

throughout. In some analogous way it is to be assumed that the identity of the resurrection body with that which was laid aside at death will be preserved.

It is clear that the Resurrection of the Body is no vain or useless dogma. In the first place, it refutes the error that matter is essentially evil, an error which either implies that God is not the Creator of all things or else that He is the Creator of that which in its very being is evil. Next, this doctrine preserves the truth of human responsibility, and brings it home to the individual with a force that nothing else could effect. It assures us that the man who sinned shall stand before the judgment throne the same man that he was on earth.

Lastly, very much of Christian consolation is wrapped up in the great truth of the Resurrection of the Body. It is the ground of the Apostles' injunction [1 Thess. iv: 13], "that we sorrow not as others which have no hope." Thus, besides the assurance that "the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God," the committing of their bodies to the grave is but a solemn preparation for a future glorious harvest, when, however transfigured, we shall again recognize and be forever united with those to whom our souls have been knit in love here on earth.—*Living Church.*

Family Department.

A Lily's Easter Story.

"The sun is the only visitor I shall have to-day, sister. Isn't the hour nearly passed?"

"Yes, it is just ten minutes to four," said the Sister as she took away the back-rests and laid the little patient gently on the pillow, "You see, Bessie, if any one had come, their visit would be nearly ended now, while the sun can stay on without regard to visiting hours, and there could not be a more suitable visitor Easter day, I am sure."

Bessie smiled as the sunbeam shone across her bed, resting almost lovingly on the tiny white face, and making the great, dark eyes wink and finally close; but when the sister moved to draw the curtain, Bessie said wistfully, "Please Sister, let the sun be my visitor, I won't wink after a minute"—then she added a little shyly:

"Does the sun really dance on Easter morning, sister? Lizzie says it does."

The tall sister looked a little amused as she answered, "I never saw it dance, Bessie, though I have been up very early sometimes; but perhaps the trouble was not with the sun, but with my eyes; when children's hearts are very happy and full of joy, I know the world often looks rose colored, and their eyes dance, so perhaps it was then they saw the sun dancing."

As the sister turned to go away, a nurse handed her a box saying, "This was left by some of the ladies from St. John's Church, who said they were from the Sunday school."

The sister laid the box on Bessie's bed as she said: "You must help me see what the children have sent from St. John's."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! how beautiful, Oh, sister, how lovely," fairly gasped Bessie, and there was a murmur of delight through the long ward, as the sister lifted out of the box a large and beautiful bunch of Bermuda lilies.

"They shall stay here on the mantel piece where you can all see them, and you shall have this one, Bessie," sister said, laying one on the white coverlet; then she passed down the rows of white beds, giving each child a chance to touch the beautiful white blossoms with their almost equally white fingers; she knew how sad many of the little hearts were, for the visiting hour was over, and the door had just been

closed behind their parents and friends. She knew, too, the wonderful and mysterious power flowers have to comfort children.

Bessie took the lily almost reverently in her thin, white hand, and held it so that the sunbeams rested on it, making the long, white petals shine and glisten like rays of silver light.

As the sweet fragrance filled the air about her, a sort of happy rest seemed to creep into her heart.

The lonely Easter lily bent its head down close to her cheek, and she thought she heard it say in a soft silvery voice, "dear child."

"I have come from a far off land, little girl, from the Isle of Bermuda, which lies far away to the South, in the midst of the sea; not a wild and stormy ocean, as you have here in the North in the winter time, but a deep, blue sea that gently laps the shore."

"How did you get here?" asked Bessie.

"Ah! that is a long story, the story of my life. I can now understand many things that seemed hard and cruel to me. The Easter sun had made us see things as they truly are, and I suppose much, if not all that seems hard and cruel to us in this world, will be clear when we see it by-and-by in the Resurrection light."

"Won't you tell me how you got here?" asked Bessie. "If it is a story I shall like even better to hear it. A lily's story must be such a beautiful one." And the lily nestling closer to her cheek, began:

"I lived in a meadow with my brothers and sisters, so many that you could not count them; you never saw such blue sky as we have in our home, and though the sun is bright and lovely here to-day, it is not like the sun that shines on our dear island. We danced and swung together, and did not dream of anything but joy and happiness, and as we moved in the breeze, we whispered sweet things to each other, or to the little birds that flew over us, or sometimes sat in our white bells and swung gently. Oh, they were happy days."

