

## LOST IN THE SNOW.

A Terrible Misfortune Overakes a Christening Party in Hungary.

In the country parts of Hungary, where there is often no church within many miles, the christening of a child is a momentous event, which people look forward to with joyful anticipations to a gay festival. It includes a long drive to the town or village where the church is situated, with a stop for refreshments on the way, and on the return home a banquet, with the usual accompaniment of singing, drinking and dancing. In winter, when the air is cold and bracing, and the snow lies thick upon the ground, the christening party drive to church in a sleigh with "embalming of the bells," and provide themselves with abundant provisions before setting out. This was what John and Magdalene Batten of Kessinez, did when New Year's day they took their child from their house to Traunau, where the priest was awaiting its arrival to perform the baptismal ceremony. They had a nice hamper of provisions for the road, in which home-distilled spirits to keep the cold out occupied a prominent place. The child was carefully wrapped up in swaddling clothes and enveloped in feather wraps and shawls till it became bulkier than it was long, after which it was deposited on the floor of the sleigh, which was thickly strewn with straw. It was a cold day, and the occupants of the sleigh were obliged to swallow large quantities of alcohol to keep the cold out, so that when they reached the parish church and were met by the priest they were all in a state of hilarious good humor. His sentence, having child their unbecoming frivolity, asked them to hand him the child and get the ceremony over as soon as possible. Only did they discover to their horror that they had lost the child on the road. "Forgotten the child!" exclaimed his reverence. "How could you have forgotten the child when you came to have it christened?" "Ah! if we had only forgotten it," returned the father, "it would not much matter, but we *had* lost it." They at once drove back where they had come, this time with the clergyman, who carried a vessel of water so as to baptize the infant in extreme, stopping and making a search wherever any heap of snow gave them grounds for surmising that the child might be there. At last they found the baby, inside all its warm wrappings, lying in the snow, but without the faintest sign of life. It was frozen to death. Instead of a banquet and merrymaking the joyful party was likely to taste prison fare and the sweets of solitude.—London Telegraph.

## Facilities of Compound Interest.

An Idaho correspondent sends a photograph of an Idaho mortgage, which is in a startling way the amazing facilities of compound interest. The mortgage was executed in 1861, on a sum of land in Boise City, "to secure a sum of \$40,000, if paid in legal tender, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per month. But if the said note shall not be paid . . . then the sum of . . . with interest at 10 per cent. per month and if said interest is not paid at the time of the maturity of this note, said interest to be added to the principal and said principal and interest together shall draw interest per month as above stated." These conditions were evidently not fulfilled, for a note is appended to the document as follows: "The above mortgage is not satisfied, according to the records of Idaho county. With interest on \$170, at 10 per cent. per month, compounded six months, the debt would now amount to \$45,972,000, 182,826.50." There are a great many millionaires in the country, but there is probably only one man in the world who is indebted to nearly forty-six trillions of dollars.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Cities in Ireland.

Under the rule of law in Great Britain a city is a town which is or has been the seat of a bishop there are in and thirty-two cities. They are: Armagh, Derry, Down, Connor, Kilkeel, Meath, Clogher, Ardagh and Raphoe. Dublin, Kildare, Leighlin, Kilkenny, Fermanagh, Cashel, Emly, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Lismore, Ross and Kerry; Tuam, Sligo, Galway, Kilmacduagh, Elphin, Confer, and Killala. Besides the queen, as the "fountain of grace," raised Belfast to the dignity of a city in honor of her jubilee. Thomas Francis prepared the honor for the queen.—N. Y. Sun.

## A Blaine Picture.

The most famous picture ever taken of Mr. Blaine is now in possession of a man who lives in Brownville, Pa., his home. It is a tintype, and represents Mr. Blaine in company with several of his chums at that time. Every effort has been made to get the lady to own the picture to part with it or to be copied, but she says that such an inducement could get it out, if only for an instant.—Bos.

## On an Extensive Scale.

Businesslike Yankees (in the near-by pardon for intruding, sir, you are the governor of these islands are you not?)

Residential Governor of Hawaii—I notice one of the canoes is smoking. Like to see a down draft furnace for it

—Chicago Tribune.

## Table Talk.

"The unluckiest dog alive," said Mr. Denney. "Somebody's always pulling me down and leaving me in the lurch."

That's just what makes me hot," said the Zonsonoma.—Puck.

## A SONG FOR EASTER-TIDE.

THE SONG OF THE MORNING THAT GLADDENS THE SPHERES!

The stone from the tomb of the ages is rolled,

The chain of mortality broken, behold!

Let me rise, let me rise on the wings of the light;

And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies:

The dumb tomb has spoken, and falls on our ears:

The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!

The skies are all glowing, unfettered the rills;

The towers of the south winds are lighting the hills;

But what were the glories of spring times that fade?

If the dead in the chamber of silence were laid?

Arise, then, my soul, on the wings of the light;

Thy song with the messenger angels unites;

The dumb tomb has spoken, mortality hears;

The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!

