

beautiful and primeval Hungarian language was used, one may say was known, only by the lowest classes. German and Latin had thoroughly supplanted it in the better social and official life. Even to-day in Hungary one frequently meets with old and otherwise well-educated Magyars who have never learned to speak their own tongue, and who think as well as talk only German, by natural preference, though they can carry on a lively social discussion in Latin as elegantly and easily as a Russian of good parts speaks French. Racial feeling was confined to the enthusiastic and intelligent Hungarians in the different communities. So little was the warmth of its magnetic fire felt in the land at large, especially with the people so crushed under their latest Austrian punishments, that such racial feeling as a practical factor in the masses failed.

It was against this state of affairs that Kossuth fought; fought more by voice and pen than by sword. It was against it that he won the most difficult victory that a man can achieve, the sort of victory that a Rienzi found impossible. Others carried the heavy stones and the rusty yokes further and further away, hung them up as grim trophies for Hungarians of this day to wonder at, by later statesmanship, but he was the first to lift the stones and to pull away the yokes. Even Washington did not have to be as creative a factor in his career as was Kossuth, to be so much the fire-giving spirit of nationalism to a people, to lead them like children by the hand, to give them back their mother-tongue, to restore them their ordinary social and educational rights, to serve as not simply their defender, but their teacher—their Moses as well as their Maccabeus.

LILIES.

A THOUGHT ON EASTER EVEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Jesus, the Lord, lies sleeping
To-day in the garden tomb,
While the lilies near by wait His waking
To greet Him with gladsome bloom.

For the pain of His uttermost anguish
Was yesterday past and done;
And the joy long set before Him
Will begin with to-morrow's sun.

Death's conquest is only seeming,
And before the sunrise hour
Himself will be prostrate lying,
Despoiled of his dreadful power.

The angel of God from glory,
With the first faint morning ray,
From the door of the rock-hewn chamber
Will roll the great stone away.

And the Lord shall step forth triumphant
Over His latest foe,
To lift from their hearts who mourn Him
The crushing weight of woe;—

And to send through their lips a message
On to the future years,
That shall raise the souls that have fallen
And dry their despairing tears:

For this is the joy set before Him—
That such in His heaven shall share;
He suffered, doth sleep, will awaken
That they may be with Him there.

So now He is quietly resting
After the strain and the stress
Of the years of reproach and rejection,
Of grief and of weariness.

And the lily-buds wait in stillness,
Holding back their beauteous bloom
Until, when the day is breaking,
He rises from out the tomb.

Then, fresh from each fragrant chalice,
The pouring of perfume sweet
Shall tell that His flowers have unfolded
At the sound of the Master's feet.

And all through the after ages,
When the Easter lilies blow,
The thought of the resurrection
Will set men's hearts aglow—

And their fear of death shall vanish
Through faith in Him who died,
And who rose again at the dawning
Of the first glad Eastertide!