dashed them away, and

determined to put the thought of the lost lily forever behind her.

But, strangely enough, though Wilna never mentioned the matter to anyone, the identical plant she had so often dreamed of was nysteriously left at the never mentioned the matter to anyone, the identical plant she had so often dreamed of was mysteriously left at the Martin's door on the very night before Easter, after Wilna and Dorothy had gone to bed; and on it was tied, with white ribbon, a card which said. ribbon, a card which said:

the parlor window, she gazed at it with

The Golden Plover's Wandering.

One of the most wonderful instances of migration is that of the golden plover, which winters in the southern part of South America and nests in the bleak "Barren Grounds" within the Arctic Cir-cle, some venturing beyond the Arctic Archipelago, even as high as latitude 81, far up in the region of everlasting snow and ice. The plovers arrive in this in-hospitable land during the first week of June, when the snow is hardly melted and the little lakes are locked in ice. Here they hurry to make shabby little nests in the moss, only a few inches above the frozen ground, where they lay their eggs and rear their young. As soon as the young birds can fly, in August, the flocks shift their quarters to Labrador, where they grow fat on black crowberries which cover the ground during the short summer there. Then they are ready

for their wonderful flight.

Over Labrador and Nova Scotia they fly, and leaving the coast of the latter country, they strike directly southward through the pathless air above the trackless sea. Over more than eightesa hundred miles of ocean they urge their aerial journey to the easternmost of the West Indies, where some of them break their flight and rest for a time, though others keep on and on, until the mainland of South America is reached, twenty-four hundred miles from the Nova Scotian

Even on the north coast of South America the plovers' journey is not end-ed, for after a brief halt the southward flight is resumed, across the eastern part of Brazil, until the plains of Argentina are reached, almost down to Patagonia, where they remain from September to March. The native birds are busy with their nesting, for this is summer in the southern hemisphere; but the visitors from the North never nest in the South. though the climate is favorable and food

is abundant.
When March comes some instinct awakens in the golden plover, some mysterious influence calls it once more to begin its wanderings. Northward it flies again, but not over the route by which it came south. The course of the first part of their spring migration is yet unknown, but in March they appear in Guatemala and Texas. By April the long lines are winging their northward way over the Mississippi prairies; early in May they enter Canada, and by June the plovers are once more in the land of the midnight sun. Eight thousand miles they have flown northward from the southern limit of their winter home; eight thousand miles they will go again when the nesting season is over, and their northern and their southern routes are three thous and miles apart.

No one knows just why the golden plover makes this long journey; in fact, no one knows why any of the birds mi-

The Egg of Eastertide.

The most ancient symbol of life, egg, is associated with the festival of Easter, but few of the children or grown-ups know just how and why this connection

It is a proverb from the ancients that "everything springs from the egg; it is the world's cradle." It is reasonable, then, that the celebration of a rebirth should be marked by the gifts of eggs-

the symbols of life and strength. Many writers assert that the custom was borrowed from the Jewish use of eggs during the Passover feasts. Others say he remembered another mysterious night the landlord, an' then it's the coalman, that it is traceable to the fourth century, wherein he had seen wonders. A thrill an' now me father's afther takin' the last when the church prohibited the use of Sure, 'tis not wan bite or sup that little dance of eggs at the end of the forty Pat has had this mornin', an' me awant-days, and on Easter parents gave them to their little ones, making them more at-

tractive by the coloring and decoration. There are many peculiar customs in Wilna looked gravely at the child's connection with the egg. In Italy the

Egg rolling originated with the farmers ness of friends the poor woman and her children would have gone hungry oftener than they did. And now that the moth-From Germany came the idea that hares

laid eggs. A general superstition prevails among the peasant classes of Europe that to paint a cross upon an egg is unlucky, while the decoration with colored flowers

is sure to bring good fortune.

These are but a few hints of the vast amount of beliefs about eggs at Easter, but a little basket of eggs will mean more to boys or girls if the thoughts of other nations be considered in the light of the human interest.

the root is affected. If the root is injured the flower droops and its whiteness is marred by blot and blemish. A woman's beauty is intimately related to the health of the delicate female organs. No woman who suffers constantly from female weakness can retain her good looks. One of the facts noted by women who have been cured of diseases of the delicate womanly organs by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is the return of the color to the cheek and the brightness to the eye when the cure has been completed. "Favorite Prescription" has been well named by women who have been healed by its use. "A God-send to women." It dries use. "A God-send to women." It dries debilitating drains, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, and reestablishes the ailing woman in sound health. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Legend of Liiy.

Have you heard the legend telling the origin of the Easter lily? It is said that when Jesus rose from his tomb that resurrection morning and stepped upon the earth, an Easter lily bloomed wherever His foot touched the soil. This

"For the little girl who denied herself that she might help others."