Celestial doors open, and falls on faith's ear

An anthem as sweet as the reeds of Judea,

Now rising triumphant, the chorus of time,

And the bells of the blessed conjubilant chime;

Arise, O my soul, on the wings of the light,

In the songs of the Cross with the victors unite;

The dumb tomb has spoken, mortality hears;

The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!

—Hezekiah Butterworth in Ladies' Home Journal

## THE EASTER BONNET.

Don't make 'em like they used to—done killed with too much style—Fixed up with birds & ribbons, till you know 'em half a mile; They call 'em "Easter bonnets," in the big store windows—Ain't nothin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!

How much prettier, sweeter and neater was the old—Time bonnet, shadie' rosy cheeks an' ringlets black an' gold!

Plain with no fixins on it—with a string of red or blue;

But a kiss beneath that bonnet was as sweet as honey-dew!

Don't make 'em like they use to—done killed with too much style;

Any yet the girls that wear 'em give a fellow a smile;

He kinder smooths it over—forgives 'em, so high-strung—

But they're nuthin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!

—Atlanta Constitution

## My Crystal Easter-egg.

ESSIE," my father said to me, looking up from a letter he was

reading, "how would you like to have a cousin to come and live here? A girl cousin, about your own age, and who has your name, too—Elizabeth Bassett?"

I only stared, far too much amazed for speech. A cousin! Never had I heard of an uncle or aunt, much less a cousin.

"But, papa," I said, at last, "I never knew I had a cousin."

"H'm! Not Your mother was an only child, but I had a brother. Poor Tom! He and I had a quarrel long before we were either of us married; no matter about that now. Tom went off to the west, but he didn't find any of the wonderful good luck there that some men do. The fact is, Bess, Tom was always lazy! Lazy folks don't get along west! But he is dead, my dear—been dead these ten years, and his wife died a week ago and left a letter for me, asking me to befriend their only child. She needn't come here, you see, if you don't want her."

"Oh, but I do want her!" I cried.

"Have I not been longing for a sister all my life? I do want her, papa! Please send for her."

"Very well, my dear. I will write at once."

Then I rushed off to find Martha, who is our head servant, and, I sometimes suspect, our real housekeeper, though she lets me have all the hours.

Martha, who had lived with my grandmother, had known Mr. Tom, but had thought he died long ago. She was very willing, however, to help me in getting one of the prettiest girls ready for "Miss Elizabeth," and promised dainties for the feast of welcome.

At the eleventh hour papa resolved to go himself and bring the orphan girl to her new home, and Martha and I had full scope for our hospitable plans. It was not that I had anything to do, for with our small family Martha declared she had hard work to keep the servants busy, in spite of the size of the house, but I liked to fuss about and select pretty ornaments and trimmings for my cousin's room.

Perhaps I threw myself into these preparations with more energy, because I had never quite recovered from

the heartache it gave me to part with Herbert Wilson. Two years before papa had sent him off to seek his fortune, and I lived meantime on the hope of his finding it. It was a romantic little love story, and, being so much alone, I had suffered more than papa knew, so I was glad to think of having a companion of my own age.

She came with papa, and rushed into my arms, apparently as pleased as I was. I had pulled down my face to express my sympathy with her recent loss, but it was wasted sentiment. She did not appear to have any feeling about it, and longer acquaintance convinced me that she had no depth of feeling about anything.

But she was charming, a little, fairy blonde, with fluffy yellow hair, soft blue eyes and a complexion like strawberries and cream. I felt giddy when I saw our reflections in a long mirror, for I was tall, decidedly buxom, and, while I was just six months the younger, looked five years older than the child-like little butterfly.

It was pretty to see how she enjoyed the luxuries about her, the dainty food, the cozy arm chairs, and, above all, the idleness. Poor little mite! She had faced poverty ever since she was born, and she enjoyed comfort as much as a kitten.

"I mean to marry a rich man," she told me, "or not marry at all. Lots and lots of money! That is my idea of perfect bliss. And, by the way, Bess, why don't you marry Mr. Gordon?"

I laughed heartily. Ever since I

selected, but I had orders to be generous, and between us we had ready a trousseau of which Mrs. Gordon need not be ashamed.

But on Easter day, when I could not quite detach my heart from earthly matters, I watched eagerly for Herbert's present. I had made no secret of this little ray of hope that came to me, and father only grunted when I displayed my trifling presents.

I was in my room alone when this one came—a little box, such as I had twice before opened. And on the pink cotton a dainty crystal egg. Two lay in my jewel box; one with a tiny locket, one with a golden cross, inside. I opened this one. My heart gave one sickening throb and the whole room seemed to reel about me. When my sight was once more clear, I saw on the pretty pink cotton the ring I had given Herbert Wilson. There could be no mistake. There it lay, mocking me with its tiny clasped hands and entwined fingers. He was false to me. Some fairer face had won his heart, and he had sent my ring back to me.

It had never been my habit to show my feelings on any occasion, so I closed up the pretty crystal egg, locked it away in my jewel box, and went down to dinner. Father noticed that I was very pale, but accepted a trifling headache as an excuse, and Lizzie made no comment. She was deep in the study of our visiting list, and adding a few cards to those already sent out.

