

# REVERENT

## A LEGEND

### EASTER CHILDREN

By LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

The legends say children were first to be spared that Easter Day. When morning out of darkness burst, and angels rolled the stone away, for children's hearts are quick to feel the deadening pall of mortal pain. And children's hearts are first to heal when light and comfort come again. And they had loved the Lord Christ's love, and on His knees had laughed and cried, and heard Him say the heavenly place.

In where all child-like souls abide, and they had often heard Him tell of things men by pride and greed could never know, and they had heard the tale that grieves.

All little hearts; how one so dear was nailed upon the cross with thieves, and tortured with a poisoned spear, and how the temple's wondrous veil was rent by the lightning stroke, white mingled with the women's wail, the earthquake and the thunder broke.

And now there came from northern seas a terrified brigade of gulls, swept on by some unearthly breeze, to scream above the place of skulls.

And now black night came down at noon, and ghosts from graves, that were ed wide, scurried out beneath a blood-red moon, when He that loved the children died.

For two long days no girl or boy in Galilee or Jordan plain could laugh or sing, for hope and joy in every little heart was slain. But when the earth that third day morn was flooded with such golden light, as never since the world was born had come to dazzle human sight.

Then every child, the legends say, knew that the time was at an end, and flew to meet the risen Christ, and long before the morning dawn had reached the empty sepulchre.

Or Peter heard what she had seen, or fast John hastened after her, or the children had gone forth and found the Master in the garden walk, and scattered lilies on the ground, and seen His smile, and heard Him talk.

No child was puny, halt, or lame, or hungry, or in tatters clad, but clothed as if in light they came, and all were whole, and strong, and glad.

They throng along the Kedron hill, they throng the city through the gates, straight up to Joseph's garden hill, where He that loves the children waits.

They dance, they sing, they skip the trees, they tickle him in ring and file; they know they cannot fail to please, and wild the gleam of His smile, He lifts His head, "I bore the pain of death for those by sin denied; I rise henceforth to live and reign, Lord of the Kingdom of the Child." They vanish, and He stands alone; and when the women come to weep, the garden fancies with flowers new-bloomed.

"What makes that garden spot so bright?" the learned rabble stroked their beards, "The learned rabble stroked their beards, they knew not yet the love is light, that knowledge fails where love begins." But somehow still on Easter morn the world is beautiful again, and in each child's heart is born some yearning of good will to men.

Some, haunting sense, some happy dream, of singing birds, of daffodils, of olive branches, or the gleam of dew-shine on the Syrian hills.

Spring Children.  
The glory of our risen King.

Behind the prison walls at night,  
For, lo, the Lord of life is gone;  
Saw but the place where Jesus lay,  
Angels had rolled the stone away,  
The conqueror of death's dark night,  
We hail,  
We hail Him as the Prince of Light.

The budding and unfolding bloom  
Portrays the rising from the tomb;  
Ceasing the dormant prison power,  
Endued with beauty, grace and power,  
When for the love that crowns our days  
We give Him our exalted praise.

Born on the wings of faith, we see  
That we shall in His likeness be,  
At home on that immortal shore,  
Where Jesus lives to die no more;  
The Christ fulfilled his promised word,  
We crown Him as our living Lord.

Spring Flowers.  
Of all the flowers that bloomed at Easter time,  
I have brought their message from earth's dusky sod,  
To me, frail pendant in a stranger's hand,  
Flashed "Resurrection's light—revealing God!"

"The dog-tooth violet," I smiled. She said: "As that faintness passed on, while I, for hours, was left with haunting memories of spring woods, where, with a saint, I knelt among the flowers."  
—Rosamund Hovv.

A Children's Party.  
"Will you please plan a simple Easter party for children?" asks a busy mother.  
"Yes indeed! Write the invitations on Easter cards and seal the envelopes with bunny seals. Decorate the table with Easter favors, and make a nest of white crepe paper (cut in narrow strips) for the centerpiece. Fill the nest with Easter eggs (one for each child) and have a downy yellow chick emerging from an egg shell on top. For the favors, make little crepe-paper baskets and fill with candy eggs. Have the other children play 'blind feeding the blind.' Spread a sheet on the floor, and having blindfolded two players, seat them on the floor, facing each other. Give food, such as ground pop-corn or puffed rice, and let each attempt to feed the other. Shouts of laughter follow their futile efforts to feed and be fed.

A Japanese game called "ribbon's end" is played by the children, who are graded in size, and who line up with hands on each other's shoulders, the smallest one at the end. One child is chosen as catcher, and she makes an effort to catch the end of the "ribbon," while the whole line of players twists and turns to prevent her. Children always like to play "marching to Jerusalem," "blind man's buff," and "follow the leader."



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## PLANTING AND CARE OF HARDY HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS

By W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist for the Ontario Horticultural Association.