When Wilna came down stairs on Easter morning with cousin Dorothy, and found her treasure blooming radiantly in the party winds and the state of the laws of health and physical being the parlor window, she gazed at it with mingled joy and reverence. Its presence was so like a miracle that she could hardly believe her eyes. And she never knew that Mr. Thompson and Mr. Perknew that Mr. Thomps when these are taught with the purest So mother got her Easter lily after all. covers, or 31 stamps for cloth binding.

-Christian Advocate. covers, or 31 stamps for cloth binding.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Origin of Easter.

The lily is, in the great nations of the world, being considered as important nowadays, on account of its symbolism, as the holly or the evergreen. Indeed, there seems to be little difference between the importance accorded to Christmas and that given to Easter. Each stands in its symbolism for a deep religious event,

and each in its place holds a significance not to be filled by the other.

It is regretted by some people that an observance such as the Easter festival had its inauguration in a ceremony that was an outgrowth of a pagan festival. But to the broad-minded the fact appears as an evidence of the lasting traits of man, recurring in different ages, and mod ified to suit the conditions of the times.

The twentieth century celebration is the modern evolution of heathen ideals influenced by those of the Christian religion. From time immemorial man has celebrated the birth of spring-the ing of the gloomy days of winter. It re-mained for the Christians to accept the deeply rooted habits of the pagans and to change the formal celebration to suit their beliefs.

Easter, through the happy initiative of the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century, was celebrated not on the day of the Jewish Passover, but the Sunday The variation of the date depends after. upon the fact that the vernal equinox, or the 21st day of March, is the point from which the first Sunday after the full moon

The first observance of Easter dates back as far as 68 A. D. From that time it has meant much to Christians, and in the joyous rebirth of Christ there is a general heartfelt resolution to emerge into the springlike freshness of newer ideals and better things.

Rhyme on Marriage Months.

"Marry when the year is new, Always loving, kind and true; When Febuary birds do mate, You may wed, dread your fate, If you wed when March winds blow. Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.
Marry in the month of May, You will surely rue the day. Marry when June roses blow, Over land and sea you'll go. They who in July do wed Must labor always for their bread. Whoever wed in August be, Many changes are sure to see. Marry in September's shine, Your living will be rich and fine If in October you do marry, Love will come, but riches tarry, If you wed in bleak November, Only joy will come, remember When December's snows fall fast, Marry and true love will last.

A Long Job.

"Where have you been for so long?' asked the head man of the menagerie. "Been watching one of the animals clear his throat, sir," replied the attend-

But does it take half an hour for an animal to clear its throat?' "Yes, sir; it was the giraffe, sir!"-Yonkers Stateman.

—An old sea captain, who prided amusing among bright people. These himself on his wealth of stories, was should be written on cards with a blank describing a voyage at dinner one night. "We passed an island in the Pacific," sugge-he said, "which was positively red with idea. lobsters.

are not red until boiled. "Of course not," replied the ever-ready captain, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

"Father," said the minister's little peasants believe that a scarlet Easter egg daughter, "the paper says you 'officiated brings good luck if carried the entire at the wedding clad in the traditional garb of the clergy.' What does traditional

" 'Traditional,' my dear," answered the good man as he looked at his cheap suit of black with a sigh, "refers to something that has been handed down."

The Tale of a Key.

There is a roll top desk in an office near Wall street which can be bought cheap. The owner is a commuter and has desk room in a large office. He came late the other day and discovered that he had forgotten his keys. No key at hand would unlock the had to be reached before noon. The desk was forcibly opened, and two inner compartments were smashed. Warm and tired from the exertion of jingled. Tableau! Before going home woudn't care if he hadn't told .- New York Tribune.

The Pillory. The pillory in England was abolished as a punishment, except for perjury, in 1815 and was totally abolished in 1837. The last person to suffer at the Old Bailey was one Peter Bossy, for perjury, June 22, 1830. Not-

less mob.-New York American turtle soup?" asked a rawboned youth

those placed in it, the culprit frequent-

ly being stoned to death by the heart-

of the girl beside him. "No." admitted the maiden; "but," added she, with the conscious dignity bits would be found during that time.

The child who found most bunnies of any of one who has not been lacking in social experience. "I've been where it was."-Lippincott's.

The Wherefore. "Why are you so sore on your con-

ressman?"
"When we called on him in Washingin last session he made a speech to
This frolic was followed by a game gressman?" ton last session he made a speech to us instead of taking us out to lunch."-Kansas City Journal.

Frost-Are the descriptions of scenery in Bestseller's novel good? Snow bunny on the wall by moving his or her -Great! The best I ever skipped. hands in a strong light thrown from a -Great! The best I ever skipped .-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

What doth it profit us to rise with Christ, And share with Him new life on

Sunday, If, straightway by the olden snares enticed. We die to Him by sin on Easter Monday

A pretty plan for an Eastertide gather ing where originality and a knack of giv ing things a happy turn must take the place of an unlimited supply of pocket money, is an Easter lily affair.

