

An Easter Lily.

SHE grew and God's smile kissed her face
And filled her pure, young soul with grace ;
And good Saint Anne—the mother fair—
Upon her lips a gentle prayer,
Folded her child in sweet embrace
And, when night's shadows dulled the skies,
Sang : " Lily mine ! Come, close thine eyes ! "

In Bethle'm's stall a Lily glows—
It smiles upon an opening Rose ;
And shepherd-stars so peaceful shine
And angels carol forth their rhyme,
While midnight shadows, silent, still,
Creep soft around glad Juda's hill.

On Calv'ry's Cross—a faded Rose
Its blood-stained petals does disclose
And tear-kissed 'neath the sacred Cross
The Lily weeps—a flower's loss—
And mourns upon its tender stem
Love's Death ! The Rose of Bethlehem !

Good-Friday's lights so mournful burn
But with the Easter-gleams' return
They fade, the shades of fear and gloom—
*A dead Rose blushes into bloom !
A Lily, with her pure soul brave,
Glow's sweet beside an empty grave !*

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

From Shade to Sun.

BEHOLD, the Easter miracle is here.
Again the darkness shines with silver ferns,
The rich black earth in transmutation burns,
Its emerald brightness shining soft and clear ;
Ablaze with daffodils, aglow, austere,
With purple violets, whose love-grief yearns
Through tenderest Lenten tears. Lo, sorrow turns
To resurrection glory.—Soul, draw near !

Receive the rising from the dead, to-day !
The sun, the warmth, the light of Heaven descend
To make the life of earth ;—O doubting one,
Why crouch in shadow ? to God's Yea say Nay ?
Oh, rather, sing and shine, where seraphs bend,
Lauding the Risen Christ, thy life, thy sun.

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.