

An Easter Flower



Legend of Easter Eggs

TRINITY bells, with their hollow lungs
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see
me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is that wonderful bird
that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified,
And how Joseph, the wealthy—
whom God reward—
Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue,
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses,
like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress
And looked on the heavenly face so pale
And the dear feet pierced with cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the moon was up
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup

A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,
So full of fears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white,
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away
Where the Lord of the earth and heavens lay,
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom
And in living luster came from the tomb.

"Now, the bird that sang in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night.
Notes climbed on notes till, higher and higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering, white robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest—
Thyself, thy eggs and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue
And burn with red and gold and blue,
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day."
—Fitzjames O'Brien.

Duck Eggs For Easter.
In some places one can easily obtain ducks' eggs for Easter. Whether you like the taste of these eggs or not, you will find that their size makes them bring delight to the youngsters. A pretty centerpiece for Easter day is made from a small round basket lined with grass or straw and filled with ducks' eggs. Brooding over these eggs or perched on the side of the basket you can have one of those delightful little yellow ducks sold at the confectionery or favor store.

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If You Have a Vague, Visionary Idea of



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If you haven't any teeth we have sausage that will fairly melt in your mouth, Eat our meats. Good for your stomach.

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Three Easter Suggestions

Give her a box of Princess Chocolates and watch her smile. None better made. See our window display. Prices, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Easter special Ice Cream Brick for that Easter dinner, 50c a quart. Let us have your order a day or two before.

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