The next week was all a whirl. Somehow I did manage to push back

together. Explanations were made, and My Crystal Easter Egg was opened to give back Herbert's ring, which my husband tells me shall never again leave his finger.—Annie Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for April 9, 1882.—The Resurrection of Christ—Matt. 28:1-10.

## AN EASTER LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep.—1 Cor. 15:20.

## THE STORY OF THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Jesus was crucified probably on Friday, April 7, A. D. 30, from nine to three o'clock, beginning at the hour of the daily morning sacrifice, and yielding up His spirit at the hour of the evening sacrifice. Joseph of Arimathea, asked permission of Pilate to care for the body of Jesus. He with Nicodemus took the body from the cross, wrapped it in linen cloths, with an hundred weight of spices to preserve the body from decomposition, and laid it in a new sepulchre belonging to Joseph, in a garden near by, and rolled a stone against the door. The loving women who had remained near the cross saw where the body was laid, and went home to prepare spices and ointments for the completion of the embalming, and then rested over the Sabbath.

The Reality of Jesus' Death. It was called in earlier times, in not only a religious feast, but a festival of nature as well. It tells of the wonderful resurrection of Christ; but it tells also of renewed life throughout all the land. The earth is about to come forth in all her glory, and the hearts of the people are glad for the promise of verdure, of flowers, and of fruit to come.

So it is that the giving of gifts at this blessed season of renewed life has a special meaning, and so it would seem that the gifts should be made to convey some message well suited to the time. Cards on which appropriate sentiments are either written or engraved are always acceptable at Easter, as they are at all other seasons to which special importance may be attached, and numberless devices and designs are to be seen on every side. But as the spirit of giving has seized upon the popular mind, the card of to-day is only the attendant of the gift itself. It may be simple in the extreme, or elaborate, but in nearly every case it is an adjunct only, and has ceased to be in itself an object of consideration.

## GIFTS.

## LESSON NOTES.

1. "In the end of the Sabbath: Our Saturday. "As it began to dawn . . . came Mary Magdalene;" i. e. Mary from Magdala, on the Sea of Galilee, whom Jesus had redeemed from the terrible affliction alluded to insanity—the being possessed by seven demons (Luke 8:2). "And the other Mary;" The mother of James the less and Joses (27:56), together with Salome, the mother of John, Joanna, the wife of Chuza, and other women. As they went they were concerned about the question: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" for they knew, from observation of the interment, that it was exceeding great (Mark 16:3, 4).

2. "Behold, there was a great earthquake: Before the arrival of the women; perhaps they felt it on their way thither. "For the angel (an angel) descended from Heaven: A Divine messenger, to overawe the guards, and show that Jesus rose, and was not taken from the tomb by human power. "Rolled back the stone from the door: The tomb was cut in the side of a rock, like a cave, large enough for several persons to enter. The entrance was protected by a large stone, sometimes round, like a large millstone, rolled in front of the opening. "And sat upon it: As a guard waiting to give the needed information to the disciples.

3. "His countenance (his appearance) was like lightning: In vivid and intense brightness. "And his raiment white as snow: This was heavenly apparel.

4. "And for fear of him the keepers: That is, the Roman guard. "And became as dead: Apparently swooned away with their terror.

5. "And the angel answered: the unspoken questions and fears of the women who had bowed down their faces to the ground in fear. "Fear not ye: Ye is emphatic in the original. The keepers and the enemies of Jesus had reason to fear, but not these disciples.

6. "He is risen, as He said: (Matt. 16: 21; 17:23). "Come, see the place: to convince yourselves of the fact of His resurrection.

7. "Go quickly, and tell His disciples: To relieve their anxieties, to lead them to the great truth which was to enable them to proclaim the Gospel to the world. "He goeth before you into Galilee: When the chief meeting of Jesus with His disciples took place (26:28-29; 16:20; John 21:1-24).

9. "And as they went: By some other streets than those by which Mary Magdalene and Peter and John had gone. "Behold, Jesus met them saying: All hail: "Rejoice," the usual form of salutation. The English "all hail" is shortened from "all health." "Held His feet, in reverent affection, to make sure that it was indeed their Lord, and to express their gladness. "And worshipped Him: Religious worship or adoration is here meant, not mere reverence.

10. "Go tell My brethren that they go into Galilee: The same message which the angels had given them in the sepulchre (see on ver. 7).

MISS MARY ABELL, daughter of the late A. S. Abell, founder of the Baltimore Sun, has taken the white veil at the chapel of the Academy of Visitation, in Wilmington, Del. The name that she chose was Sister Mary Joseph.

OLGA SANFORD, the granddaughter of the late Gov. Hoffman, of New York, is the only living descendant of the third generation, and will ultimately inherit his large fortune. She is now but seven years of age.

MRS. THOMAS GILROY, wife of New York's mayor-elect, has a passion for china painting. She has quite a collection of china coffee spoons which are painted in tiny French figures.

The direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon.