



As old couplet running as follows:
"Tid, Mid, and Misery,
"Carling, Palm, and Good-pas day,"

gives a name to every Sunday in Lent, each of them, at one time, having its special celebration and festivities. The stern, severe life of our early English ancestors seems to have needed, during the Lenten season, relief, and as Sundays were considered "improper" days for fasting, they were turned into days of feasting.

The most interesting of these customs began at Mid-Lent, the fourth Sunday in Lent, variously called Mid-Lent Sunday, Mothering Sunday, and Care, Carle, or Carling Sunday. The very early custom of visiting and worshipping in the mother church on this day first gave it the name of Mothering Sunday, but the custom was soon changed to that of visiting the natural mother, bearing presents, trinkets, cakes, etc. In other words, it became, among all classes, though more particularly the lower ones, a day of reunion and feasting. It was often spoken of as going a-mothering to eat family; family, one of the dishes prepared for the guests, being hulled wheat, boiled in milk, with seasoning.

Carls, or carlings, was another special dish in some places for this day. This was dried peas, soaked over night, and fried in butter, with pepper and salt; a kind of griddle-cake. A legend claims that during a terrible famine a vessel load of peas was driven ashore by a storm, and the people were saved from starvation, and have since celebrated the day by the eating of carlings.

In Northumberland the carlings were eaten without being made into cakes. In serving them, each person had his own spoon, and helped himself, this being done in regular succession till there were only a few left, when they were doled out one at a time. The person to whom the last one fell would be the first of the company to be married. In some places the carlings, especially among the upper classes, were partly roasted, and served on napkins like chestnuts, which they were said to resemble in taste.

In Spanish countries Lent was represented as an old woman, and in places the children would go about the streets dressed fantastically, beating drums, shaking rattles, and crying:

"Saw down the old woman;
Saw down the old woman."

At midnight the commonality, taking up the cry, would march about the streets and knock at every door, shouting:

"Saw down the old woman;
Saw down the old woman."

concluding the ceremony by sawing in two the figure of an old woman representing Lent.

The custom of eating fish in Lent was very general then as now, but it is interesting to know that whale, porpoise, and seal were considered fish, and in the fourteenth century enormous sums were paid for choice morsels of them. Seals seem, for some reason, to be excluded from this list. Why? Is it possibly out of deference to a superstition of the fishermen on the coast of Ireland? They disliked to kill them, believing they contained the souls of those who were drowned at the flood. They also believed them capable of casting off their skins, and sporting on the shore in human form. If a mortal obtained possession of the cast-off skin of a female seal, he could claim her as his wife.

A manuscript in the British Museum contains a receipt for making "puddings of porpoise." In the time of Henry the Eighth this was still a table delicacy, and in some places was eaten much later. Herring pies and lampreys were great delicacies. The town of Yarmouth was required by charter to send yearly to the King 100 herrings, baked in twenty-four pies. The Severn was noted for its lampreys, and the town of Gloucester for its peculiar way of stewing them.

Good Friday has its peculiar customs, the eating of hot cross buns being a familiar one. The eating of these, it is believed, protected the house from fire through the year, while eggs laid on Good Friday were believed to have the power of putting out all fires on which they were thrown. It was a common custom to bake a small loaf of bread on this day to be used for medicinal purposes during the year. Portions of the loaf were grated in water, and were supposed to be a panacea for many ills.

An Irish superstition claims that the cutting of the hair on Good Friday cuts away the sins of the year, and enables one to start fresh at Easter. It also prevents headache for a year. Margaret Johnson, in her confession in 1633, declared that Good Friday was the day for a general meeting of witches. Holy Saturday was a great day of preparation for the excessive feasting of Easter, after the excessive fasting of Lent. On this day flesh and fowl were liberally provided for the morrow's feast, but dire calamity was believed to follow him who dared to taste of them before the cock crew. In some places it was and still is the custom to hang an image of Judas, filled with firecrackers, on a rope across the street. At midnight it was fired. This was more particularly a Spanish custom, but in England, on Holy Saturday, at midnight, great

camping out beneath the stars, where, with the women cry, "Out with the Lent!" There was little time left for sleep, for by four o'clock it was necessary to be up in order to see the sun dance. There were a number of popular superstitions connected with this idea that the sun dances on Easter morning, and at one time a doggerel referring to it appeared in one of the London papers. Here it is, with the answer that appeared in a later edition of the same paper.

Question:
"Old wives, Phobus, say
That on Easter Day
To the music of the spheres you do caper;
If the fact, sir, be true,
Pray tell the cause know
When you have any room in your paper."

Answer:
"The old wives get merry
With spiced ale or sherry
On Easter, which makes them ro-mance;
And whilst in a rout
Their brains twirl about
Their fancy we caper and dance."
This allusion to spiced ale is probably to bragot, an Easter drink of ale, sugar and spices.

Easter in Russia.
The Russian housewife observes the week by an eagle of housecleaning. She does not feel her duty done until she has turned her lord and master out of the house and gone over it from cellar to roof in relentless war against dirt. Cleanliness is not next to Godliness, but above it, in Russia, at this season. It is the great annual Muscovite wash.

There is, by the way, a curious custom of cleaning the floors. Men, with brushes fastened to their feet, skate over the floors to the musical accompaniment of women's voices. This is an occasion of jollity, as well as usefulness. For once in the year the public baths are crowded.

Once in three years, at Easter time, the important ceremony known as making the holy chism oil takes place at Moscow or Kiev. The chism oil is used in baptism, extreme unction and the coronation of a Metropolitan or the czar.

The oil is called "myro." On Monday morning the Metropolitan goes to the sacristy of the patriarchs, lights a fire and pours into a cauldron a gallon of the myro, reading meanwhile the Gospel of the day.

The oil is kept boiling for three days and nights, monks attending in relays and stirring the contents of the cauldrons with silver ladles. Olive oil mixed with white wine of Libson and perfumes make up the mixture. The final ceremony takes place when the mixture is put into silver receptacles upon a porcelain stove and stirred by six deacons in vestments of silver and black.

The Empress Catherine II. gave to the church a silver vase, which is still used as the final receptacle into which the oil is poured, with a benediction. The people attend in thousands, as they are permitted, and dip bits of cotton into the holy mixture. On the afternoon of Thursday the vases are carried in a procession to the Cathedral, where the Metropolitan says mass.—New York Herald.

Easter Announcements.

To hide eggs and let the children look for them is a sure method of bringing forth shrill screams of delight and causing boundless activity among them, but broken eggs and sorely upturned furniture make the experiment doubtful. To girls of fourteen to eighteen a talk upon the rest time of the bulbs and buds, with illustrations, given in the morning, to precede a lunch, is a delightful addition to their entertainment. The magnified buds of dormant forest or fruit trees, with a slow development of their expansion, showing how the calyxes drop off and the leaves protrude and unfold, or the pictured resurrection of the uncurling fern-fronds from their woolly brown wraps, make fascinating pictures. The description of the sleeping germ in a bulb and its absorption of the surrounding nutriment, its sending forth of its greedy roots, and its splendid blossoming, becomes more entertaining than a play, and there are very capable lecturers on these subjects easily attainable, as well as those who give delightful talks on bird-life, which are also appropriate to Easter, linked with all the returning life of spring.

A New Arrival.



"Where am I at."

Lily Bells.
"Softly, sweetly, to and fro,
See the tiny lily-bells go,
Gently swaying in the wind;
If you listen, you will find
They are breathing sweet and low;
Let there be no sin and woe,
Jesus came to show the way."

CHIMES OF THE CHURCH.

AN EGG OF EASTER.



Said Cupid, "Now I'll lay aside
My arrows and my bow;
To play a prank this Easter-tide
Upon the Elves I know."



Who'll pick with me to win or lose?
In wheedling tones he begs;
Of all he met none could refuse—
And Cupid won their eggs.



Oh, Cupid! Cupid! was it fair
To win them in this way,
And cause the little loves despair
On joyous Easter day?



You are a sad rogue much I fear
For was it right, I beg,
To win when you had, Cupid, dear,
A china Easter egg?