No flower garden is complete without perennials. Even though the plot of ground be small, some of the space should be devoted to this useful and varied class of plants. Few flowers require as little care as hardy herbaceous perennials if given the proper condition to start with.

The soil should be a good loam which will not bake, and well-drained. When planted, most perennials should be left undisturbed for a long time, hence the soil should be well prepared in the beginning by trenching and digging under a liberal supply of well-rotted stable manure. Most perennials thrive best in full sunlight, and, where possible, they should be planted where they will get the most favored conditions. A southern aspect is the most suitable, and where there is protection from the cold winds the plants do best.

Planting may be done either in spring or autumn, but spring planting is best for most kinds of perennials.

In making and planting a border it is most important to plant those kinds which will give a continuity of bloom from early in the spring until late in the autumn, and to arrange them so that they will be most effective. The dates of blooming, heights of the plants and colors of the flowers are matters which should be given very

## THE CAVE OF THE COLORED EGGS

By DANCY D. STEPHENSON

When Rose came to grandfather's just before Easter she felt lonesome. Her mother was traveling miles away and would not be home for a month; but she began to feel happier when she remembered the six little Crane children who lived in the pine cabin on grandfather's place. She had played with them on her last visit. But before she and grandfather had driven half of the way home she learned that the Cranes had moved away.

"I'm sorry, Rosebud," grandfather said kindly, "but there isn't a younger sister within three miles. Can't you get along with making the pets happy? There are some new kittens, a red calf, a brown colt and Bobby Burns. Your Aunt Sara and I will do our best to make things lively. Bobby Burns was the beautiful colt that was missing ahead of the carriage.

"Oh, that's all right!" Rose assured him cheerfully.

But, although she really had a

lovely time with the friendly pets, and although auntie cooked all the good things that children like to eat, Rose secretly longed for a playmate.

"There is a little boy over that steep rocky hill," Aunt Sara told her one day. "I've seen him only once. His father goes to work in the woods, and Paul goes with him most of the time."

"Then he can't play with me," sighed Rose to herself.

But she forgot her disappointment when her aunt said that there was an Easter surprise hidden somewhere outdoors and that she must keep her eyes open for it when she had gathered the eggs.

"She didn't give me a hint, so I don't know when I'm hot and when I'm cold," laughed Rose, as she danced away in the early spring sunshine. She patted Bobby Burns, who was going to help her hunt the surprise, and enjoyed picking the fuzzy lavender hepaticas that peeped up in spite of the snow.

"Let's pretend we're seeking a new country," she said to Bobby. "Oh, but this is a big hill! I never saw so many rocks in my life." Rose stopped to look at the farm buildings spread out below. "Why," she cried suddenly, "there's a big crack in that rock! Let's look in!"

The crack was a narrow gap that opened into an archway of rock. Bobby Burns had entered curiously. "It isn't a fissure," said Rose in surprise. "The eggs we can't keep hidden here."

In one corner she spied a sort of nest made of alfalfa, and Bobby was sniffing at the contents. "Rose was down beside him in a moment to examine the treasures of the nest. There were four beautiful Easter eggs, pink and blue and yellow and lavender, and every one was marked with an "R."

"Oh," said Rose, "wasn't it dear of auntie to climb up here to hide my surprise? How did she guess that we'd come exploring?"

She picked up the four eggs and put them carefully into her pocket. Then she started down the hill.

At the chicken-yard gate she found Aunt Sara, who looked anxious. When Rose showed her the eggs and thanked her, Aunt Sara was plainly puzzled. "But you haven't found my surprise!" she said. "I have no idea who hid those in the cave."

"Then I walked off with somebody else's eggs! Shall I take them back?" asked Rose.

It was decided that after dinner she should return the eggs to the cave. Meanwhile she and Bobby explored the corral, and in a warm corner of a shed she found a covered basket. Inside were a dozen cheeping downy yellow chicks, her Easter surprise.

When Rose again climbed the hill she thought she heard voices, and, walking softly round the big rock, she nearly stumbled over a boy and a girl at the mouth of the cave.

"Are you Paul?" asked Rose.

The boy nodded and then his eyes fell on the basket. "Did you get them?" he asked.

Rose explained. "I'm so sorry, I thought that Aunt Sara had hidden them for me when I saw the initial." The little girl laughed. "He hid them for me. I'm his cousin Ruth and I came for Easter." But she insisted that Rose share the pretty eggs with her.

"Come home with me," Rose invited her.

Half an hour later the children were playing with the pets while Aunt Sara prepared a real Easter tea party with candy rabbits.

"Isn't it nice that we found each other," said Ruth, "for now we can play together."

"Yes, in the Cave of the Colored Eggs," laughed Rose, Youth's Companion.

And he said unto them, Be not affrighted, ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen: He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him.

This is for us the most significant day of all the year—for, as Spring awakens the germs of new promise, new growth, new beauty, new life in nature, so Easter comes to us with the joyful message of a new and fuller life.

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