

Though doubts were mingled with fears, yet how great the joy when the fact is fully declared. Then the darkness fades before the rising light. Then gloom departs like mist before the sun. Then sorrow flies from despondent hearts, and joy and peace begin their loud acclaim. "All hail, all hail!" Oh, what a load is lifted from the despondent friends to know that Christ the Lord is risen from the dead, and has conquered the powers of eternal darkness and woe.

It is joy even to-day. The Christian rejoices in such a Saviour. The Christian Church hails this day with anthems of praise, for it declares her victory over the great enemy of sin. It makes the demon of despair rage and quake at this strong potentate, who fears neither death nor the grave. With what joy we should celebrate this festival! How appropriate to consecrate one's self to his service as an offering of joy for his salvation!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1906.

THE FORGOTTEN LILY.

BY JULIA F. DE VE.

"And I can have a real Easter lily, for sure, papa? And it will be a great big, tall one, with waxy leaves, and I can have it the night before, can't I, please?" pleaded Chrissy Drury. Papa Drury laughed carelessly as he promised.

Before the day was over everybody in Simms tenement knew about the lily.

"I do hope her pa won't be so mean as to forget all about it," said Mrs. Brown when Chrissy was out of hearing. "I hope he won't spend all his week's earnings at the corner saloon before he gets the blossom for the child."

"It will be an Easter miracle, if he don't," said Miss O'Neill.

Nobody in the tenement was greatly surprised, therefore, save trustful Chrissy, when Ben Drury quite forgot his promise, forgot everything except his longing for drink, and stopped to satisfy it.

"Forgot the lily, did he, dearie?" asked Mrs. Brown soothingly as she looked down into Chrissy's tear-stained face Easter morning. "Must have stopped at Pete Johnson's place. It's a great place fer forgettin', is Pete's place."

"A great place for forgetting!" Chrissy remembered the words as she passed the saloon her father frequented on her way to church. She thought drearily, child though she was, of the many things her father had forgotten at that dreadful cor-

great place for forgetting, and my papa, he promised to get it for me."

"You're Ben Drury's girl, ain't you?" asked the man, and his voice did not sound angry. "So he forgot, did he? And you think it's a great place for forgettin'—well, I can't help that. What do you want of the lily, anyway?"

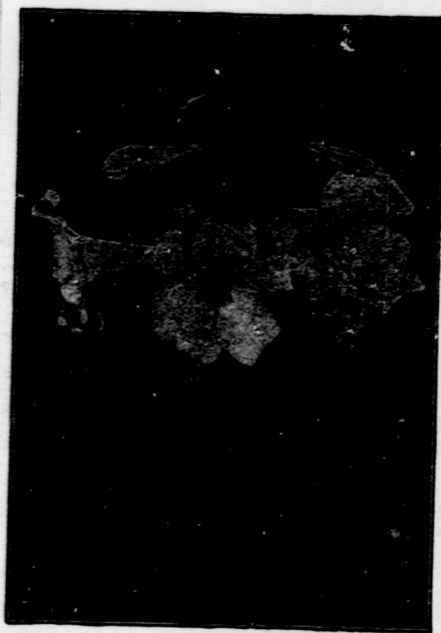
Chrissy managed to make tearful answer.

"The chapel? Well, you ain't big enough to carry it, a little sissy like you. I'm glad enough to get rid of the lily. It's hurt business more'n it's helped—don't make the other goods look any better 'long side of it, and seems to scare some folks somehow. Say, some of you fellows—turning to an idle group of men—" take a hand and carry it for the little thing." But the men shook their heads, and answered: "Do it yerself, Pete, you ain't goin' ter get us inter no Sunday-school business. So don't be foolin' yerself."

The saloon man turned indignantly upon them, his better nature touched by the child's appeal: "Well, and I will. I'd be man enough to help a little thing like that. Come on, child, I'll take it for yer."

"Right up to the front, please," was the greeting of the sweet-faced superintendent as the strange pair reached the chapel door. "It's good of you to bring the lily, we needed one more so much. Do you mind helping put it in place away up there?" she asked of the stalwart Pete.

Peter Johnson, dealer in vile drinks, who hadn't been inside church doors since his youth, never quite understood why he let himself be pushed gently into the comfortable corner seat beside little Chrissy, nor why the music and the fragrance of the Easter blossoms carried him back to the days when he sat with his mother



EASTER LILY.

ner. But what was that in the window, its beautiful white blossoms towering above the ugly black bottles? Impossible as it seemed, it was none other than an Easter lily, pure and fair, just such an one as had been in Chrissy's mind for weeks. It seemed so out of place that Chrissy dared to wonder—it might be—The lily seemed to plead with her to rescue it. The desire to do so nerved her childish heart to climb the steps.

"It's the lily!" she stammered in answer to the inquiring look of the proprietor. "There isn't any mistake, is there? It isn't the one my father forgot, is it? O I hope you'll 'cuse my asking," as the man's face began to cloud. "I jess thought perhaps—Mrs. Brown, she said 'twas a

in a little country church; he only knew that ten minutes after the minister had begun to tell in very simple words the story of the resurrection he did not want to go, and did not care if he did lose half a day's business. The evening service found not only Peter but his wife at the chapel, and when the service was over the lily was borne in his strong arms to Chrissy's tenement home to finish its gracious work.

"My, but I'm jes' too glad that my pa forgot that lily after all," Chrissy confided to Mrs. Brown the next day. "For Mr. Johnson he says he's going to have a place on that corner, he is, that has a business as will sort of match Easter lilies, and things in his window to sell that a