Some Thoughts Suggested by Easter

As the coming of Christ was predicted by the course and outcome of life during the centuries before his advent, so is his coming predicted in the need and longing and preparation of every human soul. Christ stands for and illustrates in his own person and career that ideal development of character and that ideal attitude of a man to his fellows which shines like a star before every respectable human being; for the man who has ceased to care for perfection has ceased to be spiritually respectable. Every living soul longs to be like Christ, and the soul which has ceased to long has ceased to live. This deep necessity in the heart of every man to aspire and to work out his aspirations in conduct points straight to the Christ, by whom these aspirations were realized, and in whom these hopes are incarnated. The sore need of the perfect life and perfect man affirms the reality of both, and, therefore, predicts their coming. In every human soul this need cries out for satisfaction, and Christ is that satisfaction. More imperative than the need of the vision of the perfect man is the need of the revelation of the invisible God; and as Christ came at the moment when the whole world was inarticulately crying out for him, so does he come to the individual soul, when that soul sorely needs the revelation of the Father, which he is, and seeks him everywhere. Food, shelter, raiment, are not the fundamental necessities of men, as they are so constantly said to be; God is the one supreme necessity of men. Even those who reject or deny him still seek him; and there are few things in life more pathetic than the unconscious search for God by those who imagine they have rid themselves of the very idea of God.

WINTER.

Winter wailing with the spring,
Gives old earth a parting sting.
As across the snow-dusted world,
Misty blows the March wind cold.
All the earth is sad and drear;
Scarcely doth the sun appear,
Through the lowering clouds that play
Ponderous through the sky all day.
All day long, the blinding rain
Beats against the window pane,
And the wind goes moaning, moaning,
Whistling, sobbing, sighing, groaning.
Ever little looks that show
To a raging torrent grow;
And the river swells its shoals,
With stupendous volume rolls.



Wall-like rise the mountains start,
All the woods with mist are dark;
Scarcely a living thing is there
In the landscape anywhere.

These are dark and dreary days,
When all nature lifeless lays,
When the hearts of all mankind
Are to sober things inclined.

Soon will nature smile again,
After all the wind and rain,
When the tear-like April showers
Waken all the sleeping flowers.
—Carl Leo Brownson.

SWEET CHIMING BELLS.

Some of These in New York City Churches That Will Ring on Easter.

O city in the United States has as many fine bells as New York. They will all ring out glad tidings on Easter morning. The finest chimes of any church in the city are those of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The chimes of St. Patrick's are the finest in the Western Hemisphere. Although not so large as many in Continental churches, in sweetness and purity of tone they will compare with any in the world.

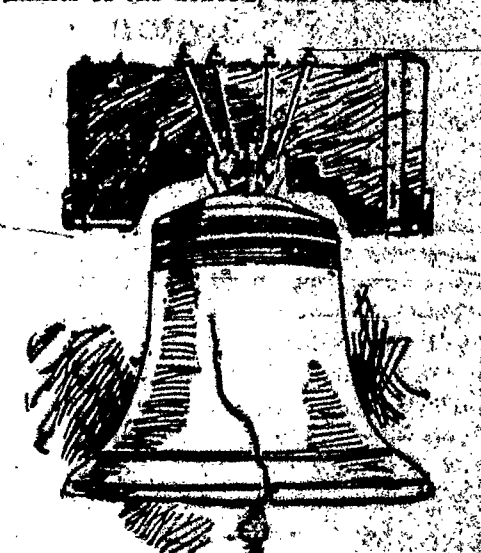
Famous old Trinity has the oldest chimes in the city. They were cast in the original set. They were cast in 1788, by Mears, of England. In 1845, when Trinity was rebuilt, two of the bells were found to be cracked.

High up in the great square tower of St. Thomas's church, on Fifth avenue, hangs a chime of ten bells. The largest one weighs 2,500 pounds, exclusive of the yoke, which weighs 450 pounds. On the great bell can be read: "The chime of ten bells was presented to St. Thomas's by Thomas R. Wall, in memory of his father and brother, Christmas, 1875."