Buy for the invitations the note paper with tiny lily sprays replacing the mono-gram, which can be obtained from any large stationer at this season of the year. Or lily shapes cut from white cardboard at home, and having the little notes written on them are equally effective and cost less. Enclose them in green enve-

Crepe paper lilies are very easy to make using the ten cent patterns now sold everywhere for the purpose. These in connection with bands and cartwheels of white and green tissue paper make de lightful festoons for the parlor walls.

It adds to the picturesqueness of the little function, if the girls are asked to wear white gowns, but this detail is not necessary to the success of the function Begin the evening's fun with a blindfold game gotten up in this way. On a square of muslin draw with colored chalks or water color, an Easter lily plant. This is sketched and hung up in the same way as the donkey for the donkey party. Blindfold each player in turn and send him or her to pin a tissue paper lily on the plant. All those who succeed in do-ing this are eligible to draw for the prize. If only one person succeeds in reaching

or a real lily plant with numerous blooms could be substituted as a foundation for the game. Each player is blindfolded in turn, and is sent to clip one of the flowers. All those who succeed in reaching the plant retain the lilies they

clipped as souvenirs. A game of chance, but an amusing one, is founded on the four letters in the word lily. To play it the hostess passes a strip of cardboard, on which each guest is asked to write his name. Middle names are omitted here uples are omitted here unless it is previously agreed to include them.

The hostess then reads the autographs carefully and the one which is found to contain the greatest number of the let ters that go to make up the word Lily wins a prize. In case of a tie a letter repeated twice in any name counts for two. A laughable contest is arranged placing each player in front of a black board where, with eyes shut, he must draw an Easter lily. The best drawing is rewarded with a prize, and the worst condemns the artist to draw "a bouquet of lilies in the air with his forefinger that is to say, to go through the motions

of doing this. Vary the active games by one where players sit in a circle, and each in turn is called on to give some quotation, allusion or historical reference concerning lilies. All those who fail to remember anything of the kind in the time limits set, with draw from the group, those who remain

drawing for the prize. A set of questions based on the lily in history, song and story, cannot fail to be below each query for the answer. A few suggestions will serve to illustrate the

What are the lilies of France, of which "But," said one of the guests, "lobsters we read so much in French and English The French national device of iris

blooms-our common "flags." By what early monarch were they first adopted as the national insignia?
By Clovis, chief of the Salian Franks, who attained to sovereign power and was

converted to Christianity.
Who was the "Lily Maid of Astolat," Tennyson's poems? Elaine, who loved Launcelot in the Idylls of the King.

What celebrated poem begins "Twas

in the time when lilies blow?" Lady Clare, by Alfred Tennyson. Name a dusky lily who is a dethroned

Liliokaulani.

Candy boxes trimmed with artificial lilies and filled with white bonbons, make pretty suggestions for prizes in the differ-ent rounds. They can be purchased anywhere at this season. In the way of No key at hand would unlock the home-made prize gifts, bookmarks, caldesk. The maker could not give aid endars, blotters with handpainted design for an hour or more, and some papers of the flower in queetion are all easy to whip up.

The refreshment which follows the games can be carried out for the most part, at least, in lily white and green. Serve a white salad such as chicken in wrecking his property, the man took individual nests of lettuce leaves, rolled off his coat and slipped into an office bread and butter sandwiches tied with coat, in the pocket of which his keys green baby ribbon and coffee or chocolate, each cup covered with a tablespoonful of would't care if he hadn't told New can be had from a confectioner or the pretty lily shaped ice cups can be made at home to hold it. Serve with it wee cakes iced in green and white bonbons

> An Easter Rabbit Party.—The Easter rabbit himself issued the invitations for a charming party given one Eastertide for a little girl and her wee friends. The form of the little notes was this:—

Bossy. for perjury. June 22. 1830. Notwithstanding the fact that this mode of punishment was supposed to be only for the lighter offenses, it often happened that the pillory meant death to those placed in it, the culprit frequent-

The first part of the fun was an exciting rabbit search, for which rabbits of every kind were hidden around the room Next Best Thing.

"Say. Mayme. did you ever have any curtle soup?" asked a rawboned youth of the girl beside him.

for the children to search for. There were pasteboard and candy rabbits, rabbits cut from paper, rabbits on Easter cards and others on pictures clipped from magazines and mounted on cardboard.

Twenty minutes were allowed for the search as it was certain that all the rabkind, ireespective of form, won first prize.
Those finding candy and pasteboard rabblts retained their trophies, and the pictured rabbits made nice consolation gifts for several children who were lucky enough to find them. The first prize was a third to the control of the con

which consisted in pinning a tail on a rabbit (drawn on a sheet) blindfolded, with a prize for the one that came near-

Another contest consisted in seeing who could make the best shadow picture of a