"Poor little lily, I wish I could send you back, I would give you up, even though I do love you so much, for I know how very hard it is to be home-sick; it is worse than an operation, for you can take ether and wake up and find it all over. I am so sorry for you," Bessie said, pressing the flowers to her lips.

"Oh no," cried the lily, "Oh, no, little girl, I would not for the world change places with any flowers in the field or garden. I have lived for something greater, something infinitely higher than pleasure, sweet breezes, or singing birds. I must go on and tell you my story; then you will understand what I mean, I was only thinking of my happy home, but not with regret."

Bessie did not quite know what "infinitely" or "regret" meant, but she felt sure the lily was willing to stay, and she was happy that she would not have to lose it, and listened carefully so that she might not miss one word, as the lily continued:

"We woke up one morning, the sun shone as brightly as on other days, the sky was just as deep a blue; everything seemed the same as it had been all our lives; but the lark knew it would be very different from any we had once seen, and she hovered over us, singing us songs of the great love of God, and how our lives had been given to us, to honor and praise Him with."

"We looked up into the blue sky, which always seemed like His dear, Holy Face, and we felt that it was not hard to live for Him; we wished above all things to do so, if being beautiful and happy was glorifying and honoring our Lord; and perhaps we had even a little higher, more unselfish wish when we looked straight into the clear heavens, and heard the sea winds whispering softly, for our hearts rose with a great prayer, which came like a sob from every lily in the field."

"Take my life, and let it be consecrated,

Lord, to Thee.' Even before our voices had died away, we saw such a dreadful sight; the answer to our prayers, though we did not know it."

As the lily paused, Bessie asked softly what did you see? Please tell me. You need not be afraid, for I have seen dreadful things, too."

"This won't seem so dreadful to you," said the lily, "that was not why I stopped—it pains me to speak of that day, and all that followed, which was so hard to understand, but it is all quite plain now, and I ought not to mind what is really an answer to our prayers; but I will tell you every word, for perhaps it may help you."

"What we saw was some men come into our beautiful meadow and begin cutting us down in large arms full, soon a great fellow came to me, cut me off from my mother root and carried me away."

"Poor lily, I am so sorry," whispered Bessie; "What did they do with you?"

"They threw us into a wagon all in a great heap; but I managed to hold my head up high enough to get one long last look at our beautiful home; it never looked more lovely, I wish you could have seen it. There were the great fields, shaded by lofty palms, and still lovely, with my sister lilies, who had not yet been cut down. They shone white and glistening almost to the water's edge, and the ocean itself, you could not know unless you had seen it, blue and throbbing like a great heart of love, the sun kissing it tenderly, and above the great space of heaven watching over all."

"What a lovely place your home must be. I should think it would have made you die to have left it," Bessie said sadly.

"I thought that I must die at first, but that was because I was foolish and cowardly." The lily went on: "I did not die, though there were even harder times coming before I could learn that it was all but the answer to my prayer."

"The great wagon drew up to a large stone house, where we were packed in wooden boxes, each of us in a tiny paste-board room by ourselves, packed tightly in with wet sawdust. We heard we were to go on the sea, and even in our sadness we were glad, but all we knew of our dear sea even when we were on it, was first the gentle rocking of the little waves, then the great rolling of the mighty billows, as we sailed away to the North."

"It kept growing colder and colder, and we were so miserable that we wished we might die."

"Oh, you poor lily," Bessie said with tears rolling down her cheeks and dropping on the flower.

"At last," continued the lily, "our ship became still and we soon felt our boxes lifted and bumped into a wagon; we rumbled over stones, and could hear the din of a great city all about us."

"Couldn't you see anything? Was the box dark?" asked Bessie.

"We could not even see ourselves, for the box was tightly closed, not a ray of light could creep in, or scarcely any air; but at last the box I was in was carried from the cart and put down; then we could hear voices around us; soon the lid of our box was taken off and we saw the blessed light once more, but very unlike the glorious light of our own land were the few struggling rays that came through the colored glass windows of the church; that was our present home."

"By and-by we were taken out and arranged in bright vases, beautiful ferns and palms were placed about us, such as we had seen in our home. Through the night we slept peacefully, enjoying the stillness and gentle warmth about us; but when we awoke this morning, I cannot describe to you the glorious beauty on every side."

Above, through the stained windows, came