St. Andrew's church, on Fifth avenue, has probably the finest chimes in New York, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Patrick's.

Mr. J. Grant Senia, who enjoys the reputation of being the most expert chimer of New York, and who is known all over the United States, is in charge of the bells of St. Andrew's. Mr. Senia is a clever musician, and writes all the music which he uses in playing the chimes.

All the bells in Grace church were given in memory of some deceased person. The largest bell was presented in memory of the Rev. Thomas House Taylor, one of the first pastors of the church. On each bell can be read the names of the donors, cast in metal.



The Historic Bell of the Collegiate Church.

The Collegiate church, at Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, possesses a bell cast in Amsterdam over one hundred and sixty years ago, and rung for many years in the tower of the old Middle Dutch church in Nassau street.

Among the many public occasions on which this historic bell has been rung are July 9, 1776, the time when the Declaration of Independence was read to Washington's army, then in the city; July 4, 1790, the day of the reopening of the church after its destruction during the Revolutionary War, and on the occasion of Lincoln's and Grant's funerals.

St. Ann's church, in Brooklyn, the mother parish of the Episcopal church in Brooklyn, has a fine set of chimes. These bells were an Easter offering from Thomas Messinger, who, until the time of his death, was senior warden of the church. They are nine in number, and are rung in two towers, a feat which makes them exceedingly difficult to play.



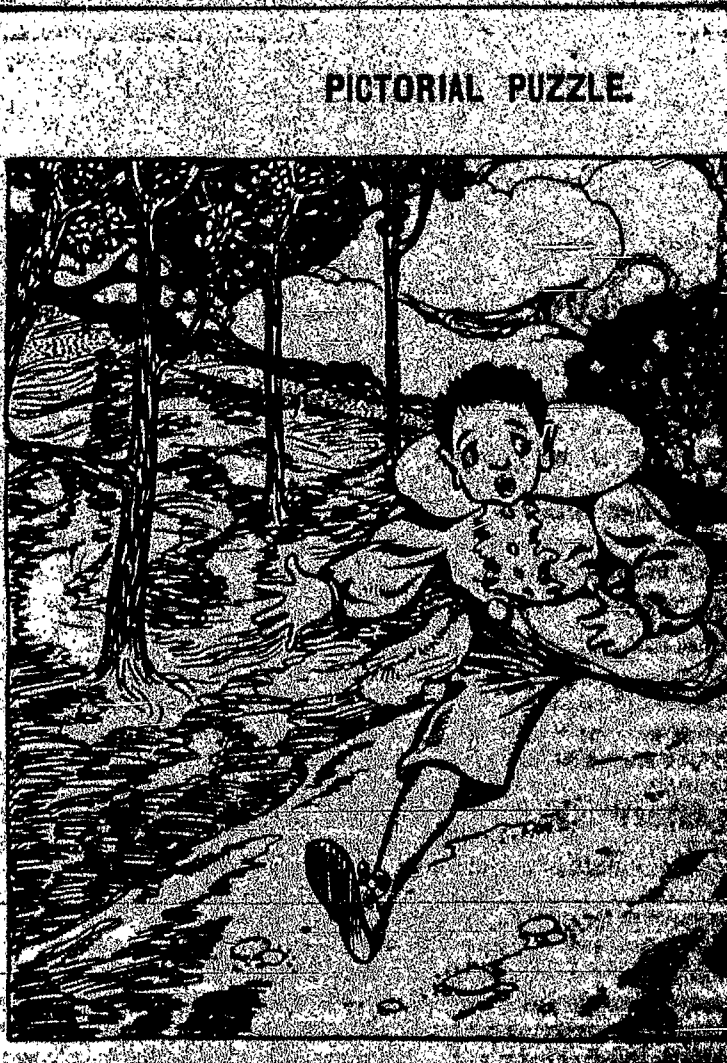
FIND HIDDEN MAN AND A MUG.



FIND THE MISSING GOAT.



FIND THE HIDDEN GYPSY QUEEN.



FIND BOY'S CAP AND HIDE.