



"HE IS NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN."

#### BOBBY'S LILY.

"Oh, dear, how queer things turn out sometimes!

"You see, I had an Easter lily, and Jenny had an Easter lily, and they were both full of buds. Only Jenny's buds were most open, and mine were only

green. And I didn't want Jenny to have flowers before I did. I always want to get ahead of Jenny 'cause—well, I don't know why, but I do.

"I asked mamma what made flowers open, and she said 'Sunshine and warm rain.' So I set my lily on the window-

sill in the sun, but I couldn't think where to find any warm rain.

"Then I heard heard the tea-kettle singing away on the stove, and I thought what a nice, warm rain it would make to pour the water out of the spout on my lily, and so I could have flowers when Jenny didn't.

"But what do you s'pose? Just as soon as it felt the water from the tea-kettle spout, that lazy old lily began to curl up, and wilt, and wither, till it was all dead leaves, and buds, and all!

"I didn't cry much, 'cause I'm seven years old; but I tell you I felt bad! And Jenny said: 'Don't cry! You can have all my flowers. I'd rather you would than keep 'em myself—honestly.'

"But that didn't make me feel a bit better, 'cause, you know, then I felt 'shamed!'—*Youth's Companion*.

#### CHILDREN'S EASTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Breaks the joyful Eastern dawn,  
Clearer yet, and stronger;  
Winter from the world has gone:  
Death shall be no longer.  
Far away good angels drive  
Night and sin and sadness;  
Earth awakes in smiles, alive  
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Rousing them from dreary hou.  
Under snowdrifts chilly,  
In His hand He brings the flowers,  
Brings the rose and lily.  
Every little buried bud  
Into life He raises:  
Every wild flower of the wood  
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy buds of spring,  
For the Sun has risen!  
Through the sky sweet voices ring  
Calling you from prison.  
Little children, dear, look up!  
Toward His brightness pressing,  
Lift up every heart, a cup  
For the dear Lord's blessing!

#### GOING NOWHERE.

It was Johnny, the seven-year-old, who tired of the merry-go-round. The previous summer it had fascinated him, and he could not ride on it too often. This season a single trip satisfied him, and he declined another. "No, thank you, grandfather," he said in his quaintly polite way. "You see, we ride and ride, but we stay under that old tent all the time. I guess that when anybody gets to be seven years old they're too big to care about going and going that doesn't get anywhere."

"Now may the boy hold fast to his wisdom!" commented the grandfather, relating the incident.—*Wellspring*.